

THE NEW CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE,
RELIGIOUS AND MORAL.

“If to the tongue of tongues thou hast a mind,
If to the best of books thou art inclined,
Make this thy way, which pleasant is and plain,
Affects the eye and heart, instructs the brain.”

ANON.

THE
NEW CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE,
Religious and Moral,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.



WITH INTRODUCTION BY THE
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"If an anecdote comes across my mind which tends to the support of any argument or proposition I am advancing, I hesitate not to adduce it. . . . Those to whom any anecdote is old will not be offended if it be well applied; and those to whom it may be new will receive the double pleasure of novelty and illustration."—COLTON.

INTRODUCTION.

THE employment of happy illustration is one of the chief arts necessary for popular address. Every true orator knows how vain is the attempt to enlist the sympathies of a mixed audience by the mere enunciation of abstract principles or the bare statement of arguments. He may couch his ideas in language of polished elegance, or may weave his reasoning into a chain of irresistible logic; yet he will fail to touch the heart, or fire the enthusiasm of men, except he can crystallise his thoughts into some happy simile which flashes its light on every eye, or can clothe his lessons in some pointed tale which vividly stamps the impression he would convey.

Fable, metaphor, parable, anecdote, are all different methods used for this one great end. The fable, constructed from impossible elements—such as animals conversing, &c.—generally illustrates a prudential maxim adapted for common life. The metaphor, in like manner, draws from the region of things material a representation of things moral or spiritual. The parable, again, in its strict sense, is an imaginative tale—possible in itself, though really fictitious—and told for the purpose of simplifying the highest lessons by a species of dramatic appeal. The parable thus differs from the anecdote, which, though similarly used, yet professes to be a true incident.

Metaphor and parable were the grand instruments used by our Lord for affecting the popular mind of all times and all countries. He never employed fable, although something approaching to anecdote may be found in His allusions to Old

Testament history, where the incidents of the past are taken to illustrate the lessons of the present. But similitude and parable were the constant weapons of His oral teaching. He gathered His similes from every region of nature. The homeless winds and the flashing lightning—the trees and grasses—the soil—the storm—the sea—the employments of men—their very sepulchres—all served His purpose. But He embodied His highest truths in His parables. He incarnated His lessons in these tales, which seem to live and speak with an exhaustless charm. No words can exaggerate the influence which this method of instruction has had. Next to the moving narrative of Christ's own life and death and resurrection, it has served to make Christianity the common property of humanity—to give it currency among all classes, the learned and unlearned, the young and the old. So true is it that

“ When truth in closest words shall fail,
 Then truth embodied in a tale
 Will enter in at lowly doors.

* * * * *

Which he may read who binds the sheaf,
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave
 In roarings round the coral reef.”

The object of this Cyclopædia of Anecdote is to assist teachers, whether in the pulpit, or school, or family, by supplying them with illustrative narratives suitable for enforcing their lessons. The anecdotes are professedly authentic, and have been so classified as to make it easy to discover one adapted for any subject. If judiciously used, I have no doubt that this work will prove a great boon to many, especially those who have to address the young or the ignorant—for the true secret of fixing their interests is to *objectivise* each truth, and display its power in graphic illustration.

DONALD MACLEOD.



PREFACE.

“It is good, in discourse of speech and conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and, as we say now, jade anything too far.” So the wise and learned Lord Verulam. And the truth which the ripe judgment of this gifted and accomplished writer long since set down, a varied experience of many years in the editorial conduct of a monthly magazine devoted to tutorial requirements has but too sensibly impressed on the compiler of the present collection. It is indeed a “dull thing to tire” and “jade anything too far.” In the bare setting forth of principles and duties, whether to young or old, this is particularly felt. If mere didactic teaching be continued for any length of time, the listener grows wearied, uninterested, listless. Let the discourse, however, be broken by never so slight an illustration, apologue, or incident, and a directly contrary effect is at once observed. In all times, and among all peoples, this bent of the human mind has been so evident as scarcely to deserve more than passing note. We see it in sacred and profane history antecedent to the coming of our Lord. In the Saviour’s discourses the fact is made more patent still; while orator, statesman, and divine, from the days when the Blessed One walked our earth till now, have found in

anecdote one of the most powerful weapons in their armoury. Chrysostom, Augustine, Latimer, Whitefield, all the great masters of sacred oratory, dealt largely in illustrative narration. Whitefield, the "prince of pulpit orators," as he has been termed, notwithstanding all his marvellous gifts of eloquence, indirectly gave evidence to the truth that, if one would make a powerful or lasting impression on the minds of listeners well or ill educated, he must intermingle "tales with reasons." And one explanation of this great man's powerful rhetorical grasp upon the minds of his auditory is to be found in his unusual faculty for setting forth, in the light of apt illustration, the Gospel's saving truths. It is related of him that once, when Lord Chesterfield was present, Whitefield, in the course of his sermon, represented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar led by a dog. The animal had broken the string; and the blind wanderer, with his staff between both hands, groped his way unconsciously to the brink of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff (declaimed the speaker), it dropped, the depth being too great to send back an echo. The beggar thought it lay on the ground, and, bending forward, took one step to recover it. But his foot trod on vacancy; poised for a moment, he fell headlong. Chesterfield, who had listened with thrilling interest to Whitefield's graphic description till the scene had grown to reality before his mind, bounded from his seat in evident alarm, and, in a voice of dismay, exclaimed, "He's gone!"

Treating of the worth of illustration, a theologian of our own times justly says: "Rightly to study them [Lord Macaulay's Essays] is really to learn the secret of their success. If I could do for a Sunday-school what Macaulay has done for the wide world, I should become as effective as he; and though the rules of his art are not at first apparent, there are rules, and my business is to get at them, and to turn them to my own

purposes. You notice, for example, in his paragraphs, he scarcely ever states a truth in an abstract form ; or, if he does, it is but once, and the abstract statement is beset all round with endless illustrations. Everything is concrete, individualised, personal. He never speaks, for example, of the practice of the Puritans in adhering so closely to the Scriptural names, without saying that they called their children Ephraim or Manasseh. In other words, he does not mark the practice abstractedly, but illustrates it by particular cases."

The utility of this mode of enforcing truth may thus be looked upon as a matter beyond controversy. As helps to secure attention, as means to implant or apply a Scripture verity, anecdotes constitute an unfailing auxiliary. Who has not at some time heard a public speaker labouring through a powerful chain of reasoning, working his way, link by link, along an admirable *catena* of thought, and yet seen the majority of his listeners betraying signs of weariness, if indeed they had not already reached a state more nearly approaching to stupor ? Presently, however, a welcome illustration is introduced, and the effect is magical. The abstract principles are discarded, the living reality is seized.

Our Lord's method of teaching, it need hardly be said, was essentially illustrative. The story of the Pharisee and the Publican, the parable of the Prodigal Son, are but two out of many instances that might be adduced. The Old Testament also contributes a large fund of this figurative enforcement of doctrine. Take, for example, Nathan's reproach of David, couched in the parable of the one little ewe lamb.

But telling a story and giving an illustration are not always one and the same thing. A teacher may have a fund of narrative, and yet be ignorant of the use of illustration. To wield this latter effectively, a man must first grasp a truth which he

wishes to declare, and then must be sure that the anecdote chosen will aptly illustrate that truth.

Conscious that a great need existed for a comprehensive book of illustrative anecdote suitable to the exigencies of many who may be called regularly or occasionally to address assemblages of young or old, the writer undertook the task of compiling such a manual, so far as his resources and ability permitted. Books of anecdote abound, it is true, but how many are there which adequately supply the wants of that large class to whom reference has just been made? With the majority of teachers, to find apt and striking illustrations for those subjects in which all should take the deepest and most abiding interest—illustrations which may help in the formation of true Christian character, and in the avoidance of all that is vicious and hurtful—is too often attended with considerable difficulty. Time and labour are largely sacrificed, and too frequently the product is *nil*.

It is hoped that the present work may in part serve to fill up an acknowledged void. Although entitled a “Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdote,” a book of this character, were it vastly larger than it is, could not of course be exhaustive; nevertheless it is put forth in the expectation that, from the number of subjects treated or referred to, a large “circle of knowledge,” a wide range of Christian ethics, will be found embraced within its pages.

A distinctive feature of the present compilation is the principle of “condensation”—a principle kept steadily in view throughout. In many collections of a similar kind the interpolation of well-meant but often weak or ill-judged reflections or “applications” swells the bulk of the work without any corresponding advantage, and this to the exclusion of more valuable matter.

In “The New Cyclopædia of Anecdote” the scheme indicated by the title has been honestly carried out, and by judiciously

omitting extraneous matter the space at disposal has been vastly increased.

Nor will the teacher and preacher alone profit, it is hoped, by this compendium. Its character and variety will, it is trusted, secure it acceptance in the family circle, and afford also a source of instructive delight to those many readers whose occupations give them scant opportunities for more than an occasional half-hour's perusal of some useful volume.

"The New Cyclopædia" is purely unsectarian. Whatever could help to edify or comfort, admonish or reprove in the records of Christian life and work, whether from the pen of Churchman or Dissenter, or forming part of the life-experience of philosopher or sceptic, soldier or civilian, statesman or divine, has, as far as space and means permitted, helped to enrich its pages.

Without a copious and thoroughly reliable Index a work of the present description must prove all but valueless. It is thought that the one which is placed at the end of the volume will meet every requirement; this, indeed, is the best evidence of the scope and character of the book, and the real test of its utility.

The anecdotes have been collected from a wide and varied field. At the outset the Editor flattered himself that he would have small difficulty in tracing most of the narratives to their original sources. These latter, however, proved to be multitudinous, and the task not only severe, but in most cases futile. He therefore decided to acknowledge his obligations where practicable; very many cases nevertheless occurred in which this was obviously impossible. Still, should any unconscious want of literary courtesy be chargeable against him, he can only ask for indulgence on the ground of the miscellaneous nature of his materials, amidst which exact identification of authorship often became a hopeless task.

The matter of which the volume is composed may be best

grouped under three heads: (1) Original and re-written; (2) modern and little known; (3) select and familiar. Without the last-named division, a compilation of this kind could be deemed neither complete nor satisfactory. In respect of the others, it would not be proper to treat further than to express a hope that their novelty and freshness may not prove their only recommendation. Certain of the subject-heads will be found prefixed to but a small array of anecdotes; this seeming deficiency, however, is fully supplemented under the allied topics. And the general Index has been drawn up with a view to the removal of all difficulty in this regard. It has been the aim of the Editor to combine the old with the new, to reject the trivial and to retain the substantial and the valuable—in fine, to compile a book of anecdote original and select, having for aim the illustration of religion and morality. The worth of his efforts must be judged by others; but that they may be useful in setting forth “the truth” with interest and strength, that they may form “a torch to a hundred parallels,” a candle to many a context, is his earnest prayer; and if this be realised, his chief end will have been achieved—the advancement of His glory who was Himself the Great Teacher.

THE COMPILER.

COMMENDATORY NOTICE FROM THE
REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

EDINBURGH,

June 21st, 1872.

DEAR SIR,

I THINK your "Cyclopædia of Anecdote" so likely, or I may say so certain, to be of great service to those engaged in the Ministry of the Gospel, by furnishing them with suitable and striking illustrations both of its doctrines and duties, that I cannot forbear expressing to you my high sense of its value, and how much I wish that it might find a place in every Minister's library.

In writing thus, I have chiefly their interest and the advantage of their people in view. Nevertheless, I may add that this "Cyclopædia" of yours would form an entertaining, instructive, and most profitable addition to every man's stock of books.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

THOMAS GUTHRIE.

"THEY say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone; and there is no knowledge but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people, by what they understand, are best led to what they understand not."—GEORGE HERBERT.

CLASSIFIED LIST OF SUBJECTS.

(For detailed Index, see end of Volume.)

	PAGE		PAGE
ADMONITION AND REPROOF	1	FILIAL AFFECTION	87
AFFLICTION	4	FORBEARANCE	91
ANGER	5	FORGIVENESS	93
		FRIENDSHIP	98
BACKSLIDING	7		
BENEVOLENCE AND WELL-DOING	9	GLORY OF MAN	102
BIBLE, THE	18	GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES	106
		GRACE	111
CHARITY	20	GRATITUDE	112
CHRIST THE SAVIOUR	24		
CHRISTIANITY	28	HAPPINESS	123
CHRISTIAN GRACES	30	HEAVEN	125
CHRISTIAN LIFE	35	HONESTY	127
CONSCIENCE	38	HOPE	133
CONSISTENCY	40	HUMILITY	135
CONTENTION AND WARFARE	43	HUSBANDS AND WIVES	137
CONTENTMENT	44		
CONVERSION	46	IDOLATRY	145
CONVICTION OF SIN	52	IGNORANCE	148
COURAGE	54	INDUSTRY	155
		INFIDELITY AND SCEPTICISM	163
DEATH	57	INTEGRITY	168
DECISION	63	INTEMPERANCE	172
DILIGENCE	64		
DOUBTS AND FEARS	66	JUDGMENT	173
		JUSTICE AND MERCY	176
EARNESTNESS	68		
ETERNITY	70	KINDNESS AND HUMANITY	184
EVIL-SPEAKING AND SLANDERING	71		
EXAMPLE	74	LIFE	196
		LOVE	210
FAITH	78		
FIDELITY	81	MARTYRS	216

	PAGE		PAGE
MEEKNESS	218	SACRIFICE	366
MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES .	221	SALVATION	372
MODERATION AND TEMPER- ANCE	224	SELF	384
OBEDIENCE	228	SIN	389
PARABLES AND SIMILITUDES .	230	SORROW AND SUFFERING .	397
PARENTS AND CHILDREN . .	240	SOUL	404
PASTORS AND FLOCKS . . .	251	SOWING AND REAPING . .	408
PATIENCE	257	SUNDAY SCHOOLS	421
PEACE AND PEACEMAKERS . .	259	SYMPATHY	427
PERSECUTION	261	TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS .	435
PERSEVERANCE	268	TEMPTATION	440
POOR	279	TIME	448
PRAYER	281	TRACTS AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION	449
PREACHERS AND SERMONS . .	290	TRUST	468
PRIDE	304	TRUTHFULNESS	478
PROFANITY	307	TYPES AND SYMBOLS . . .	476
PROVIDENCE	310	VANITY	485
RELIGION	328	WISDOM	488
REPENTANCE	336	WONDERS IN THE DEEP . .	497
RESIGNATION	339	WORSHIP	507
RESURRECTION	343	YOUNG	512
REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS .	345	YOUTHFUL INFLUENCE . . .	530
RICHES AND POWER	351	ZEAL	535
RIDICULE AND VAIN JESTING .	359		
SABBATH OBSERVANCE	361		

THE NEW CYCLOPÆDIA OF ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTE.

ADMONITION AND REPROOF.

Prov. ix. 8, x. 17, xv. 10; Gal. iv. 16; Ephes. iv. 15; Col. iii. 16;
1 Thess. v. 14; Titus i. 13.

1. Blasphemer Disgraced.—

Charles Wesley was very bold in admonishing his hearers, and so often woke up their ire. Preaching once, a scene occurred which shows not only the rudeness of primitive times, but the familiarity of pastoral addresses. Speaking against Sunday revels, one of his auditors contradicted him, and, in his anger, used blasphemous language. Wesley inquired, "Who is it pleads for the devil?" The blasphemer hotly answered, "I am he that pleads for the devil." Wesley says, "I took occasion to show the revellers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly."

2. Fearless Reproof. — When near death, Bishop Porteus felt that he could not depart in peace till he had expressed his disapprobation of the profanation of the Lord's day, then exceedingly prevalent in his diocese—London. "I had, for some time past," he says, "observed, in several of the papers, an account of a meeting, chiefly of military gentlemen, held at a hotel in the west end of the town, every other Sunday during the winter season. I determined that it should not pass without reproof, and thought it best to go at once to

the fountain-head—to the person of the principal influence in the meeting, the Prince of Wales." The venerable Bishop was wrapped in flannel and carried to Carlton House, where he requested the honour of an audience and a personal conference with the Prince on the subject. He very graciously granted it, and the Bishop had a conversation with him of more than half-an-hour. His Highness entered immediately into his views, and confessed that he saw no reason for holding the meeting on Sunday more than any other day of the week, and voluntarily proposed that the day should be changed from Sunday to Saturday, for which he gave immediate orders.

3. Frivolity Rebuked.—The Rev. W. Romaine was one evening invited to a friend's house to tea. After the tea-things had been removed, the lady of the house asked him to play at cards, to which he made no objection. When they were produced, however, and all present were ready to commence play, the venerable minister said, "Let us ask the blessing of God." "Ask the blessing of God!" said the lady, in great surprise; "I never heard of such a thing before a game of cards." Mr. Romaine then inquired, "Ought we to

engage in anything on which we cannot ask His blessing?" This gentle reproof put an end to the card-playing.

4. Happy Rebukes.—Mr. Hervey, we are told, had a very happy method of reproving the vices of his parishioners, in his mode of publicly catechising their children in his church. Some of them having lain in bed one Sabbath morning longer than he approved, others being busy in foddering their cattle when he was coming to church, and several having frequented the alehouse, he thus catechised one of the children before the congregation:—"Repeat me the fourth commandment. Now, my little man, do you understand the meaning of this command?" "Yes, sir." "Then, if you do, you will be able to answer me these questions: Do those keep the Sabbath day holy who lie in bed till eight or nine o'clock in the morning, instead of rising to say their prayers and read their Bibles?" "No, sir." "Do those keep the Sabbath who fodder their cattle when other people are going to church?" "No, sir." "Does God Almighty bless such as go to alehouses on the Sabbath, and do not mind the instructions of their minister?" "No, sir." "Do those who love God read the Bible in their families, particularly on Sabbath evenings, and have prayers every morning and night in their houses?" "Yes, sir." A great variety of such questions he would ask, in the most engaging and familiar manner, as he thought most conducive to the improvement of his people.

5. John Wesley and the Officer.—John Wesley once, when travelling, had for fellow-passenger in a coach an officer who was intelligent and very agreeable in conversation; but there was one very serious drawback—his profanity. When they changed vehicles, Wesley took the officer aside, and, after expressing the pleasure he had enjoyed

in his company, said he had a great favour to ask him. The young officer replied, "I will take great pleasure in obliging you, for I am sure you will not make an unreasonable request." "Then," said Wesley, "as we have to travel together some distance, I beg that, if I should so far forget myself as to swear, you will kindly reprove me." The officer immediately saw the motive and felt the force of the request, and, smiling, said, "None but Mr. Wesley could have conceived a reproof in such a manner." The reproof acted like a charm.

6. Locke and the Three Noblemen.—John Locke having been introduced by Lord Shaftesbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax, these three noblemen, instead of conversing with the philosopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary subjects, sat down to cards. Locke, after looking on for some time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. Observing this, one of the company took the liberty of asking him what he was writing. "My lord," said Locke, "I am endeavouring, as far as possible, to profit by my present situation; for, having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greatest men of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than write down your conversation; and, indeed, I have set down the substance of what you have said this last hour or two." The well-timed ridicule had its desired effect; and these noblemen, fully sensible of its force, immediately quitted their play, and entered into conversation more rational, and better suited to the dignity of their characters.

7. Looking at the O'clock.—While the Rev. R. Watson was preaching one Sabbath morning at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, he observed a man rise from his seat to look at the clock in the front of the gallery, as though he wished to give the

preacher a hint to approach to a conclusion. Mr. Watson observed, in a very significant manner: "A remarkable change has taken place among the people of this country, in regard to the public services of religion. Our forefathers put their clocks on the outside of their places of worship, that they might not be too late in their attendance. We have transferred them to the inside of the house of God, lest we should stay too long in His service. A sad and ominous change!"

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

9. **Undesigned Admonition.**—Lady Huntingdon once spoke to a workman who was repairing a garden wall, and pressed him to thoughtfulness on the state of his soul. Some years afterwards, she was speaking to another man on the same subject, and said, "Thomas, I fear you never pray, nor look to Jesus Christ for salvation." "Your ladyship is mistaken," answered the man; "I heard what passed between you and James at such a time, and the word you designed for him took effect on me." "How did you hear it?" "I heard it on the other side of the garden, through a hole in the wall, and shall never forget the impression I received."

10. **Way to Bliss.**—Some years ago a minister was travelling on a coach, when a young gentleman got upon the same seat who was not long there before he began descanting on the pleasures of

hunting. Among the pleasures mentioned, one, which very much astonished all his fellow-passengers, was, sometimes jumping on horse-back into ponds, at other times being thrown into a quagmire up to the chin in water. "And," exclaimed the minister, "is this the way to happiness? Do you call this pleasure? If you do, I pity you; for I feel grateful I have discovered another way to happiness and bliss than the one you have mentioned." The young sportsman expressed a wish to know a better way, and begged he would show him. "I have," answered the minister, "a map in my pocket which will describe the way, and the *only* true way to bliss." Having raised his curiosity, and the passengers appearing as anxious as this pleasure-loving youth, he took out a small pocket Testament, and, pointing to these words, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," put the book into his hands. The youth read the text, but said nothing. Just at this moment the coach stopped to change horses, and he made the best of his way to another part of it, being unwilling to continue the conversation.

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

doing good, even to him. This would make me avoid every harsh epithet. He is not likely to be benefited by calling him a fool. The evangelists simply relate what

is said and done, and use no bitterness nor severity, even when speaking of Herod, Pilate, or Judas. I wish their manner was more adopted in controversy."

AFFLICTION.

Job xxxiii. 17; Prov. iii. 12; Daniel xii. 10; John xvi. 33; Acts xiv. 22.

12. Disguised Blessing.—A young man who had long been confined with a diseased limb, and was near dissolution, said to a friend, "What a precious treasure this affliction has been to me! It saved me from the folly and vanity of youth; it made me cleave to God as my only portion, and to eternal glory as my only hope; and I think it has now brought me very near my Father's house."

13. Fortunate Affliction.—When Gilpin was on his way to London, to be tried on account of his religion, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was, took occasion from this circumstance to retort upon him an observation he used frequently to make, "that nothing happens to the people of God but what is intended for their good;" asking him "whether he thought his broken leg was so." He answered meekly, "I make no question but it is." And so it proved; for before he was able to travel Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially preserved from probable death, he returned to Houghton through crowds of people, who expressed the utmost joy, and blessed God for his deliverance.

14. God's Word a Comfort in Affliction.—Dr. Gregory relates the case of an indigent and afflicted man whose infirmities were such that he was unable even to occupy his chair without being supported by hands and braces attached to the walls of his poor cottage. In this

helpless condition had he been for several years, unable to move a limb, while suffering the whole time extreme bodily anguish. "As soon," says Dr. Gregory, "as I recovered a little from my surprise at beholding an object which appeared a living image of death, I asked, 'Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?' 'No, sir,' replied he, in a tone of mild and touching resignation, while nothing but his lips and eyes moved as he spoke; 'I am not alone, for my God is with me!' On advancing, I discovered the secret of this unspeakable comfort: a Bible lay on his knees, open at a favourite portion of the Psalms. In this way he was enabled daily to read for himself the words of eternal life, partaking of the heavenly manna, which imparted life and peace to his soul. In the midst of pain and poverty he had learned from that blessed book in whom to believe; and as he expressed his confidence that his Father would never forsake him, his eye sparkled with faith, which beamed in celestial radiance upon his pallid cheek."

15. Not Forgotten by God.—A pious and devoted clergyman once entered the shop of a prosperous London bookseller, with whom he was on terms of intimate and Christian friendship. He inquired for his friend, and, when told that he was at home, but particularly engaged, sent a messenger to him to the effect that he wanted an interview with him, if but for a few minutes. This message being

delivered, the clergyman was invited to walk upstairs, into the bookseller's sitting-room. He entered the room, and found his friend sitting by his child's cot. The child was dying, but, with affection strong in death, it had clasped its father's hand, and was holding it with a convulsive grasp. "You are a father," said the afflicted parent, "or I should not have allowed you to witness such a scene." "Thank God," fervently exclaimed the minister, comprehending at a glance the situation of his friend—"thank God, He has not forgotten you! I have been much troubled on your account, my dear sir. I have thought much about you lately. I have been much afraid for you. Things have gone on so well with you for so long a time, you have been so prosperous, that I have been almost afraid that God had forgotten you. But I said to myself, Surely God will not forsake such a man as this—will not suffer him to go on in prosperity, without some check, some reverse! And I see He has not. No; God has not forgotten you." These were the sentiments of Richard Cecil on the design of affliction; and his friend, Thomas Williams, joyfully responded to them.

16. Patient Suffering.—There was a little boy who was so crippled that he could not open his Bible, which he had always before him. A gentleman asked him why he was so fond of reading it. "I like to read the Bible," said he, "because it tells me of Jesus Christ." "Do you think you have believed on Jesus Christ?" "Yes, I do."

"What makes you think so?" "Because He enables me to suffer my afflictions patiently."

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

18. Train of Troubles.—A worthy man whom God had prospered in his outward estate, and who lived in ease and plenty on his farm, suffered the world to encroach so much upon his affections as sensibly to diminish the ardour of his piety. The disease was dangerous, and Providence adopted severe measures for its cure. First, his wife was removed by death; but he still remained worldly-minded. Then a beloved son; but, although the remedy operated favourably, it did not effect a cure. Then his crops failed and his cattle died; still his grasp on the world was not unloosed. Then God touched his person, and brought on him a lingering, fatal disease; the world, however, occupied still too much of his thoughts. His house finally took fire; and as he was carried out of the burning building he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, I am cured at last!" He died happily shortly afterwards.

ANGER.

Psalm xxxvii. 8; Prov. xiv. 17, xv. 1, xxv. 28; Matt. v. 22; Ephes. iv. 26.

19. Coolness in Disputation.—An artisan at Leyden, who used to attend the public disputations held at the Academy, was once asked if he understood Latin. "No," replied the man, "but I know who is

wrong in the argument." "How?" replied his friend. "Why, by seeing who is angry first."

20. Death in Anger.—A person of property and eminence in the city of N——, who lived in habits of impiety and profaneness, was seized by an indisposition which compelled him to seek a medical gentleman; but, being disappointed for a time by his absence from home, he fell into a violent agitation, which was vented in horrid imprecations. As soon as the medical gentleman arrived, he was saluted with a volley of oaths. The violence of the man's agitation broke a blood-vessel; so that oaths and blood continued to flow from his mouth till he could speak no longer, and in this situation he expired.

21. General Rebuked.—When the Rev. John Wesley was on his passage to North America, he heard an unusual noise in the cabin of General Oglethorpe, the Governor of Georgia, with whom he sailed, and stepped in to inquire the cause of it. The General addressed him: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me, I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus wine; I therefore provided myself with several dozens of it, and this villain Grimaldi" (his foreign servant, who was present, and almost dead with fear) "has drunk up the whole of it; but I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then I hope, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "you never sin." The General was quite confounded at the reproof, and, putting his hand into his pocket, took out a bunch of keys, which he threw at Grimaldi. "There, fellow," said he, "take my keys, and behave better for the future."

22. Rage Subdued.—There was

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

23. Sun Going Down on Anger.—John, Patriarch of Alexandria, had a controversy with Nicetas, a chief man of that city, which was to be decided in a court of justice. John defended the cause of the poor, and Nicetas refused to part with his money. A private meeting was held, to see if the affair could be

adjusted, but in vain; angry words prevailed, and both parties were so obstinate that they separated more offended with each other than before. When Nicetas was gone, John began to reflect on his own pertinacity, and although his cause was good, "Yet," said he, "can I think that God will be pleased with this anger and stubbornness? The night draweth on, and shall I suffer the sun to go down upon my wrath? This is impious, and opposed to the Apostle's advice." He therefore sent some respectable friends to Nicetas, and charged them to deliver this message to him, and no more: "O sir, the sun

is going down!" Nicetas was much affected, his eyes were filled with tears; he hastened to the Patriarch, and, saluting him in the most gentle manner, exclaimed, "Father, I will be ruled by you in this or any other matter." They embraced each other affectionately, and settled the dispute instantly.

24. Two Brothers.—Euclid, a disciple of Socrates, having offended his brother, the latter cried out in a rage, "Let me die, if I am not revenged on you one time or other!" to whom Euclid replied, "And let me die, if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever!"

BACKSLIDING.

Deut. iv. 9; Psalm cxxv. 5; Prov. xiv. 14; Matt. xii. 45; Luke ix. 62.

25. Declension from Grace.—Mr. Child, of Bedford, who lived about two centuries since, in early life professed religion, and was for some years zealous in its extension, both by preaching and writing. But, yielding to temptation, and indulging a spirit of pride, he became the avowed enemy of the Gospel, and wrote a book against the truths he had professed to love. After this, he was brought into a very awful state of mind, absolutely despairing of the mercy of God being extended to him. He was visited by several ministers and others, but without any good effect, and at last committed suicide by hanging himself in his own house.

26. Dying in Sin.—An American minister relates the following:—When I was travelling in the State of Massachusetts, after preaching one evening in the town of —, a very serious-looking young man arose, and wished to address the assembly. After obtaining leave, he spoke as follows:—"My friends, about one year ago I set out in company with a young man, an intimate acquaintance, to seek the

salvation of my soul. For several weeks we went on together, we laboured together, and often renewed our engagement, never to give over seeking till we obtained the religion of Jesus. But all at once the young man neglected to attend public worship, appeared to turn his back on all the means of grace, and grew so shy of me, that I could scarcely get an opportunity to speak with him. His strange conduct gave me much painful anxiety of mind; but still I felt resolved to obtain the salvation of my soul, or perish making the publican's plea. After a few days, a friend informed me that my companion had received an invitation to attend a ball, and was determined to go. I went immediately to him, and, with tears in my eyes, endeavoured to persuade him to change his purpose, and go with me, on that evening, to a prayer-meeting. I pleaded with him in vain. He told me, when we parted, that I must not give him up as lost, for, after he had attended that ball, he intended to make a business of seeking religion. The appointed

evening came; he went to the ball, and I went to the prayer-meeting. Soon after the meeting opened, it pleased God, in answer to prayer, to turn my spiritual captivity, and make my soul rejoice in His love. Soon after the ball opened, my young friend was standing at the head of the ball-room with the hand of a young lady in his hand, preparing to lead down the dance; and, while the musician was tuning his violin, without one moment's warning, the young man fell backwards dead on the floor. I was immediately sent for to assist in devising means to convey his remains to his father's house. You will be better able to judge what were the emotions of my heart, what my grief, when I tell you that that young man was my own brother."

27. Episcopal Apostasy.—Bricconet, Bishop of Meaux in France, in the sixteenth century, catching the spirit of reform at that time pervading Germany and Switzerland, zealously opposed some grosser errors and views of the Romish Church. Having been twice ambassador to Rome, a bishop, a noble, an intimate friend of the reigning and preceding monarch, he was looked upon as one of the great pillars of the Reformation. A change of government comes, the Inquisition is set up, and Bricconet becomes the first object of their vengeance. "The poor Bishop," says D'Aubigné, "who had been so sanguine in the hope to see the Reformation gradually and silently winning its way into men's minds, trembled in dismay when he found at the eleventh hour that it must be purchased by life itself. No alternatives were presented him but death and recantation; and to the latter the minions of the Pope urged him by the most plausible pretexts. They pretended they too were anxious for a reformation, that all was going on by insensible steps, that *many* would be won over by his

conceding and yielding a little who would be stumbled by his warm and open opposition to the Church. Bricconet heard, considered, his resolution was shaken—he staggered under the cross—he stumbled—he fell! The day of his recantation was a dark day for France. The great conflict then waging in that country between truth and error was sadly affected by the Bishop's fall." "What his enemies represented as the saving of his country," says the historian, "was perhaps the worst of its misfortunes. What might not have been the consequence if Bricconet had possessed the courage of Luther!"

28. St. John and the Robber Captain.—When the Apostle John, it is stated, was once on a tour, visiting the Christian Churches of that day, observing a youth of a remarkably interesting countenance, he warmly recommended him to the care of a particular pastor. The young man was baptised, and, for a time, lived as a Christian; but, being gradually corrupted by bad company, he was rendered idle and intemperate, and at length so dishonest as to become the captain of a band of robbers. Some time afterwards, the Apostle had occasion to inquire of the pastor concerning the young man, who told him that he was now dead to God, and that he inhabited a mountain over against his church. John, in the vehemence of his charity, went to the place, and exposed himself to be taken by the robbers. "Bring me," said he, "to your captain." The young robber beheld him coming; and, as soon as he knew the aged and venerable Apostle, he was struck with shame, and fled. John followed him, and cried, "My son, why fliest thou from thy father, unarmed and old? Fear not; as yet there remaineth hope of salvation. Believe me, Christ hath sent me." Hearing this, the young man stood still, trembled,

and wept bitterly. John prayed, exhorted, and brought him back to the society of Christians; nor did he leave him, till he felt assured that he was fully restored by Divine grace.

BENEVOLENCE AND WELL-DOING.

Prov. iii. 9, xi. 25, xiii. 7; Luke vi. 38; Acts xx. 35; Hebrews xiii. 16.

29. Disinterested Gift.—The Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of Madeley, once visited Dublin for a few weeks. After his last sermon, he was pressed to accept a sum of money as an acknowledgment for his services. He firmly refused it, but his friends continued to urge it upon him. He at length took the purse in his hand, and said, "Well, do you really force it upon me? Must I accept of it? Is it entirely mine? And may I do with it as I please?" "Yes, yes," was the reply. "God be praised, then; God be praised!" said he, casting his brimful eyes to heaven; "behold what a mercy is here! Your poor's fund was just out: I heard some of you complaining that it never was so low before. Take this purse. God has sent it to you, raised it among yourselves, and bestowed it upon your poor. It is sacred to them. God be praised! I thank you, I heartily thank you, my dear kind brethren."

30. Foxe and Bishop Aylmer.—When Foxe, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," was once leaving the palace of Aylmer, the Bishop of London, a company of poor people importunately begged him to relieve their wants. Foxe, having no money, returned to the Bishop, and asked the loan of five pounds, which was readily granted; he immediately distributed it among the poor by whom he was surrounded. Some months afterwards, Aylmer asked Foxe for the money he had borrowed. "I have laid it out for you," was the answer, "and paid it where you owed it—to the poor people who lay at your gate." Far from being offended, Aylmer thanked Foxe for being his steward.

31. Freely Given.—A poor widow contributed to the Dorpatian Branch of the Russian Bible Society a rouble; and, to the question whether that sum was not rather too much for one in her circumstances, she answered, "Love is not afraid of giving too much."

32. Fuller's Memory.—Thomas Fuller had once occasion to attend on a committee of sequestration, sitting at Waltham, in Essex. He engaged in conversation with them, and was much commended for his powers of memory. "'Tis true, gentlemen," observed he, "that fame has given me the report of being a memorist; and, if you please, I will give you a specimen of it." The gentlemen gladly acceded to the proposal, and, laying aside their business, requested him to begin. "You want a specimen of my memory, and you shall have a good one. Your Worships have thought fit to sequester a poor but honest parson in my neighbourhood, and to commit him to prison. The unfortunate man has a large family of children, and, as his circumstances are but indifferent, if you will have the goodness to release him out of prison, I pledge myself never to forget the kindness while I live." It is said that the jest had so good an effect on the committee that they restored the poor clergyman to his living.

33. Generosity of a Merchant.—A Mr. Colstone, of Bristol, who lived a century ago, was remarkable for his liberality to the poor, and equally distinguished for his success in commerce. The Providence of God seemed to smile on the concerns of one who made so good a

use of his affluence. It has been said that he never insured, nor ever lost a ship. Once, indeed, a vessel belonging to him, on her voyage home, struck on a rock, and immediately sprung a leak, by which so much water was admitted as to threaten speedy destruction. Means were instantly adopted to save the vessel, but all seemed ineffectual, as the water rose rapidly. In a short time, however, the leak stopped, without any apparent cause, and the vessel reached Bristol in safety. On examining her bottom, a fish, said to be a dolphin, was found fast wedged in the fracture made by the rock when she struck; and this had prevented any water from entering during the remainder of the voyage. As a memorial of this singular event, the figure of a dolphin is carved on the staves which are carried in procession, on public occasions, by the children who are educated at the charity schools founded by Mr. Colstone.

34. George III. and the Poor Man.—In his funeral sermon for George III., the Rev. A. Redford stated that a respectable mechanic, who had the honour and happiness to be personally known to his Majesty, was, through affliction in his family, brought into some pecuniary straits. He was advised to present a petition to the King, stating his circumstances. He did so; and his Majesty was pleased to appoint a certain hour on the next morning, when he was ordered to be in waiting. He went accordingly to the gate of the Queen's lodge, but through diffidence did not ring for admittance. He lingered until the appointed time was past by a few minutes, when the King came out with some attendants. He instantly observed the petitioner, and said, rather sharply, "I desired you to be here precisely at such an hour: it is now five minutes past the time. You know that I am punctual." His Majesty condescendingly turned back, saying, "*Follow me.*" *He proceeded*

through several rooms into his private closet, and, having shut the door, went to his desk, and took out a purse and gave it to the applicant, saying, "There is money to pay your debts, and a trifle for yourself." The humble petitioner, overwhelmed with such unlooked-for kindness, dropped on his knees, and made a stammering effort to thank the King, but a flood of tears prevented him. His Majesty instantly put forth his hand, and, with considerable emotion, exclaimed, "Get up, get up; thank God that I have it in my power to help an honest man."

35. Gifts of the Poor.—A missionary at Kaluaaha, a little town on Molaki, one of the Sandwich Islands, describing his monthly meetings, reports that there were seldom less than a hundred persons present. "Most of those who attend," he added, "have during the past year been in the habit of contributing, for benevolent purposes, *one stick of wood each per month.* And I can assure you that it is no uninteresting sight to see men, women, and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders from the distance of one, two, or more miles. The men go into the mountains, and get the sticks, both for themselves and their wives; but the latter bring and present their own. Though the people are superlatively poor, yet their contributions in one year in this way will amount to not far from five pounds."

36. Giving up a Legacy.—One day a friend of the Rev. A. Booth said to him, "I find, sir, that you have lost a valuable member of your Church." "Yes," he replied, "and she has left me a legacy;" at the same time adding, "There are those of her own family who stand more in need of it than I do." He then asked his friend, whether, under such circumstances, he thought it would be right in him to

receive it, for that he himself thought it would not. The legacy was nevertheless transferred to him, in conformity with the will of the deceased. Some time afterwards, Mr. Booth went to the Bank of England, and, without saying anything more on the subject to his friend, executed a transfer of the legacy to one nearly related to the family of the deceased, for whose benefit he relinquished it.

37. Good Prescription.—Goldsmith had studied physic in his youth, and a poor woman, hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking in sickness and poverty. The doctor told him they should hear from him in an hour, when he would send them some pills which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a pill-box, with the following label: "These must be used as necessities require; be patient, and of good heart." He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to drugs and potions.

38. Guyot and his Aqueduct.—A man of the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by laborious industry and severe habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbours considered him a miser, and thought that he was hoarding up money from mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. He at length died, and in his will were found the following words:—
"Having observed from my infancy

that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully laboured the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

39. Lady Huntingdon and "her Beggars."—No sooner did Lady Huntingdon become the subject of Divine grace, than her change of mind was observed by her aristocratic associates, who endeavoured in vain to turn her aside from the path she had chosen. One day, at Court, the then Prince of Wales asked Lady Charlotte E——, "Where is my Lady Huntingdon, that she is so seldom here?" The lady of fashion replied, with a sneer, "I suppose, praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "Lady Charlotte, when I am dying, I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle, to carry me up with her to heaven."

40. Luther's Joachim.—The letter of a traveller in Switzerland relates the following:—"I was told a great deal at Geneva about M. Legrand, who lately died there. He was a friend of the celebrated Oberlin, very wealthy, and remarkable for his simplicity. M. Legrand, while holding a meeting one day, and speaking of the numerous necessities of the Church of Bohemia, where many of the pastors' wives go barefoot, made an appeal to the liberality of his auditors, and, to encourage them, he related this anecdote: One day, Luther was completely penniless, and nevertheless was applied to for money to aid an important Christian enterprise. He reflected a little, and recollected that he had a beautiful medal of Joachim, Elector of Bradenburg, which he very much prized; he went immediately to the drawer, opened it, and with,

'What art thou doing there, Joachim? Dost thou not see how idle thou art? Come out and make thyself useful.' Then he took out the medal, and contributed it to the object. Come, my dear friends, added M. Legrand, look in your pockets and see if there be not some idle Joachims in them."

41. Luther's Unselfishness.—

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

I gave half of it to P. Priorus, and made the man glad."

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

43. Saying and Doing.—A London merchant having been embarrassed in his circumstances, and his misfortunes having been one day the subject of conversation in the Royal Exchange, several persons expressed great sorrow; when a foreigner who was present said, "I feel five hundred pounds for him; what do you feel?"

44. Trying to do Good.—Lady Holland was ever lamenting that she had nothing to do; that she did not know what to be at, or how to employ her time. "I recommended her," said the poet Rogers, "something new—to try to do a little good." Once fairly engaged in that business, one will never have to complain of nothing to do. It is a good cure-all to laziness or listlessness.

45. Well-spent Life.—Dr. Cotton Mather, who was born at Boston, U.S., in the seventeenth century, commenced a life of the most active beneficence when very young, and at the age of sixteen adopted as a maxim that a power and an opportunity to do good not only gives the right of doing it, but makes it a positive duty. On this maxim he determined to act, and continued to do so during the remainder of his days. Accordingly he began in his father's family, by doing all the good in his power to his brothers and sisters, and

to the servants. After he had attained to man's estate, he imposed on himself a rule "never to enter any company where it was proper for him to speak without endeavouring to be useful in it; dropping, as opportunities might offer, some instructive hint or admonition." By way of improving every moment of his time, he avoided paying or receiving un-

necessary visits; and, to prevent intrusion, he caused to be written, in large characters, over the door of his study, these admonitory words, "Be short." Not a day passed without some contrivance on his part "to do good," nor without his being able to say, at the close of it, that some part of his income had been distributed for pious purposes.

THE BIBLE.

Psalm xii. 6, cxix. 18; Isaiah xl. 8; John v. 39; Acts xvii. 11; 1 Thess. ii. 13; Hebrews iv. 12.

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

47. Bible the Word of God.—The Rev. J. Williams, missionary to the South-Sea Islands, tells us that the question was once asked of a number of Polynesians, "Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God?" They were startled; they had never entertained a single doubt on the subject; but, after a moment's pause, one answered, "Most certainly we do; undoubtedly we do." It was asked, "Why do you believe it? Can you give any reason for believing the Bible to be the Word of God?" He replied, "Why, look at the power with which it has been attended, in the utter overthrow of all that we have been addicted to from time

immemorial. What else could have demolished that system of idolatry which had so long prevailed among us? No human arguments could have induced us to abandon that false system." The same question being put to another, he replied, "I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, on account of the pure system of religion which it contains. We had a system of religion before; but look how dark and black a system that was, compared with the bright system of salvation revealed in the Word of God! Here we learn that we are sinners, and that God gave Jesus Christ to die for us; and, by that goodness, salvation is given to us. Now, what but the wisdom of God could have produced such a system as this presented to us in the Word of God? And this doctrine leads to purity." There was a third reply to this question, and it was rather a singular one; but it was a native idea. "When I look at myself, I find I have got hinges all over my body. I have hinges to my legs, hinges to my jaws, hinges to my feet. If I want to take hold of anything, there are hinges to my hands to do it with. If my heart thinks, and I want to speak, I have got hinges to my jaws. If I want to walk, I have hinges to my feet. Now, here," continued he, "is wisdom, in adapting my body to

the various functions which it has to discharge. And I find that the wisdom which made the Bible exactly fits with this wisdom which has made my body; consequently I believe the Bible to be the Word of God." Another replied, "I believe it to be the Word of God, on account of the prophecies which it contains, and the fulfilment of them."

48. Blind Guides.—A learned Oriental, having been to visit the library of a French convent, writes thus to his friend in Persia, concerning what had passed:—"Father," said I to the librarian, "what are these huge volumes which fill the whole side of the library?" "These," said he, "are the interpreters of the Scriptures." "There is a prodigious number of them," replied I; "the Scriptures must have been very dark formerly, and be very clear at present. Do there remain still any doubts? Are there now any points contested?" "Are there!" answered he with surprise—"are there! There are almost as many as there are lines." "You astonish me," said I; "what then have all these authors been doing?" "These authors," returned he, "never searched the Scriptures for what ought to be believed, but for what they did believe themselves. They did not consider them as a book wherein were contained the doctrines which they ought to receive, but as a work which might be made to authorise their own ideas."

49. Casting Bread upon the Waters.—During the time of the Russian war, several regiments of French soldiers were quartered at Toulon, waiting for orders to embark for the Crimea. A pious person in the neighbourhood, thinking that amongst the men he might find some opportunities of usefulness, visited the camp, taking with him a number of French Testaments; these he distributed to the men, *many* of whom seemed pleased

with the gift. He had at length exhausted all his store, with the exception of one copy; this he offered to a man standing near him. The man took it, opened it, and, turning to a companion, said, sneeringly, "Oh! this will do to light my pipe with"—a discouraging enough reception; but the book having been once given was beyond recovery. About a year and a half after this occurrence, the distributor of the Testaments was on a short journey through the South of France, and stopped on his way at a roadside inn for refreshment and a night's lodging. On entering the house, he soon perceived that something of a melancholy nature had transpired. On inquiring of the landlady what it was, she informed him that her eldest son had been buried that very week. She went on very naturally to dilate on his many excellences, and spoke of his happy death-bed. "And, sir," said she, "all his happiness was got from a little book that was given him some time ago." The gentleman inquired further concerning the little book. "You shall see it," said the mother: "it is upstairs." She sought and gave him a small book. On opening it, he found it to be a French Testament, and further identified it as the very one he had himself given, so many months before, to that seemingly unpromising soldier at Toulon. He discovered that five or six of the first pages had been torn out, thus proving that the man had actually commenced the fulfilment of his threat of using the book to light his pipe with. This was not all; on the fly-leaf was written these words:—"Given to me at Toulon, on — day; first despised, then read, and finally blessed to the saving of my soul."

50. Collins's One Book.—The poet Collins, in the latter part of his life, withdrew from his general studies, and travelled with no other book than an English New Testament,

such as children carry to school. A friend was anxious to know what companion such a man of letters had chosen; the poet said, "I have only one book, and that book is the best."

51. Costly Bibles.—Of W. de Howton, Abbot of Coxton, it is stated that he bequeathed to the abbey at his death, in 1274, "a Bible, in nine tomes, faire written, and excellently well glossed by Solomon, Archdeacon of Leicester, and paid for it fifty markes stirling," or £33 6s. 8d. And in a valuation of books bequeathed to Merton College, at Oxford, before the year 1800, a Psalter with glosses, or marginal annotations, is valued at ten shillings; and St. Austin, on Genesis, and a Concordantia, or Harmony, are each valued at the same price. These sums should be multiplied by fifteen, to bring them to the present value of money; and in some instances the comparative value would be still too low, as in the case of the labouring men, whose pay in 1272 was only three-halfpence per day, and who must therefore have devoted the earnings of fourteen or fifteen years to the purchase of a Bible. Towards the close of the thirteenth and at the commencement of the fourteenth century, the average wages of a man-servant, with meat and clothing, were only from three to five shillings per annum; reapers were paid twopence a day; a sheep sold for a shilling; and thirty quarters of fossil coal for seventeen shillings and sixpence.

52. Delights of Bible Study.—In a conversation with a friend, a short time before his death, Dr. Buchanan was describing the minute pains he had been taking with the proofs and revisions of the Syriac Testament, every page of which passed under his eye five times before it was finally sent to press. He said he had expected beforehand that this process would have proved irksome to him, but

that every fresh perusal of the sacred page seemed to unveil new beauties. Here he stopped, and said to his friend, as soon as he recovered himself, "I could not suppress the emotion I felt, as I recollected the delight it pleased God to afford me in the reading of His Word."

53. God's Word Precious.—Two men came one night to Mr. Ellis, the missionary of Madagascar. They had walked a hundred miles out of their way to visit him. "Have you the Bible?" asked Mr. Ellis. "We have seen it and heard it read," one man said; "but we have only some of the words of David, and they do not belong to us; they belong to the whole family." "Have you the words of David with you now?" asked Mr. Ellis. They looked at each other, but would not answer. Perhaps they were afraid; but Mr. Ellis spoke kindly to them. Then one of the men put his hand into his bosom, and took out what seemed to be a roll of cloth. He unrolled, and, after removing some wrappers, behold, there were a few old, torn, dingy leaves of the Psalms, which had been read, passed round, lent, and re-read, until they were almost worn out. Tears came to Mr. Ellis's eyes when he saw them. "Have you ever seen the words of Jesus, or John, or Paul, or Peter?" asked the missionary. "Yes," they said, "we have seen and heard them, but we never owned them." Mr. Ellis then went and brought out a Testament with the Book of Psalms bound up with it, and showed it them. "Now," said he, "if you will give me your few words of David, I will give you all his words, and all the words of Jesus, and John, and Paul, and Peter besides." The men were amazed and delighted; but they wanted to see if the words of David were the same in Mr. Ellis's book; and when they found they were, and thousands more of the same sort, their joy knew no bounds.

They willingly gave up their poor, tattered leaves, seized the volume, bade the missionary good-bye, and started off upon their long journey home, rejoicing like those who had found a great spoil.

54. Literary Excellence of Bible.

—The following is related by the eminent American, Daniel Webster:

—"When in Paris, some years ago, I received an account of a French infidel, who happened to find in a drawer of his library some stray leaves of an unknown volume. Although in the constant habit of denouncing the Bible, like most infidel writers he had never read any part of it. These fugitive leaves contained the prayer of Habakkuk (Hab. iii.) Being a man of fine literary taste, he was captivated with its poetic beauty, and hastened to the club-house to announce the discovery to his associates. Of course they were anxious to know the name of the gifted author, to which inquiries the elated infidel replied, 'A writer by the name of HAB-BA-KOOK, of course a *Frenchman*!' Judge of the infidel's surprise when informed that the passage he was so enthusiastically admiring was not produced by one of his own countrymen, nor even by one of his own class of so-called free-thinkers, but was penned by one of God's ancient prophets, and was contained in that much-despised book, the Bible. This," Webster adds, "I regard as one of the sublimest passages of inspired literature; and often have I wondered that some artist, equal to the task, has not selected the prophet and his scene of desolation as the subject of a painting."

55. Most Precious Gift.—One of the most learned men in the fifteenth century, John Wesselus, of Groningen, called "the light of the world," having been once introduced to the presence of the Pope, was requested by the Pontiff to *ask for some favour for himself.*

"Then," said Wesselus, "I beg you to give me, out of the Vatican Library, a Greek and a Hebrew Bible." "You shall have them," said Sixtus; "but, foolish man, why don't you ask for a bishopric, or something of that sort?" "For the best of reasons," said Wesselus; "because I do not want such things."

56. Negro Reasoning.—When Naimbana, a black Prince, arrived in England from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, the gentleman to whose care he was entrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the Word of God, and he received it as such with great reverence and simplicity. When asked what it was that satisfied him on this subject, he replied, "When I found all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the Word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what good men call it, the Word of God."

57. Peasant's New Testament.—

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

copy was given to him in exchange, and the written one was placed in the hands of the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as a monument of the desire of the Irish to know the Scriptures.

58. Priest and Bible.—A woman at Montreal, of the Roman Catholic belief, having obtained a Bible, was visited by her priest, who earnestly endeavoured to prevail on her to give it up. Finding he could not persuade her to relinquish her treasure, he attempted to induce her to sell it; offering first five, then ten, fifteen, and at last twenty dollars. The good woman, after refusing these offers, at length consented to sell it for twenty-five dollars. The priest agreed, the money was paid, the obnoxious volume was given up, and he departed in triumph. But the woman set off immediately to Montreal, and, with the priest's twenty-five dollars, purchased twenty-five new Bibles for herself and neighbours.

59. Progress of Conviction.—"The process of enlightenment in many unconverted minds," says a Christian worker, "is shadowed forth by the experience of one whom I saw but recently. He sat down to read the Bible an hour each evening with his wife. In a few evenings he stopped in the midst of his reading, and said, 'Wife, if this book is true, we are wrong.' He read on, and in a few days later, said, 'Wife, if this book is true, we are lost.' Riveted to the book, and deeply anxious, he still read, and in a week more joyfully exclaimed, 'Wife, if this book is true, we may be saved!' A few weeks' more reading, and, taught by the Spirit of God, through the exhortations and instructions of a City missionary, they both placed their faith in Christ, and are now rejoicing in hope."

60. Royal Bible Student.—Of the few books which George III. read,

the Bible was constantly on the table in his closet, and the commentary which he selected for his private guidance, was Matthew Henry's Exposition. A pious female servant, whose office it was to arrange the library room, was often heard to say, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down. I wish everybody made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does."

61. Sceptic's Confession.—One day a member of the French Academy went to see Diderot, an able champion of infidelity; he found him explaining a chapter of the Gospel to his daughter as seriously as, and with the concern of, a most Christian parent. The visitor expressed his surprise. "I understand you," said Diderot, "but, in truth, what better lesson could I give her?"

62. Scholar's Testimony.—Sir William Jones, whose scholarly attainments are so famous, wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible the following finely-conceived description:—"I have regularly and attentively perused these Holy Scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written. The unstrained application of them to events which took place long after the publication is a solid ground for belief that they are genuine productions, and consequently inspired."

63. Scraps of Paper.—When Dr. Corrie was chaplain of Allahabad, there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures extant, and it was his custom to translate on small bits of paper striking passages of Scrip-

ture into that language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door. Twenty years afterwards he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of Scripture, and his impressions of its great realities, that he put the question, "How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the Sacred Books? You have told me you have never seen a missionary in your life, nor anyone to teach you the way of life and salvation." And what was his answer? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well-worn and tattered bits of paper, and said, "From these bits of paper, which a sahib distributed at his door, and whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day, till they are thus tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language; from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This is the source of my information; thus I have derived my knowledge."

64. Seeking in Darkness.—A Socinian preacher once said to Mr. Newton, "Sir, I have collated every word in the Hebrew Scriptures seventeen times; and it is very strange if the doctrine of atonement which you hold should not have been found by me." Mr. Newton replied, "I am not surprised at this; I once went to light my candle with the extinguisher on it. Prejudices, from education, learning, &c., often form an extinguisher. It is not enough that you bring the candle: you must remove the extinguisher."

65. Spiritual Sight.—A Gottingen Professor narrated the following to two gentlemen from London, in the course of their tour through Germany:—"Some years ago I was in great danger of losing my sight, which had become so bad that I could scarcely distinguish anything. The prospect of passing the last days of my life in blindness made me so melancholy that I resolved to make a tour to Bremen to recover my spirits. On this tour I came to Hanover, where some friends took me into the Duke of Cambridge's library, and showed me some Bibles, lately sent by the Bible Society in London as a present to the Duke. Wishing to try whether in my blindness I could distinguish the paper and print of those from the common ones, I took one up merely for that purpose, without the least intention of selecting any particular passage; and now see what I read." He here opened the Bible, and recited Isa. xlii. 16: "'And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.' I read this verse, and received spiritual sight." At these words he was so much affected that the tears ran down his cheeks. "With a cheerful mind I now journeyed back to Gottingen, and my greatest desire was to possess a Bible in which this verse stood on the same page and in the same place. Shortly afterwards, I was visited by a friend from London, to whom I related the occurrence, and immediately received his promise to send me a Bible as soon as possible, which he did." This copy he continued to esteem as his greatest earthly treasure.

66. Stray Verses.—In a City missionary's narrative of his experiences we read: "On board a vessel at Horselydown, I found only an

old shipkeeper. I asked him whether he could read; he replied that he could. On asking him what books he read, his reply was, 'The Bible.' I then gave him two tracts, and remarked that I had sometimes seen parts of the Bible in cheesemongers' shops, which I thought very wrong. He said he differed from me. On asking his reason, he stated that he was formerly a great smoker, and on going to purchase some tobacco it was put up in a part of the Bible. One verse struck him very forcibly; and he was induced to purchase a Bible, and has read it daily to the present time; and, said he, 'Blessed be God, I would not part with it, and the hopes I have of salvation, for ten thousand worlds.'

67. "Take and Read."—In the spring of the year 872, a young man in the thirty-first year of his age, in evident distress of mind, entered his garden near Milan. This was no other than the afterwards eminent Augustine. The sins of his youth—a youth spent in sensuality and impiety—weighed heavily on his soul. Lying under a fig-tree, moaning and pouring out abundant tears, he heard from a neighbouring house a young voice saying and repeating in rapid succession, "Tolle, lege! Tolle, lege!" (Take and read! Take and read!) Receiving this as a divine admonition, he returned to the place where he left his friend Alypius, to procure the roll of St. Paul's epistles, which he had a short time before left with him. "I seized the roll," says he, in describing this scene; "I opened it and read in silence the chapter on which my eyes first alighted." It was the thirteenth of Romans. "Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." All was decided by a word. "I

did not want to read any more," says he; "nor was there any need; every doubt was banished." The morning star had risen in his heart.

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

69. Torn Leaves.—A young shopman once took up a leaf of the Bible, and was about to tear it in pieces, and use it for packing up some small parcel in the shop, when a pious friend said, "Do not tear that: it contains the word of eternal life." The young man, though he did not relish the reproof, folded up the leaf, and put it in his pocket. Shortly after this, he said within himself, "Now I will see what kind of life it is of which this leaf speaks." On unfolding the leaf, the first words that caught his eye were the last in the book of Daniel: "But go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." He began immediately to inquire what his lot would be at the end of the days, and the train of thought thus awakened led to the formation of a religious character.

70. Translators Converted.—A German clergyman at St. Petersburg once engaged two Mongul Tartar chiefs to assist him in preparing a translation of the Gospels into the language of their country, and they spent some time every day in study. At length the work was completed, the last correction was made, and the book was closed on the table before them. Still they sat, serious and silent. The minister inquired the cause, and was equally surprised and delighted to hear them both avow themselves converts to

the truths of the blessed volume. "At home," they said, "we studied the sacred writings of the Chinese, and the more we read the more obscure they seemed; the longer we have read the Gospel, the more simple and intelligible it becomes, until at last it seems as if Jesus was talking with us."

71. Truth.—When Queen Elizabeth rode through London, on her way from the Tower to be crowned at Westminster Abbey, at one stage of her progress a beautiful boy, intended to represent Truth, was let down from a triumphal arch, and presented her with a copy of the Bible. This was received by the Queen with a most engaging gracefulness of deportment; she placed it in her bosom, and declared "that, of all the endearing proofs of attachment which she had that day met with from her loving subjects, this gift she considered as the most precious, as it was to her, of all others, the most acceptable."

72. Unconscious Instrumentality.—The Bishop of London, in order to suppress Tindal's Bible, regularly bought up the copies as they were imported. Of this purchase, the following fact is related:—Sir Thomas More, being Lord Chancellor, and having several persons accused of heresy and ready for execution, offered to compound with one of them, named George Constantine, for his life, upon the easy terms of discovering to him who they were in London that main-

tained Tindal beyond the sea. After the poor man had obtained as good a security for his life as the honour and truth of the Chancellor could give, he told him it was the Bishop of London who maintained him by purchasing the first impressions of his Testaments. The Chancellor smiled, and said he believed that he spoke the truth.

73. Wonderful Preservation of Judson's Burmese Testament.—When first translated, the Testament was taken to Ava in MS., and when Dr. Judson was thrown into prison it was secretly sewed up by his wife in a cushion, too hard and unsightly to tempt the cupidity even of his gaolers, and used by him as a pillow. When, at the close of seven months, he and his fellow-sufferers were so rudely thrust into the inner prison, the old pillow fell to the share of one of the keepers; but, finding it probably too hard for his use, he threw it back, and it came once more into its owner's hands. It was again lost when he was driven to Oung-pen-la; and, being stripped by one of the attendants of the mat which was tied round it, the roll of hard cotton was again flung back into the prison. Here it was found by Moungr Ing, who took it home, as a memorial of his teacher, without suspecting its priceless contents. Several months afterwards, the manuscript, which now forms a part of the Burmese Bible, was found within uninjured.

CHARITY.

Prov. xxii. 9; Psalm xli. 1; Zech. vii. 9; Romans xv. 1; 1 Cor. xiii. 2, 4, 13; 1 Tim. i. 5; James i. 27.

74. Charity Suffereth, and is Kind.—It was Archbishop Sharpe's (John Wesley's friend) custom to have a saddle-horse attend his carriage, that in case of fatigue from sitting he might take the refreshment of a ride. As he was thus travelling to

his episcopal residence, and had gone a mile or two before the carriage, a decent, well-looking young man came up to him, and, with a trembling hand and faltering tongue, presented a pistol to his lordship's breast, demanding his money. The

Archbishop with composure turned about, and, looking stedfastly at him, desired he would remove that dangerous weapon, and tell him fairly his condition. "Sir, sir!" with great agitation cried the youth, "no words—'tis not a time—your money instantly!" "Hear me, young man," said the Archbishop, "and come on with me. You see I am a very old man, and my life is of very little consequence. Yours seems far otherwise. I am named Sharpe, and am Archbishop of York; my carriage and servants are behind. Tell me what money you want, and who you are, and I'll not injure you, but prove a friend. Here, take this, and now tell me how much you want to make you independent of so destructive a business as you are now engaged in." "Oh, sir!" replied the man, "I detest the business as much as you. I am—but—at home there are creditors who will not stay. Fifty pounds, my lord, indeed would do what no tongue besides my own can tell." "Well, sir, I take it on your word; and, upon my honour, if you will in a day or two call on me at —, what I have now given shall be made up to that sum." The highwayman looked at him, was silent, and went off, and at the time appointed actually waited on the Archbishop, and assured his lordship his words had left impressions which nothing could ever efface. Nothing more of him transpired for a year and a half, or more, when one morning a person knocked at his Grace's gate, and with peculiar earnestness desired to see him. The Bishop ordered the stranger to be brought in; he entered the room where his lordship was, and had scarce advanced a few steps before his countenance changed, his knees tottered, and he sunk almost breathless on the floor. On recovering he requested of his lordship a private audience. The apartment being cleared, "My lord," said he, "you cannot

have forgotten the circumstances at such a time and place; gratitude will never suffer them to be effaced from my mind. In me, my lord, you now behold that once most wretched of mankind, but now, by your inexpressible humanity, rendered equal, perhaps superior, to millions. Oh, my lord,"—tears for awhile preventing his utterance,— "'tis you, 'tis you that have saved me, body and soul! 'Tis you that have saved a dear and much-loved wife, and a little brood of children dearer than my life! Here is that fifty pounds; but never shall I find language to testify what I feel. Your God is your witness, your deed itself your glory, and may heaven and all its blessings be your present and everlasting reward! I was the youngest son of a wealthy man; your lordship knew him, I am sure. His name was —. My marriage alienated his affection, and my brother withdrew his love, and left me to sorrow and penury. A month since my brother died a bachelor and intestate. What was his is become mine; and by your astonishing goodness I am now at once the most penitent, the most grateful, and happiest of my species."

75. Cup of Cold Water.—A young Englishwoman was sent to France to be educated at a Huguenot school in Paris. A few evenings before the fatal massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, in which nearly all the Protestants residing in Paris were butchered, she and some of her young companions were taking a walk in a part of the town where there were some sentinels placed. It is known that when a sentinel is on duty he must not leave his post until he is relieved, that is, till another soldier comes to take his place. One of the soldiers, as the young ladies passed him, besought them to have the charity to bring him a little water, adding that he was very ill, and that it would be as much as his life was worth to go and fetch it him-

self. The ladies walked on, much offended with the man for presuming to speak to them—all but the young Englishwoman, whose compassion was moved, and who, leaving her party, procured some water and took it to the soldier. He begged her to tell him her name and place of abode, and this she did. When she rejoined her companions, some blamed and others ridiculed her attention to a common soldier; but they soon had reason to lament that they had not been equally compassionate; for the grateful soldier contrived, on the night of the massacre, to save this young lady, while all the other inhabitants of the house she dwelt in were killed.

76. Failings of Others.—The great Duke of Marlborough and the first Lord Bolingbroke were in opposite political interests, and were consequently, on most occasions, ranged against each other. Some gentlemen, after the Duke's decease, were canvassing his character with much severity, and particularly charged him with being excessively avaricious. At length they appealed for the truth of their statements to Lord Bolingbroke, who was one of the company. This nobleman, with a generosity which did him real honour, answered: "The Duke of Marlborough was so great a man that I quite forget his failings."

77. "Freely Give."—During an exceedingly severe winter, the Duchess of Ventadour, who had, on account of her exemplary character, been appointed governess of the infant King Louis XV., not only gave away all her revenue, but, in addition to this, borrowed 80,000 francs to relieve the poor. Her steward remonstrated with her, saying that she passed all the bounds of prudence; but she meekly replied, "Let us give always, and even borrow, while it is necessary, to save the poor from death; we shall never want,

neither I nor my family; in my station there is no great hardship in trusting to Providence."

78. Generous Widow.—During the siege of the Protestant city of Rochelle, some charitable individuals, who had previously formed secret magazines, relieved their starving brethren without blazoning their good deed. The relict of a merchant, named Prosni, who was left in charge of four orphan children, had liberally distributed her stores, while anything remained, among her less fortunate neighbours; and whenever she was reproached with profusion and want of foresight, she was in the habit of replying, "The Lord will provide for us." At length, when her stock of food was utterly exhausted, and she was spurned with taunts from the door of a relative, she returned home destitute, broken-hearted, and prepared to die, together with her children. But there was still a barrel and a cruse in reserve for the widow, who, humbly confident in the bounty of Heaven, had shared her last morsel with her fellow-sufferers. Her little ones met her at the threshold with cries of joy. During her short absence, a stranger, visiting the house, had deposited in it a sack of flour; and the single bushel which it contained was so husbanded as to preserve their lives till the close of the siege.

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

80. Glorious Guest.—The

celebrated John Falk was well known for his love to the children under his care. Several beautiful incidents are connected with his history. Once, when they were sitting as usual at supper, one of the boys said the usual grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided." A little fellow looked up and said, "Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes. We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes!" "Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation." "I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate, and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all this time. "Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor boy in His place; is that it?" "Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and drink of water that we give to the poor or sick, or the prisoners, for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.'" The children sang a hymn of the love of God, to their guest, before they parted for the night, and neither they nor he were likely to forget this simple Bible comment.

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

82. Minister's Charity.—In the year 1776, the Rev. John Wesley

received the following letter, in consequence of a recent resolution of the Government, that circulars should be sent to all persons who were suspected of having plate, on which they had not paid duty:—"Reverend Sir,—As the Commissioners cannot doubt that you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry, they have directed me to send you a copy of the Lords' order, and to inform you that they expect that you forthwith make the entry of all your plate, such entry to bear date from the commencement of the plate duty, or from such time as you have owned, used, had, or kept any quantity of silver plate, chargeable by the Act of Parliament; as in default thereof, the Board will be obliged to signify your refusal to their Lordships. N.B.—An immediate answer is desired." Wesley replied as follows:—"Sir,—I have two silver tea-spoons at London, and two at Bristol; this is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread.—I am, sir, your most humble servant, JOHN WESLEY." Perhaps there was seldom a more charitable man than Wesley. His liberality knew no bounds but an empty pocket. He gave away not merely a certain part of his income, but all that he had: his own wants being provided for, he devoted all the rest to the necessities of others. He entered upon this good work at a very early period. We are told that when he had thirty pounds a year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings. The next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away two-and-thirty. The third year he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two. The fourth year he received one hundred and twenty pounds. Still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two. During the rest of his life he lived economically; and, in the course of fifty years, it has been supposed

he gave away more than thirty thousand pounds.

83. Wesley and the School Maid.

—"Many years ago," says John Wesley, "when I was at Oxford, on a cold winter's day, a young maid (one of those we kept in school) called upon me. I said, 'You seem half starved. Have you nothing to cover you but that thin linen gown?' She said, 'Sir, this is all I have.' I put my hand into my pocket, but I found I had scarce any money left, having just paid away what I had. It immediately struck me, Will thy Master say,

'Well done, good and faithful steward!' Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold. O justice! O mercy! are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid? See thy expensive apparel in the same light—thy gown, hat, head-dress! Everything about thee that cost more than Christian duty required thee to lay out is the blood of the poor! Oh, be wise for time to come! Be merciful; more faithful to God and man; more abundantly adorned with good works."

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR.

Gen. xlix. 18; Psalm lxxii. 17; Isaiah xlii. 6, liii. 10; Matt. xv. 24; Luke ii. 11; 1 Cor. vi. 11.

84. Bishop Butler's Testimony.

—The great thinker was lying on his death-bed; and so lying, he turned round and said to his chaplain, "I know that Jesus Christ is a Saviour, but how am I to know that He is a Saviour to me?" The chaplain answered simply, "My lord, it is written, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'" The dying Bishop paused and mused, and then he said, "I have often read and thought of that scripture, but never till this moment did I feel its full power, and now I die happy."

85. "Brand Plucked out of the Fire."—An American missionary one day overtook one of his converts in the woods, and after some conversation asked him, "Tell me what your heart says of Jesus." The Indian stood still, paused awhile, and then replied, "Stop, and I will show you." Stooping down, he gathered some dry leaves into a circle, in the middle of which he left an open space, and dropped a worm into it: he then set fire to the leaves. The flames quickly ran round them, and the poor insect, beginning to feel the heat,

writhed and wriggled about in all directions, seeking in vain some way of escape from the torment. At last, exhausted with its fruitless efforts, it sank motionless. The Indian stretched out his hand, lifted up the worm, and laid it on the cool ground, beyond the reach of its place of torture. "This Jesus did for me," said the Indian; "and this is what my heart tells me I owe to Him."

86. Call of Christ.—In the second century, Celsus, a celebrated adversary of Christianity, distorting our Lord's expression, complained, "Jesus Christ came into the world to make the most horrible and dreadful society; for He calls sinners, and not the righteous, so that the body He came to assemble is a body of profligates, separated from good people, among whom they before were mixed. He has rejected all the good, and collected all the bad." "True," says Origen in reply, "our Jesus came to call sinners—but to repentance. He assembled the wicked—but to convert them into new men, or rather to change them into angels. We come to Him covetous, He makes us liberal;

lascivious, He makes us chaste; violent, He makes us meek; impious, He makes us religious."

87. "Faithful Saying, worthy of all acceptance."—A minister in the West Indies gave out for his text these words: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." A poor Negro in the congregation, who had but recently felt the power of religion, was so affected by the reading of the text, that he requested the minister to read it again. The minister did so. "Be so good, massa, read the text again." He read. "Do," says the Negro, "massa, read it again; it makes my soul feel so good!"

88. George III. and the Princess Amelia.—A lady, who was in the habit of close attendance on the Princess Amelia during her last illness, described some of the latter interviews which took place between the Princess and her royal father, George III., and which seldom failed to turn on the momentous topic of the future world, as being singularly affecting. "My dear child," said his Majesty to her on one of these occasions, "you have ever been a good child to your parents; we have nothing wherewith to reproach you; but I need not tell you, that it is not of yourself alone that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer." "I know it," replied the Princess, mildly, but emphatically, "and I could wish for no better trust."

89. Happiness in Christ.—The Rev. Henry Venn once told his children that in the evening he would take them to one of the most interesting sights in the world. They were anxious to know what it was. But Mr. Venn did not gratify their curiosity; he only told them to wait. When evening came, he took them by the hand,

and led them to a miserable hovel, whose decayed walls and broken windows bespoke poverty and want. "Now," said he, "my dear children, can anyone that lives in such a wretched place as this be happy? Yet this is not all; a poor young man lies on a miserable straw bed within, dying of a fever, and afflicted with nine painful ulcers." "Oh, how wretched!" they all exclaimed at once. Mr. Venn led them into the cottage, and, going up to the poor, dying young man, said, "Abraham Midwood, I have brought my children here to show them that people can be happy in sickness, in poverty, and in want; and now tell them if it is not so." The suffering youth immediately answered, "Oh, yes, sir; I would not change my state with the richest man on earth who had not the views which I have. Blessed be God, I have a good hope through Christ of going to heaven, where Lazarus now is. He has a great while ago forgotten all his miseries; soon I shall mine. Sir, this is nothing to bear while the presence of God cheers my soul. Indeed, I am truly happy, and I trust to be happy through all eternity; and I every hour thank God, who has given me to enjoy the riches of His goodness and His grace through Jesus Christ."

90. Knowledge of Christ. — When Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his relatives or friends. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted visited him; and when conducted into his room, he said, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know me?" "Who are you?" asked the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came, who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner, "Do you know me, Bishop Beveridge?" "Who are you?" said he. Being told it was one of his friends, he replied that he did not

know him. His wife then came to his bed-side, and asked him if he knew her. "Who are you?" said he. Told that she was his wife, his answer was that he did not know her. "Well," said one, "Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Jesus Christ!" said he, reviving, as if the name had produced upon him the influence of a charm, "oh, yes, I have known Him these forty years: precious Saviour, He is my only hope!"

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

92. Life Ransom.—Xenophon records a very striking answer given by the wife of Tigranes when all those assembled around her were extolling Cyrus, and expressing the admiration with which his appearance and behaviour struck them. The question being asked what she thought of him, she answered, "I do not know; I did not observe him." "On what, then," said one of the company, "did you fix your attention?" "On him," replied she, referring to the generous speech which her husband, standing in close proximity to her, had just made, "who said he would give a thousand lives to ransom me."

93. Looking unto Christ.—A traveller, once fording the Susquehanna on horseback, became so dizzy as to be near losing his seat. Suddenly he received a blow on his chin from a hunter who was his companion, with the words, "Look

He did so, and recovered his balance. It was looking on the

turbulent water that endangered his life, and looking up saved it.

94. One Mediator.—A gentleman full of deistical principles said to Mr. Greenfield, "Can you give me the reason why Jesus Christ is called the Word? What is meant by the Word? It is a curious term." Mr. Greenfield, unconscious of the motive or the sceptical principles of the inquirer, replied, "I suppose, as words are the medium of communication between us, the term is used in the sacred Scriptures to demonstrate that He is the only medium between God and man; I know no other reason."

95. Peace in Christ.—"A person whom I once knew," says Mr. Hervey, "was roused from a habit of indolence and supineness to a serious concern for his eternal welfare. Convinced of his depraved nature and aggravated guilt, he had recourse to the Scriptures and to frequent prayer, he attended the ordinances of Christianity, and sought earnestly for an interest in Christ, but found no steadfast faith, and tasted very little comfort. At length he applied to an eminent divine, and laid open the state of his heart. Short but weighty was the answer:—'I perceive, sir, the cause of all your distress: you will not come to Christ as a sinner. This mistake lies between you and the joy of religion; this detains you in the gall of bitterness, and take heed, oh take heed, lest it consign you to the bond of iniquity.' This admonition never departed from the gentleman's mind, and it became the means of removing the obstacles of his peace."

96. Pearl of Great Price.—Some years back there died, at one of the missionary stations in India, a native called Brindelbund. He had spent sixty or seventy years in the service of Satan. He was a "byraggee," that is, one who professed to have subdued his passions, and who was, as they

express it, "seeking some one who is worthy." He went to Cutwa, where he attended Mr. Chamberlain's preaching and instructions. "I have been," said he, "many years, from one holy place to another, seeking some one who was worthy, to 'offer my flower.'" The sweetest flower, they say, is the human heart; this is their figurative way of talking. "I have been seeking some one who is worthy to whom to offer my flower; but never have I found one till now. I have heard of Jesus; I give it to Him."

97. Salvation to the Uttermost.—Some ladies called to pay a visit to Lady Huntingdon, and, during the visit, her ladyship inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach. Upon receiving an answer in the negative, she said, "I wish you would hear him; he is to preach to-morrow evening." They promised her ladyship that they would attend. They fulfilled their promise. When they called the following Monday morning on her ladyship, she inquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield on the previous evening, and how they liked him. The reply was, "Oh, my lady, of all the preachers we have ever heard, he is the most strange and unaccountable! Among other preposterous things, would your ladyship believe it, he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receive even the devil's castaways! Now, my lady, did you ever hear of such a thing since you were born?" To which her ladyship made the following reply: "There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before; but, as Mr. Whitefield is below in the parlour, we will have him up, and let him answer for himself." Upon his coming up into the drawing-room, Lady Huntingdon said, "Mr. Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very

heavy charge against you, and I thought it best that you should come up and defend yourself. They say that, in your sermon last evening, in speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms: 'That so ready was Christ to receive sinners who came to Him, that He was willing to receive even the devil's castaways.'" Mr. Whitefield immediately replied: "I certainly, my lady, must plead guilty to the charge; whether I did what was right, or otherwise, your ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your ladyship notice, about half an hour ago, a very modest single rap at the door? It was given by a poor, miserable-looking, aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the following manner:—'I believe, sir, you preached last evening at such a chapel.' 'Yes, I did.' 'Ah, sir, I was accidentally passing the door of that chapel, and, hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I never had been in the habit of doing—I went in; and one of the first things I heard you say was, that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that He did not object to receive the devil's castaways. Do you think, sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?'" Mr. Whitefield answered her, there was not a doubt of it, if she was but willing to come to Him. This was the case; and it ended in the conversion of the poor creature to God.

98. "Saviour" in Esquimaux.—Rev. T. S. Grimshawe once related at a public meeting that he had met with Mr. Colemeister, who had laboured among the Esquimaux for thirty-four years, and had first translated the four Gospels into the Esquimaux language. Among a variety of interesting questions which Mr. Grimshawe put to him, he inquired as to a point of some curiosity and difficulty respecting

his translations. Knowing how imperfect barbarous languages are, and how inadequate to express any abstract idea, Mr. Grimsdawe requested him to say how he translated the word "Saviour." Mr. Colemeister said, "Your question is remarkable, and perhaps the answer may be so too. It is true, the Esquimaux have no word to represent the Saviour, and I could never find out that they had any direct notion of such a friend. But I said to them, 'Does it not happen sometimes, when you are out fishing, that a storm arises, and some of you are lost and some saved?' They said, 'Oh, yes, very often.' 'But it also happens that you are in the water, and owe your safety to some brother or friend who stretches out his hand to help you.' 'Very frequently.' 'Then what do you call that friend?' They gave me in answer a word of their language, and I immediately wrote it against the word 'Saviour' in Holy Writ, and ever afterwards it was clear and intelligible to all of them."

89. "Something about Christ."—Archbishop Ussher and Dr. Preston, well known alike for their piety and their learning, were very intimate, and often met to converse on science and knowledge generally. On these occasions it was very common with the good Archbishop to coincide, "Come, doctor, let us say something about Christ before we part."

100. Vine and Branches.—Taking this subject in a Sunday-school class, a teacher was trying to show the dependence of the branches upon the vine—for if the vine dies, the branch dies too—and said earnestly, "Jesus is the vine, we are the branches of the vine, and derive all our comfort and happiness from Him." "Yes," said a bright little fellow of eight years, "Jesus is the vine, the grown-up people are the branches, and we (the children) are the little buds;" showing that he clearly understood the parable, and giving to the great truth a simplicity which the minds of the smaller children could hardly fail to comprehend.

CHRISTIANITY.

Matt. xvi. 18; Rom. xii. 4; Eph. i. 10, iii. 6; James i. 27; Rev. xi. 15.

101. Best Sailors.—Captain Parry at a public meeting in 1826, said: "I have lately had the honour, and I may truly say the happiness, of commanding British seamen under circumstances requiring the utmost activity, implicit and immediate obedience, and the most rigid attention to discipline and good order; and I am sure that the maintenance of all these was, in a great measure, owing to the blessing of God upon our humble endeavours to improve the religious and moral character of our men. In the schools established on board our ships in the winter, religion was made the primary object, and the result was every way gratifying and satisfactory. It has convinced me that true religion is so far from

being a hindrance to the arduous duties of that station in which it has pleased Providence to cast the seaman's lot, that, on the contrary, it will always incite him to their performance, from the highest and most powerful of motives; and I will venture to predict, that in proportion as this spring of action is more and more introduced among our seamen, they will become such as every Englishman would wish to see them. To this fact, at least, I can, on a small scale, bear the most decided testimony; and the friends of religion will feel a pleasure in having the fact announced, that the very best seamen on board the *Hecla*—such, I mean, as were always called upon in any case of extraordinary emergency—

were, without exception, those who had thought the most seriously on religious subjects; and if a still more scrupulous selection were to be made out of that number, the choice would fall, without hesitation, on two or three individuals possessing dispositions and sentiments eminently Christian."

102. Confession of an Enemy.—One day, while D'Alembert and Condorcet were dining with Voltaire, they proposed to converse of Atheism, but Voltaire stopped them at once. "Wait," said he, "till my servants have withdrawn; I do not wish to have my throat cut to-night."

103. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."—Tedyngscung was a celebrated chief among the Delaware Indians of North America about the year 1780. The efforts of the Christian missionaries, after many severe disappointments, trials, and failures, had been the means of diffusing much spiritual knowledge among the native Indians, and the doctrines which prevailed among them were frequently the subject of conversation and general discussion. One evening, Tedyngscung was sitting by the fireside of an English friend, who mentioned the golden rule to him as very excellent, "For one man to do to another as he would the other should do to him." "It is impossible; it cannot be done," said the Indian chief. After smoking his pipe, and musing for about a quarter of an hour, Tedyngscung again gave his opinion, and said, "Brother, I have been thoughtful on what you told me. If the Great Spirit that made man would give him a new heart, he could do as you say, but not else."

104. Glory to God.—A native Hindoo convert, who had originally belonged to one of the lowest castes, thus addressed a number of his countrymen, among whom were some of the superior castes.

The words form a delightful comment on 1 Cor. i. 26-29: "I am, by birth, of an insignificant and contemptible caste; so low, that if a Brahmin should chance to touch me, he must go and bathe in the Ganges for the purpose of purification; and yet God has been pleased to call me, not merely to the knowledge of the Gospel, but to the high office of teaching it to others. My friends, do you know the reason of God's conduct? It is this. If God had selected one of you learned Brahmins, and made you the preacher, when you were successful in making converts, bystanders would have said it was the amazing learning of the Brahmin, and his great weight of character, that were the cause; but now, when any one is converted by my instrumentality, no one thinks of ascribing any of the praise to me: and God, as is His due, has all the glory."

105. Lord Lyttelton on the Christian Religion.—The celebrated Lord Lyttelton said to his physician, in his last illness, "When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to stagger my belief in the Christian religion, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes."

106. Poor yet Rich.—The following is a passage from the will of the author of the well-known commentary on the Bible:—"I have now disposed of all my property to my family; there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is the Christian religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they had not that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

107. Spirit of the Gospel.—A well-known missionary, Mr.

Gutzlaff, having landed in China, the people were distrustful, and some of them hinted that the Christian books merely contained the doctrines of Western barbarians, which were quite at variance with the tenets of the Chinese sages. Mr. G. did not undertake to contest this point with them, but proceeded to administer relief to a poor man who was almost blind; thus showing the spirit and conduct which the Gospel inculcates. The man was affected with this unexpected kindness, and, turning towards Mr. G., said, "Judging from your actions, your doctrines must be excellent; therefore I beseech you give me some of your books; though I myself cannot read, I have children who can." "From this moment," says Mr. G., "the demand for the Word of God increased, so that I could never pass a hamlet without being

importuned by the people to impart to them the knowledge of Divine things. In the wide excursion which I took, I daily witnessed the demand for the Word of God. The greatest favour we could bestow upon the natives was to give them a book, which as a precious relic was treasured up, and kept for the perusal of all their acquaintance and friends."

108. Truth of Christianity.—"I give my dying testimony," said Dr. John Leland, after a long and exemplary life devoted to the service of the Gospel—"I give my dying testimony to the truth of Christianity. The promises of the Gospel are my support and consolation. They alone yield me satisfaction in my dying hour. I am not afraid to die. The Gospel of Christ has raised me above the fear of death; for 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

Dent. xiv. 2; Psalm cxix. 1; Matt. v. 8, vii. 12; Romans xii. 1; Gal. v. 22, vi. 9; Phil. i. 10.

109. Beauty and Deformity.—A gentleman had two children: one a daughter, who was considered plain in her person; the other a son, who was reckoned handsome. One day, as they were playing together, they saw their faces in a looking-glass. The boy was charmed with his beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who considered his remarks as so many reflections on her want of it. She told her father of the affair, complaining of her brother's rudeness to her. The father, instead of appearing angry, took them both on his knees, and with much affection gave them the following advice:—"I would have you both look in the glass every day: you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the

defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

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

111. Door of the Word.—A poor woman in the country went to hear a sermon, wherein, among other evil practices, the use of dishonest weights and measures was exposed. With this discourse she was much affected. The next day, the minister, according to his custom, went among his hearers, and calling upon the woman, he took occasion to ask her what she recollected of the sermon. The poor woman complained much of

her bad memory, and said she had forgotten almost all that he had delivered; "but one thing," said she, "I remembered: I remembered to burn my bushel."

112. Equanimity and Perseverance.—In compiling that immense work, the "Synopsis," Poole spent sixteen years, during which time he rose every morning at five, and never dined out once. Having at length finished the work, he went out to enjoy a little rest with a friend, when his wife, in a fit of bad temper, destroyed the MS. On his return, grieved as he was, he simply said, "My dear, thou hast done very wrong;" and next morning rose at four to re-commence his labour, and never relaxed till the task was finished the second time.

113. Evenness of Temper.—Bishop Burnet declared that during a strict intimacy of many years with Bishop Leighton, he never saw him for one moment in any other temper than that in which he would wish to live and die.

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

most learned doctor of the city, who happened to be present, said to himself, that a law which taught men such virtue, inspired men with such unshaken courage, and gave them so perfect a victory over themselves, could not but be from God.

115. "Freely ye have received, freely give."—On occasion of the arrival, on the coast of S. America, of a body of fresh Negroes who had just been released from the hold of a slave-ship, a female took one of the newly-arrived women under her care. On being asked by Mrs. Doring, wife of the missionary of that name, what she wanted to do with the woman, she said, "Ma'am, that now almost two years since we come this country: my countrywoman take me: she do me good: she tell me of the Lord Jesus Christ—and that same they do to me that time, me want to do the same to this woman."

116. Fruits of Christianity.—A converted Hottentot girl, nine years old, was asked how she and her younger sister spent their time. She replied, "We often pray to our Saviour to own us as His children, and to keep us from growing up as children of the devil. Then we sing verses together, which we learn at school. Sometimes we help old mother Lydia to work, and she gives us a piece of bread for our labour, for our parents are a great way off; and when they are at home, we have to dig for roots in the fields to satisfy our hunger, for they are very poor, and have very little to give us."

117. Gentle Response.—The horse of a certain man happening to stray into the road, an "un-neighbourly neighbour" put him into the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do just so again." "Neighbour," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window

in the night, and saw your cattle in my mowing-ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard; and I'll do it again." Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

118. **Good Manners in High Places.**—When Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli) ascended the Papal chair, the ambassadors of the several States represented at his Court waited on him with their congratulations. When they were introduced, and bowed, he returned the compliment by bowing also; on which the master of the ceremonies told his Highness that he should not have returned their salute. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the good Pontiff, "I have not been Pope long enough to forget good manners."

119. **American Indian and Englishman.**—Shortly before the war between the English settlers and the Pennsylvanian Indians broke out, one of the former was standing at his hut door when an Indian came by and desired a little food. He answered he had none for him; he then asked for a little beer, and received the same brief reply. Not yet discouraged, he begged for a little water; but the man only answered, "Get you gone for an Indian dog!" The Indian fixed his eyes for a little time on the Englishman, and then went away. Some time after, this man, who was fond of shooting, pursued his game till he was lost in the woods. After wandering awhile, he saw an Indian hut, and went to it to inquire his way to some plantation. The Indian said, "It is a great way off, and the sun is near going down; you cannot reach it to-night, and if you stay in the woods the wolves will eat you up: but if you have a mind to lodge with me, you may." The man gladly accepted the invitation, and went in. The Indian boiled a little venison for him, gave him

some rum and water, and then spread some deerskins for him to lie upon; having done this, himself and another Indian went and lay at the other side of the hut. He called the man in the morning, telling him that the sun was up, and that he had a great way to go to the plantation, but that he would show him the way. Taking their guns, the two Indians went forward, and he followed. When they had gone several miles, the Indian told him he was within two miles of the plantation he wanted: he then stepped before him, and said, "Do you know me?" In great confusion, the man answered, "I have seen you." The Indian replied, "Yes, you have seen me at your own door; and I will give you a piece of advice: when a poor Indian that is hungry, and dry, and faint, again asks you for a little meat or drink, do not bid him get him gone for an Indian dog."

120. **Living and Doing.**—A brief and simple, but very expressive eulogy was pronounced by Martin Luther upon a pastor at Zwickau, in 1522, named Nicholas Haussmann. "What *we* preach," said the great reformer, "*he* lives."—A good woman who had been to the house of God was met on her way home by a friend, who asked her if the sermon was done. "No," she replied, "it is all *said*; it has got to be *done*."

121. **Malice Refuted.**—Rowland Hill, when once shamefully attacked in a public paper, was urged by a friend to bring a legal action; to which he replied, "I shall neither answer the libel, nor prosecute the writer—1. Because in doing the one I might be led into unbecoming violence. 2. Because I have learned from long experience that no man's character can be eventually injured but by himself."

122. **New Creature.**—There was a friend of Archbishop Usher's,

who, supposing that he had approximated very near to a state of sanctification, and was therefore more experimentally acquainted with its nature than almost any other Christian of his age, earnestly solicited him to give his views on that subject in print. Usher promised to comply with his friend's wishes; but, some time having elapsed without his doing it, his friend charged him with remissness in the performance of his engagement. The Archbishop answered that he could not plead guilty to the charge, for the non-fulfilment of his promise had not arisen from neglect; the more he contemplated the subject, the more he discovered how very circumscribed his knowledge of it was, and he confessed himself totally inadequate to the task assigned him. "Men," said he, "little understand what sanctification and the new creature mean; it is no less than for a man to be brought to an entire resignation of his own will to the will of God, and to live in the offering up of his heart continually in the flames of love, as a whole burnt-offering to Christ."

122. Noble-minded Physician.

—The day after the action near Alexandria, where the brave Abercrombie fell, the General was riding over the field of battle, attended by two orderly dragoons, to see if there were any wounded, French or English, who had escaped notice the evening before; when, on turning round a wall near the sea-side, he was struck with the appalling sight of more than a hundred French soldiers, with their officers, huddled together, desperately wounded by grape and cannon shot from an English brig of war. From being collected in the recess of the wall, they had escaped notice on the previous day of search, and were exposed to the night air, and with undressed wounds. Here the General saw a man, evidently English, in the garb of a Quaker, actively employed in the heavenly task of giving his humane assistance

to those poor brave sufferers; giving water to some, dressing the wounds of others, and affording consolation to all. Upon inquiry, he found the benevolent individual to be Dr. John Walker, who was himself almost exhausted, having been thus nobly employed from daybreak, without any assistance.

123. Prize-Fighter Converted.

—A Christian missionary in India, the Rev. Mr. Symes, baptised a soldier who had been a noted prize-fighter in England, a powerful, lion-looking, lion-hearted fellow, who with one blow could level a strong man to the ground, and who was the terror of many in his regiment. This man, to use his own phrase, "sauntered into Mr. Symes's chapel," where he heard the Gospel, and was alarmed. He returned again and again, and at last light broke in upon his mind, and he became a new creature. The change in him was, of course, marked and decisive; the lion was changed into a lamb. Two months afterwards, in the mess-room, some of those who stood in awe of him before began to ridicule him. One of them said, "I'll put him to the test whether he is a Christian or not;" and taking a basin of hot soup, he threw it on to his breast. The whole company gazed in breathless silence, expecting that the lion would have started up, and murdered his assailant on the spot; but, after he had torn open his waistcoat, and wiped his scalded breast, he calmly turned round and said, "That is what I must expect; if I become a Christian, I must suffer persecution." His comrades were filled with astonishment.

124. Returning Good for Evil.—

A slave in one of the West Indian Islands, originally from Africa, having been brought under the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct, so much so that his master raised him to a

situation of some importance in the management of his estate. This owner, on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instructions to choose those who were strong, and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave-market, and commenced his search. He had not long surveyed the multitudes offered for sale, before he fixed his eye intently upon an old and decrepit slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master seemed greatly surprised, and remonstrated against it. The poor fellow begged that he might be indulged, when the dealer remarked that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master; but upon none did the selector bestow half the attention he did upon the old decrepit African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine, and when he was hot he placed him under the shade of the coco-nut trees. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow slave, his master interrogated him on the subject. He said, "You could not take so great an interest in the old man, but for some special reason: he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?" "No, massa," answered the poor fellow, "he no my fader." "He is then an elder brother?" "No, massa, he be no my broder." "Then he is an uncle, or some other relation." "No, massa, he be no of my kindred at all, nor even my friend." "Then," asked the master, "on what account does he excite your interest?" "He my enemy, massa," replied the slave; "he sold me to the slave-

dealer; and my Bible tell me, when my enemy hunger feed him, and when he thirst give him drink, for in so doing I shall heap coals of fire upon his head."

125. Two Crowns.—A French officer, a prisoner upon his parole at Reading during the great war, met with a Bible: he read it, and was so impressed with its contents that he was convinced of the folly of sceptical principles and of the truth of Christianity, and resolved to become a Protestant. When his gay associates rallied him for taking so serious a turn, he said in his vindication, "I have done no more than my old school-fellow, Bernadotte, who has become a Lutheran." "Yes, but he became so," said his associates, "to obtain a crown." "My motive," said the Christian officer, "is the same; we only differ as to the place. The object of Bernadotte is to obtain a crown in Sweden; mine is to obtain a crown in heaven."

126. Worldly Honour and the Gospel in the Heart.—"I was travelling through Orleans," says Diderot, "accompanied by an officer. Nothing was talked of in the town but what had lately happened to an inhabitant of the name of La Pelletier, a man who showed the deepest commiseration for the poor; so that, after having by his great liberality exhausted a considerable fortune, he was reduced to a state of poverty himself. Though he had barely sufficient for his daily wants, he yet persisted in the benevolent labours he had undertaken, and went from door to door, seeking, from the superfluities of others, that assistance for the destitute which it was no longer in his power to bestow. The poor and well-informed persons had but one opinion of the conduct of this individual; but many rich men, who wasted their substance in riotous feasting and journeys to Paris, looked upon him as a madman, and his near relations treated him as a lunatic who had

foolishly spent his wealth. Whilst refreshing ourselves at the inn, a number of loiterers had assembled round a man who was speaking, a hairdresser, and were earnestly addressing him. 'You were present, do tell us how it was.' 'Willingly, gentlemen,' replied he, and appeared as impatient to relate as they were to hear the following narrative:—'Monsieur Aubertot, one of my customers, whose house faces the church, was standing at his door, when Mons. Le Pelletier accosted him, "Monsieur, can you give me nothing for my friends?" (thus he called the poor). "Not to-day, sir." Mons. Le Pelletier added, "Oh! if you but knew for whom I ask your charity! There is a poor woman, a distressed mother, who has not a rag to wrap round her new-born babe!—" "I cannot to-day!" "There is a daughter, who, though young, has for a long while maintained her father and her mother; but now she wants work, and starves." "I cannot, Mons. Le Pelletier; I cannot afford it." "There is a poor working man, who earns his bread by hard labour; he has just broken his leg by a fall from a scaffolding." "But, sir, I cannot afford it, I assure you." "Pray, pray, Mons. Aubertot, allow yourself to be moved; oh, have compassion!" "I cannot afford it, sir; I cannot, indeed, afford it." "My good, good, merciful Mons. Aubertot—" "Mons. Le Pelletier, I beg you will leave me: when I wish to give, you know I do not need to be entreated." Saying these words, he turned and passed into his warehouse. Mons.

Le Pelletier soon followed him to his warehouse, to his back shop, and then into his apartment. Here Mons. Aubertot, exasperated by his continued and pressing entreaties, lifted his hand and struck him! The blow was received. The hero of Christian charity smiled, and with a bright look exclaimed, "Well, that for me; but the poor! what for the poor?" [At these words all present expressed their admiration by a burst of applause, and the feelings of some produced tears.] The officer with whom I was, had the presumption to exclaim, 'Mons. Le Pelletier is but a poltroon, and had I been there this sabre would have soon obtained satisfaction for him. A blow, indeed! a blow!' The hairdresser replied, 'I perceive, sir, you would not have allowed the insolent offender time to acknowledge his fault.' 'No, indeed!' 'Well, sir, Mons. Aubertot, when he saw such a benevolent spirit, burst into tears, fell at the feet of the injured man, offered him his purse, and a thousand times asked his forgiveness.' 'But what of that?' said the officer, his hand upon his sabre, and his countenance inflamed with anger. 'I would have cut off the ears of Mons. Aubertot.' I then answered calmly, 'You, sir, are a soldier; Mons. Le Pelletier is a Christian!' These few plain words had a wonderful effect. The street resounded with applause; and I said within myself, How much more dignified are we with the Gospel in our heart than when we would maintain, at the point of the sword, that imaginary idol, that vain phantom which the world calls honour!"

CHRISTIAN LIFE.

Deut. xvi. 20; Psalm xv. 2; Prov. iv. 25, 26; 2 Cor. iv. 2; Phil. iv. 8.

127. **Admiral Colpoys and his Landlady.** — Admiral Colpoys, who rose to his high station as the effect of his meritorious exertions, used to be fond of relating, that on

first leaving an humble lodging to join his ship as a midshipman, his landlady presented him with a Bible and a guinea, saying, "God bless you, and prosper you, my lad;"

and as long as you live, never suffer yourself to be laughed out of your money or your prayers."

128. Christ or the World?—Rev. A. Judson, missionary in Burmah, relates as follows:—"A Karen woman offered herself for baptism. After the usual examination, I inquired whether she could give up her ornaments for Christ. It was an unexpected blow. I explained the spirit of the Gospel, and appealed to her own consciousness of vanity. I then read to her the Apostle's prohibition, 1 Tim. ii. 9. She looked again and again at her handsome necklace, and then, with an air of modest decision, took it off, saying, 'I love Christ more than this.'"

129. Daily Duties.—The Puritan minister, J. Carter, once came unexpectedly behind a Christian of his acquaintance, who was busily occupied in his trade as a tanner. He gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder; the good man looked behind him, started, and said, "Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus employed." Mr. Carter replied, "Let Christ, when He cometh, find me so doing." "What!" said the good man, "doing thus?" "Yes," said Mr. C., "faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

130. Family Worship.—When George IV. was in Ireland, he told Lord Roden that on a particular morning he was coming to breakfast with him. He accordingly came; and, bringing with him two or three of the nobility, happened to arrive just as his lordship and family assembled for domestic worship. Lord Roden, being told his guest had arrived, went to the door, and met him with every expression of respect, and seated him and the gentlemen that accompanied him in his parlour. He then turned to the King, and said, "Your Majesty will not doubt that I feel highly honoured by this visit; but there is ~~something~~ which I have not yet dis-

charged this morning, which I owe to the King of kings—that of performing domestic worship; and your Majesty will be kind enough to excuse me while I retire with my household and attend to it." "Certainly," replied the King, "but I am going with you;" and immediately rose, and followed him into the hall, where the family were assembled, and, taking his station in an old arm-chair, remained during the family devotions.

131. Fighting against Friends.—In a sermon which Mr. Williams once delivered at Rhos, a striking effect was produced by the following anecdote, which he applied to his favourite topic of Christian union: "I recollect," he said, "on one occasion conversing with a Marine, who gave me a good deal of his history. He told me that the most terrible engagement he had ever been in was one between the ship to which he belonged and another English vessel, when, on meeting in the night, they mistook each other for a French man-of-war. Many persons were wounded, and both vessels sustained serious damage from the firing. But when the day broke, great and painful was their surprise to find the English flag hoisted from both ships, and that through mistake they had been fighting the previous night against their own countrymen. They approached and saluted each other, and wept bitterly together. Christians sometimes commit the same error in this present world—one denomination mistakes another for an enemy; it is night, and they cannot see to recognise one another. What will be their surprise when they see each other by the light of another world, when they meet in heaven, after having shot at one another in the mist of the present state?"

132. Golden Rule for Life.—When Thomas Paine resided in Bordentown, in the State of New Jersey, America, he was one day

passing the residence of the Rev. Dr. Staughton, when the latter was sitting at the door. Paine stopped, and, after some remarks of a general character, observed, "Mr. Staughton, what a pity it is that man has not some comprehensive and perfect rule for the government of his life!" The doctor replied, "Mr. Paine, there is such a rule." "What is that?" Paine inquired. Dr. S. repeated the passage, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." Abashed and confused, Paine replied, "Oh, that's in your Bible," and immediately walked away.

133. Greatness in Simplicity.—The Rev. J. Wesley once preached at Lincoln from Luke x. 42: "One thing is needful." When the congregation were retiring from the church, a lady exclaimed, in a tone of great surprise, "Is this the great Mr. Wesley, of whom we hear so much in the present day? Why, the poorest might have understood him." The gentleman to whom this remark was made, replied, "In this, madam, he displays his greatness; that, while the poorest can understand him, the most learned are edified, and cannot be offended."

134. Nearer Home.—Mr. Venn, in one of his excursions to preach for the Countess of Huntingdon, while riding on the road, fell into company with a person who had the appearance of a clergyman. After riding together for some time, conversing on different subjects, the stranger, looking in his face, said, "Sir, I think you are on the wrong side of fifty?" "On the wrong side of fifty!" answered Mr. Venn. "No, sir, I am on the right side of fifty." "Surely," the clergyman replied, "you must be turned fifty?" "Yes, sir," added Mr. Venn, "but I am on the right side of fifty, for every year I live I am nearer my crown of glory."

135. Secret Disciple.—A native gentleman, a writer in the "*Missionary News*" relates, was taken

seriously ill, and requested one of the Orissa missionaries to visit him. In the course of conversation the missionary offered to lend him any book in his library that would be likely to interest and profit him. "I have a large number of books with which to instruct and exercise the intellect, but," added he, with emphasis, "when I want food for my soul I go to the Bible: there only," pointing to a copy of the English Bible which lay on the table, "I get something to warm my heart." When pressing on him the importance and necessity of making a public profession of his attachment to Christ, he said with tears, "God, who searcheth the heart, knoweth that I am a heathen but in name; that my trust, my heart, are fixed on Him to whom I offer my daily prayer, and in whose mercy alone I trust. And it is my hope and intention, by the help of God, one day to make a public avowal of this my faith."

136. Sir Philip Sidney's Counsel.—Sir Philip Sidney left to his acquaintance this last request:—"Love my memory; cherish my friends; but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator. In me, behold the end of this world, and all its vanities."

137. Ten Commandments.—Rowland Hill would have tried the critical sagacity of the most erudite. His eccentricities were of great notoriety. With many strong points of character, he combined notions prodigiously old. One of those restless infesters of places of worship, commonly called Antinomians, one day called on Rowland Hill, to bring him to account for his too severe and legal Gospel. "Do you, sir," asked Rowland, "hold the ten commandments to be a rule of life to Christians?" "Certainly not," replied the visitor. The minister rang the bell, and on the servant making his appearance,

he quietly added, "John, show that man the door, and keep your eye upon him until he is beyond the reach of every article of wearing apparel, or other property in the hall."

CONSCIENCE.

Acts xxiii. 1, xxiv. 16; 1 Tim. iii. 9; 1 Peter iii. 21.

138. Awakened Conscience. —

A jeweller, a man of high character and great wealth, having occasion in way of business to travel some distance from his abode, took along with him a servant: he had with him some of his most valuable jewels, and a large sum of money to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watched his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot; then, rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With his booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master was known. There he began to trade, in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation; and in the course of many years seemed to rise up, by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect of industry and the reward of virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and, by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all a general affability, he was at length admitted to a share of the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at last he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and judge; till one day, *as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was*

brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly awaited the sentence of the president of the court, which happened to be himself, in great suspense. Meanwhile he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often; and at length he arose from his seat, and, coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of Heaven; for this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." He then made an ample confession of his heinous offence, with all its peculiar aggravations. "Nor can I," continued he, "feel any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner." It is easy to imagine the amazement of all, especially his fellow-judges. Inquiry was made, and they afterwards proceeded upon his confession to pass sentence upon him.

139. Conscience a Guide.—Lord Erskine, when at the bar, was remarkable for the fearlessness with which he contended against the Bench. In a contest he had with Lord Kenyon, he explained the rule and conduct at the bar in the following terms: "It was," said he, "the first command and counsel of

my youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be my duty, and leave the consequences to God. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain that any obedience to it has been even a temporal sacrifice; I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point it out as such to my children."

140. Guilty Conscience. — Mr. Campbell, of Kingland, records in his diary that on one occasion, when he was at sea, a young gentleman rushed from his bed, while yet asleep, to the middle of the cabin, and, pointing to the floor, exclaimed, "There's the blood! there's the blood! yes, there's the blood!" — on which, he adds, "some of us rose, and, finding that he was asleep, we awoke him and got him back to his bed." In the morning, a sprightly young gentleman, who had got intimate with him, was requested to ascertain the cause of the terrifying dream. In the evening he told us that the gentleman was an officer in the army, on his way to join his regiment in Sicily; that some time ago he had shot a brother officer in a duel, and ever since he had been disturbed in his rest, appearing downcast and sad even when perfectly awake. He said it had been his custom every night to fasten his leg to the bed-post, or to anything to which he could tie it, to prevent his getting out of bed; "but I found," said he, "nothing of the kind in the ship bed." It is remarkable that the same miserable state of mind is not infrequent even among the uncivilised, where God is unknown, and where men are said to be not aware of their possessing a soul, and are ignorant of a judgment to come. "I remember," Mr. Campbell adds, "when travelling from Lattakoo to Kurreechane, high up in the interior of South Africa, my party was joined by about forty or fifty persons from different tribes, some of them with

a view of visiting friends higher up the country, and to be under the protection of our guns during the journey; others from having heard that we shot rhinoceroses, elephants, &c., for the sake of their skins, teeth, &c., but that we did not eat their carcasses—the last indulged the hope that they might eat the animals when they happened to be shot. When any of those nations, on their plundering expeditions, happen to kill, or rather murder a man, the honourable deed is recorded by a deep slash being cut on the fleshy part of their body. By these marks we knew that the major part of the new comers who had joined us were murderers. I observed some who had three, four, or five of those scars. Now these people were generally afraid to go to sleep in the night-time; but, in little parties around fires, they tried to keep up the most boisterous talk as long as they could, until break of day. One night, the wind being quite still, their noise was such that I found it impossible to sleep. I arose, and begged them to be quiet and go to sleep. 'Oh,' said they, 'there is a king to the right of us, a bad man, who has his spies; and were we to sleep he would come and murder us all.' About ten nights after they were continuing as bad as ever; I begged them now to be still, especially as they had got beyond the country of him of whom they were afraid. 'Oh! but,' said they, 'we are getting opposite to a worse king, to the left of us—Makkabba, king of the Waketsens.' How different was the case with my Hottentots, about twenty of whom travelled with me! Not any of them were murderers; every night did they sleep as sound as wolves, though they never were so far from their own country before. I was told that those very men who were so constantly afraid of being murdered while travelling are not troubled with those fears while they remain

at home. It seems to have been thus with Cain; for we hear nothing of his fears till he was on the very eve of leaving home to travel some distance."

141. Indian Honesty.—An American Indian, visiting his white neighbours, asked for a little tobacco, and one of them, having some loose in his pocket, gave him a handful. The day following, the Indian came back, saying he had found a quarter of a dollar among the tobacco. Being told that as it was given him he might as well keep it, he answered, pointing to his breast, "I got a good man and a bad man here; and the good man say, It is not mine, I must return it to the owner; the bad man say, Why, he gave it you, and it is your own now; the good man say, That not right, the tobacco is yours, not the

money; the bad man say, Never mind, you got it, go buy some drink; the good man say, No, no, you must not do so; so I don't know what to do, and I think to go to sleep; but the good man and the bad keep talking all night, and trouble me; and now I bring the money back, I feel good."

142. William Rufus and the Monks.—Two monks having come one day to William Rufus, King of England, to buy an abbot's place, and having outreached each other in the sums they offered, the King said to a third monk who stood by, "What wilt thou give for the place?" "Not a penny," answered the monk, "for it is against my conscience." "Then," replied the King, "thou of the three best deservest it," and instantly gave it to him.

CONSISTENCY.

Prov. iv. 27; Psalm xxvii. 11; Ezek. xviii. 5-9; Col. iii. 22.

143. Archbishop Usher's Decision.—Dr. Parr, in his life of Archbishop Usher, relates that while that prelate was once preaching in the church at Covent Garden, a message arrived from the Court that the King wished immediately to see him. He descended from the pulpit, listened to the command, and told the messenger that he was then, as he saw, employed in God's business, but as soon as he had done, he would attend upon the King to understand his pleasure; and then continued his sermon.

144. Cruelty and Clemency.—The Emperor Trajan, owing to his moderation, his clemency, his noble sympathies, his forgiveness of injuries and forgetfulness of self, was called by the whole world in his day "the best Emperor of Rome," and so affectionately regarded by his subjects that ever *afterwards*, in blessing his successors upon their accession to power,

they always said, "May you have the virtue and goodness of Trajan!" yet the deadly conflicts of gladiators, who were trained to kill each other, to make sport for the spectators, furnished his chief pastime. At one time he kept up those spectacles for 128 days in succession. In the tortures which he inflicted on Christians, fire and poison, daggers and dungeons, wild beasts and serpents, and the rack, did their worst. He threw into the sea Clemens, the venerable Bishop of Rome, with an anchor about his neck; and tossed to the famishing lions in the amphitheatre the aged Ignatius.

145. Excuse of a Clergyman.—Bishop Blomfield, when once called to ask a vicar to reprove one of his clergy for immorality of conduct, received as an excuse the reply, "My lord, I never do it when on duty." "On duty!" replied the Bishop; "when is a clergyman ever off duty?"

146. Frederick the Great and the

Soldier.—A sergeant of the name of Thomas, who was very successful in training his men, and whose whole deportment pleased the great Frederick of Prussia, was often noticed by him. He inquired respecting the place of the sergeant's birth, his parents, his religious creed, and the place of worship which he frequented. On being informed that he was united with the Moravians, and attended their chapel in William-street, he exclaimed, "Oh, oh! you are a fanatic, are you? Well, well, only take care to do your duty, and improve your men." The King's common salutation after this was, "Well, how do you do? how are you going on in William-street?" His Majesty at length, in conversation with Thomas's colonel, mentioned his intention of promoting the sergeant to an office in the commissariat department, upon the death of an aged man who then filled it. The colonel, in order to encourage Thomas, told him of the King's design. Unhappily this had an injurious effect upon the mind of the sergeant; for, alas! such is the depravity of the human heart, that few can endure the temptation of prosperity without sustaining spiritual loss. Thomas began to forsake the assemblies of his Christian brethren; and when reproved by his minister, he said "his heart was with him, but he was afraid of offending the King." The minister told him to take good heed that his heart did not deceive him. Soon after the sergeant's religious declension, he was again accosted by the King with "Well, how do you do? how are your friends in William-street?" "I do not know, please your Majesty," was the reply. "Not know! not know!" answered the King; "have you been ill?" "No, please your Majesty," rejoined the sergeant; "but I do not see it necessary to attend there so often as I used to do." "Then you are not so great a fanatic as I thought you," was the royal

answer. In a short time the aged officer died, and the colonel waited upon his Majesty to inform him of the vacancy, and to remind him of his intention to raise Sergeant Thomas to the situation. "No, no!" said the King, "he shall not have it; he does not go so often to William-street as he used to do." Surprised at this peremptory refusal, the colonel withdrew, and on his return found the sergeant waiting for the confirmation of his appointment. "I do not know what is the matter with the King to-day," said the colonel, "but he will not give you the situation. He says you do not go so often to William-street as you used to do. I do not know what he means; but I suppose you do."

147. Inconsistency of Character.—Pliny the younger, Proconsul under Trajan, is a striking illustration of the truth, that goodness and amiableness towards one class of men is often turned into cruelty towards another. History can hardly show a more gentle and lovely character than Pliny's. While pleading at the bar, he always sought out the grievances of the poorest and most despised persons, entered into their wrongs with all his soul, and never took a fee. Who can read his admirable letters without being touched by their tenderness and warmed by their benignity and philanthropy? And yet this tender-hearted Pliny coolly plied with excruciating tortures two spotless females who had served as deaconesses in the Christian church, hoping to extort from them matter of accusation against the Christians. He commanded Christians to abjure their faith, invoke the gods, pour out libations to the statues of the Emperor, burn incense to idols, and curse Christ. If they refused, he ordered them to execution.

148. Judson and the Convert.—Dr. Judson sent once for a poor Christian convert who was about to engage in something which he

feared would not be for her spiritual good. "Look here," he said, snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing a not very straight line upon the floor; "here is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure—out of the path half the time; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads; and you have, to a certain extent, grown in grace. And now here you stand. You know where this path leads. You know what is before you: some struggles, some sorrows, and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years; you only want to step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again; but you never will." Thus put, the matter was eventually blessed by God.

149. Power of Consistency.—Mr. Innes, in his work on Domestic Religion, mentions a fact strikingly illustrative of the power of consistent conduct. A young man, when about to be ordained as a minister, stated that at one period of his life he had been nearly betrayed into principles of infidelity. "But," he added, "there was one argument in favour of Christianity which I could never refute—the consistent conduct of my own father."

150. Profession and Practice.—The Queen of Madagascar, gathering some of the Palace officers together, said to them, "I am aware that many of you are numbered among the praying people; I have no objection to you joining them if you think it right, but remember, if you do so, I shall expect from you a life worthy of that profession. I know that praying people profess to be truthful, honest, and upright, to fear God and benefit their fellow-men: if you do so, that will be *right*; if not, you will not be worthy *of the profession you make*."

151. Professor Rebuked.—An atheist, being asked by a professor of Christianity how he could quiet his conscience in so desperate a state, replied, "As much am I astonished as yourself, that, believing the Christian religion to be true, you can quiet your conscience in living so much like the world. Did I believe what you profess, I should think no care, no diligence, no zeal enough."

152. Reformed Card-Player.—The Rev. Thomas Scott, early in life, was exceedingly fond of cards, but was induced to leave off the practice in the following manner:—One of his parishioners said to him, "I have something which I wish to say to you; but I am afraid you may be offended." "I answered," says Mr. Scott, "that I could not promise, but I hoped I should not. She then said, 'You know A—— B——; he has lately appeared attentive to religion, and has spoken to me concerning the sacrament; but last night he, with C—— D——, and others, met to keep Christmas; and they played at cards, drank too much, and in the end quarrelled, and raised a sort of riot. And when I remonstrated with him on his conduct, as inconsistent with his professed attention to religion, his answer was, "There is no harm in cards—Mr. Scott plays at cards." ' This smote me to the heart. I saw that if I played at cards, however soberly and quietly, the people would be encouraged by my example to go farther; and if St. Paul would eat no flesh while the world stood, rather than cause his weak brother to offend, it would be inexcusable in me to throw such a stumbling-block in the way of my parishioners, in a matter certainly neither useful nor expedient. So far from being offended at the hint thus given me, I felt very thankful to my faithful monitor, and promised her that she should never have occasion to repeat the admonition. That very evening I related the whole matter to

the company, and declared my fixed resolution never to play at cards again."

153. Tricks of Trade.—A linen merchant in Coleraine offered the famous Dr. Clarke, when a youth, a situation in his warehouse, which was accepted by him with the consent of his parents. Mr. B—— knew well that his clerk was a religious man, but he was not sensible of the extent of principle which actuated him. Some differences arose at times about the way of conducting the business, which were settled pretty amicably. But the time of the great Dublin market approached, and Mr. B—— was busy preparing for it. The master and man were together in the folding-room, when one of the pieces was found short of the required number of yards. "Come," says Mr. B——, "it is but a trifle. We shall soon stretch

it, and make out the yard. Come, Adam, take one end, and pull against me." Adam had neither ears nor heart for the proposal, and absolutely refused to do what he thought a dishonest thing. A long argument and expostulation followed, in which the usages of the trade were strongly and variously enforced; but all in vain. Adam kept to his purpose, resolving to suffer rather than sin. Mr. B—— was therefore obliged to call for one of his men less scrupulous, and Adam retired quietly to his desk. Soon after Mr. B——, in the kindest manner, informed his "young friend," as he always seemed proud to call him, that it was very clear he was not fit for worldly business, and wished him to look out for some employment more congenial to his own mind; and with what result he did so is well known.

CONTENTION AND WARFARE.

Prov. xviii. 6, xxii. 10, xxvi. 21; Matt. xii. 25; 1 Cor. i. 10; James iv. 10.

154. Horrors of War.—A soldier in Spain, a German by birth, was, during the great French war, with his company of the rifle corps engaged in skirmishing with the enemy's outposts. From a sheltered position, he had an opportunity of taking aim at a detached individual, belonging to the Continental auxiliaries of the French army. He fired—the enemy fell. He ran up to him, and seized his knapsack for a prey. On opening it, a letter dropped out; he had the curiosity to take it up and read it. He glanced at the close of the letter, and found it was subscribed by a person of the same name as his own father. His interest was increased; he read the whole letter, and found that he had shot his brother.

156. Mournful Results of War.—"What are you thinking, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock,

while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English; it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the British. The soldier started, and, after saluting his General, answered, "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling."

158. Prince Eugene on War.—The thirst of renown sometimes insinuates itself into our councils under the garb of national honour. It dwells on imaginary results; it suggests harsh and abusive language; the people go on from one thing to another, till they put an end to the lives of half a million of men. A military man becomes so sick of bloody scenes in war, that in peace he is averse to recommence them. I wish that the first Minister who is called to decide on peace and war had only seen actual service.

158. Religious Contention.—Bishop Horne was decidedly opposed to religious contention. He used to illustrate its general nature and results by an anecdote of two physicians and a countryman, who sat down together to dine at an inn. A dispute was carried on between the two doctors on the nature of aliment, which proceeded to such a height that it spoiled their meal, and they parted extremely indisposed. The countryman, in the meantime, who understood not the subject, though he heard the debate, heartily ate his dinner, gave God thanks, digested it well, returned to his labour, and in the evening received his wages.

159. Strife Concluded.—Aristippus and Æschines quarrelled. Aristippus came to his opponent, and said, "Æschines, shall we be friends?" "Yes," he replied, "with all my heart." "But remember," said Aristippus, "that I, being older than you, do make the first motion." "Yes," replied Æschines, "and therefore I conclude that you are the worthiest man; for I began the strife, and you began the peace."

160. Stubborn Heart Melted.—

It is well known that Joseph Bradford was for some years the travelling companion of Mr. Wesley, for whom he would have sacrificed health and even life, but to whom his will would never bend, except in meekness. "Joseph," said Mr. Wesley one day, "take these letters to the post." B. "I will take them after preaching, sir." W. "Take them now, Joseph." B. "I wish to hear you preach, sir; and there will be sufficient time for the post after service." W. "I insist upon your going now, Joseph." B. "I will not go at present." W. "You won't?" B. "No, sir." W. "Then you and I must part." B. "Very good, sir." The good men slept over it. Both were early risers. At four o'clock the next morning the refractory helper was accosted with, "Joseph, have you considered what I said—that we must part?" B. "Yes, sir." W. "And must we part?" B. "Please yourself, sir." W. "Will you ask my pardon, Joseph?" B. "No, sir." W. "You won't?" B. "No, sir." W. "Then I will ask yours, Joseph." Poor Joseph was instantly melted; smitten as by the rod of Moses, and forth gushed the tears, like the water from the rock.

CONTENTMENT.

Prov. xvii. 1; Psalm xxxvii. 1; Eccles. iv. 6; Phil. iv. 11; 1 Tim. vi. 6, 8.

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

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

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

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

164. Matthew Henry and the Thieves.—When Matthew Henry resided at Hackney, he went one Lord's day evening into the City to preach for his friend Mr. Rosewell. On his return he was met by four men, and robbed of about ten or eleven shillings. Instead, however, of indulging in useless regrets, he entered in his diary the following remarks:—"1. What reason have I to be thankful to God, who have travelled so much, and yet was never robbed before! 2. What a deal of evil the love of money is the root of, that four men would venture their lives and souls for about half-a-crown a-piece! 3. See the power of Satan in the children of disobedience. 4. See the vanity of

worldly wealth; how soon we may be stripped of it! How loose, therefore, we should sit to it!"

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

166. Wise Bishop.—An Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining or betraying the least impatience. One of his friends, who highly admired the virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, asked the prelate if he could communicate the secret of being always easy. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my secret with great facility; it consists in nothing more than making a right use of my eyes." His friend begged of him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop. "In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to Heaven, and remember that my principal business here is to get there; I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a place I shall occupy in it when I die and am buried; I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are who are in all respects more unhappy than myself. Thus I learn where true happiness is placed; where all our cares must end; and what little reason I have to repine or to complain."

CONVERSION.

Psalm xix. 6, cx. 8; Isa. i. 25; Matt. xviii. 8; John v. 24; Acts xxvi. 18; Col. i. 12, iii. 9.

167. Bookseller and Sceptic.—

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

168. Brother's Prayer.—

Whitefield, in the course of a sermon, exhorted his hearers to give up the use of the means for the spiritual good of their relations and friends only with their lives; remarking that he had had a brother for whose spiritual welfare he had used every means. He had warned him and prayed for him; and apparently to no purpose, till about then, when his brother, to his astonishment and joy, came to his house, and with many tears declared that he had come up from the country, to testify to him the great change that Divine grace had wrought upon his heart, and to acknowledge with *gratitude his obligation to the man*

whom God had made the instrument of it. Mr. Whitefield added that he had that morning received a letter which informed him that on his brother's return to Gloucestershire, where he resided, he dropped down dead as he was getting out of the stage coach, but that he had previously given the most unequivocal evidence of his being a new man in Christ Jesus.

169. Carrying Religion too Far.

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

blessed to Mr. Wilberforce, that he was revolutionised; he became a new man; and the witty songster, the joy and crown of Doncaster races, proved the Christian senator, and at length became the able advocate for abolishing the slave trade.

170. Dreaming Convert.—A candidate for admission to Church membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin and the need of the Gospel, related a dream by which he had been affected and led to serious inquiry, to the hearing of sermons, &c. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, "We do not wish to despise a good man's dreams by any means; but we will tell you what we think of the dream, after we have seen how you go on when you are awake."

171. Family Prayer.—The Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, being on a journey, was overtaken by a violent storm, and compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house would fain have showed him into the parlour, but, being very wet and cold, he begged permission rather to take a seat by the fireside with the family. The good old man was friendly, cheerful, and well stored with entertaining anecdotes, and the family did their utmost to make him comfortable; they supped together, and seemed mutually pleased with each other. At length, when the hour of rest approached, the stranger appeared uneasy, and looked up every time a door opened, as if expecting the appearance of something essential to his comfort. His host informed him that his chamber was prepared. "But," said he, "you have not had your family together." "Had my family together! for what purpose? I don't know what you mean," said the landlord. "To read the Scriptures, and to pray with them," replied the guest: "surely you do not retire to rest in the omission of so

necessary a duty?" The landlord confessed that he had never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. R., "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him to stay, observing that the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. R., "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before morning? No, sir, I dare not stay." The landlord at last said he should have no objection to "call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. R. then proposed to conduct family worship. He called for a Bible, but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency, as he always carried a small Bible in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with much fervour and solemnity. When he rose from his knees, almost every individual present was bathed in tears, and the inquiry was awakened in several hearts—"Sir, what must we do to be saved?" Much interesting and profitable conversation ensued. The following morning, Mr. R. again conducted family worship, and obtained from the landlord a promise, that however feebly performed, it should not in future be omitted. This day was indeed the beginning of days to that family; most, if not all of them, henceforth became decided and devout followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

172. Infidel and Prophecy.—Lord Rochester was for many years of his life an avowed infidel, and a large portion of his time was spent in ridiculing the Bible. One of his biographers has described him as "a great wit, a great sinner, and a great penitent." Even this man was converted by the Holy Spirit in the use of his Word. Reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, he was convinced of the

truth and inspiration of the Scriptures, the Deity of the Messiah, and the value of His atonement as a rock on which sinners may build their hopes of salvation.

173. Infidel and the New Testament.—A converted sceptic writes the following:—"My father, who was frequently reading the New Testament, and had long observed with grief the progress I had made in infidelity, had put that book in my way in his library, in order to attract my attention, if it might please God to bless his design, though without giving me the least intimation of it. Here, therefore, I unwittingly opened the New Testament, thus providentially laid before me. At the very first view, as I was deeply engaged in other thoughts, that grand chapter of the evangelist and apostle presented itself to me, 'In the beginning was the Word,' &c. I read part of the chapter, and was so affected that I instantly became struck with the divinity of the argument, and the majesty and authority of the composition, as infinitely surpassing the highest flights of human eloquence. My body shuddered; my mind was all in amazement; and I was so agitated the whole day that I scarce knew who I was. 'Thou didst remember me, O Lord my God, according to Thy boundless mercy, and didst bring back the lost sheep to Thy flock.' From that day God wrought so mightily in me by the power of His Spirit, that I began to have less relish for all other studies and pursuits, and bent myself with greater ardour and attention to everything which had a relation to God."

174. Pirate and the Doves.—An eminent naturalist says:—"A man who was once a pirate assured me that several times, while at certain wells dug in the burning shelly sands, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings that had long slumbered,

melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind which he only who compares the wretchedness of guilt with the happiness of former innocence can truly feel. He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the Florida coast. At length he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence. After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zennida dove, he poured out his soul in humble supplication for mercy, and once more became an honest and religious man."

175. Renewed Heart.—A clergyman, having made several attempts to reform a profligate, was at length repulsed with, "It is all in vain, doctor; you cannot get me to change my religion." "I do not want that," replied the good man; "I wish religion to change you."

176. Scoffer Smitten.—When Whitefield was addressing an immense crowd with his accustomed fervour and eloquence, under the shade of a tree in the meadows at Edinburgh, a man, thinking to turn him into ridicule, had perched himself on one of the overhanging boughs right above the preacher's head, and, with monkey-like dexterity, mimicking his gesticulations, endeavoured to raise a laugh among the audience. Guided by the looks of some of his hearers, Whitefield caught a glance of him, but, without seeming to have noticed him, continued his discourse. He was expatiating at the moment on the power and sovereignty of Divine grace. With gathering force and earnestness he told of the unlikely objects it had often chosen, and the unlooked-for triumphs it had achieved. As he rose to the climax of his inspiring theme, he suddenly

paused, and, turning round and pointing slowly to the wretch above him, exclaimed, in a tone of deep and thrilling pathos, "Even he may yet be the subject of that free and resistless grace." It was a shaft from the Almighty. Winged by the Divine Spirit, it struck the scoffer to the heart, and realised, in his conversion, the glorious truth it contained.

177. Scoffing Youths. — An eminent minister recently went to preach at a little town on the West Coast. After the usual prayers and praises, the preacher read his text, and was about to proceed with his sermon, when he suddenly paused, leaning his head on the pulpit, and remained silent for a few moments. It was imagined that he had become indisposed; but he soon recovered himself, and, addressing the congregation, said that before entering upon his discourse he begged to narrate to them a short anecdote. "It is now exactly fifteen years," said he, "since I was last within this place of worship; and the occasion was, as many here may probably remember, the very same as that which has now brought us together. Amongst those who came hither that evening were three dissolute young men, who came not only with the intention of insulting and mocking the venerable pastor, but even with stones in their pockets to throw at him as he stood in the pulpit. Accordingly, they had not attended long to the discourse, when one of them said impatiently, 'Why need we listen any longer to the blockhead?—throw!' But the second stopped him, saying, 'Let us first see what he makes of this point.' The curiosity of the latter was no sooner satisfied than he too said, 'Ay, confound him, it is only as I expected—throw now!' But here the third interposed, and said, 'It would be better altogether to give up the design which has brought us here.' At this remark his two associates took offence, and

left the place, while he himself remained to the end. Now, mark, my brethren," continued the preacher, with much emotion, "what were afterwards the several fates of these young men. The first was hanged many years ago for the crime of forgery; the second is now lying under sentence of death for murder in the gaol of this city. The third, my brethren"—and the speaker's agitation here became excessive, while he paused and wiped the large drops from his brow—"the third, my brethren, is he who is now about to address you—listen to him."

178. Sermon to One Hearer. — The well-known American divine, Dr. Beecher, once engaged to preach for a country minister on exchange, and the Sabbath proved to be one excessively stormy, cold, and uncomfortable. It was in mid-winter, and the snow was piled all along in the roads, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the minister urged his horse through the drifts, put the animal into a shed, and went into the little rural chapel. As yet there was no person in the place, and, after looking about, the preacher took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened, and a single individual walked up the aisle, looked about, and took a seat. The hour came for commencing service, but no more hearers appeared. Whether to preach to such an audience was a question—and it was one that Lyman Beecher was not long deciding. He went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching, and the benediction, with only one hearer. When all was over, he hastened down from the desk to speak to his "congregation," but he had departed. Travelling in Ohio, twenty years afterwards, the doctor alighted from the stage one day in a pleasant village, when a gentleman stepped up and spoke to him, familiarly calling him by name. "I do not remember you," said the doctor. "I suppose not," said the

stranger; "but we once spent two hours together in a house alone in a storm." "I do not recall it, sir," added the old man; "pray when was it?" "Do you remember preaching, twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?" "Yes, yes," said the doctor, grasping his hand, "I do, indeed; and if you are the man, I have been wishing to see you ever since." "I am the man, sir; and that sermon saved my soul, made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon, sir, are all over Ohio."

179. Smitten Persecutor.—Isaac Ambrose, in his "Treatise on Angels," gives an account of a profane persecutor who was brought to seek the mercy of God in a remarkable manner. He was out on a journey, with his pious wife, when they were overtaken with a storm of thunder and lightning. He was seized with great terror, and his wife inquired as to the cause. "Why," asked he, "are not you afraid?" She replied, "No, not at all; for I know it is the voice of my heavenly Father; and shall a child be afraid of a kind father's voice?" The man began to reflect, that Christians must have within them a divine principle, of which the world is ignorant, or they could not enjoy such calmness when the rest of the world is filled with horror. He went to Mr. Bolton, an eminent minister to whom he had been opposed, acknowledged and lamented his sins, and furnished good evidence of a change of heart.

180. Speaking a Word for Christ.—Dr. Payson, an American minister, was once going to one of the towns in Maine for the purpose of attending a ministers' meeting, accompanied by a friend, when they had occasion to call at a house on the journey, where Dr. Payson was unknown. The family had just sat down to tea, and the lady of the house, in the spirit of genuine hospitality, invited the strangers

to partake of the homely repast. Dr. Payson at first declined, but, being strenuously urged, he consented. As he took his seat, he inquired if a blessing had been asked; and being answered in the negative, requested the privilege, which was readily granted, of invoking the benediction of Heaven. This was done with so much fervour, solemnity, and simplicity, that it had the happiest effect. The old lady treated the strangers with the utmost attention, and, as Dr. Payson was about to leave, he said to her, "Madam, you have treated me with much hospitality and kindness, for which I thank you sincerely; but allow me to ask, How do you treat my Master? That is of infinitely greater consequence than how you treat me." He continued in a strain of appropriate exhortation, and, having done his duty in the circumstances, proceeded on his journey. This visit was sanctified to the conversion of the lady and her household. The revival continued in the neighbourhood, and in a short time a church was built, and the regular ordinances of religion established.

181. Stolen Book.—A gentleman once saw a book, entitled "Vindiciæ Pietatis," exposed for sale; he coveted the book, and stole it; but, on taking it home and reading it, it proved the means of his conversion to God. He then took it back to its owner, acknowledged his crime in stealing it, but blessed God who had overruled it for the salvation of his soul.

182. Swearing Soldier.—As the Rev. William Wilson, of Perth, was passing one evening along the streets of that town, three soldiers happened to walk behind him who were indulging in the utterance of the most profane and blasphemous language. One of them, on some frivolous account, declared it to be his wish that God Almighty might doom his soul to hell to all eternity. Mr. Wilson immediately turned round, and with a look of

dignity and compassion, said, "Poor man, and what if God should say Amen, and answer that prayer?" Mr. Wilson passed on. The man seemed to stand petrified, and, on going home to his quarters, was in such distraction of mind and feeling, that he knew not whither to turn for relief. He was soon afterwards seized with fever, under which he continued to suffer the most awful forebodings of eternal misery. His case was so singular that many Christians went to visit him, to whom he invariably said he was sure of being beyond the reach of mercy, and that God had sent His angel to tell him so. One of them asked him to describe the appearance of the person who had pronounced this doom upon him. He did so, and the visitant, at once perceiving that he must have seen Mr. Wilson, inquired if he would wish again to see him. "Oh," said he, "I would wish above everything to see him, but he will not come near a wretch like me." Mr. Wilson was soon brought, and told him the way of salvation through Christ crucified, and encouraged him to flee to Him for refuge, to lay hold upon the hope set before him. His words being accompanied by Divine power, the poor soldier was enabled to believe in Christ, and thus found peace and comfort to his troubled soul.

183. Thoughtless Youth Arrested.—While the Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was conducting Divine service one Sabbath morning, a young man passed by with a number of companions as gay and thoughtless as himself. One of them proposed to go into the church, saying, "Let us go and hear what this man that everybody is running after has to say." The young man made this awful answer, "No, I would not go into such a place if Christ Himself was preaching." Some weeks afterwards, he was again passing the church, and being alone, and having nothing to do, he thought he would

go in without being observed. On opening the door he was struck with awe at the solemn silence of the place, though it was much crowded. Every eye was fixed on the preacher, who was about to begin his discourse. The new-comer's attention was caught by the text, "I discerned among the youths a young man void of understanding." (Prov. vii. 7.) His conscience was smitten by the power of truth. He saw that he was the young man described. A view of his profligate life passed before his eyes, and, for the first time, he trembled under the feeling of sin. He remained in the church till the preacher and congregation had passed out; then slowly returned to his home. He had early received infidel principles, but the Holy Spirit, who had aroused him in his folly, led him to a constant attendance on the ministry of Dr. B., who had been the instrument of awakening his mind. He cast away his besetting sin, and gave himself to a life of virtue and holiness.

184. Two Soldiers.—Some years ago, two soldiers, belonging to one of the regiments of the British army stationed at Gibraltar, were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. While living in this secluded spot, with few opportunities of hearing the Word preached, they were led to read it together, and the voice of God, speaking in His written Word, touched one of their hearts. The conversion of the other soon followed. One evening, these two soldiers were placed as sentries at the opposite ends of a sally-port or long passage leading from the Rock to the Spanish territory. One of them, as we have already seen, was rejoicing in God his Saviour, while the other was in a very anxious state of mind, and, under strong conviction of sin, earnestly seeking pardon. That evening, an officer of the garrison, returning home at a late hour, came up to the sentry outside the sally-port, who was the

soldier recently converted, and asked as usual for the watchword. The man, absorbed in meditation, scarcely roused from his midnight reverie, replied to the officer's challenge with the words, "The precious blood of Christ." He soon, however, recovered his self-possession, and gave the correct watchword. His comrade, who was anxiously seeking pardon, stationed at the inner end of the sally-port (a passage specially adapted for the conveyance of sound), heard the words, "The precious blood of Christ," mysteriously borne upon the breeze at the solemn midnight hour, and they came to him as a voice from heaven, his load of guilt was removed, and "the peace of God" was granted to him. He was afterwards, with others of his regiment, drafted for service in India, and proceeded to the Island of Ceylon, where a long career of usefulness opened before him, and where he became the honoured instrument of the completion of a great and important work. He soon acquired an intimate knowledge of the Cingalese language; and as a translation of the Bible into that tongue was lying in an unfinished state,

owing to the death of the individual who had commenced the work, he set himself to the task, and completed the version which was afterwards printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in four quarto volumes.

185. Word not in Vain. — A highwayman once stopped John Wesley and demanded his money or his life. Wesley, after giving him the money, said, "Let me speak one word to you; the time may come when you will regret the course of life in which you are now engaged. Remember this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" No more was said, and they parted. Many years after, as Wesley was going out of a church in which he had been preaching, a stranger introduced himself, and asked Wesley if he remembered being waylaid at such a time. He said he recollected it. "I was that man," said the stranger, "and that single verse you quoted on that occasion was the means of a total change in my life and habits. I have long since been in the practice of attending the house of God and of giving attention to His word, and trust that I am a Christian."

CONVICTION OF SIN.

Job xl. 4; Psalm xxxviii. 4; Isa. vi. 5; Luke v. 8; Acts ii. 37, xvi. 30.

186. Dissolute Son. — The eldest son of a Christian minister in Wales was a youth of wild and dissolute conduct, and thereby occasioned much grief to his pious parents. Neither the mild nor the severe methods used to reclaim him had the desired effect. At length a period arrived when the aged and venerable father must die; and, like Jacob, he desired that his children should be called to his bed-side to receive his dying admonitions. Having addressed them all, one by one, except the profligate son, in a very affectionate and solemn manner, he concluded by warning them

to shun the bad example and wicked ways of their eldest brother, and advised them to act towards him with caution and forbearance, adding that he feared they would experience from him nothing but sorrow and trouble. He then dismissed them, and soon after died. The circumstance of his father's silence made a deeper impression on the mind of the erring son than all the reproofs and exhortations he had before received; and, to use his own expression, he thought at the time that his heart would have burst. He was then about twenty-seven years of age;

and, through the Divine blessing, a great change became visible in him; he abandoned his former ways and companions, became a serious bearer of the Word, and in a short time a member of the church over which his late father had been pastor. A few years afterwards he was called to the ministry, succeeded his father in the pastoral office, and was blessed in it with eminent success until the day of his death.

187. *Ill-timed Criticism.*—A pious lady once left church in company with her husband, who was not a professor of religion. She was a woman of unusual vivacity, with a keen perception of the ludicrous, and often playfully sarcastic. As they walked along toward home, she began to make some amusing and sharp comments on the sermon, which a stranger, a man of very ordinary talents and awkward manner, had preached that morning in the absence of the pastor. After running on in this vein of sportive criticism for some time, surprised at the profound silence of her husband, she turned and looked up in his face. He was in tears! That sermon had sent an arrow of conviction to his heart. Let the reader imagine the anguish of the conscience-stricken wife, thus arrested in the act of ridiculing a discourse which had been the means of awakening the anxiety of her unconverted husband.

188. *Random Text.*—In the days of Whitefield, Thorpe, one of his most violent opponents, and three others, laid a wager who could best imitate and ridicule Whitefield's preaching. Each was to open the Bible at random, and preach an extempore sermon from the first verse that presented itself. Thorpe's three competitors each went through the game with impious buffoonery. Then, stepping upon the table, Thorpe exclaimed, "I shall beat you all." They gave him the Bible, and, by God's inscrutable providence, his eye fell first upon this verse, "Except ye repent,

ye shall all likewise perish." He read the words, but the sword of the Spirit went through his soul in a moment, and he preached as one who scarce knew what he said. The hand of God laid hold upon him, and, intending to mock, he could only fear and tremble. When he descended from the table, a profound silence reigned in the company, and not one word was said concerning the wager. Thorpe instantly withdrew, and after a season of the deepest distress passed into the full light of the Gospel, and became a most successful preacher of its grace.

189. *Sailor's Mother.*—A story is told of a gentleman in America who was going to a seamen's meeting in a mariners' chapel. Seeing a weather-beaten sailor at the door of a boarding-house, puffing a cigar, and with arms folded, he walked up to him and said, "Well, my friend, will you go with us to the meeting?" "No," said the sailor bluntly. The gentleman, who from the appearance of the man was prepared for a repulse, mildly replied, "You look, my friend, as if you had seen hard days; have you a mother?" The sailor raised his head, looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, and made no reply. The gentleman, however, continued: "Suppose your mother were here now, what advice would she give you?" The tears rushed for a moment into the sailor's eyes; he tried in vain to conceal them; hastily brushing them away with the back of his rough hand, he said, with a voice almost inarticulate with emotion, "I'll go to the meeting." He crossed the street, entered the chapel-door, and took his seat with the assembled congregation.

190. *Warning Clock.*—A young gentleman was once induced by some gay acquaintances to accompany them to a ball. Arrived at the scene of dissipation, the festive company proceeded to their amusement. The music struck up, and

he, among the rest, was highly delighted with the diversion. In the midst of their enjoyment the clock struck one. That striking passage of Dr. Young instantly rushed upon his mind—

"The bell strikes one—we take no note of time,
But from its loss:—to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound; if heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours."

Conviction seized the youth; alarmed and terrified, he left the dissipated throng, and retired to his closet. The result was a saving change of heart.

191. Whitefield and the Scoffer.—When Whitefield was preaching

at Exeter, a man who was present had filled his pockets with stones, intending to throw them at the preacher. He heard the first prayer with patience, meaning to wait till the sermon. No sooner was the text announced, than he pulled out a stone; but God sent the sword into his heart. The stone soon fell to the ground, and after the sermon the man went up to Whitefield, confessing his intention, and saying, "Sir, I came here intending to give you a broken head, but God has given me a broken heart." The man became afterwards a devout Christian.

COURAGE.

Chron. xix. 11; Psalm xxvii. 14, xxxi. 24; Matt. x. 28; 1 Cor. xv. 58;
Ephes. vi. 13; Phil. iv. 1.

192. Burning Ship.—In the "Narrative of the Loss of the *Kent*, East Indiaman," in 1825, we read that when that vessel was on fire, several of the soldiers' wives and children, who had fled for temporary shelter into the after-cabins on the upper deck, were engaged in prayer and in reading the Scriptures with the ladies, some of whom were enabled, with wonderful self-possession, to offer to others those spiritual consolations which a firm and intelligent trust in the Redeemer of the world appeared at this awful hour to impart to their own breasts. The dignified deportment of two young ladies in particular formed a specimen of natural strength of mind, finely modified by Christian feeling, that failed not to attract the notice and admiration of every one who had an opportunity of witnessing it. On the melancholy announcement being made to them that all hope must be relinquished, and that death was rapidly and inevitably approaching, one of the ladies above referred to, calmly sinking down on her knees and clasping her hands together, said, "Even so, come,

Lord Jesus!" and immediately proposed to read a portion of the Scriptures to those around her; her sister, with nearly equal composure and collectedness of mind, selected the forty-sixth and other appropriate Psalms, which were accordingly read, with intervals of prayer, by those ladies alternately, to the assembled females.

193. Chrysostom's Courage.—Chrysostom before the Roman Emperor was a beautiful example of true Christian courage. The Emperor threatened him with banishment, if he still remained a Christian. Chrysostom replied, "Thou canst not, for the world is my Father's house; thou canst not banish me." "But I will slay thee," said the Emperor. "Nay, but thou canst not," said the noble champion of the faith again; "for my life is hid with Christ in God." "I will take away thy treasures." "Nay, but thou canst not," was the retort; "for, in the first place, I have none that thou knowest of. My treasure is in heaven, and my heart is there." "But I will drive thee away from man, and thou shalt have no friend left." "Nay,

and that thou canst not," once more said the faithful witness; "for I have a Friend in heaven, from whom thou canst not separate me. I defy thee; there is nothing thou canst do to hurt me."

194. Cowards in View of Death.

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

195. Duty before all.—A total eclipse of the sun was visible nearly a century ago in Connecticut. Candles were lighted in many houses; the birds were silent, and disappeared, and domestic fowls retired to roost. The people were impressed by the idea that the day of judgment was at hand. This opinion was entertained by the Legislature, at that time sitting at Hartford. The House of Representatives adjourned; the Council proposed to follow the example. Colonel Davenport objected. "The day of judgment," he said, "is either approaching, or it is not. If it is not, there is no cause for an adjournment; if it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. I wish, therefore, that candles may be brought."

196. Governor's Disobedience.—

When Catharine of Medicis had persuaded Charles IX. to massacre all the Protestants in France, orders were sent to the governors of the different provinces to put the Huguenots to death in their respective districts. One Catholic governor, whose memory will ever be dear to humanity, had the courage to disobey the cruel mandate. "Sire," said he, in a letter to his sovereign, "I have too much respect

for your Majesty not to persuade myself but that the order I have received must be forged; but if—which God forbid—it should be really the order of your Majesty, I have too much respect for the personal character of my sovereign to obey it."

197. Injustice Denounced.—

In the city of Zurich lived a person who, though an unworthy character, was a member of its Senate. During the time he was prefect over a district of the canton, he had committed innumerable acts of the grossest injustice,—such flagrant crimes, that all the country people reproached and cursed him; but no one dared to prosecute him, as he was related to several members of the Zurich Government, and son-in-law to the chief magistrate of the city. M. Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist, having often heard of the atrocities of the prefect, committed against even helpless widows and orphans, and having duly examined into them, felt an irresistible desire to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed. He was aware that his supporting this cause would expose him to the frowns of the great, and occasion much anxiety to his friends; but conceiving it to be his duty, he determined to proceed. Having prepared himself by earnest prayer, and consulted an intimate friend, he addressed a letter to the prefect, in which he strongly reproached him for his detestable actions, and plainly signified his intention to bring him to public justice, should he not restore his spoils within two months. The time having elapsed, and no restoration having been made, M. Lavater proceeded to print a solemn indictment against him, which he caused to be delivered to every member of the Zurich Government. At first he concealed his name, but, when called upon, he came forward in the most open manner, nobly avowed and fully proved the points of his indictment before the whole Senate, and the satisfaction to which

the wicked prefect (who, conscious of his guilt, had saved himself by flight) solemnly condemned by law, his unjust property confiscated, and restoration made to oppressed poverty and innocence.

199. Injustice Resisted.—While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates the philosopher was summoned to the Senate-house and ordered to go with some other persons they named to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. This commission Socrates flatly refused, and, not satisfied therewith, added his reasons for such refusal: "I will never willingly assist an unjust act." Chericles sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk always in this high style, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," added he; "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly."

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

200. Separate from the World.—The circumstances attending the appointment of Dr. Ken as Bishop of Bath and Wells were remarkable. *King Charles the Second* was en-

gaged in erecting a palace at Winchester, and went down with his usual attendants to that city. One of the persons employed to arrange lodgings for the party, marked out the doctor's house, which he had in right of his prebend, for the temporary residence of Mrs. Eleanor Gwynne. The doctor, however, absolutely refused her admittance, declaring that "a woman of ill repute was not to be endured for a moment in the house of a clergyman;" and Mrs. Gwynne was in consequence compelled to seek an abode elsewhere, to her own great inconvenience and the indignation of those who urged the doctor to a compliance in the King's name, who yet could obtain no other reply than the short sentence, "Not for his kingdom." No sooner, however, was application made to King Charles on behalf of another for the bishopric of Bath and Wells, which became vacant immediately afterwards, than the King promptly replied, "Who shall have Bath and Wells but the little fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging?" Dr. Ken was in consequence appointed to the vacant see, in the commencement of 1684.

201. Swearing Soldiers.—About the year 1645, Dr. Harris, minister of Hanwell, frequently had military officers quartered at his house. A party of them, unmindful of the reverence due to the holy name of God, indulged much in swearing. The doctor noticed this, and on the following Sabbath preached from these words: "Above all things, my brethren, swear not." This so enraged the soldiers, who judged the sermon was intended for them, that they swore they would shoot him if he preached on the subject again. He was not, however, to be intimidated; and on the following Sabbath he not only preached from the same text, but inveighed in still stronger terms against the vice of profanity. As he was preaching, a soldier levelled his carbine at him, but he went on to the conclusion

of his sermon without the slightest fear or hesitation.

202. True Bravery.—Between twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood-lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said; "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful

soldier to his earthly sovereign, but, better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of His service, ever ready to fight His battle.

203. Undaunted Minister.—At the beginning of the great Civil War, Dr. John Hacket was rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and when the Parliament had forbidden the use of the liturgy under the severest penalties, Dr. Hacket continued to read it as before. On one occasion, a sergeant with a trooper rushed into the church, commanding him with threats to desist, but with a steady voice and intrepid countenance he continued; on which the soldier, raising a pistol to his head, threatened him with instant death. The minister calmly replied, "Soldier, I am doing my duty; do you do yours!" and with a still more exalted voice read on. The soldier, abashed, left the church.

DEATH.

Gen. xxvii. 2; 1 Sam. ii. 6; Job xxx. 23; Prov. xvi. 32; Rom. xiv. 7; Phil. i. 23.

204. Crown of Righteousness.—A consumptive disease seized the eldest son and heir of the Duke of Hamilton, which ended in his death. A little before his departure from the world, he lay ill at the family seat near Glasgow. Two ministers had come to see him; the Duchess, fearful of fatiguing him, said to one of them, "Mr. —, if my son, when you go in, asks you to pray with him, I wish you to decline it." He bowed, and entered the room where the youth lay. After a conversation on subjects relating to the soul and eternity, they rose to depart. "You will pray with me, Mr. —," said the lovely youth, "before you go?" The minister bowed, and begged to decline it. "Why?" asked the young Duke. "Her Grace rather wished me not to do so." "And pray, sir," said he to the other minister, "did her Grace lay any such injunction

upon you?" He replied, "No." "Oh, well then," said he, "you may do it without disobeying her." After the minister had prayed, the dying youth put his hand back, took his Bible from under his pillow, and opened it at the passage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." "This, sirs," said he, "is all my comfort." As he was lying on the sofa, his tutor was conversing with him on some astronomical subject, and about the nature of the fixed stars. "Ah," said he, "in a little while I shall know more of this than all of you together." When his death approached, he called his brother to

his bedside, and, addressing him with the greatest affection and seriousness, closed with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I shall be a king."

206. Dangers Everywhere.—The celebrated Tasso and his friend Manso, with Scipio Belprato, Manso's brother-in-law, were one day in a summer-house which commanded a full prospect of the sea, agitated at the time by a furious storm. Belprato observed "that he was astonished at the rashness and folly of men who would expose themselves to the rage of so merciless an element, where such numbers had suffered shipwreck." "And yet," said Tasso, "we every night go without fear to bed, where so many die every hour. Believe me, Death will find us in all parts: and those places that appear the least exposed are not always the most secure from his attacks."

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

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

208. Death of a Christian Soldier.—A survivor of the battle of Barossa relates:—"We were hurried pell-mell into the battle of Barossa. It

was a day of blood, indeed, that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the sanguinary conflict, our company had advanced to some short distance from the field of battle, and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my comrade was badly wounded and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of our captain to fall back and get him into some hospital-waggon to save his life; and as I was threading my way between dead horses and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon galloped past me who knew our praying company, and he called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprang over the dead corpses, 'Briery, there's your comrade, William, dying by the side of that dead horse,' pointing with his sword to the spot. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death spread over all his anguished features. I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William! comrade William!' He opened his dying eyes, looked upon me, and exclaimed, faintly at first, 'Ah! comrade, is that you? How could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood? You have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with affection, as a pious friend and brother in the Lord, and as the tears rolled copiously down my cheeks (for even war, you know, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death), I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?' He rolled his eyes in anguish, and replied, 'Oh, I've a musket-ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonised frame; life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He

pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'Oh, comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles—we have marched over many a waste, howling wilderness—we have encountered many enemies—we have held many blessed meetings in Spain—you often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march. Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of His love and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise, he made a mighty effort, and sprang up, so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my shoulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood spurted out on a dead horse, he lifted up his arm to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body; yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now prove that, having loved His own, He loveth them to the very end. Adieu, comrade, I am now going to be with Jesus;' and then waving his hand, and gazing around him, he cried out with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound: 'Farewell, marches and trenches—farewell, fatigue-parties, and midnight revellings of drunken comrades—farewell, fields of battle, and blood, and slaughter; and farewell, sun, and moon, and stars,—and——' He paused, almost exhausted with his feelings, but turning to me he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus; meet me in glory, for oh, in a few minutes more, my soul must depart, and then, yes,

"Then I'll march up the heavenly street,
And ground my arms at Jesus' feet!"

His head sank upon my shoulder, and all was over."

209. Death the Leveller.—

Diogenes was not in the wrong, who, when the great Alexander, finding him in the charnel-house, asked him what he was seeking for, answered, "I am seeking for your father's bones, and those of my slave, but I cannot find them, because there is no difference between their dust."

210. Death without Mercy.—

"I once attended on his dying bed," says the author of "Damas-cus," "a man whose early history had given promise of better things, but whose goodness was as the morning cloud and the early dew. As I entered the room, he fixed his eyes upon me with a fearful expression of countenance, and in the spirit, almost in the very language, of the Gadarene demoniac, exclaimed, 'Why are you come to torment me?' I replied, 'I am not come to torment you: I am come to tell you that there is mercy, mercy yet, and mercy even for you.' He raised his arm with vehemence, and said, 'No mercy for me! no mercy for me! no mercy for me! I have sinned through all: I have despised all. I am dying, and I am damned!' His arm fell, and he apparently ceased to breathe. I thought him dead, but was mistaken: there still was life, there was even consciousness. Fetching a long-drawn breath, as if for some desperate effort, and covering his face with the evident intention of concealing the agony which was written there, he uttered the most awful groan I ever heard, and then expired."

211. Dr. Watts's Death-bed.—

One of the last sayings of this eminent man was, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, unsolicitous whether I wake in this world or another."

212. Dying Idolater.—A Hindoo, of a thoughtful turn of mind, but

devoted to idolatry, lay on his death-bed. As he saw himself about to plunge into the boundless unknown, he cried out, "What will become of me?" "Oh," said a Brahmin, who stood by, "you will inhabit another body." "And where," said he, "shall I go then?" "Into another." "And where then?" "Into another, and so on, through thousands of millions." Darting across this whole period as though it were but an instant, he cried, "Where shall I go then?" Paganism could not answer, and he died agonised under the inquiry, "Where shall I go last of all?"

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

214. End of a Worldling.—A young lady, who was educated at an academy at Bedford, but who afterwards resided in town, became dangerously ill. Her father, a true Christian, procured for her a lodging in the neighbourhood, to try the effects of a change of air. Finding her disorder prevail, he thought it high time for her to be concerned about her soul, and asked her what she thought of eternity. She replied, "Do not talk to me about eternity. You want me out of the way; but I shall live long enough to enjoy all that you have in the world." He left her. Next evening the mistress of the house where she was, said, "Ma'am, I think you look a good deal worse." "Worse! I am much better. Why do you talk to me about death?" "You certainly are worse; do let the servant sit up with you to-night." "No, I am not about to die." They went to bed; at four in the morning she awoke her servant, who asked, "What is amiss, ma'am?" "Amiss! I'm dying, I'm dying!" The family was called up: the mistress, coming *in to see her*, was thus addressed,

"I won't die now! I am determined I won't die; I will live!" Getting worse and worse, she said, "I feel I must die," and in an agony screamed out, "Lord! what must I do?" Her servant replied, "You must turn to the Saviour." She fell back on the bed, and in a moment expired.

215. Fear of Death.—On board the ship in which John Wesley sailed for Georgia there were a number of German Moravians. During the voyage a tremendous storm arose, and Wesley was greatly alarmed, feeling unprepared to die. The lively faith of the Moravians he admired, which in the midst of danger kept their minds in a state of tranquillity to which he and the English on board were strangers. At the beginning of their service, while the Moravians were singing, the sea broke over the ship, split the mainsail in pieces, the water pouring in between the decks as if the great deep would swallow them up. The English were greatly terrified and screamed from fear, while the Moravians were unmoved and calmly sang on. Wesley asked one of them afterwards if he was not afraid. He answered, "I thank God, no." "But were not your women and children afraid?" He replied mildly, "No; our women and children are not afraid to die." This convinced Wesley that the Moravians possessed something of which he was destitute, and he rested not until he had obtained that faith that could smile in the midst of an ocean storm—that hope which is like an anchor to the soul—that love that casteth out fear.

216. Last Sleep.—At the battle of Gaines' Mills two brothers were wounded nearly at the same time. They were found by a friend embraced in each other's arms, talking of home, mother, and their love of country. They prayed for each other, for friends, and especially for their mother. Soon the younger died. The elder, blind from a wound in the face, knew it not, and

continued to speak encouraging words to him. Hearing no reply, he said in a pleased way, "Poor little Rob's asleep." It was his last sleep; and in a few minutes more they joined company in that land where the sound of battle will never disturb.

217. Life in Death.—Owen in his last hours, when on his dying bed, dictated a short letter to a friend. The amanuensis had written "I am yet in the land of the living," when Owen at once arrested him. "Stop, alter that; write 'I am yet in the land of the dying, but I hope soon to be in the land of the living.'"

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

219. Living with God.—A pious minister, being asked by a friend during his last illness whether he thought himself dying, answered, "Really, friend, I care not whether I am or not; for, if I die, I shall be with God; if I live, He will be with me."

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

221. Louis IX. and his Physician.

—Jaques Coetier, a French physician, was the only person who could awe the turbulent uneven spirit of Louis IX., which he did by making an artful use of that dread of death to which the King was subject, to a degree the most ridiculous. Coëtier, thoroughly acquainted with this infirmity, often said to him, "I suppose one of these days you will dismiss me, as you have done many other servants; but mark my words, if you do, you will not live eight days after it." By repeating this menace, he not only kept himself in his station, but persuaded the pusillanimous King to appease him with valuable presents. He paid, however, great attention to the condition of his royal master's mind; and to amuse him during his indisposition, he contrived to have rural dances performed under his window.

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

plenary indulgence to which the prelates of the Sacred College are officially entitled.

223. Preparation for Death.—Bishop Hall tells us that there was a certain nobleman, who kept a fool or jester (a common custom in former days in the families of the great), to whom he one day gave a staff, with a charge to keep it till he should meet with one who was a greater fool than himself. Not many years after, the nobleman was ill, and near death. The jester came to see him, and his lordship said to him, "I must soon leave you." "And where are you going?" asked the fool. "Into another world," replied his lordship. "And when will you come again? within a month?" "No." "Within a year?" "No." "When, then?" "Never." "Never!" said the jester; "and what provision hast thou made for thy entertainment there where thou goest?" "None at all." "No!" said the fool, "none at all! Here, then, take my staff; for, with all my folly, I am not guilty of any such folly as this."

224. Readiness to Die.—John Wesley was once asked by a lady, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied; "why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning. After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

225. Royal Christian.—King George III., desiring that himself and family should repose in the

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

226. Saying of a Dying Man.—"You have been used," said the Rev. Matthew Henry to his old and intimate friend Mr. Illidge, on his death-bed—"You have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men. This is mine—That a life spent in the service of God, and communion with Him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world."

227. Self-deception regarding Death.—Two gentlemen were fellow-passengers in a vessel bound to a certain port. One was in vigorous health, the other emaciated with disease, and manifesting premonitory symptoms of a speedy dissolution. He was young and intelligent, but had not made what he knew to be the necessary preparation for the event which was rapidly approaching. His fellow-

passenger, as they were drawing near the port whither they were bound, advised him to consult an eminent physician who resided there. "No," he replied, "I shall not consult him." He was asked why not. To which he answered, "It is not because I do not entertain the highest opinion of his skill, but he will honestly tell me that my disease is incurable, that I must die; and I do not wish to receive the announcement from such a source."

228. Solemnity of Entering God's Presence.—The late Rev. John Griffin, some time before his death, said to a member of his family, "My dear child, how great are our mercies—my mercies! It is a great mercy that I am not in distress of mind. I have no distress in looking back, though I have much to humble me. No distress in looking forward, for I am trusting to that grace, resting on that foundation whereon every Christian who enters heaven must rest, whether he be in some respects an ignorant man, or a minister, who may be supposed to know more." His beloved partner asked him once if he felt any fear at the thought of dying. He said, "No, not fear, but I feel the solemnity, the great solemnity of entering into the presence of God." On the doctor's leaving the room, he said, "He thinks me dying. I hope I am. I am ready, if it is the Lord's will to take me. The Lord's will be done."

229. Surgeon's Qualification.—A surgeon of the American army said, "I never felt the need of being a Christian so much as at Chickamauga. A number of men were brought into a tent where we were

amputating limbs and probing wounds. Examining the hurts of one poor fellow, I was obliged to tell him he could live but a few minutes. He turned and looked to me: 'Surgeon, are you a Christian?' I had to confess I was not. 'Is there no Christian here?' No one responded. 'I want some Christian to pray with me before I die.' 'Are you a Christian?' I inquired. 'Oh, yes, sir, I am a Christian; but I should like to have some one pray with me before I go away to be with Jesus. Oh surgeon! won't you pray?' The pleading of the dying man was more than I could resist. I knelt down beside him, and offered up a heartfelt prayer to God. I don't know much about such things, but that prayer has had a most marked influence on my life ever since. The soldier died a few minutes after its close."

230. Wretchedness in Prospect of Death.—Henry Beaufort, a cardinal in the days of Henry VI., perceiving that death was at hand, exclaimed, "Wherefore should I die, being so rich? If the whole realm would save my life, I am able either by policy to get it, or by wealth to buy it. Will not death be bribed? Will money do nothing?"—Louis XI. strictly charged his servants that when they saw him ill, they should not name death in his hearing.—When Vitellius, the Roman Emperor, who was a notorious glutton—having at one supper had before him two thousand fishes and seven thousand birds—was in immediate prospect of death, he made himself intoxicated, that he might be insensible of its pains, or of the mighty change it produced.

DECISION.

Gen. xlix. 4; 1 Sam. xii. 20; 1 Kings xviii. 21; Matt. vi. 24; Luke ix. 62.

231. Abjuring Idolatry.—An old historian tells us that "in the reign of Constantine there was one Marcus Arethusus, an eminent servant of God, who had been the cause of overthrowing an idol

temple; but Julian, coming to be Emperor, commanded the people of that place to build it up again. All were ready to do so, but Arethusus; whereupon his own people, to whom he had preached, fell upon him, stripped off his clothes, then abused his naked body, and gave it to children and schoolboys to be lanced with their knives; but when all this would not do, they caused him to be set in the sun, his naked body anointed all over with honey, so that he might be bitten and stung to death by flies and wasps. All this cruelty they exercised upon him because he would not do anything towards rebuilding that idol temple. Nay, they came so far, that if he would give but one halfpenny towards the charge they would release him. But with a noble Christian disdain he refused the offer, though the advancing of one halfpenny might have saved his life. In so doing he only lived up to that principle so much commended and so little practised: that Christians should endure the greatest sufferings rather than commit the least sin."

232. Boldness in Face of Danger.

—The Prince of Condé being taken prisoner by Charles IX., King of France, and put to his choice, whether he would go to mass, or be put to death, or suffer perpetual imprisonment, his noble answer was, that by God's help he would never do the first, and for either of the latter, he left it to the King's pleasure and God's providence.

233. Christ and the World.—

When a young man made an open profession of the Gospel, his father, greatly offended, gave him this advice—"James, you should first get yourself established in a good

trade, then think of and determine about religion." "Father," said the son, "Christ advises me differently; He says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God.'"

234. Delay Fatal.—During a violent storm, a trading vessel was wrecked on the west coast of England. Many of the crew perished, but the captain and his wife were providentially enabled to reach a rock, and, climbing up, escaped from the waves. But the danger was not over. The tide was rising, the cold intense; and it soon became evident that unless assistance were quickly rendered, they must perish. Happily they were seen from the neighbouring shore, and a boat was sent to attempt their rescue. As the boat could not possibly come close to the rock, the only alternative was to project a rope from the shore by a rocket, and then to haul them through the surf within reach of the boat. After many fruitless attempts this succeeded, and then the only way of deliverance was by springing into the wave at the moment of its highest swell, and being borne over the danger and pulled into the boat. The wife was the first to make the attempt, and was told what to do. All was ready. The big wave swelled full at her feet. "Now, now," shouted the crew, "spring into the wave!" Alas! she trembled, hesitated, delayed only a moment—but that moment was fatal. She leaped towards the receding wave, fell upon the rugged rocks beneath, and the next moment was dragged on board, a mangled, lifeless corpse. The captain, ignorant of her hapless fate, followed, and, taking the wave at the swell, was saved.

DILIGENCE.

Prov. x. 4, xii. 24, xxii. 29; Eccles. ix. 10; Zech. vi. 15; Heb. vi. 11.

235. Blind Readers' Diligence.

—A gentleman recently gave a pleasing account of a visit he had

paid to a school for the blind at Bristol. He stated that a little boy of ten years of age, and a girl of four-

teen, both born blind, read admirably in the Gospel of John several passages which he selected, and with an accuracy of emphasis which he had never heard surpassed by any children of the same age. Such was the proficiency they had made, that the spectator folded a silk handkerchief double, then quadruple, and, laying it on the lessons, tried the skill of these young persons; but it was not until eight folds of silk were interposed between the fingers and the embossed characters, that any perceptible difficulty was experienced by the readers.

236. Diligent Husbandry. — Pliny tells us of a man named Cressin, who so tilled and manured a piece of ground that it yielded him fruits in abundance, while the lands around him remained extremely poor and barren. His simple neighbours could not account for this wonderful difference on any other supposition than that of his working by enchantment; and they accordingly proceeded to arraign him for his supposed sorcery before the justice seat. "How is it," said they, "unless it be that he enchants us, that he can contrive to draw such a revenue from his inheritance, while we, with equal lands, are wretched and miserable?" Cressin was his own advocate; his case was one which required not either ability to expound or language to recommend. "Behold," said he, "this comely damsel; she is my daughter, my fellow-labourer; behold, too, these implements of husbandry, these carts, and these oxen. Go with me, moreover, to my fields, and behold there how they are tilled, how manured, how weeded, how watered, how fenced in. And when," added he, raising his voice, "you have beheld all these things, you will have beheld all the art, the charms, the magic, which Cressin has used." The judges pronounced his acquittal, passing a high eulogium on that industry and good husbandry which had so innocently made him an

object of suspicion and envy to his neighbours.

237. "Go;" and "Come." — A gentleman in Surrey once held a farm worth £200 a-year in his own hands, till he was obliged to sell half of it to pay his debts, and let the other half to a farmer, on a lease of twenty-one years. After a while the farmer wanted to buy the land. "How is this," said the gentleman, "that I could not live upon the farm, being my own, while you have paid rent, and yet are able to purchase it?" "Oh," said the farmer, "two words make all the difference. You said *Go*, and I say *Come*; you lay in bed, or took your pleasure, and sent others about your business; and I rise betimes, and see my business done myself."

238. Incentive to Action. — Bonaparte was passing along the ancient horrible road by the Echelles de Savoie, with his engineer, when he stopped, and, pointing to the mountain, said, "Is it not possible to cut a tunnel through the entrails of yonder rock, and to form a more safe and commodious route beneath it?" "It is possible, certainly, sire," replied his scientific companion. "Then let it be done, and immediately," replied the Emperor.

239. Zealous Life. — Soon after the settlement of the Nonconformists in New England, Mr. Elliot felt himself strongly disposed to attempt the conversion of the native Indians. He was affected with that sentiment which is expressed on the seal of the Massachusetts colony—a poor Indian, having a label from his mouth, with these words: "Come over and help us." He was farther induced to enter upon this work by the following sentence in the Royal Charter: "To win and incite the natives to the knowledge and obedience of the only true God and Saviour of mankind, and the Christian faith, is our royal intention, the adventurers' free professions, and the principal end of the plantation." In the

prosecution of his efforts to evangelise the Indians, he endured many hardships. In a letter to a friend he says: "I have not been dry night nor day, from the third day of the week to the sixth, but so travelled; and at night pulled off my boots, wrung my stockings and on with them again, and so continue. But God steps in and helps." After having formed, with the greatest difficulty, a grammar of the Indian language, he wrote, in a letter to a friend, "Prayers and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus,

will do anything." Such was the diligence of Elliot in his great work that on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, the "Apostle of the Indians" was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. "Why not rest from your labours now?" asked a friend. "Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to render me useful in my sphere; and now that I can no longer preach, He leaves me strength enough to teach this poor child his alphabet."

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

Jer. viii. 18; Matt. xiv. 31; Psalm xxxi. 22; Luke xix. 29.

240. Arise and Believe.—Charles Wesley had been for years groping in spiritual darkness,

"Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

On a bright morning in May, 1738, he awoke, wearied and sick at heart, but in high expectation of the coming blessing. He lay on his bed "full of tossings to and fro," crying out, "O Jesus, Thou hast said, 'I will come unto you;' Thou hast said, 'I will send the Comforter unto you;' Thou hast said, 'My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you.' Thou art God who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon Thy promise. Accomplish it in Thy time and manner." A poor woman, Mrs. Turner, heard his groaning, and, constrained by an impulse never felt before, put her head into his room and gently said, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities." He listened, and then exclaimed, "Oh that Christ would but thus speak to me!" He inquired who it was that had whispered in his ear these life-giving words. A great struggle agitated his whole man, and in another moment he exclaimed, "I believe! I believe!" He then found redemption in the blood of

the Lamb, experiencing the forgiveness of sins, and could look up and

"Behold, without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled."

The hymn he wrote to commemorate the anniversary of his spiritual birth shows the mighty change that had taken place, and is best expressed in his own language—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing!"

241. Barren Branches.—"I have heard Mr. Cecil mention, with much feeling," says his biographer, "many deep and secret conflicts of mind with which he was exercised while at college; added to which he had to meet many insults which profligate men offer to piety. Under these impressions, he was one day walking in the physic-gardens, where he observed a very fine pomegranate-tree cut almost through the stems near the root. On asking the gardener the reason of this, 'Sir,' said he, 'this tree used to shoot so strong, that it bore nothing but leaves; I was therefore obliged to cut it in this manner; and, when it was almost cut through, then it began to bear plenty of fruit.' The gardener's explanation of this act conveyed a striking illustration to Mr. Cecil's mind, and he went back to his room comforted and instructed by this image."

242. Consolation in Christ.—

A Puritan divine, the Rev. Job Throgmorton, who was described by his contemporaries as being "as holy and as choice a preacher as any in England," lived thirty-seven years without any sound assurance as to his spiritual safety. When dying, he addressed the venerable Mr. Dod in the following words: "What will you say of him who is going out of the world and can find no comfort?" "What will you say of Him," replied Mr. Dod, "who, when He was going out of the world, found no comfort, but cried, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?'" This prompt reply administered consolation to the troubled spirit of his dying friend, who departed an hour after rejoicing in the Lord.

243. Cowper's Faith.—

Cowper, the poet, speaking of his religious experience, says: "But the happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the 25th of the third of Romans: 'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.' Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement He had made, my pardon sealed in His blood, and all the fulness and completeness of His justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel."

244. Doubts Dispersed.—

Mr. Kidd, minister of Queensferry, near Edinburgh, was one day very much depressed and discouraged, for want of that comfort which is

produced by the faith of the Gospel alone. He sent a note to Mr. L., minister of Culross, a few miles off, informing him of his distress of mind, and desiring a visit as soon as possible. Mr. L. told the servant he was so busy that he could not wait upon his master, but desired him to tell Mr. Kidd to remember Torwood. When the servant returned, he said to his master, "Mr. L. could not come, but he desired me to tell you to remember Torwood." This answer immediately struck Mr. Kidd, and he cried out, "Yes, Lord! I will remember Thee, from the hill Mizar, and from the Hermonites!" All his troubles and darkness vanished upon the recollection of a day which he had formerly spent in prayer along with Mr. L. in Torwood, where he had enjoyed eminent communion with God.

245. Foxe and the Lady.—

Mrs. Honiwood, an honourable matron, had long followed the truth, and, in the days of Queen Mary, used to visit the prisons, and comfort and relieve the distressed confessors. Afterwards she was under most distressing fears and doubts respecting the salvation of her soul; her sorrow was such that she sank into despair. Her health became affected; she appeared to be in a deep consumption, even on the brink of the grave. In this state she had been for twenty years, and neither physicians nor divines were able to benefit her, either as to her body or her soul. At length she sent for Foxe, the author of "The Book of Martyrs." Those who went with him said that they never entered a more sorrowful or afflicted house. Several friends, relatives, and servants sat by the sick woman, some on seats, some on the chamber floor, not weeping, as in a common case of sorrow, but absolutely silent, as though their tears were all spent, scarcely noticing any that entered. The sick woman lay upon her bed, apparently near her end, faintly

breathing forth a few words, which were in effect a desire to end her days. Foxe did not attempt the ordinary methods of consolation, but prayed earnestly, pleading the faithfulness of God's promises and Christ's sufferings. This course he pursued for some days, though with but little effect. At length he told her—feeling some inward influence, so to speak—that she should not only recover from that disease, but also live to a great age, and, what was far better, that she had an interest in Christ, and should go to heaven. She, moved at his words, and earnestly be-

holding him, exclaimed that she should surely be lost, adding, "As well might you say that if I should throw this glass against the wall, I might expect that it would not be broken in pieces;" and immediately dashed down a Venice glass she had in her hand. It struck a chest, from whence it fell to the ground, without receiving the smallest injury. The event proved according to the words of Foxe. Mrs. Honiwood, who was then sixty years of age, recovered, and lived till she was ninety, in peace and comfort, being able to reckon up three hundred and sixty-seven descendants.

EARNESTNESS.

Luke xiii. 24; John ix. 4; Phil. iii. 14; Gal. iv. 18.

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

went along, and had time to reflect upon what I had heard, I half wished that it might not be kept. It turned out as I desired. I hurried home, and locked myself up in my chamber; I fell on my knees, and endeavoured to pray." The result of this interview with his religious friend was made conducive to Buchanan's conversion; and he became one of the most useful men of the time.

247. Assembling Together. — A slave wished his owner to give him leave to attend with God's people to pray. His answer was, "No, I would rather sell you to any one willing to buy you." "Will you," said the slave, "suffer me to buy myself, if me can?" "If you do, you shall pay dearly for your freedom, as you are going to pray. Two hundred and fifty pounds is your price." "Well, massa, it is a good deal of money, but me must pray; if God will help me, me will try to pay you?" For a long time he worked hard, and at last sold all he had, except his blanket, to buy his liberty to pray in public; or, in other words, to meet with those who love Jesus Christ.

248. Earnest Missionaries.—

Some years ago, three American ministers went to preach to the Cherokee Indians. One preached very deliberately and coolly; and the chiefs held a council to know whether the Great Spirit spoke to them through that man; and they declared he did not, because he was not so much engaged as their head men were in their national concerns. Another spoke to them in a most vehement manner; and they again determined in council that the Great Spirit did not speak to them through that man, because he was mad. The third preached to them in an earnest and fervent manner; and they agreed that the Great Spirit might speak to them through him, because he was both earnest and affectionate. The last was ever after kindly received.

249. Earnest Preacher.—Mr. Thomas Shephard was an excellent preacher, and took great pains in his preparations for the pulpit. He used to say, "God will curse that man's labours who goes idly up and down all the week, and then goes into his study on a Saturday afternoon. God knows that we have not too much time to pray in, and weep in, and get our hearts into a fit frame for the duties of the Sabbath."

250. Ministerial Devotion.—The following incident in the life of the Rev. G. Whitefield happened while the Rev. Rowland Hill, when a young man, was on a visit to him. Whitefield was requested to call on a poor woman, who had been so dreadfully burned that she could not survive many hours. He went immediately, and prayed with her. He had no sooner left her, than she called out, "Oh, where is Mr. Whitefield?" Urged by her entreaty, her friends requested him to visit her a second time. He complied, and again prayed with her. The poor afflicted woman continued still to desire his presence. When her friends came for him a third time, "*I begged of him,*" said

Mr. Hill, "not to go; for he could scarcely expect to do any good. 'Your nerves are too weak, your feelings are too acute, to endure such scenes.' I shall never forget his mild reproof. 'Leave me; my Master can save to the uttermost, to the very uttermost.'"

251. Negro Boy's Bible.—A Cape Town missionary writes by Dr. Philip:—"On one occasion, after having given a New Testament to a girl whose mother had been left a widow with three children, a boy about ten years of age, her brother, pleaded very hard for one for himself. Agreeably to a rule I had laid down, to give but one Bible gratis to a family, I refused to give him one without money. After retiring a little, he returned with a skilling (threepence). Informing him I could not give him a Bible for that sum, he went away, and returned with another skilling. Finding this was not sufficient, he again tried to obtain more money, but in this he failed; making a fourth attempt he succeeded, and obtained another skilling. He could do no more, his resources were exhausted, and he knew, if he did not now succeed, he must be without a Bible. Under this impression, you would have been affected to have seen this interesting boy, in an imploring posture, with his arms extended, holding his skillings in his open hands, and the tears in his eyes, while he pleaded for a Bible. I could no longer resist his importunity. On inquiring how he procured the money, I was told that he got one skilling from his mother and one from his brother, and that he pledged some playthings for the other. I gave him a Bible, and returned his skillings; and he could not have appeared more happy than he showed himself on this occasion, if a crown had been put upon his head."

252. Speaking from the Heart.—Oliver Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with

a lady upon the subject of oratory, in which she maintained that eloquence could only be acquired by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards. The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained that there was no eloquence but that which sprang from the heart; since, when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would in the comparison render vapid the studied speeches of the most celebrated orators. This argument ended, as most arguments do, in the lady's tenaciously adhering to her side of the question, and in the Protector's saying he had no doubt he should one day make her a convert to his opinion. Some days after, the lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction by the

unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the Tower as a traitor to the Government. The agonised wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and, with the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her husband. Cromwell maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overpowered by the excess of her feelings and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused. His stern countenance then relaxed into a smile, and, extending to her an immediate liberation of her husband, he said, "I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question, in the dispute between us the other day, that the eloquence of the heart in power certainly surpasses all other eloquence."

ETERNITY.

Psalm xxi. 4; Luke xx. 86; 2 Tim. i. 10; Rev. x. 6.

253. Apt Parallel.—Dr. Payson, being once asked what message he would send to the young men who were studying for the ministry in one of the colleges, thus addressed them:—"What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your thoughts and feelings? What care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment-day."

254. Brink of the Grave.—When the Rev. J. Hervey lay on *his death-bed*, he thus wrote to a

friend:—"Now I apprehend myself near the close of life, and stand, as it were, on the brink of the grave, with eternity full in my view, perhaps my dear friend would be willing to know my sentiments in this awful situation. At such a juncture the mind is most unprejudiced, and the judgment not so liable to be dazzled by the glitter of worldly objects. I have been too fond of reading everything valuable and elegant that has been penned in our own language, and been peculiarly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity; but were I to renew my studies, I would take leave of these accomplished trifles; I would resign the delights of modern wits, amusements, and eloquence, and devote my attention to the Scriptures of truth. I would sit with much greater assiduity at my Divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

255. But a Few Steps Off.—The Rev. S. Pearce glorified God both in life and death. He was removed at the early period of thirty-seven, leaving a widow and family to mourn his loss. But his acquiescence in the will of the Lord, and his triumph over the last enemy, were complete. Writing to a friend very shortly before his death, he says, "I am now, to all appearance, within a few steps of eternity. In Christ I am safe. In Him I am happy. I trust we shall meet in heaven." A day or two after, he says, "I am much disappointed that I am not released from this world of sin, and put in possession of the pleasures enjoyed by 'the spirits of just men made perfect.'" When suffering with burning fever, he described himself as "hot and happy." Being asked, at another time, by Mrs. Pearce, how he felt, he replied, "Very ill, but unspeakably happy in the Lord, and my dear Lord Jesus." His last day was a joyful one. Mrs. Pearce repeated the familiar lines of Newton—

"Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;

Though painful at present, 'twill cease before
long,
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's
song!"

He repeated, with a delightful smile, the last words, "the conqueror's song;" and when Mrs. P. quoted the lines of Dr. Watts—

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

he replied, "Yes, He can, He does; I feel it."

256. Cardinal Richelieu and the Soul.—Cardinal Richelieu, after he had given law to Europe for many years, acknowledged the unhappy state of his mind to P. du Moulin. Being asked why he was so sad, the Cardinal replied, "The soul is a serious thing; it must either be sad here or be sad for ever."

257. Profligacy Rebuked.—A profligate young man, as an aged hermit passed by him barefoot, called out after him, "Father, what a miserable condition you are in, if there be not another world after this." "True, my son," replied the anchorite; "but what will thine be, if there be?"

EVIL SPEAKING AND SLANDERING.

Psalm xli. 7, lxix. 8, ci. 5; Jer. ix. 8; Zech. viii. 17; Eph. iv. 25; Col. iii. 9.

258. Calumnies.—The celebrated Boerhaave, who had many enemies, used to say that he never thought it necessary to repeat their calumnies. "They are sparks," said he, "which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves. The surest method against scandal is to live it down by perseverance in well-doing, and by prayer to God that He would cure the distempered minds of those who traduce and injure us."

259. Calumny Utilised.—Philip of Macedon was wont to say "that he was much beholden to the Athenian orators; since by the slanderous and opprobrious manner

in which they spoke of him, they were the means of making him a better man, both in word and deed. For," added he, "I every day do my best endeavour, as well by my sayings as doings, to prove them liars."

260. Canaan's Language.—A thoughtless, conceited young man was boasting of the number of languages he knew. In French he was a complete Parisian; Spanish and Portuguese were as familiar to him as his old gloves. In Italy he had passed for a native. Now and then he gave vent to an oath, swearing that he thought he knew almost all languages. An elderly man,

who had listened attentively to his speech, suddenly stopped him by asking him if he were at all acquainted with the "language of Canaan."

261. Cranmer and the Priest.—

Cranmer's first wife, whom he married at Cambridge, lived at an inn, and, as he often went there, the Popish party raised a report that he was but an ostler, and had never received the advantages of a learned education. This story had been emphatically told by a Yorkshire priest, who added that the Archbishop had no more learning than a goose. Some persons informed Lord Cromwell, the Minister of State, of this circumstance, who sent for the priest, and committed him to prison. When he had lain there nine or ten weeks, he sent a friend to entreat Cranmer's pardon, who instantly sent for him, and expostulated with him on trifling with his character. He excused himself by pleading his drunkenness at the time, which Cranmer told him only increased his sin. The Archbishop invited him to examine him in his learning, but the priest told him he was himself only an English scholar. On farther conversation, he confessed he was not sufficiently acquainted with genealogies to tell the father of either David or Solomon, and was dismissed by the Archbishop mildly telling him to visit alehouses less and his study more, and not to complain of the want of learning in others till he possessed more himself.

262. Detractors Silenced.—

Columbus, after his discovery of America, was persecuted by the envy of the Spanish courtiers for the honours which were heaped upon him by his sovereign; and once at table, when all decorum was banished in the heat of wine, they murmured loudly at the caresses he received, having (as *they said*), with mere animal resolution, pushed his voyage a few

leagues beyond what any one had chanced to have done before. Columbus heard them with great patience, and, taking an egg from the dish, proposed that they should exhibit their ingenuity by making it stand on end. It went all round, but no one succeeded. "Give it me, gentlemen," said Columbus, who then took it, and breaking it at one of the ends, it stood at once. They all cried out, "Why, I could have done that!" "Yes, if the thought had struck you," replied Columbus; "and if the thought had struck you, you might also have discovered America."

263. Good for Evil.—It is recorded of the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Haddington, that he manifested a singular readiness to forgive his enemies. Notwithstanding the abuse he received from some ministers when a student, it was remarked that he was never heard to speak evil of them, nor so much as to mention the affair. A Dissenting clergyman, who had used him rudely, being reduced to poverty, he sent him money, and in a way which concealed the benefactor. After the clergyman's decease, he offered to take one of his destitute orphans, and bring him up with his own children. To certain writers who reviled him from the press, he meekly replied, "But now that the fact is committed, instead of intending to resent the injury these reverend brethren have done me, I reckon myself, on account thereof, so much the more effectually obliged, by the Christian law, to contribute my utmost endeavours towards the advancement of their welfare, spiritual or temporal, and am resolved, through grace, to discharge these obligations as Providence gives me opportunity for the same. Let them do to or with me what they will, may their portion be redemption through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace; and call me what they

please, may the Lord call them, 'The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord.'"

264. Mild Severity.—One of Dr. Waugh's people had travelled all the way from Newton to his father's house, where he usually resided, to communicate to him an unfavourable report concerning another member of the congregation. Some friends being with him, this person was requested to stay and dine with them. After dinner, he took occasion, in a jocular manner, to ask each person in his turn how far he had ever known a man travel to tell an evil report of his neighbour; when some gave one reply, and some another. He at last came to this individual, but, without waiting for his self-condemning reply, or unnecessarily exposing him, he stated that he had lately met with a Christian professor, apparently so zealous for the honour of the church, as to walk fourteen miles with no other object than that of making known to his minister the failings of a brother member. He then, in a warm and impressive manner, enlarged on the praise of that charity which covers a multitude of sins, which "rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." The same excellent man being in company of a number of ministers, the bad conduct of a brother in the ministry became the subject of conversation, and every gentleman in the room joined warmly in condemning him. Dr. Waugh sat for a time silent. At last he walked up to his companions, and said, "My dear friends, surely we are not acting in accordance with our profession. The person you speak of is one of ourselves, and we ought not to blow the coal. But do you know that he is as bad a man as he is represented? and if he is, will railing against him do any good? It is cowardly to speak ill of a man behind his back; and I doubt if any of us would have sufficient courage, if our poor friend

were to appear among us, to sit down and kindly tell him of his faults. If there be one here who feels himself quite pure and free from error, let him throw the first stone; but, if not, let us be silent; and I confess that I feel that I must not say one word." He resumed his seat, and the company looked at each other, struck silent by this rebuke from one so good and mild.

265. Pastor's Reproof.—The Rev. B. Jacobs, of Cambridge-port, could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly, though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the epithets "odd," "singular," &c., applied. He asked and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a very odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added very impressively, "She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend." The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

266. Slander Rebuked.—Peter the Great, when any one was speaking ill of another in his presence, would shortly interrupt him, and say, "Well, now, but has he not a bright side? Come, tell me what you have noticed excellent in him. It is easy to splash mud, but I would rather help a man to keep his coat clean."—Truly "Slanderers are like flies, that leap over all a man's good parts to light only upon his sores."—"The worthiest persons," says Bacon, "are frequently attacked by slanders, as we generally find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at."—"Calumny," says Archbishop Leighton, "would soon starve and die of itself, if nobody took it in and gave it lodging."

EXAMPLE.

John xiii. 15 ; Rom. xv. 2 ; 1 Cor. x. 6 ; 1 Tim. iv. 12 ; James v. 10 ;
1 Peter ii. 21.

267. Exemplary Woman.—Constantia Grierson, whose maiden name is not recorded, was a striking and singular instance of early learning and acquirements. Nothing is recorded of her until her eighteenth year, when Mrs. Pilkington informs us that Constantia was brought to her father, and that then she was a perfect mistress of the Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French languages, and was far advanced in the study of the mathematics. Mrs. Pilkington having inquired of her where she gained this prodigious knowledge, she modestly replied that when she could spare time from her needlework, to which she was closely kept by her mother, she had received some little instruction from the minister of the parish. She wrote elegantly (says Mrs. P.), both in verse and prose ; but the turn of her mind was chiefly to philosophical or divine subjects ; nor was her piety inferior to her learning. The most delightful hours this lady declares that she had ever passed were in the society and conversation of this “female philosopher.” “My father,” adds she, “readily consented to accept of Constantia as a pupil, and gave her a general invitation to his table, by which means we were rarely asunder. Whether it was owing to her own design, or to the envy of those who survived her, I know not, but of her various and beautiful writings I have never seen any published, excepting one poem of hers in the works of Mrs. Barber. Her turn, it is true, was principally to philosophical or religious subjects ; yet could her heavenly mind descend from its sublimest heights to the easy and epistolary style, and suit itself to my then gay disposition.” Mrs. Barber likewise gives her *testimony to the merit of Con-*

stantia, of whom she declares “that she was not only happy in a fine imagination, a great memory, an excellent understanding, and an exact judgment, but had all these crowned by virtue and piety. She was too learned to be vain, too wise to be conceited, and too clear-sighted to be irreligious. As her learning and abilities raised her above her own sex, so they left her no room to envy any ; on the contrary, her delight was to see others excel. She was always ready to direct and advise those who applied to her, and was herself willing to be advised. So little did she value herself upon her uncommon excellences, that she has often recalled to my mind a fine reflection of a French author, ‘that great geniuses should be superior to their own abilities.’” Constantia married a Mr. George Grierson, a printer in Dublin, for whom Lord Carteret, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, obtained a patent appointing him printer to the King ; in which, to distinguish and reward the merit of his wife, her life was inserted. She died in 1733, at the premature age of twenty-seven, admired and respected as an excellent scholar in Greek and Roman literature, in history, theology, philosophy, and mathematics. Her dedication of the Dublin edition of Tacitus to Lord Carteret affords a convincing proof of her knowledge in the Latin tongue. Dr. Harwood esteemed her Tacitus one of the best edited books ever published. She wrote many fine poems in English, but esteemed them so slightly that very few copies of them were to be found after her decease. What makes her character the more remarkable is, that she rose to this extraordinary eminence entirely by the force of natural genius and unin-

interrupted application. As a daughter, a wife, and a friend, her conduct was amiable and exemplary; and had she been blessed with the advantages of health and longer life, there is every reason to believe she would have made a more distinguished figure in the learned world than any woman who had preceded her.

268. Ferocity Subdued.—M. de St. Claude, a man of eminent piety, was once unjustly imprisoned in the Bastille. At the same time there was a man confined of so ferocious and brutal a disposition that no one dared to approach him. He seldom spoke without a volley of oaths and blasphemies, and struck every one who approached him with the utmost violence. Every expedient to humanise this monster had proved in vain, when the governor entreated Claude to undertake the work. His humility would have induced him to decline it, but persuasion prevailed. Accordingly, the humble Christian was shut up with this human brute, who exhausted his ferocity in revilings, blows, and yet more savage tokens of the barbarity of his disposition. Whilst this treatment continued, silence, patience, and mildness were the only reply of the man of God. His prayers achieved the rest. The monster at length looked on the face of his companion, suddenly threw himself at his feet, and, embracing them, burst into a flood of tears, entreated his forgiveness, and besought him to give him instruction in the religion which thus influenced his conduct. He became entirely changed; and, even when his liberty was given him, he could scarcely be prevailed on to leave his Christian friend.

269. Holy Life.—The following incident is related by the author of a tract called "The Aged Gipsy:" "One morning, while I was very busy tying up some brooms for sale, a shepherd's wife came to borrow a needle. 'Yes, my dear, and you shall have

two, if you please.' She told me she had come out as usual to tend her sheep, and that during the time she wished to make her little girl's pinner, and asked leave to come back and make her tea, which she carried in her pocket, for her dinner. She added, 'Oh, how lonesome you must be!' 'Oh, my dear, I am never alone; I have plenty of company that the world knows nothing of always with me' (John xiv. 17). I observed her look round in amazement, but said nothing. My shepherdess returned at the hour we named, and I had my table comfortably covered, and my Testament and 'Bogatsky's Golden Treasury' lying on it. I invited her to share my bacon and cabbage, in addition to her tea; and, putting Bogatsky into her hand, said she might first feast her soul by reading the portion for the day; and then I asked a blessing on our food, and during dinner spoke to her of Christ, and of the necessity of being 'born again,' till her eyes filled with tears. After returning the Lord thanks, I turned the key in my door, and said I hoped she had no objection, as it was always my custom to engage in prayer at that time, and that I was going to speak to the Lord on her behalf. After prayer the poor woman was 'like them that dream,' at all she heard and saw; but on returning with her sheep, late in the evening, she drove them up in the lane, but could not pass my door without coming in. On reaching home, she hurried on to an aged pious woman's cottage, saying that she had seen a most extraordinary woman to-day, and she was sure it must be one of the Christianers. She visited me every day during the summer, when we read the Scriptures and prayed together. She daily grew in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I accompanied her when, for the first time, she commemorated His dying love. Her faith was shortly after tried, by her husband and all her children

being called away, but she still lives, adorning the Gospel."

270. Independent Spirit.—In the year 1799, a tenant of Mr. Way, at Hasketon, in Suffolk, died, leaving a widow with fourteen children, the eldest of whom was a girl under fourteen years of age. He had rented fourteen acres of pasture land, on which he kept two cows; these cows, with his little furniture and clothing, were all the property he left. The parish of which he had been an inhabitant was within the district of an incorporated House of Industry, where the rule was to receive proper objects within the walls, but not to allow anything for the out-poor, except in peculiar cases. The directors of the establishment offered to relieve the widow by taking her seven youngest children into the house. When this was proposed to her, she replied, in great agitation, that, if it pleased God, she would rather die in working to maintain her children than part with any of them, or she would go with all of them into the house, and work for them there; but if her landlord would continue her in the farm, as she called it, she would undertake to bring up the whole fourteen without any help from the parish. She was a strong woman, about forty-five years old, and of a noble spirit; happily, too, she had to deal with a benevolent man. He told her she should continue his tenant, and hold the land for the first year rent-free; and at the same time, unknown to her, he directed his receiver not to call upon her afterwards, thinking, with even that indulgence, it would be a great thing if she could maintain so large a family. But this further liberality was not needed. She brought her rent regularly every year after the first; held the land till she had placed twelve of the children in service; and then resigned it to take the employment of a nurse—which would enable her to provide for the re-

maining two, for the little time longer that they needed support—and which was more suited to her declining years.

271. Influence of Piety.—Lord Peterborough, more famed for his wit than his religion, when he had lodged with Fénelon, the Archbishop of Cambrai, was so charmed with his piety and beautiful character, that he said to him at parting, "If I stay here any longer, I shall become a Christian in spite of myself."

272. John Newton and the Midshipman.—A young midshipman on board the *Harwich*, who was then free from open vice, was corrupted by John Newton. Years after, when Newton had become an altered man, they met; and Newton, no longer feeling infidelity to be tenable, strove to undeceive his victim. His reply, however, was that Newton was the first to give him an idea of his liberty, which he would not now forego. His efforts were vain; he got worse, spurned all restraints, gave loose to every passion; his excesses threw him into a malignant fever, of which he died, but not till he had appalled all those about him, and pronounced his own sad doom.

273. Mother and Child. — "Well," said a mother one day, weeping, her daughter being about to make a public profession of religion by going to the Lord's table, "I will resist no longer. How can I bear to see my dear child love and read the Scriptures, while I never look into the Bible—to see her retire and seek God, while I never pray—to see her going to the Lord's table, while His death is nothing to me?" "Ah!" said she to the minister who called to inform her of her daughter's intention, and wiping her eyes, "sir, I know she is right, and I am wrong. I have seen her firm under reproach, and patient under provocation, and cheerful in all her sufferings. When in her late illness she was looking for dissolution, heaven stood in her

face. Oh, that I was fit to die! I ought to have taught her, but I am sure she has taught me. How can I bear to see her joining the Church of God, and leaving me behind, perhaps for ever?" From that hour she prayed in earnest that the God of her child would be her God, and was soon seen walking with her in the way of life.

274. Pagan's Conscientiousness.—Neither the great wealth which Seneca acquired as the preceptor of the Emperor Nero, nor the luxury and effeminacy of a court, produced any alteration in that system of life which this great philosopher had planned for himself. He continued to the last to live abstemious, correct, and, above all, free from flattery and ambition. "I had rather," said he to Nero, "offend you by speaking the truth than please you by lying and flattery." When Seneca perceived that his favour was on the decline, and that his enemies were constantly reminding the Emperor of the wealth which he had amassed, he offered to make a full surrender of all the gifts which had ever been conferred upon him. The tyrant, however, not only declined the offer, but protested that his friendship for him remained the same. The continual machinations of his enemies were at length so successful that the Emperor condemned him to death. Seneca received the mandate with calmness and composure, and only asked to be allowed to alter his will. The officer entrusted with the execution of the sentence refused to grant such permission. Seneca then, addressing his friends, said that "since he was not allowed to leave any other legacy, he requested they would preserve the example of his life, and exercise true fortitude."

275. Prince and People.—The following anecdote is told of one of the Chinese Emperors. When riding out one day, the Emperor met a procession conducting some malefactors to punishment. His Majesty

stopped, and inquired what was the matter. On being informed, he immediately burst into a flood of tears. The courtiers in attendance endeavoured to comfort his Majesty, and one among them addressed him in these words: "Sire, in a commonwealth there must be chastisement—it cannot be avoided; so have the former kings, your predecessors, commanded it to be; so have the laws ordained it; so doth the government of the state require it." The Emperor replied, "I weep not to see these men prisoners, nor do I weep to see them chastised. I know very well that the good without rewards are not encouraged; that without chastisement the wicked are not restrained; that correction is as necessary to the government of a kingdom as bread is for the nourishment and sustenance thereof. But I weep because my time is not so happy as that of old was, when the virtues of the princes were such that they served as a bridle to the people, and when their example was sufficient to restrain a whole kingdom."

276. Reformed Family.—A boy went home from a ragged-school, about the time they were first established, with his dirty face washed clean. His mother at first hardly recognised her own son, so magical was the change. However, it pleased her, and very soon she washed her face. Her husband, returning from his daily work, was no less struck with the marvellous change in her appearance, and he imitated her and washed away his hardened coat of grime and dust: so it spread through the whole family, and the neighbours saw it and admired; and the dark and dismal alley, so long the abode of dirt and filth, became an amusing but instructive instance of what often follows from copying what we see in others.

277. Washington and the Corporal.—During the Revolution, a commander of a little squad was

giving orders relative to a beam of timber they were endeavouring to raise to the top of some military works. Great difficulty was experienced in elevating the mass of timber so high, and the voice of the commander was often heard in regular vociferations of "Heave away!" "There she goes!" "Heave ho!" An officer, not in military costume, was passing, and asked the commander why he did not take hold and help a little. The latter, astonished, said, "Sir, I am a

corporal!" "You are, are you?" replied the officer; "I was not aware of that." Upon this he dismounted, and lifted till the sweat stood in drops on his forehead; and when finished, turning to the commander, he said, "Mr. Corporal, when you have another such job, and have not men enough, send for your Commander-in-Chief, and I will come and help you a second time." The corporal was thunder-struck. It was General Washington.

FAITH.

Psalm iv. 5, xvii. 14; Mark xi. 22; Luke xvii. 5; Romans i. 17; Col. i. 23; 1 Tim. i. 19, vi. 12.

278. Built upon a Rock.—A young minister in Wales, coming on trial to a very exposed locality, had to sleep at a farmhouse on the highest point of land in the country. He retired to rest, when the wind blew a tempest, the rain beat upon the house heavily, and he feared it must fall. He could not rest; he rose, sat by the fire, and prepared for the worst. But it stood firm and unshaken. The morning came; the minister expressed his fears and felt very timid, and wondered how the farmer could sleep so securely exposed to such a storm. "Oh," said the farmer, "I had no fear of the house falling, and you need not to have feared either, for it is founded upon a rock."

279. Child of God.—Augustus G. Spangenberg, one of the Moravian Pastors in Georgia, once inquired of John Wesley, "Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?" Wesley was surprised at the inquiry, and knew not how to answer it. Spangenberg then asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" "I know him to be the Saviour of the world," responded Wesley. "True," said the Moravian; "but do you know He has saved you?" "I

hope He has died for me," rejoined Wesley. Spangenberg only added, "Do you know yourself?" "I do," answered Wesley; "but," he adds, "I fear they were mere words." The period came, however, when they were something more than mere words and he could exclaim,

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

280. Christ Only.—In his "Journal of a Residence in the Sandwich Islands," Mr. Stewart relates that whilst on board a vessel sailing from America to those islands, he felt it his duty to instruct the sailors; and he had several proofs that his labours were not in vain. One sailor had been brought to trust in Christ for salvation; and shortly after, meeting with another who was anxiously inquiring the way of salvation, he thus addressed him:—"It was just so with myself once; I did not know what faith was, or how to obtain it; but I know now what it is, and believe I possess it. But I do not know that I can tell you what it is, or how to get it. I can tell you what it is not. It is not knocking off swearing, and drinking, and such like; and it is not reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good. It is none of these; for even if they would

answer for the time to come, there is the old score still, and how are you to get clear of that? It is not anything you have done or can do: it is only believing and trusting to what Christ has done; it is forsaking your sins, and looking for their pardon and the salvation of your soul because He died and shed His blood for sin; and it is nothing else."

281. Composure in Danger. —

In a large school, the pupils were assembled and busily engaged in their work, when there was a sudden alarm of fire. As usual, a terrible panic immediately ensued. In wild confusion, and with shrieks and cries, every one darted to the doors of the school-room, forming there a mass so dense as to render escape absolutely impossible to many. In the struggle to get out several of the children were seriously injured, and one young lady, a teacher, rushed to an open window and jumped out of it. Throughout this scene of confusion, one girl—one of the best conducted in the school—maintained her self-composure and remained seated on the bench where she had been when the alarm commenced, without once moving. The colour had indeed forsaken her face, her lips quivered, and some tears rolled slowly down her cheeks; but not one cry, not one word escaped, and there she sat, silent and motionless as a white marble statue, till all danger was declared to be over. After order had been restored, and her companions had been brought back to their places, except those who were too much hurt or too much frightened to resume their duties for that day, the question was asked her how it happened that she had been so composed as to sit still when everybody else was in such a fearful state of fright. Her reply was, "My father is a fireman, and he has told me that if ever there was an alarm of fire in the school, I must just sit still. I thought of his words, and did as he desired me,

and this was what made me stay quiet."

282. Faith Illustrated. —

An able writer relates the following:—"Two brothers, sons of a devoted missionary in Burmah, when quite young were bereaved of their parents, and were sent home to America, where a kind minister adopted them as his own. When about ten years of age, one of them became very pious and joined the Church. The other felt very angry with his brother for this, and would not even speak to him. In a little while he became conscious of the wrong he had done his brother, and thought he would try to become pious too. One day the minister with whom he lived saw something unusual in his conduct, and guessed the cause of it. He then took a chair and placed it at some distance from him, and told him to stand on it and fall forward, and he would catch him. The boy immediately got on to the chair, but did not fall forward. He wished to obey, but was afraid he would not catch him. He put, however, one hand upon the mantelpiece, thinking to save himself if he did not catch him; but the minister told him that would not do, he must trust to him alone. The minister then told him he would surely catch him if he would fall forward. The boy at last summoned all his courage and fell, and he caught him. The minister then told him that that was faith, and that he wished him to go with the same confidence to Jesus Christ."

283. Father's Word. —

A father was once amusing his children with an electric machine, and after one or two had received the shock they drew back from the apparatus with evident dread. The father presently held out the jar uncharged, and consequently harmless, and said, "If you touch it now, you will feel nothing. Will you try?" The children drew back with their hands behind them. "Don't you believe me?" asked he. "Yes, sir,"

and the hands were held out to prove their faith, but were quickly withdrawn, before they reached the dangerous knob. One alone, a timid little girl, had that kind of confidence which really led her to trust her father. The rest believed, but had not heartfelt faith. Even the little believer's faith was not unwavering. You could see on her face, when the little knuckle approached the harmless brass ball, a slight expression of anxiety, showing she had some doubts and fears after all; and there was an evident feeling of relief when, from actual trial, she experienced the case to be as her father represented it.

284. Fuller and the Countryman.—The admirable discourse on "Walking by Faith," the first sermon printed by Andrew Fuller, owed its origin to a small matter. It was delivered at an annual meeting of the Northamptonshire Association, at whose request it was printed. Not a word of it was written until after its delivery. On his way to the Association, the roads in several places were flooded, arising from recent rains, which had made the rivers overflow. Fuller came to one place where the water was very deep, and he, being a stranger to its exact depth, was unwilling to go on. A plain countryman residing in the neighbourhood, better acquainted with the water than the preacher, cried out, "Go on, sir; you are quite safe!" Fuller urged on his horse, but the water soon touched the saddle, and he stopped to think. "Go on, sir, all is right!" shouted the man. Taking the man at his word, Fuller proceeded; and the text was suggested, "We walk by faith, not by sight."

285. Heart and Bible.—A well-known traveller in America lodged one night at the house of a planter, who informed him that one of his slaves, a man upwards of seventy, who could neither read nor write, *was yet eminently distinguished for*

his piety, and for his knowledge of the Scriptures. Having some curiosity to learn what evidence such a man could have of their divine origin, he went out in the morning alone, and, without making himself known as a clergyman, entered into conversation with him on the subject. After starting some of the common objections of infidels against the authenticity of the Scriptures, in a way calculated to confound an ignorant man, he said to him, "When you cannot even read the Bible, nor examine the evidence for or against its truth, how can you know that it is the Word of God?" After reflecting a moment, the Negro replied, "You ask me, sir, how I know that the Bible is the Word of God? I know it by its effect upon my own heart."

286. "Help Thou mine Unbelief."

—The master of an infant-school having directed a little fellow to move a stool, but so as not to be himself seen, thus endeavoured to instruct his infant charge:—"You cannot see any one moving the stool—is it not alive?" "Oh, no, master, it's not alive, never was alive; some one must be moving it." "But, my little fellow, you cannot see anybody; perhaps it moves itself?" "Oh, no, sir, though we do not see anybody, that does not make any odds: it does not move itself." He then told them of the sun, and moon, and stars, and that although we did not see any one move them, yet it was certain they were moved, and no other could do so but God Himself, but we could not see Him. "Yes, master, it must be God." "But then, my little folks, you cannot see Him?" "Please, sir, we must believe it." "Well, then, you believe it?" "Yes." "This then is faith." "Please, sir, then little faith is better than no faith?" "If you have little faith, what will you do?" A little fellow said, "I'll shut myself up in a corner, and I'll pray, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.'"

287. Luther's Shield.—Luther, when making his way into the presence of Cardinal Cajetan, who had summoned him to answer for his heretical opinions at Augsburg, was asked by one of the Cardinal's minions where he should find a shelter if his patron, the Elector of Saxony, should desert him. "Under the shield of Heaven!" was the immediate reply.

288. Minister Attacked by Thieves.—The Rev. Richard Cecil had to travel on horseback from London to Lewes, to serve his churches, and on one occasion, instead of leaving town early in the morning, he was detained till noon, in consequence of which he did not arrive on East Grinstead Common till after dark. Here he met a man on horseback, who appeared to be intoxicated and ready to fall from his horse at every step. Mr. Cecil called to him and warned him of his danger, which the man disregarding, with his usual benevolence he rode up to him in order to prevent his falling, when the man immediately seized the reins of his horse. Mr. Cecil, perceiving he was in bad hands, endeavoured to break away, on which the man threatened to knock him down if he repeated the attempt. Three other men on horseback immediately rode up,

placing Mr. Cecil in the midst. On perceiving his danger, it struck him, "Here is an occasion for faith;" and that gracious direction also occurred to him: "Call upon Me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee." He secretly lifted up his heart to God, entreating the deliverance which He alone could effect. One of the men, who seemed to be the captain of the gang, asked him who he was and whither he was going. Mr. Cecil told them very frankly his name and whither he was going. The leader said, "Sir, I know you, and have heard you preach at Lewes. Let the gentleman's horse go. We wish you good night." Mr. Cecil had with him sixteen pounds, which he had been to town to receive, and which at that time was to him a large sum.

289. Small Beginnings.—When the suspension-bridge across the Niagara was to be erected, the question was how to get the cable over. With a favouring wind, a kite was elevated, which alighted on the other shore. To its insignificant string a cord was attached which was drawn over, then a rope, then a larger rope, then a cable strong enough to sustain the iron cable which supported the bridge, over which heavily-laden trains pass in safety.

FIDELITY.

1 Sam. xii. 20; 2 Chron. xix. 11; Matt. vi. 24, xxiv. 18; 1 Cor. xv. 58.

290. Christ's Colours to be kept Flying.—A young Christian soldier in the army was often assaulted by his tent-mates while at prayer at night. He sought advice of his chaplain, and by his counsel omitted his usual habit. His ardent heart could not endure this. He chose rather to have prayer with persecution, than peace without it, and resumed his old way. The result was, that after a time, all his ten or twelve tent-companions knelt in prayer with him. In re-

porting to his chaplain he said, "Isn't it better to keep the colours flying?"

291. Day of Account.—A certain King, say the Mahometans, having a pleasant garden in which were ripe fruits, set two persons to keep it, one of whom was blind and the other lame; the former not being able to see the fruit, nor the latter to gather it. The lame man, however, seeing the fruit, persuaded the blind man to take him upon his shoulders, and by

that means he easily gathered the fruit, which they divided between them. The lord of the garden coming some time after and inquiring after his fruit, each began to excuse himself: the blind man said that he had no eyes to see with, and the lame one that he had no feet to approach the trees: but the King, ordering the lame man to be set upon the blind, passed sentence on and punished them both.

292. Fearless Preaching.—Mr. Dod having preached against the profanation of the Sabbath, which much prevailed in his parish, and especially among the more wealthy inhabitants, the servant of a nobleman, who was one of them, came to him and said, "Sir, you have offended my lord to-day." Mr. Dod replied, "I should not have offended your lord, except he had been conscious to himself that he had first offended my Lord; and if he your lord will offend my Lord, let him be offended."

293. Leader and Soldiers.—Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers and difficulties of their enterprise, a Roman army lost courage and resolved on retreat. The General reasoned with his soldiers. Expostulating with them, he appealed to their love of country, to their honour, and to their oaths. By all that could revive a fainting heart he sought to animate their courage and shake their resolution. Much they trusted, and admired, and loved him; but his appeals were all in vain. They were not to be moved; and carried away, as by a panic, they faced round to retreat. At this juncture they were forcing a mountain-pass, and had just cleared a gorge where the road, between two stupendous rocks on one side and the foaming river on the other, was but a footpath broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resort he laid himself down there, saying, "If you will retreat, it is over this body you go, trampling me to death beneath *your feet*." No foot advanced. The

flight was arrested. His soldiers could face the foe, but not mangle beneath their feet one who loved them, and had often led their ranks to victory, sharing like a common soldier all the hardships of the campaign, and ever foremost in the fight. The sight was one to inspire them with decision. Hesitating no longer to advance, they wheeled round to resume their march; deeming it better to meet sufferings, and endure even death itself, than to trample under foot their devoted and patriotic leader. Their hearts recoiled from such an outrage.

294. Loyal Bishop.—Among the French exiles expelled by Napoleon I. was M. de Conzies, the Bishop of Arras. Bonaparte had long sought to lay hands on this prelate, who preferred poverty and exile in England to the Roman purple and Parisian archiepiscopacy, both of which were offered him in 1801, by the Pope and the First Consul of France. Unalterable in his attachment to the House of Bourbon, he was made one of the principal councilors and confidential advisers of the Count d'Artois; unprofitable offices for those who, confounding fortune with justice, regard money more than honour, but advantageous to him who follows the dictates of a disinterested conscience. The misfortunes of his sovereign and of his country preyed on the sensitive mind of the Bishop of Arras, and deprived the world prematurely of one of its brightest ornaments. The journey of Pius VII. to Paris, and the coronation of Bonaparte, affected him deeply; and he survived but a few days the news of Napoleon's being anointed and crowned Emperor of France. As in health he had been an example of piety and constancy, during his illness he was a model of devotion and resignation. He exhorted his countrymen and fellow-sufferers like himself, unfortunate exiles, not to deviate from that glorious though painful path

they had dutifully and conscientiously entered on. He preached submission to the decrees of the Almighty, in showing the justice of the noble cause to which they had sacrificed rank, property, country, and everything but their honour. He told them never to forget the gratitude they owed to England, should religion and royalty once more prosper in France. His constant prayers were, on his death-bed, that Christ might again save His Church in France, restore there the rightful and faithful to power, and convert, but not punish, the undutiful and unbelieving. It is often more glorious to deserve than to occupy a throne. Count d'Artois, with a humanity worthy of better times and better fortune, refused himself even the necessary rest to attend his trusty and affectionate servant, who had the consolation to breathe his last in the arms of his good and generous Prince. Some few moments before he shut his eyes for ever, he pressed the hand of the Count to his bosom, and, with a faint voice, faltered these his last words: "My kind Prince, death is terrible to the wicked alone!"

295. Loyal Governor.—While the Moors were laying siege to Tariffa, during the reign of Sanctius, King of Castile, a son of Alphonsus Guzman, the governor of the place, fell into their hands, on which they exhibited him before the walls, and threatened to put him to a cruel death unless his father instantly gave up the town. All the garrison were much moved by the afflicting alternative presented to them; the father and governor alone remained undaunted. Guzman called out with a loud voice to the enemy "that had they a hundred sons of his in their power, they would never make him swerve from the fidelity which he owed to his royal master." The Moors, discouraged by a fortitude so extraordinary, soon after raised the siege.

296. Patriotic Artist.—When Nancy was taken from the Duke of Lorraine by Cardinal Richelieu, he wished Jacques Callot, who was one of the Duke's subjects, to make a set of prints descriptive of the siege of that important place. The artist refused; and on the Cardinal's insisting very peremptorily that he should do it, he replied, "My lord, if you continue to urge me, I will cut off the thumb of my right hand before your face; for I will never consent to perpetuate the calamity and disgrace of my sovereign and protector."

297. Patriot's Duty.—When Burnet first began to grow eminent in his profession of the law, he went down to visit his father in Wiltshire. One day, as they were walking in the fields together, the latter observed to him, that men of his profession were apt to stretch the prerogative of the Crown too far, and injure liberty; but charged him, if he ever came to any eminence in his profession, never to sacrifice the laws and liberty of his country to his own interest or the will of his prince. He repeated this twice, and immediately fell into a fit of apoplexy, of which he died in a few hours, and this advice had so lasting an influence upon the son, that he ever after observed and pursued it.

298. Patriotism.—A Corsican gentleman, who had been taken prisoner by the Genoese, was thrown into a dark dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he was in this dismal situation, the Genoese sent a message to him, that if he would accept of a commission in their service, he might have it. "No," said he; "were I to accept your offer, it would be with a determined purpose to take the first opportunity of returning to the service of my country. But I would not have my countrymen even suspect that I could be one moment unfaithful."

299. Peasant's Fidelity.—During the persecution of the Protes-

tants in the South of France in 1815, General Gilly was accused of having taken down the white flag at Nismes on a certain day, although he was fifteen leagues distant at the time. The General did not appear to take his trial before a tribunal where innocence afforded no protection, and was in consequence condemned to death on the charge of contumacy. When the General quitted Nismes, he thought either of passing into a foreign country, or of joining the army of the Loire, and it was long supposed that he had actually escaped. But it was impossible to gain any port, or find any security; his only hope was in concealment. The attempt was desperate: a friend found him an asylum in the cottage of a peasant; but the peasant was a Protestant, and the General was a Romanist. "The step," said his friend, "merits consideration." The General did not hesitate: the peasant was poor, and his own life might be sold at a great price; but he confided in his honour. He entered the cottage of a peasant of the canton of Anduze, of the name of Perrier; he lived by his daily labour, and he displayed virtues which would adorn a throne. The fugitive was welcomed; it was a time of proscription, and his name was not asked; his host would know nothing of him; it was enough that he was unfortunate, and in danger. He was disguised, and he passed for the cousin of Perrier. The General was naturally amiable, and he made himself agreeable, sat by the fire, eat potatoes, and contented himself with miserable fare. For several months he preserved his retreat, though subject to frequent and imminent alarms. Often he heard the visitors of his host boast of having concealed General Gilly, and of being acquainted with his place of concealment. Patrols were continually searching for arms in the houses of Protestants: often in the night the General

was obliged to leave his mattress, and, half naked, hide himself in the fields. Perrier, to avoid these dangers and inconveniences, made an underground passage, by which his guest might pass to an outhouse constructed on the premises. The wife of Perrier could not endure that one who had seen better days should live as her family on bread and vegetables, and she occasionally bought meat to regale the melancholy stranger. These purchases were so unusual that they excited attention; and it being suspected that Perrier had some one concealed, nightly visits were more frequent. In this state of agony, the General sometimes complained of the hardness of his lot. Perrier one day returned from market in a meditative mood, and after some inquiries from his anxious guest, he replied, "Why do you complain? You are fortunate, compared with the wretches whose heads were cried in the market: Bruguier, the pastor, at 2,400; Bresse, the mayor, at 2,400 francs; and General Gilly at 10,000!" "Is it possible?" "Ay, it is certain." Gilly concealed his emotion; a momentary suspicion passed his mind; he appeared to reflect. "Perrier," said he, "I am weary of life; you are poor and want money; I know Gilly, and the place of his confinement; let us denounce him; I shall no doubt obtain my liberty, and you shall have the 10,000 francs." The old man stood speechless, as if petrified. His son, a gigantic peasant, twenty-seven years of age, who had served in the army, rose from his chair, in which he had listened to the conversation, and in a tone not to be described, said, "Sir, hitherto we have thought you unfortunate, but honest; we have respected your sorrow, and kept your secret; but since you are one of those wretched beings who would inform against a fellow creature, and ensure his death to save yourself, there is the door; and if you do not retire, I

will throw you out of the window." Gilly hesitated, the peasant insisted; the General wished to explain, but he was seized by the collar. "Suppose I should be General Gilly?" said the fugitive. The soldier paused. "And it is even so," he continued; "denounce me, and the 10,000 francs are yours." The soldier threw himself on his neck; the family were dissolved in tears; they kissed his hands, his clothes; protested that they would never let him leave them, and that they would rather die than he should be arrested. In their kindness he was more secure than ever; but the cottage was more suspected, and he was at length obliged to seek another asylum. The family refused any indemnity for the expense he had occasioned them; and it was not till long after that he persuaded them to accept an acknowledgment of the hospitality he had experienced.

300. Resisting Temptation.—When one of the Kings of France solicited a M. Bouquier, who was a Protestant, to conform to the Roman Catholic religion, promising him in return a commission or a governorship, "Sire," replied he, "if I could be persuaded to betray my God for a marshal's staff, I might be induced to betray my king for a bribe of much less value."

301. Simple Loyalty.—Soon after William the Third had been raised to the throne of England, a French ship belonging to the fleet of Admiral Tourville took prisoner an honest Sussex fisherman. The Admiral was then preparing to make a descent upon England in favour of King James; and intending to land in Sussex, he was earnest to know how the people of that country stood affected to the Government. He ordered the fisherman upon deck; and began himself to question him how he and his neighbours loved King James, and how the Prince of

Orange, "or King William, as you call him," said the Admiral; and how they were affected to the Government. The fisherman stared, and said that he never had seen either of the gentlefolks whom his honour was pleased to mention in his life; that, mayhap, they were very civil persons, and he had no ill-will to either; as to matters of government, how should he know anything of them, for he could neither read nor write? The Admiral continued to question him, but without effect; for he found the fellow grossly ignorant of all public transactions. At last, "Come, come," says the Admiral, "you are a good likely fellow, and as you are so very indifferent about all parties, you can have no objection to carrying a musket in my ship." "What? carry a musket to fight against my country!" cried out the man; "indeed, your honour must excuse me; you shall put me to a thousand deaths before I fight against my country."

302. Steadfast Sentry.—In September, 1777, there happened at St. Petersburg a sudden inundation of a very considerable extent. The Empress, seeing from her balcony that the water came within reach of the sentinel placed before the palace, called out to him to retire within doors, which the soldier refused to do. The Empress asked him if he knew her; the man replied in the affirmative, and that though he knew her Majesty, no one but his corporal could relieve him. The waters increased, and reached the sentinel's knees. The Empress sent several messages to him, but all to no purpose. It now became requisite to call the corporal, who was found asleep in the guard-house, and he was almost obliged to swim to relieve the honest private, who by that time had only his head and shoulders above water, and would composedly have suffered himself to be drowned, notwithstanding the formal and repeated orders of his sovereign.

303. Stratagem Defeated.—

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

304. Time-serving Reproved.—

La Bruyère is strong in his commendation of Father Seraphin, an apostolical preacher. The first time, he says, that he preached before Louis XIV., he said to this monarch, "Sure, I am not ignorant of the custom according to the prescription of which I should pay you a compliment. This I hope your Majesty will dispense with; for I have been searching for a compliment in the Scriptures, and unhappily I have not found one."

305. Truth the Best Policy.—

It is the opinion of many mistaken men that in some cases it may be lawful to tell a lie; as, for instance, where it may tend to the preservation of one's own life, or that of another, when it is sought to be taken away without any just cause. The following anecdote, however, must suggest strong doubts on this subject. It shows that where, according to common notion, a lie was the only way of saving a man's life, the safety of that life was

equally well secured by telling the truth; and that there can be nothing so inexpedient in the sight of men, which God, "in whose hands are the issues of life," may not turn to the justification of His own wisdom and truth. In the time of the religious persecutions in Scotland, a clergyman, being hotly pursued by a party of Claverhouse's soldiers, took refuge in a mill. The miller hid him behind what is called the hopper. Scarcely was he concealed, when his pursuers were at the mill-door. They demanded of the miller whether the "psalm-singing hypocrite," of whom they were in search, was under his roof. "No, he is not," said the miller. "Thou liest," said one of the soldiers; and with that gave the poor man a blow on the head which had almost knocked out his brains. The party proceeded to make a strict search about the mill; but to no purpose, for they happily overlooked the corner in which the clergyman lay concealed. On this they took their departure, and the clergyman, descending from his hiding-place, began with the miller in this strain:—"Oh, Robin, why did you tell a lie? You see you have got a broken head by it. It is true I have escaped, but——" Here he was interrupted by the noise of a number of horses' hoofs, and remounted instantly behind the hopper. It announced the return of the troopers, who had been informed that, notwithstanding their search, the object of it was still concealed in the mill. "Well," said they, "is Mr. — here now?" The miller, after hesitating a little, replied, "Yes, yes; I shan't get my head broke again for saying he is not." The troopers, believing that he only said so to save himself from another beating, did not put themselves to the trouble of a second search, but went away abusing the miller most lustily, as a man who would swear anything.

306. Unbought Prudence.—The

Rev. Dr. Waugh having been called upon, in the earlier part of his ministry in London, to visit a gentleman of property, not one of his own congregation, after praying with him, on taking his leave, two guineas were placed in his hand. He asked, "For what is this, my dear sir?" "A small acknowledgment of your kind services." He instantly returned the money, remarking, with great solemnity, "My prayers are not to be bought, sir." He was again solicited to call on the same person, and on leaving the house, the servant put a sealed letter in his hand, and closed the door. After walking a few steps, he opened it, and found it contained a five-pound bank-note. His family was large, and his means limited, but he returned to the house, and placing the money on the table, entreated the gentleman never again to acknowledge in such a manner any services which, by the blessing of God, he might render. It deserves to be mentioned that this gentleman afterwards proved a kind friend to the Doctor.

307. Unshaken Faithfulness.—When Pompeii was destroyed there were many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets, as if they had been attempt-

ing to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing at the city gate, with his hand still grasping the war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain. And there—while the heavens threatened him—there, while the earth shook beneath him—there, while the lava-stream rolled—he had stood at his post, and there, after a thousand years, was he found. He was faithful to his trust.

308. Unsparing Boldness.

Oliver Millard, a popular and energetic preacher of the reign of Louis XI., attacked the vices of the Court in his sermons, and did not spare even the King himself, who, taking offence at it, sent the priest word that if he did not change his tone, he would have him thrown into the Seine. "The King," replied Oliver, "is the master to do what he pleases; but tell him that I shall reach Paradise by water sooner than he will with his post-horses." (The establishment of travelling post was instituted by Louis XI.) This bold answer at once amused and intimidated the King, for he let the priest continue to preach as he pleased, and what he pleased.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

Exod. xx. 12; Prov. i. 8; Jer. iii. 4; Luke ii. 51; Ephes. vi. 1; Col. iii. 20.

309. Bravery in a Son.—When the son of Sir George Staunton was at twelve years old page to the embassy to China, he was much noticed by the old Emperor of that country for his knowledge of the Chinese language, and was presented by him with a yellow silken purse, a mark of great distinction. On his return to England, he was on the deck of the *Lion* ship with his father, who, believing that a French man-of-war was going to make an attack upon them, desired his

son to go below. "My father, I will never forsake you," was the spirited and affectionate reply of the youth.

310. Contest of Love.—Cambalus, a young gentleman of high rank who lived in classic times, being out coursing, was waylaid and in great danger of being robbed and murdered by banditti who infested his country. Gorgus, his father, happened at that instant to be passing the spot, to whom the son related his danger. The father dis-

mounted from his horse, and entreated the son to ride with all haste into the city; but Cambalus, preferring his father's safety to his own, refused to consent to his proposal. The father entreated him with tears to escape, but the son refused to leave him in danger. While the contest was yet undecided, the banditti approached and murdered them both.

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

and assure her that I will take care of both her and you."

312. Loving Family.—During the Reign of Terror in France, a family at Marseilles became involved in the revolutionary troubles. The eldest son fell under proscription, but his family were fortunate enough to avoid the vigilance of the police, and conceal him for seven months, at the end of which time he escaped in a vessel to Leghorn. The youngest son saved himself by escaping to Paris, where he remained unknown until the death of Robespierre enabled him to return home. Very soon after the departure of the eldest son, the father was menaced with imprisonment, as having two sons in emigration; on which the youngest daughter presented herself before the Municipality, entreating that her father might be suffered to remain at liberty, and offering herself as a hostage that he would not commit any act contrary to the interests of the Republic. Her offer of becoming a prisoner was accepted, and she was conveyed to the convent of Ignorantius, which was set apart for confining the women who were arrested, and where eight hundred were then immured. But though she was detained, her father was not left at large; he was arrested a few days after, and sent with a number of the proscribed to confinement in another convent. The prison of the father was at a different end of the town. During eight months that elapsed from this period to the conclusion of the Reign of Terror, the eldest daughter's daily occupation was to visit her father and sister in their respective prisons, which she was permitted to do, being always searched at her entrance, lest she should convey anything to them which might assist their escape. The anxiety for her sister's life was not very great, as few women were led to the scaffold; but she daily entered the prison of her father uncertain

whether she still might find him, or whether he might not have been among the number who were daily immolated. While at home, her sole occupation was to endeavour to soothe and console her mother. How miserable, how painful, was such a state of existence! and yet, painful as it was, this family was ultimately among the number of the fortunate, since no member of it fell a victim to revolutionary vengeance.

313. Memory of a Mother.—

Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta, mentions in his account of his interviews with Bellingham, the famous assassin, that nothing he could say appeared to make any impression until he spoke of his mother, and then the prisoner burst into a flood of tears.

314. Montesquieu and the Young Silversmiths.—Montesquieu, being at Marseilles, hired a boat with the intention of sailing for pleasure. He entered into conversation with the two young boatmen, and learned, to his surprise, that they were silversmiths by trade, and had agreed to employ themselves thus as watermen only that they might increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise and his fears that this must arise only from an avaricious disposition, "Oh, sir," said one of them, "if you knew our reasons you would not think so. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth, and purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary; but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes that he has happily fallen into the hands of a master who uses him well, but that the sum demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it, and says we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented. With the hope of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving, by every

means in our power, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom; and for such a purpose we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen." Montesquieu was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present. Some months afterwards, the two brothers, being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at seeing their father enter: he threw himself into their arms, exclaiming that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money that procured his ransom. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only attribute their father's release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much indebted.

315. Noble Sacrifices.—In the sanguinary scenes which took place in Paris on the 2nd and 3rd of September, 1792, there was an almost general massacre of all the persons confined in the capital. Cazotte was in the prison of the Abbaye. When the assassins were approaching him, his daughter placed herself before him, and, shielding him with her body, exclaimed, "You shall not reach the heart of my father until you have first pierced mine." The weapons for once fell from the hands of the assassins, bloodless; they felt some pity and admiration for the heroic and affectionate daughter, and conducted her and her father in triumph to their house. But their respite, alas! was short. Cazotte was arrested a second time, and conducted before the Revolutionary Tribunal; was condemned to death; and his daughter, who never for a moment quitted the tribunal, was consigned to prison until her father was executed, lest she should again excite compassion in his favour.—About the same terrible period M. de Sombreuil was calmly awaiting the stroke of death, and the assassins had raised their daggers to despatch him, when a young

woman darted forward into the midst of them, crying out, "Stop, barbarians; this is my father!" She then fell on her knees, kissed the bloody hand of the premeditated assassin of her parent, prayed, entreated, and offered herself a sacrifice for her father; at length she rose, and shielding him in her arms, thought she perceived that the rage of the assassins was subdued, and that her prayers had disarmed them. The monsters agreed to save her father's life if she would drink a glass of blood. At such a proposal the heroine shuddered with horror; she drew back and turned pale; but recollecting that it was the only means of saving a father's life, she submitted to the sacrifice, and preserved the life of her father; though it nearly cost her own, for she was seized with convulsions, from which she was with difficulty recovered. —M. Dellegran was arrested at Lyons, but an order arriving to transfer him to the prison of the Conciergerie in Paris, his daughter asked permission to accompany him in the *voiture* in which he was conducted. This favour being refused, Mademoiselle Dellegran followed the carriage from Lyons to Paris; and sometimes at the different posts where it rested she was able to interchange a look or a word of affection and consolation with her much-loved parent. When they arrived in Paris, she was compelled to separate from him, and she trembled to think that the separation might be permanent. During three months she never ceased to solicit, from every person she thought had the least power or influence, an interference in behalf of her father. Day after day she attended at the gate of the prison, in the hope that the iron-hearted gaoler might be softened to admit her to an interview with her father, but in vain. At length, after innumerable solicitations, she had the good fortune to obtain an order for *her father's liberation*. Furnished with this order, she flew to the

prison, and throwing herself into the arms of her father, announced to him the happy intelligence. Released from his chains, she conducted him back in triumph towards Lyons, but did not live to witness the joy of his arrival in the midst of his family. The mental and bodily fatigue she had undergone, which had been kept under while her father's life was in jeopardy, were now found to have made fatal inroads on her constitution; and notwithstanding the aid of medical skill, she died on their route to Lyons, leaving a father inconsolable for the loss of so virtuous and affectionate a daughter.

316. *Precious Gift.*—The three sons of an Eastern lady were invited to furnish her with the proof of their love before she went along journey from home. One brought her a marble tablet, with the inscription of her name; another brought a garland of sweet, fragrant flowers; while the third entered her presence, and said, "Mother, I have brought neither marble nor flowers—I have neither; but I have a heart, and here your name is engraved—your memory is precious. This heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you go." Need it be asked which present was most precious to the mother?

317. *Sir Thomas More and his Daughter Margaret.*—When sentence was passed on Sir Thomas More for refusing to take the oath of supremacy to Henry VIII., his daughter, as he was returning towards the Tower, rushing through the populace and guards, threw herself upon his neck, and, without speaking, in a stupor of despair, strained him closely in her arms. Even the guards, at this affecting scene, melted into compassion, while the fortitude of the illustrious prisoner nearly yielded. "My dear Margaret," said he, "submit with patience; grieve no longer for me; it is the will of God, and

must be borne." Tenderly embracing her, he withdrew himself from her arms. He had not proceeded many paces, when she again rushed towards him, and again, in a paroxysm of sorrow more eloquent than words, threw herself on his bosom. Tears flowed down the venerable cheeks of Sir Thomas, while he gazed on her in tender earnestness. Having entreated her prayers for him, he bade her affectionately farewell. The cares of Margaret extended to the lifeless remains of her beloved parent. By her interest and exertions, his body was after his execution interred in the Chapel of St. Peter's *ad Vincula*, within the precincts of the Tower, and was afterwards removed, according to the appointment of Sir Thomas during his life, to a chancel of the church at Chelsea. His head

having remained fourteen days exposed upon London Bridge, in conformity to his sentence, was about to be cast into the Thames, when it was purchased by his daughter. Being on this occasion inhumanly summoned before the Council, she firmly avowed and justified her conduct. This boldness did not escape the vengeance of the King. She was committed to prison, whence, after a short restraint, and vain attempt to subdue her courage by menaces, she was liberated and restored to her husband and family. She survived her father only nine years, and died in 1544, in her thirty-sixth year. In compliance with her desire, the head of her father was interred with her, in her arms, as related by some, or, according to others, deposited in a leaden box, and placed upon the coffin.

FORBEARANCE.

Prov. xix. 11; Matt. v. 39, 44; Rom. xii. 17; Ephes. iv. 32; Col. iii. 13.

318. Conqueror's Forbearance.—When Alexander encamped before a city, he used to set up a light, to give notice to those within that, if they came forth to him while that light lasted, they should have quarter; if otherwise, no mercy was to be expected.

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

320. Instances of Forbearance.—It is said of Julius Cæsar, that upon any provocation he would repeat the Roman alphabet before he suffered himself to speak, that he might be more just and calm in his resentments; and further, that he could forget nothing but wrongs, and remember nothing but benefits.

The Emperor Antoninus said, "It becomes a man to love even those that offend him." Epictetus said, "A man hurts himself by injuring me: what, then, shall I therefore hurt myself by injuring him?" Seneca observed, "In benefits, it is a disgrace to be outdone; in injuries, to get the better." Another heathen, when he was angry with one near him, said, "I would beat thee, were I master of myself."

321. Living down Detraction.—When one told Plato that the boys in the streets were laughing at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." Being at another time reminded that he had many aspersers, "It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them." And once again, being told that a friend was speaking detractingly of him, he replied, "I am confident he would not do it if he had not some reason."

322. Love of Unity.—The attachment of the Rev. John Elliot, usually called "The Apostle to the Indians," to peace and union among Christians was exceedingly great. When he heard ministers complain that some in their congregations were too difficult for them, the substance of his advice would be, "Brother, compass them;" "Brother, learn the meaning of those three little words—bear, forbear, forgive." His love of peace, indeed, almost led him to sacrifice right itself.

323. Passion Restrained.—Socrates, finding himself in great emotion against a slave, said, "I would beat you if I were not angry." Having received a box on the ear, he contented himself by only saying, with a smile, "It is a pity we do not know when to put on a helmet." Socrates, meeting a gentleman of rank in the streets, saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends in company, observing what passed, told the philosopher they were so exasperated at the man's incivility, that they had a good mind to resent it. But he very calmly made answer, "If you meet any person in the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think you had reason to be enraged at him on that account? Pray, then, what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man for a worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?"

324. Vengeance Restrained.—We read in the Arabian chronicles that when Abdallah, the shedder of blood, had murdered every descendant of Ommich within his reach, one of that family, named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, had the good fortune to escape and reach Koufa, which he entered in disguise. Knowing no person in whom he could confide, he seated

himself under the portico of a large house. Soon after, the master of the house, arriving, followed by several servants, alighted from his horse, entered, and seeing the stranger, asked him who he was. "I am an unfortunate man," answered Ibrahim, "and request from thee an asylum." "God protect thee!" replied the host, "enter, and remain in peace." Ibrahim lived several months in this house without being questioned by his host. But, astonished to see him every day go out on horseback, and return at a certain hour, he ventured one day to inquire the reason. "I have been informed," said his host, "that a person named Ibrahim, the son of Soliman, is concealed in this town; he slew my father, and I am searching for him in order to be avenged." "Then I know," said Ibrahim, "that God has purposely conducted me to this place: I adore His decree, and resign myself to death. God has determined to avenge the offended man: thy victim is at thy feet." The host, astonished, replied, "Oh, stranger, I see thy misfortunes have made thee weary of life: thou seekest to lose it, but my hand cannot commit such crimes." "I don't deceive thee," said Ibrahim; and he proceeded to explain the occasion on which the affair happened, and all the circumstances attending it. A violent trembling then seized the worthy host; his teeth chattered as if from intense cold; his eyes alternately sparkled with fury, and overflowed with tears. At length, turning to Ibrahim, "To-morrow," said he, "destiny may join thee to my father, and God will have retaliated. But as for me, how can I violate the asylum of my house? Wretched stranger! fly from my presence. There, take these hundred sequins; begone quickly, and let me never behold thee more!"

FORGIVENESS.

Psalm xxxii. 1; Dan. ix. 9; Matt. vi. 14; Luke vi. 37, xvii. 3; Rom. xii. 14.

325. Consequences of Returning Evil for Evil.—"When I was a little girl," says a lady, "I learned a good lesson. One frosty morning I was looking out of a window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting for drink. The morning was very cold; the animals stood meek and quiet, till one of the cows wanted to move, and tried to turn round. In trying to do this she hit against her neighbour, whereupon that one kicked and hit the one next to her. In five minutes the late peaceful congregation of animals was in great turmoil, furiously kicking and butting each other. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit: just so have I seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears.' Afterwards, if my brothers or myself were cross or irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children; remember how the fight in the straw-yard began; never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourself and others a great deal of trouble.'"

326. Father's Forgiveness.—A Christian man found in one of his visits of mercy a young female, about twenty years of age, living in sin, and wretched beyond all description. He soon learned her history. She had left her home some months before, had fallen into sin, and ever since had been sinking lower and lower in guilt. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with bitter grief, "that I were at home once more! But my father will not receive me: I am sure that he will not. He cannot love me now: he will never forgive me; I am confident he must always hate and despise me; I have lost his affection for ever." "Have you ever tried him?" inquired this Chris-

tian friend. "No, I dare not." "Does your father know where you are?" "No, I have never written to him since I left home." "Then I will write to him at once." "It is of no use, sir, no use." "Well, we shall see about that; we can but try." The letter was accordingly written, and well prayed over. By return of post, such an answer came back as made the good man rejoice, and the wanderer weep abundantly. "Immediate" was written large on the outside; and the substance of the epistle was, "Ready to forgive." "This," said the father, "is what I have been earnestly praying for: I have longed to know where my wanderer was, and yearned to hear that she was willing to return. Let her come back at once: I will forgive all, and love her still."

327. Forgiving Spirit.—The Marquis of M—— was an intimate friend of King Charles Albert, father of the present monarch of Italy, but he was so ill-tempered, and of so hasty a spirit, that one day, forgetting with whom he was conversing, he grossly insulted his sovereign. The honour of the Crown required an apology from the Marquis of M——; but he, being as proud as he was passionate, refused to humble himself to his offended King. He was therefore banished from the Court, and confined in one of the Piedmontese fortresses, to teach him that "he who is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." But all the rigour of the law, with its severest inflictions, is powerless over the human heart. The Marquis would rather have died in the fortress than have humbled himself to seek pardon from his outraged monarch. King Charles Albert, who was greatly

attached to this strange being, hoped that affection would overcome pride in the heart of the Marquis, and that in time a suitable apology would be made. But weeks and months rolled on, and neither the solitude of a prison, the remonstrances of his friends, nor the entreaties of his wife, had power to subdue that proud spirit. The King, however, whose heart was as tender as it was noble, could no longer endure the absence of his friend; and one day, putting aside his royal apparel, and dressing himself as a private citizen, he drove in a plain carriage to the fortress to see the offender. With a heart full of love and generous feeling, he appeared as a vision of the night to the astonished Marquis; when, without one word of reproach, or one single allusion to the offence, with a loving smile, and with extended arms, he ran towards him, saying, "My dear friend, return to your King as a faithful subject; all is forgotten." Thus, by one act of real greatness, did the generous King subdue the pride of the Marquis, regain the heart of his friend, and obtain the apology due to his offended majesty.

328. Generosity of the Emperor Adrian.—It is commonly said that "revenge is sweet," but it can only be so to those weak minds that are incapable of bearing an injury. An elevated mind is superior to injuries, and pardons them. The Emperor Adrian, meeting a man who had insulted him before he came to the government, said to him, "Approach; you have nothing to fear: I am an emperor."

329. Luther's Belief.—Between three and four hundred years ago, a poor young German monk, none other than Martin Luther, stricken down by bodily sickness and by mental anguish, lay in his cell at Erfurt. A terrific thunder-storm, in which he narrowly escaped with his life, had first of all awakened him to a deep sense of his guilt and danger, and driven him to a

monastery. There he had prayed and fasted, and, like many other votaries of the Romish faith, had inflicted painful penances upon himself, but all in vain: a wound had been made which nothing but the grace of God could cure. His concern about his state had added strength to the fever that was wasting his frame, and brought his life to the verge of the grave. A venerable inmate of the monastery entered his cell. The old monk manifested the deepest sympathy for the poor sufferer, and attempted his best to comfort him. He slowly and gravely repeated the words of the "Apostles' Creed," "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." And, like cold water to a thirsty soul, or the first streak of the dawn to the lost and benighted wayfarer, the words of the old man brought light to the eyes and sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the seeker after peace and righteousness. The forgiveness of sins! The words stuck to him. And although he could not yet see how pardon was to be obtained, or on what ground it could be offered, yet the mere thought of its possibility filled him with hope and comfort and encouragement. "There is forgiveness with God then," he said to himself. "There is a way of salvation then. There is a door of hope. No matter how easy or how difficult to enter this gate. No matter how long or how short a time I take to find it. No matter how many or how few are seeking admission besides myself. It is enough for me to know that there is a chance, a possibility of obtaining salvation, and that my sins, which are many, may be forgiven."

330. Noble-mindedness in a Boy.—When the late Rev. Dr. Bedell, of Philadelphia, was a child, one of his companions, whom he had offended by some trifle, ran into a blacksmith's shop, and, seizing a shovel of hot coals, threw them down his back. As he had to run a considerable distance to his home

he was much burned, and many months passed before he was quite healed. Yet, when his father and friends prepared to have the boy punished who had so cruelly injured him, he earnestly entreated that he might be forgiven, and his friends could only satisfy him by consenting to do so.

331. Overcome Evil with Good.

—A Chinese Emperor being told that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, "Come, then, my friends," said he, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted at his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the First Minister; "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and behold you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the Emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word; for, see, they are enemies no longer: I have made friends of them."

332. Pagan's Example.—The famous Demetrius (surnamed the Conqueror of Cities), having received a marked and undoubted provocation, laid siege to the city of Athens. The inhabitants made a desperate resistance, but were at last obliged to surrender, in consequence of great scarcity of provisions. Demetrius then ordered them, with the exception of the women and children, to be assembled together in one place, and to be surrounded with armed soldiers. Every one was in the greatest fear, conscious how much they had injured him, and expecting every moment to be put to death. But they were soon overwhelmed with joy and admiration, when they heard him, with a magnanimity

honourable to human nature, thus address them:—"I wish to convince you, O Athenians, how ungenerously you have treated me; for it was not to an enemy that your assistance was refused, but to a prince who loved you, who still loves you, and who wishes to avenge himself only by granting your pardon, and being still your friend. Return to your own homes: while you have been here, my soldiers have been filling your houses with provisions."

333. Philip of Macedon and Arcadius.—Arcadius the Argive was incessantly railing at Philip of Macedon. Venturing once into the dominions of Philip, the courtiers reminded their prince that he had now "an opportunity to punish Arcadius for his past insults, and to put it out of his power to repeat them." The King took their advice, but in a very different way. Instead of seizing the hostile stranger, and putting him to death, he dismissed him, loaded with courtesies and kindnesses. Some time after Arcadius's departure from Macedon, word was brought that the King's old enemy was become one of his warmest friends, and did nothing but diffuse his praises wheresoever he went. On hearing which, Philip turned to his courtiers, and asked, with a smile, "Am not I a better physician than you?"

334. Power of Forgiveness.—Near the end of the seventeenth century, a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity. The slave—for such he was—was yoked with an ox, and compelled to drag the plough. But the fortune of war changing, the Turk fell into the hands of the Hungarians, who said to their enslaved fellow-countryman, "Now take your revenge upon your enemy." This was in accordance with the custom of the age; and the Turk, supposing, as a matter of course, that he would be tortured to death, had already

swallowed poison, when a messenger came from his Christian slave, telling him to go in peace; he had nothing to fear. The Moslem was so impressed with this heavenly spirit, that he proclaimed, with his dying breath, "I will not die a Moslem, but I die a Christian; for there is no religion but that of Christ which teaches forgiveness of injuries."

335. Returning Good for Evil.—

The following anecdote has been related in the "Christian's Penny Magazine:"—The coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. No flowers on its top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but that was all. "I want to see my mother," sobbed a little child, as the undertaker was screwing down the lid. "You can't! Get out of the way, boy; why don't somebody take the brat?" "Only let me see her one minute!" cried the helpless orphan, clenching the side of the coffin; and as he gazed into the rough face the tears streamed down a cheek on which no childish bloom had ever lingered. "Only once let me see my mother; only once!" Quickly and brutally the hard-hearted man struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips apart, a fire glittering through his tears, as he raised his arm, and with an unchildish accent screamed—"When I am a man I'll kill you for that!" . . . The court-house was crowded to suffocation. "Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge. There was silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence blended with haughty reserve upon his features, a young man stepped forward to plead for the erring and friendless. He was a stranger; but after his first sentence there was silence in the court.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted. "May God bless you, sir; I cannot—" "I want no thanks," replied the stranger. "I believe you are unknown to me." "Man! I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago you struck a broken-hearted boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy." The man turned livid. "Have you rescued me then, as you said, to take my life?" "No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal deed has rankled in my breast for twenty years. Go! and remember the tears of a friendless child."

336. Robber's Reward.—

William Shenstone, the poet, was one day walking through his grounds in company with a lady, when a man rushed out of a thicket, and, presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and his companion fainted. "Money," said the robber, "is not worth struggling for; you cannot be poorer than I am." "Unhappy man!" exclaimed Shenstone, throwing his purse to him, "take it, and fly as quickly as possible." The man did so, threw his pistol in the water, and instantly disappeared. Shenstone ordered his footboy to follow the robber and observe where he went. In two hours the boy returned, and informed his master that he had followed him to Halesowen, where he lived; that he went to the door of his house, and, peeping through the keyhole, saw the man throw the purse on the ground and say to his wife, "Take the dear-bought price of my honesty;" then taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. Shenstone, on hearing this, lost no time in inquiring into the man's character, and found that he was a labourer oppressed by want and a numerous family, but had the reputation of being honest and industrious. Shenstone went to his house; the poor man fell at

his feet and implored mercy. The poet took him home with him, and provided him with employment.

337. Romish Forgiveness.—A priest, after examining a colporteur's pack, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that in your books a great deal is said about conversion, and nothing about confession; it is clear that yours are Protestant books." A notary who was present opened the New Testament. "But do you not see," said he to the priest, "that Jesus Christ forgave the thief without the intervention of a priest to confess him? And, when St. Stephen was dying, did he ask for a priest to confess him?" The dilemma was embarrassing. "Sir," answered the priest, gravely, "the rules of the Church in ancient times were different from what they are at the present day."

338. Sir Matthew Hale and his Enemy.—A man who had done Sir Matthew Hale a great injury came afterwards to him for his advice in the settlement of his estate. Sir Matthew gave his advice very frankly to him, but would accept of no fee for it; and thereby showed, both that he could forgive as a Christian, and that he had the spirit of a gentleman, not to take money of one who had wronged him so grievously. When he was asked how he could use a man so kindly who had wronged him so much, his answer was, he thanked God he had learned to forget injuries.

339. Vengeance Averted.—During the French Revolution, the inhabitants of a village in Dauphine had determined on sacrificing their lord to their revenge, and were only dissuaded from it by the eloquence of their curate, who thus addressed them: "My friends," said he, "the day of vengeance is arrived; the

individual who has so long tyrannised over you must now suffer his merited punishment. As the care of this flock has been entrusted to me, it behoves me to watch over their best interests, nor will I forsake their righteous cause. Suffer me only to be your leader, and swear to me that in all circumstances you will follow my example." All the villagers swore they would. "And," continued he, "that you further solemnly promise to enter into any engagement which I may now make, and that you remain faithful to this your oath." All the villagers exclaimed, "We do." "Well, then," solemnly taking the oath, "I swear to forgive our lord." Unexpected as this was, the villagers all forgave him.

340. Wife's Intercession.—Licinius, having raised a numerous army, endeavoured to wrest the government out of the hands of his brother-in-law, the Emperor Constantine. His army being defeated, Licinius fled with what forces he could rally to Nicomedia, where Constantine pursued him, and immediately invested the place; but on the second day of the siege the Emperor's sister entreated him with a flood of tears, by the tenderness he had ever shown to her, to forgive her husband, or at least to grant him his life; he yielded to her request, and the next day Licinius, finding no means of making his escape, presented himself before the conqueror, and throwing himself at his feet, yielded to him the purple, and the other ensigns of sovereignty. Constantine received him in a very friendly manner, entertained him at his table, and afterwards sent him to Thessalonica, assuring him that he should live unmolested as long as he raised no new disturbances.

FRIENDSHIP.

Dout. xiii. 6; 2 Sam. i. 26; Prov. xvii. 17, xviii. 24; Eccles. iv. 9; Rom. xii. 10.

341. Alexander and Hephaestion.—Alexander the Great appears not more glorious from his victories, than amiable for his friendship. Hephaestion was the constant companion of his pleasures, and dear to him through the sweetness of his nature; they were nearly of the same age, but Hephaestion was the more handsome. When Syngambis, the captive mother of Darius, entered Alexander's tent, she threw herself at Hephaestion's feet; he modestly retired, and the Empress felt abashed at her mistake. The generous conqueror said, "You have not erred, madam, for he too is Alexander."

342. Bonds of Holy Affection.—Adam Clarke's regard for Wesley was very strong. In a letter to a friend the former said, "No man out of heaven is capable of writing Mr. Wesley's life who had not an intimate acquaintance with him. I lay in his bosom, and perhaps the world, or rather the Church, may find, when Adam Clarke is no more among men, that John Wesley is not left without a proper notice of the rare excellence of his life by one whom he affectionately loved, and who valued him more than he does an archangel of God." Again he says, "The name of Wesley to me is sacred. I rejoice in it more than in my own." Mr. Wesley thought so highly of Dr. Clarke that in his will he appointed him one of the seven trustees of his literary property.

343. Delicate Aid.—Fontenelle used to say that "we ought to part with our superfluities in order to administer to the necessities of others;" and of the delicacy of his friendship, as well as the benevolence of his disposition, the following is a striking instance. Fontenelle, having heard that the celebrated

Marivaux was ill, and having just reason to fear that he, who never laid by any money, might be in want of it at such an exigence, went to him, and when they were alone, told him his suspicions. "Perhaps," said he, with great delicacy, "more money may be convenient for you than you have by you. Friends should never wait to be solicited; here is a purse with a hundred louis d'ors, which you must permit me to leave at your disposal." "I consider them," said Marivaux, "as received and used; permit me now to return them with the gratitude that such a favour ought to excite."

344. Fond Companions.—Two sailors, the one a Spaniard, and the other a Frenchman, were in slavery at Algiers; the first was called Antonio, his companion in bondage was named Roger. It so happened that they were employed at the same piece of labour. Friendship is the consolation of the unfortunate, and Antonio and Roger experienced all its sweets. They communicated to each other their sorrows and their regrets; they spoke together of their families, of their countries, and of the joy which they would feel at being restored to liberty. Each seemed to feel as if his hardships were the less because his friend sympathised in them; it made them bear their chains with courage, and sustain with fortitude the fatigues to which they were condemned. The work at which they laboured was the formation of a road over a high mountain. Antonio one day stopped, and resting on his spade, cast a longing look towards the sea. "My friend," said he to Roger, with a deep sigh, "all my wishes are at the end of that vast expanse. Why cannot I cross it with thee? I think every moment that I see my wife and

children stretching out their arms to me from the shores of Cadiz, or shedding tears for my death." The unfortunate Spaniard was quite absorbed with this affecting fancy; and every time that he returned to the mountain, his eyes wandered in melancholy sadness over the immense space which separated him from his native land. One day he ran and embraced his comrade with transport. "A vessel! a vessel! my friend; see yonder! Now, Roger, our hardships may be at an end; let us escape together." "But how?" inquired Roger. "The vessel," continued Antonio, "is but two leagues from the shore; from the top of these rocks we can precipitate ourselves into the sea, and swim to the vessel, or perish in the attempt. Death is preferable to so cruel a servitude as this." "If you can save yourself," replied Roger, "I will support with more resignation my unhappy lot: you do not know, Antonio, how dear you are to me. The friendship which I feel for thee can only terminate with my life. I ask of thee only one favour. Seek out my father: if grief for my loss and old age have not already laid him in the tomb, tell him——" "What, Roger!" said Antonio, interrupting him, tenderly, "do you imagine I can leave thee in irons? No, never! My days are thine; we shall both escape or perish together." "But, Antonio, you know I cannot swim." "You can take hold of my belt; your friendship will give me strength to sustain us both." "It is in vain, in vain, Antonio, to think of it. I should either lose my hold, or drag thee with me to the bottom. I can never consent thus to expose the life of my friend to peril; the very idea fills me with horror. Save thyself, Antonio, I conjure thee; there is not a moment to lose. Adieu, adieu! I embrace thee for the last time." At these words he fell into the arms of Antonio. "You weep, Roger; it is not tears that are wanting, but courage. Resist no longer. If you delay a

moment we are lost: the opportunity may never occur again. Either consent to be led by me, or I will dash my head against these rocks." Antonio would hear no more, but hurried Roger involuntarily along with him to the edge of the precipice, and leaped with him into the sea. Roger would even now have abandoned all hope of his own escape or preservation for the sake of his friend; and it was with the utmost difficulty Antonio could prevail on him to hold by his belt. The Spaniard felt all the force of that sentiment of disinterestedness which actuated his friend, and, fearful lest he should give way to it, and quit his hold, he kept his eyes constantly fixed on him, while with a strong arm he pushed towards the vessel. No mother could have watched with a more anxious eye the steps of a child in danger, than Antonio did every motion of his friend. The persons on board the ship had observed the bold action of the two friends, and while occupied in conjectures as to the cause of it, a new object attracted their attention. They perceived a shallop hastily quitting the shore. It contained some of the soldiers who were placed as guards over the slaves, and who were now striving to overtake the fugitives. Roger first discerned the boat in pursuit, and perceiving the strength of Antonio beginning to fail, he called to him, "My dearest Antonio, we are pursued; I only retard your course; save thyself, and leave me to perish; farewell." With these words he detached himself from Antonio's belt, and instantly sank to the bottom. A new transport of friendship animated the noble Spaniard; he plunged after his friend, and for a few minutes neither was to be seen. The shallop, uncertain which course to steer, stopped, and in the meantime a boat was despatched from the ship to reconnoitre. Antonio was soon perceived emerging with Roger firmly clasped under one arm, and

with the other endeavouring to make the best of his way to the boat. The sailors in the latter, touched with a generous compassion, rowed with all their might towards them, and got up just in time to save them. The strength of Antonio was exhausted; he was only able to breathe out, "Help, help my friend;" and then fell over as if life had for ever left him. Roger, who was in a senseless state when taken into the boat, on opening his eyes, and seeing Antonio extended by his side, with all the horrors of death imprinted on his countenance, was thrown into a paroxysm of grief. He clasped the apparently lifeless body in his arms; he bathed it with his tears; he uttered the most mournful ejaculations. "My friend, my preserver! it is I who am thy assassin. My dear Antonio, you hear me no more; such is thy recompense for saving the life of your friend. Ah! why do I stay behind thee? What is life to me now that I have lost thee?" With these words he suddenly rose, and would have leaped again into the sea, had not the sailors withheld him. "Why," exclaimed Roger bitterly—"why do you prevent me dying?" Then throwing himself again on the body of Antonio, "Yes," he added, "yes, my Antonio, I will follow thee. Pity, oh! have pity. In the name of God, allow me to die." Providence seemed to give a signal mark of its goodness in favour of so bright an example. Antonio at length heaved a deep sigh. Roger uttered a loud cry of joy. "He lives! he lives!" The sailors assisted him in his tender assiduities to revive the vital spark in his friend; and in a few minutes he had the inexpressible delight of catching the first awakening glance of Antonio, and of hearing these his first words:—"Ah, Roger! thank God I have saved you!" The boat reached the vessel. The affecting tale of the two captives gained them the hearts of all on board. *It was bound for Malaga, and there*

it shortly after landed them, full of gratitude to their preservers, knit if possible still closer than ever in the bonds of friendship, and only sorrowing because in different countries they had to go in search of their kindred and their homes.

345. Generous Indian.—In "Jefferson's Notes on Virginia," it is related that Colonel Byrd, of that State, was sent at a certain time to the Cherokee nation to transact some business with them. "It happened," says this writer, "that some of our disorderly people had just killed one or two of that nation. It was therefore purposed in the council of the Cherokees that Colonel Byrd should be put to death in revenge for the loss of their countrymen. Among them was a chief called Silouse, who, on some former occasion, had contracted an acquaintance and friendship with Colonel Byrd. He came to him every night in his tent, and told him not to be afraid, they should not kill him. After many days' deliberation, however, the determination was, contrary to Silouse's expectation, that Byrd should be put to death, and some warriors were despatched as executioners. Silouse attended them, and when they entered the tent, he threw himself between them and Byrd, and said to the warriors, 'This man is my friend; before you can get at him you must kill me.' On this they returned, and the council respected the principle so much as to recede from their determination."

346. Juvenile Protector.—When Charles Weeley was at Westminster school, under the care of his brother Samuel, he was exceedingly sprightly and active, and so remarkable for courage and skill that he obtained the title of "Captain of the School." He however was as generous as he was brave, and finding a Scottish youth at the school whose ancestors had taken a part in support of the Pretender, and who was in consequence greatly

persecuted by the other boys, Charles Wesley protected the lad from this ill-treatment, and aided him on every necessary occasion. This boy was James Murray, afterward the great Lord Mansfield, who in the decline of life renewed his intimacy with Charles Wesley which was begun in their boyhood.

347. Long Visit.—A lady having called on Dr. Watts, the latter thus accosted her: "Madam, your ladyship is come to see me on a very remarkable day." "Why is this day so remarkable?" asked the visitor. "This very day thirty years," replied the doctor, "I came to the house of my good friend Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to his family to the length of exactly thirty years." Lady Abney, who was present, immediately said to the doctor, "Sir, what you term a long thirty years' visit, I consider as the best visit my family ever received."

348. Obligation Cancelled.—Joseph Rachel was a black trader in Barbadoes, chiefly in the retail way, and, being honest and obliging in business, though the town had many little shops, his doors were thronged with customers. If any one knew not where to procure an article, Joseph would be at pains to search it out, to supply him, without making an advantage of it. In short, his character was so fair, his manners so generous, that the best people showed him a regard which they often denied to men of their own colour. In 1756 a fire happened, which burned down great part of the town, and ruined many of the inhabitants. Joseph happily lived in a quarter that escaped destruction, and showed his thankfulness by lessening the distresses of his neighbours. Among those who had lost their all by this heavy misfortune, was a man to whose family Joseph, in the early part of his life, owed some obligations. This man, by

too great hospitality, had involved his affairs before the fire happened; and his estate lying in houses, that event entirely ruined him; he escaped with only the clothes on his back. Amidst the cries of misery and want which excited Joseph's compassion, this man's unfortunate situation claimed particular notice. The generous temper of the sufferer, and the obligations that Joseph owed to his family, were powerful motives for acting towards him a friendly part. Joseph held his bond for sixty pounds sterling. "Unfortunate man," said he, "this shall never rise against thee. But how am I sure that I shall keep in this mind? May not the love of gain, especially when, by length of time, thy misfortune has become familiar to me, return with too strong a current, and bear down my fellow-feeling before it? But for this I have a remedy. Never shalt thou apply for the assistance of any friend against my avarice." He got up, ordered a current account that the man had with him, to a considerable amount, to be drawn out, and in a whim that might have called up a smile on the face of charity, filled his pipe, sat down again, twisted the bond, and lighted his pipe with it. While the account was drawing out, he continued smoking, in a state of mind that a monarch might envy. When finished, he went in search of his friend, with the account discharged, and the mutilated bond in his hand. On meeting with him, he presented the papers to him, with this address:—"Sir, I am sensibly affected with your misfortunes: the obligations that I have received from your family give me a relation to every branch of it. I know that your inability to satisfy for what you owe gives you more uneasiness than the loss of your own substance. That you may not be anxious on my account, accept of this discharge and the remains of your bond. I am overpaid in the satisfaction I feel from having

done my duty. I beg you to consider this only as a token of the happiness that you will impart to me whenever you put it in my power to do you a good office." One may easily guess the man's feelings, and how much his mind must have been strengthened to bear up against his manifold misfortunes. A few years after this he had got a small post in one of the forts, and preserved a decent appearance. But his hospitable turn continued, even after he had lost the means of indulging it. He often invited five or six acquaintances or strangers to spend the evening with him, when he had not even a candle to

light up before them. Whenever his servant saw him come home thus attended, and heard him call, as in his better days, his resource was to run over to Joseph, and inform him that such and such gentlemen were to sup with his master. Immediately everything that was needed was found, and soon after Joseph's servants would appear, bringing in a neat supper, and waiting on the company. All this was done without a prospect of return, to show his gratitude, and support his friend's credit. And will any man pretend to look down with contempt on one capable of such generosity, because the colour of his skin is black?

GLORY OF MAN.

Deut. viii. 17; 1 Sam. ii. 3; 1 Kings xx. 11; Psalm xlix. 11; Rom. i. 22; 1 Cor. x. 12.

349. Alexander and his Conquests.—The conquests of Alexander the Great could not satisfy him; it is related that when he had conquered the whole of one known part of the globe, he sat down and wept because he was ignorant of any other where he might do the same.

350. Awkward Compliment.—In the time of Louis XIV., the Dauphin having recovered from a long sickness, the fishwomen of Paris, who then formed a sort of body corporate, deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some delay, the ladies were admitted by the King's special command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue: "What would have become of us, if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The King had in the meantime unexpectedly entered the room, and being extremely jealous of his power and glory, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the de-

putation, with a ready ingenuity, regained the good graces of his Majesty, by adding, "True, we should indeed have lost our all, for our good King could never have survived, and would doubtless have died of grief for the loss of his dear son."

351. Buying Heaven.—A certain nobleman in Ireland, who devoted considerable sums to charitable purposes, was visited by a clergyman, and, with great pleasure, showed him his estate, and pointed to the church which he had erected at great cost from his own funds, and said, "Now, sir, do you not think that will merit heaven?" His visitor paused for a moment, and said, "Pray, my lord, what may your estate be worth a-year?" "I imagine," said the nobleman, "about thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds." "And do you think, my lord," answered the minister, "that God will sell heaven, even for thirteen or fourteen thousand pounds?"

352. Dignity in Misfortune.—Caractacus, after defending himself

with invincible bravery against the Romans, who had invaded his dominions, was treacherously seized and betrayed to his enemies, by whom he was sent, with the rest of his family, in chains to Rome. The behaviour of Caractacus, in that metropolis of the world, was truly great. When brought before the Emperor, he appeared with a manly and undaunted countenance, and thus addressed himself to Claudius:—"If in my prosperity the moderation of my conduct had been equivalent to my birth and fortune, I should have come into this city, not as a captive, but as a friend; nor would you, Cæsar, have disdained the alliance of a man born of illustrious ancestors, and ruler over several nations. My present fate is to me dishonourable; to you magnificently glorious. I once had horses; I once had men; I once had arms; I once had riches; can you wonder then I should part with them unwillingly? Although, as Romans, you may aim at universal empire, it does not follow that all mankind must tamely submit to be your slaves. If I had yielded without resistance, neither the perverseness of my fortune nor the glory of your triumph had been so remarkable. Punish me with death, and I shall soon be forgotten. Suffer me to live, and I shall remain a lasting monument of your clemency." The manner in which this noble speech was delivered affected the whole assembly, and made such an impression on the Emperor, that he ordered the chains of Caractacus and his family to be taken off; and Agrippina, who was more than an equal associate in the empire, not only received the captive Britons with great marks of kindness and compassion, but confirmed to them the enjoyment of their liberty.

353. "Flower of Grass."—Sir Isaac Newton, when in his declining years, and with faculties much impaired, was requested to explain some passage in his chief mathema-

tical work. He could only, as it is reported, say that he knew it was true once. A similar circumstance is related of the great Duke of Marlborough, who flourished about the same period. The history of his own campaigns was read to him, to beguile the tedious hours of the evening of life, and, we are told, so far were his intellectual faculties impaired, that he was unconscious of what he had done, and asked in admiration, from time to time, "Who commanded?"

354. General's Humility.—Gen. Bauer, who commanded the Russian cavalry in Holstein, was a soldier of fortune, whose family and country were unknown to every one. When encamped near Husum, he took a way of discovering himself as novel as it was amiable. He invited all his field officers, and some others, to dine with him, and sent his adjutant to bring a miller and his wife, who lived in the neighbourhood, to the entertainment. The poor couple came, very much afraid of the summons, and quite confused when they appeared before the Muscovite General. Bauer seeing this bade them be quite easy, for he only intended to show them kindness, and had sent for them to dine with him that day; at the same time, he conversed familiarly with them about the country. At dinner, the General placed the miller and his wife one on each hand, and nearest to him, and paid particular attention to them. In the course of the entertainment he asked the miller many questions about his family and relations. The miller stated that he was the eldest son of his father, who left the mill he then possessed, and that he had two brothers and one sister. "Have you no other brother?" said the General. "No," replied the miller; "I had once another brother, but he went away with the soldiers when he was very young, and must have long ago been killed in the wars." The General, observing the company much surprised at his conversation

with the miller, said to them, "Brother soldiers, you have always been curious to know who I was, and whence I came. I now inform you that this is the place of my nativity, and you have heard from this miller, who is my elder brother, what my family is." Then turning to the astonished miller and his wife, the General embraced them, saying that he was the brother they had supposed dead. The General then invited the whole company to meet him next day at the mill, where a plentiful entertainment was provided.

355. Great Pause.—One of the captains of Charles V. of Spain requested the favour of discharge from public service. The Emperor demanded the reason. The thoughtful officer replied, "There ought to be a pause between the tumult of life and the day of death."

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

357. Humane King.—Henry IV. of France made the good and happiness of his people so much his peculiar care, that he diminished as much as possible both the expenses of his table and his wardrobe, contenting himself with wearing a plain grey habit, with a doublet of either satin or taffeta without the least ornament. He used often to banter his courtiers on the magnificence of their apparel, "carrying," as he said, "their castles and their woods upon their shoulders." In Montaigne's elegant comparison between Henry and Cæsar, he says, most truly: "If *Cæsar conquered more cities and*

won more battles, Henry acquired more real glory in making his people happy, after having delivered them from those tyrants who oppressed them. He joined to the talents of a warrior both moral and civil virtues, which Cæsar never possessed. They were both ambitious, but the ambition of Cæsar was crime—in Henry it was virtue."

358. Love of Pleasure Reproved.—Alonzo IV., surnamed the Brave, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chase engrossed his whole attention; his confidants and favourites encouraged and allured him to it; his time was spent in the forest, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being essential at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity and fervour of a juvenile sportsman, and with great familiarity and gaiety entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up. "Courts and camps," said he, "are allowed for kings, not woods and deserts. Even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business; but when the phantasies of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of the chase. If your Majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances, of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not ——" The King, starting with rage, interrupted him: "If not, what?" "If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm and manly tone, "they will look out for another and a better king!" Alonzo, in the highest transports of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little time, however,

he returned, calm and reconciled. "I perceive," said he, "the truth of what you say; he who will not execute the duties of a king cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day forward I am no longer Alonzo the sportsman, but Alonzo, King of Portugal." His Majesty kept this resolve with the most rigid observance, and became the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

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

360. Prince's Conscience.—The Duke of Würtemberg dining in company with some sovereign princes and petty German potentates, the conversation turned upon their different forces and powers. After hearing all their pretensions, the Duke said, "I do not envy any one of you that power which God has given you, but there is one thing of which I can boast, which is, that in my little *state* I can walk at all

hours alone, and in security. I ramble among the woods, I lie down to sleep under some tree, unconcerned, for I fear neither the sword of a robber nor of an injured subject. Which of the crowned heads of Europe can say the same?"

361. Seeing the Emperor.—The Emperor Joseph II., when at Paris, amused himself daily by mixing with the people, and often going into the coffee-houses incognito. On one of these occasions he met with a person with whom he played at chess. The Emperor lost the game, and wished to play another; but the gentleman desired to be excused, saying he must go to the Opera to see the Emperor. "What do you expect to see in the Emperor?" said Joseph: "there is nothing worth seeing in him; I can assure you he is just like any other man." "No matter," said the gentleman, "I have long had an irresistible curiosity to see him; he is a very great man, and I will not be disappointed." "And is that really your only motive," said the Emperor, "for going to the Opera?" "It really is," replied the gentleman. "Well, then," said the Emperor, "if that is the case, we may as well play another game now, for you see him before you."

362. Shrewd Compliance.—The Emperor Adrian, who, not content with being the first in power, was ambitious to be the first in letters, once corrected Favorinus for employing an improper word. He submitted with patience, though he was convinced that he had used the proper word. When his friends objected to his compliance, he answered, "Shall not I easily suffer him to be the most learned of all men who has thirty legions at his command?"

363. Vain Boasting.—When Napoleon I. was about to invade Russia, a person who had endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose, finding he could not prevail, quoted to him the proverb,

"Man proposes, but God disposes;" to which he replied, "I dispose as well as propose." A Christian lady, on hearing the impious boast, remarked, "I set that down as the turning-point of Bonaparte's fortunes. God will not suffer a creature with impunity thus to usurp His prerogative." The Emperor's invasion of Russia was the commencement of his fall.

364. Vain Pomp.—The preposterous degree of etiquette for which the Court of Spain has always been remarkable, proved the ruin of one of the most illustrious of Spaniards, in the person of the Duke of Ossuna. He was Viceroy of Naples, and greatly renowned for his talents as a soldier and a statesman. In consequence of some calumnious reports, he was called to Court to give an account of his administration; and on presenting himself to the King, being troubled with the gout, and of short stature, he carried, for matter of convenience, his sword in his hand. His Majesty, it seems, did not like this sword-in-hand style of approaching him, and, turning

his back on Ossuna, left the room without speaking. The Duke, probably unconscious of the cause of the King's displeasure, was much incensed at this treatment, and was overheard to mutter, "This comes of serving boys." The words being reported to his Majesty, an order was given for Ossuna's arrest. He was committed prisoner to a monastery not far from Madrid; and there he continued till his beard reached his girdle. Growing then very ill, he was permitted to go to his house at Madrid, where he died about the year 1622.

365. Wearer of a Crown.—Cyrus, the Persian King, was accustomed to say that did men but know the cares he had to sustain, he thought no man would wish to wear his crown.

366. Worldly Diligence.—It is recorded of Cardinal Wolsey that he thus expressed himself towards the end of his mortal career: "Had I been as diligent to serve my God, as I have been to please my king, He would not have forsaken me now in my grey hairs."

GOD AND HIS ATTRIBUTES.

Gen. i. 1; Psalm xxiv. 1, xxxi. 3; Prov. xxvi. 10; Isa. vi. 3; Eph. iv. 6.

367. All-seeing Eye.—Lafayette, the friend and ally of Washington, was in his youth confined in a French dungeon. In the door of his cell there was cut a small hole, just big enough for a man's eye; at that hole a sentinel was placed, whose duty it was to watch, moment by moment, till he was relieved by a change of guard. All Lafayette saw was the winking eye, but the eye was always there; look when he would, it met his gaze. In his dreams he was conscious that it was staring at him. "Oh," he says, "it was horrible; there was no escape; when he lay down, and when he rose up, when he ate, and when he read, that eye searched him."

368. Anatomist Convinced.—A celebrated physician of the Middle Ages, atheistically inclined, had anatomised the human body, and carefully surveyed the frame of it, viewed the fitness and usefulness of every part of it, and the many several intentions of every little vein, bone, and muscle, and the beauty of the whole; he fell into a fit of devotion, and wrote a hymn to his Creator.

369. Collins and the Countryman.—Collins, the freethinker, or deist, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray, whether is

your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can He be both?" "He is so great, sir, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and so little that He can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer from the countryman had more effect upon his mind than all the volumes which learned doctors had written against him.

370. Constant Miracles.—There is an Eastern fable of a boy having challenged his teacher to prove to him the existence of a God by working a miracle. The teacher, who was a priest, procured a large vessel filled with earth, in which he deposited a kernel, in the boy's presence, and bade him pay attention. In the place where the kernel was put, a green shoot soon appeared, the shoot became a stem, the stem put forth leaves and branches, which soon spread over the whole apartment. It then budded with blossoms, which, dropping off, left golden fruit in their place, and in the short space of an hour there appeared a noble tree in the place of the little seed. The youth, overcome with amazement, exclaimed, "Now I know there is a God, for I have seen His power!" The priest smiled at him, and said, "Simple child, do you only now believe? Does not what you have just seen take place in innumerable instances, year after year, only by a slower process? But is it the less marvellous on that account?"

371. Divine Presence.—The celebrated Linnæus testified, in his conversation, writings, and actions, the greatest sense of God's omniscience; yea, he was so strongly impressed with the idea, that he wrote over the door of his library, *Innocui vivite, Numen adest* ("Live innocently, God is present.")

372. God and the Scattered Nation.—Bishop Patrick quotes the following affecting inquiry addressed by Rabbi Samuel Morac-

canus to a friend in the eleventh century: "I would fain learn from thee, out of the testimonies of the law, and the prophets, and other Scriptures, why the Jews are thus smitten in this captivity wherein we are, which may be properly termed the perpetual anger of God, because it hath no end. For it is now above a thousand years since we were carried captive by Titus; and yet our fathers, who worshipped idols, killed the prophets, and cast the law behind their back, were punished only with a seventy years' captivity, and then brought home again; but now there is no end of our calamities, nor do the prophets promise any." "If," says Bishop Patrick, "this argument was hard to be answered then, in his days, it is much harder in ours, who still see them pursued by God's vengeance, which can be for nothing else but rejecting and crucifying the Messiah, the Saviour of the world."

373. God Precise.—"Mr. Rogers, I like you and your company very well," said a gentleman to the well known Puritan minister of that name, "only you are too precise." "O, sir," replied the good man, "I serve a precise God."

374. God's Existence Proved.—The celebrated astronomer, Athanasius Kircher, having an acquaintance who denied the existence of a Supreme Being, took the following method to convince him of his error, upon his own principles. Expecting a visit from him, he procured a very handsome globe, with a representation of the starry heavens, which was placed in a corner of the room, where it could not escape his friend's observation; who, when he came, asked from whence it came, and to whom it belonged. "Not to me," said Kircher, "nor was it ever made by any person, but came here by mere chance." "That," replied his sceptical friend, "is absolutely impossible: you surely jest." Kircher, however, seriously persisting

in his assertion, took occasion to reason with his friend on his own atheistical principles. "You will not believe," said he, "that this small body originated in mere chance; and yet you would contend that those heavenly bodies, of which it is but a faint and diminutive resemblance, came into existence without order and design." Pursuing this train of reasoning, his friend was at first confounded, next convinced, and ultimately joined in a cordial acknowledgment of the absurdity of denying the existence of a God.

375. *God's Providence.*—During the retreat of Alfred the Great, at Athelney, in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his castle there, and requested alms. When his queen informed him that they had only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends, who were gone abroad in quest of food, though with little hopes of success, the King replied, "Give the poor Christian one half of the loaf. He who could feed the 5,000 men with five loaves and two small fishes can certainly make that half of the loaf suffice for more than our necessities." Accordingly, the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon recompensed by a providential store of fresh provisions, with which his people returned.

376. *God Revealed by Creation.*—"In the corner of a little garden," said the late Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, "without informing any one of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould with my finger the three initial letters of my son's name, and sowed garden-cress in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after this he came running up to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me his name was growing in the garden. I laughed at the report, and seemed to disregard it, *but he insisted on my going to see*

what had happened. 'Yes,' said I carelessly, 'I see it is so, but what is there in this worth notice? Is it not mere chance?' 'It cannot be so,' he said; 'somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it.' 'Look at yourself,' I replied, 'and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet; came you hither by chance?' 'No,' he answered, 'something must have made me.' 'And who is that something?' I asked. He said, 'I don't know.' I therefore told him the name of that Great Being who made him and all the world. This lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it or the circumstance that introduced it."

377. *Good in All Things.*—When the Council of the Royal Society honoured Dr. Priestley by the presentation to him of Sir Godfrey Copley's Medal, in 1783, Sir John Pringle, who was then President, delivered on the occasion an elaborate discourse on the different kinds of air, in which, after expatiating upon the discoveries of his predecessors, he pointed out the particular merits of Priestley's investigations. In allusion to the purification of a tainted atmosphere by the growth of plants, the President thus eloquently and piously expressed himself: "From these discoveries we are assured that no vegetable grows in vain; but that, from the oak of the forest to the grass of the field, every individual plant is serviceable to mankind: if not always distinguished by some private virtue, yet making a part of the whole which cleans and purifies our atmosphere. In this the fragrant rose and deadly nightshade co-operate; nor is the herb-age nor the woods that flourish in the most remote and unpeopled regions unprofitable to us, nor we to them, considering how constantly the winds convey to them our vitiated air, for our relief and for their nourishment. And if ever these salutary gales arise to storms and hurricanes, let us still trace and

revere the ways of a beneficent Being, who not fortuitously but with design, not in wrath but in mercy, shakes the water and the air together, to bury in the deep those putrid and pestilential effluvia which the vegetables on the face of the earth had been insufficient to consume."

378. Knowledge of God.—The writer asked an aged Negress if she had known Washington. She answered by asking, "Do you know God?" "I hope I know something of Him, ma'am." "How, then, may one know God, sir?" "We may learn something about His goodness and handiwork from what we see in yonder garden, and in these beautiful trees." "You are right, massa; but is there no other way of knowing Him?" "Yes, ma'am, we may also learn something of Him from His dealings with the sons of men, the history of nations, and the lives of individuals." "Can we? But in no other way?" "From the Bible we gain more knowledge of God than from all the other sources put together." "Yes, indeed! and is there no other way?" "By experience." Laying her hand upon her heart, and lifting her bleared eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Ah, now you have it, massa!"

379. Mercifulness of God.—Mr. Leuport, of India, preaching to the people, pictured a boat whirled along by a furious river torrent. "Those on the shore look anxiously around, and discover a chain near them. A man instantly fastens a stone to a rope, binds the other to the chain, and flings the stone into the boat. The rope is caught. The people eagerly lay hold of the chain, while those on shore begin to draw them, amid the raging elements, towards the creek. They already rejoice at the prospect of deliverance; but when they are within a few yards of the land, one link of the chain breaks. I do not say ten links, but one link in the

middle of the chain. What shall these distressed people do now? 'No, no!' says one of my hearers, 'overboard with the chain, or it will sink them sooner.' 'What then shall they do?' 'Cast themselves upon the mercy of God,' exclaimed another. True, I replied; if one commandment be broken, it is as though all of them were broken. We cannot be saved by them; we must trust in the mercy of God, and lay hold on the mighty hand of Christ, which is stretched out to save us."

380. Never Forget God.—"A friend of mine," Dr. M'Leod relates, "happened to be in a boat, by which a poor simple-hearted man from St. Kilda was advancing, for the first time in his life, from his native rock to visit the world; and as he advanced towards the island of Mull, a world in itself in the estimation of the poor St. Kilda man, the boatman commenced telling him the wonders he was so soon to see. They asked him about St. Kilda; they questioned him regarding all the peculiarities of that wonderful place, and rallied him not a little on his ignorance of all those great and magnificent things which were to be seen in Mull. He parried them off with great coolness and good humour; at length a person in the boat asked him if he ever heard of God in St. Kilda. Immediately he became grave and collected. 'To what land do you belong?' said he; 'describe it to me.' 'I,' said the other, 'come from a place very different from your barren rock; I come from the land of flood and field, the land of wheat and barley, where nature spreads her bounty in abundance and luxuriance before us.' 'Is that,' said the St. Kilda man, 'the kind of land you come from? Ah, then, you may forget God; but a St. Kilda man never can. Elevated on his rock, suspended over a precipice, tossed on the wild ocean, he never can forget his God—he hangs continually on His arm.'"

381. Symbol of the Trinity.—

An old English author of the name of Simpson, a master of music of some eminence in the reign of Charles II., has, in a work entitled "The Division of the Violin," drawn from the theory of music a singular illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity. "When I further consider," he says, "that three sounds, placed by the interval of a third, one above another, do constitute one entire harmony, which governs and comprises all the sounds that by art or imagination can at once be joined together in musical concordance, *that* I cannot but think a significant emblem of that supreme and incomprehensible Three in One, governing, comprising, and disposing the whole machine of the world, with all its included parts, in a most perfect and stupendous harmony." A more modern writer, commenting on this ingenious theory of Mr. Simpson, observes "that the matter of fact really is as Mr. Simpson has stated it will not be disputed by any man of common skill in the science of music. It is a thing well known, that if any three notes be taken upon an organ or harpsichord in the order of an unison, third and fifth (as expressed in the scale), and struck all at once, the sounds, though perfectly distinct in themselves, are so blended and lost in one another, that with this pleasing variety of different intervals you have also the simplicity and unity of a single note; and so strict is the agreement, that provided the instrument be well in tune, an inexperienced ear cannot readily distinguish whether there be one sound only, or two others combined with it." After some additional observations illustrative of this extraordinary analogy, the same writer thus concludes:—"We will rest then in this conclusion, that as there is a Trinity in the

Godhead, the Divine Wisdom has given us a symbol of it in the three ruling elements of sound, and as the three Divine Persons are but one God, so the trinity in music has the nature and sound of the most perfect unity."

382. True Benefactor.—

A lady applied to the eminent philanthropist of Bristol, Richard Reynolds, on behalf of a little orphan boy. After he had given liberally, she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man, "thou art mistaken. We do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

383. "Wonderfully Made."—

A Griqua, in South Africa, stated that the first thing which led him to think of religion was observing the Hottentots, who belonged to Zak River Mission, giving thanks when eating. "I went," said he, "afterwards to that settlement, where I heard many things, but felt no interest in them. But one day, when alone in the fields, I looked very seriously at a mountain, as the work of that God of whom I had heard; then I looked to my two hands, and for the first time noticed that there was the same number of fingers on each. I asked, Why are there not five on this hand, and three on that? It must be God that made them so. Then I examined my feet, and wondered to find my soles both flat; not one flat and the other round. God must have done this, said I. In this way I considered my whole body, which made a deep impression on my mind, and disposed me to hear the Word of God with more interest, till I was brought to believe that Jesus died for my sins."

GRACE.

Psalm cxvi. 5; Jonah iv. 2; John i. 17; Eph. ii. 5, 8; Rom. v. 21.

384. Divine Message to the Soul.

—Mr. Nott, missionary in the South Sea Islands, was on one occasion reading a portion of the Gospel of John to a number of the natives. When he had finished the sixteenth verse of the third chapter, a native, who had listened with avidity and joy to the words, interrupted him, and said, "What words were those you read? What sounds were those I heard? Let me hear those words again." Mr. Nott read again the verse, "God so loved," &c., when the native rose from his seat, and said, "Is that true? Can that be true? God love the world, when the world not love him! God so love the world, as to give His Son to die that man might not die! Can that be true?" Mr. Nott again read the verse, "God so loved the world," &c., told him it was true, and that it was the gracious message God had sent to them; and that whosoever believed in Him should not perish, but be happy after death. The overwhelming feelings of the wondering native were too powerful for expression or restraint. He burst into tears, and as these chased each other down his countenance, he retired to meditate in private on the great love of God which had that day touched his soul.

385. Renewed by Grace.—Two or three years before the death of John Newton, when his sight was so dim that he was no longer able to read, an aged friend and brother in the ministry called on him to breakfast. Family prayer succeeding, the portion of Scripture for the day was read to him. It was suggested by "Bogatsky's Golden Treasury:" "By the grace of God, I am what I am." It was the good man's custom, on these

occasions, to make a few short remarks on the passage read. After the reading of this text, he paused for some moments, and then uttered the following affecting soliloquy: "I am not what I ought to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! I abhor that which is evil, and I would cleave to what is good! I am not what I hope to be! Soon, soon, I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection! Yet, though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was, a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am!' Let us pray."

386. Satan and Opportunity.

—The pious author of "The Dairyman's Daughter" was once conversing with a brother clergyman on the case of a poor man who had acted inconsistently with his religious profession. After some severe remarks on the conduct of such persons, the gentleman with whom he was discussing the case concluded by saying, "I have no notion of such pretences; I will have nothing to do with him." "Nay, brother," said Mr. Richmond, "let us be humble and moderate. Remember who has said, 'making a difference:' with opportunity on the one hand, and Satan at the other, and the grace of God at neither, where should you and I be?"

387. Under God's Care.—"No doubt," said the Rev. J. Brown, of Haddington, "I have met with trials as well as others, yet so kind has God been to me, that I think, if He were to give me as many years as I have already lived in the

world, I should not desire one single circumstance in my lot changed, except that I wish I had less sin. It might be written on my coffin, 'Here lies one of the cares of Providence, who early wanted both father and mother and yet never missed them.'"

388. Working of the Spirit.—

The first Moravian missionaries in Greenland laboured for several years without any apparent success. They seem to have thought, with many in the present day, that they should first instruct the natives in the existence of God, the creation of the world, the nature of their souls, &c.; and all this they did without exciting any degree of attention. On one occasion, however, while one of these good men was occupied in translating the Gospels, he was visited by a number of these savages, who were desirous of knowing the contents of the

book. He began an address to them by giving them some general scriptural information, and then slid into an account of the sufferings of Jesus; reading them the account of His agony, and speaking much of the anguish which made Him sweat great drops of blood. Now began the Spirit of God to work. One of these men, named Kaiarnack, stepped forward to the table, and said, in an earnest and affecting tone, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved too." Never had such language been heard from a Greenland before. A full statement of the Gospel was given: this man became indeed converted to God, and eminently useful. A change took place in the general character of the preaching of the Brethren, and their subsequent success is well known. The good fruit is to be met with at the present day.

GRATITUDE.

Psalm l. 14, xcii. 1, c. 4; 2 Cor. ii. 5; Eph. v. 20.

389. Baseness Punished.—

A Macedonian soldier, who had often distinguished himself by his valour, and received marks of Philip's favour and approbation, was once wrecked by a violent storm, and cast on shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. In this condition he was found by a stranger residing near the coast, who, with the utmost humanity and concern, flew to his relief, bore him to his house, laid him on his own bed, revived, cherished, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require. The soldier rescued from death was incessant in his professions of gratitude; and being furnished with a sum of money to pursue his journey, he left his benevolent host: but no sooner did the wretch return to Court than he obtained from Philip *a grant of the land of his benefactor,*

whom he immediately drove from his settlement. The poor man, stung with such an instance of base ingratitude, addressed a letter to Philip, representing his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The King was fired with indignation; he ordered that justice should be instantly done; that the poor man's possessions should be restored; and having seized the soldier, caused his forehead to be branded, "The Ungrateful Guest"—a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who were jealously observant of the laws of hospitality.

390. Benefits Remembered.—

Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, was in the early part of his life curate of Brackley in Northamptonshire, where at that time resided a plumber of the name of Watts, who, having a comfortable independence, kept an open table every

market-day for the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy. Amongst his guests on such occasions was Mr. Moore, who ceasing to be frequent in his visits, Mr. Watts inquired the cause; the reply was, "Mr. Watts, I am at this time ten pounds in your debt, which I am unable to pay, and I feel a little delicacy in intruding on your hospitable table." Mr. Watts begged he would not give it a thought, but come as usual, adding that he had twenty pounds more at his (Mr. Moore's) service. In the course of their lives Mr. Watts fell into decay, and the poor curate became Archbishop of Canterbury. In this elevated rank he did not forget his humble friend, but made his latter days comfortable, and after his death settled an annuity on his widow, who died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, up to which time the annuity was regularly paid by his Grace's family.

391. Caring for Posterity.—A poor and aged man, busied in planting and grafting an apple-tree, was rudely interrupted by the interrogation, "Why do you plant trees, who cannot hope to eat the fruit of them?" He raised himself up, and, leaning upon his spade, replied, "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that the memorial of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gone."

392. Chinaman's Friendship.—A Chinese Hong merchant, of the name of Shai-king-quā, had long known Mr. Anderson, an English trader, and had large transactions with him. Mr. Anderson met with heavy losses, became insolvent, and at the time of his failure owed his Chinese friend upwards of eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Anderson wished to come to England, in the hope of being able to retrieve his affairs; he called on the Hong merchant, and in the utmost distress explained his situation, his wishes, and his

hopes. The Chinaman listened with anxious attention, and, having heard his story, thus addressed him: "My friend Anderson, you have been very unfortunate; you lose all; I very sorry; you go to England; if you more fortunate there, you come back and pay; but that you no forget Chinaman friend, you take this, and when you look on this, you will remember Shai-king-quā;" in saying these words, he pulled out a valuable gold watch, and gave it to Anderson. Mr. Anderson took leave of his friend, but he did not live to retrieve his affairs, or to return to China. When the account of his death, and of the distress in which he had left his family, reached Canton, the Hong merchant called on one of the gentlemen of the factory who was about to return to Europe, and addressed him in the following manner: "Poor Mr. Anderson dead! I very sorry; he good man—he friend—and he leave two child; they poor—they have nothing—they child of my friend; you take this for them; tell them Chinaman friend send it;" and he put into the gentleman's hand a sum of money for Mr. Anderson's children, amounting to several hundred pounds.

393. Courageous Gratitude.—When the Caliph Haroon oor Rasheed had put to death his virtuous and illustrious Vizier, Jaffier Bermekee, he ordered that none should speak in praise of the latter under pain of death. One old Arab continued, nevertheless, to descant with undiminished fervour upon the merits of the late minister; in consequence he was summoned into the monarch's presence, and asked how he dared to transgress. "I should have been a monster of ingratitude had I not," said the Arab, and then proceeded to relate how Jaffier had taken notice of him, and at length raised him from poverty and obscurity to position and affluence, "I owe all to him," he continued;

"and was it possible for me to be deterred by death itself from doing justice to his memory?" Struck with the courage and fidelity of the man, the Caliph sought to gain his admiration by more splendid generosity than that of the Vizier, and presented him with his golden sceptre, studded with precious jewels. "I take it," cried the grateful but undaunted Arab; "but this also, Commander of the Faithful, is from Bermekee!"

394. Disinterested Loyalty.—

After the battle of Ivry, Henry IV. of France, being very much in want of money, asked one of his most trusty courtiers where he could procure some. The courtier mentioned a rich merchant's wife, who was a zealous royalist. The monarch, in disguise, immediately accompanied his courtier on his visit to the lady, Madame le Clerc, who received them with great hospitality, and congratulated them on the success of the King's arms. "Alas! madam," replied the courtier, "to what purpose are all our victories? We are in the greatest distress imaginable. His Majesty has no money to pay his troops; they threaten to revolt and join the League. Mayenne will triumph at last." "Is it possible?" exclaimed Madame le Clerc; "but I hope that will not afflict our sovereign, and that he will find new resources in the loyalty of his subjects." She then quitted the room, but soon returned with several bags of gold, which she presented, saying, "This is all I can do at present. Go and relieve the King from his anxiety; wish him all the success and happiness he deserves; tell him to be confident that he reigns in the hearts of his subjects, and that my life and fortune are, and ever will be, at his disposal." The King could no longer conceal his incognito. "Generous woman," he cried, "my friend has no occasion to go *far to tell his Majesty* the excellence

of your heart; here he stands before you, and is a witness to it. Be assured that the favour will be indelibly engraved on the heart of your Prince." From that time success attended the King, and when he was master of the capital, and safely seated on the throne, he sent for Madame le Clerc, and presenting her to a full and brilliant court, said, "You see this lady, who is a true friend of mine. To her I owe all the successes of my last campaigns. It was she who lent me money to carry on the war, when the troops threatened to abandon me."

395. Empress's Ingratitude. —

Count Lestoc, after having placed the crown on the head of the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, fell under the resentment of this capricious despot. He was first arrested and shut up in the fort of St. Petersburg; his wife, who was of one of the most noble families in Livonia, and had formerly been maid of honour to Elizabeth, was also arrested, and confined in the same castle with her husband, but in a separate apartment. They were then banished into Siberia, their estates confiscated, and they shut up in different places, and not allowed to correspond with each other. The Countess of Lestoc had but one room to live in; her furniture consisted of a few chairs, a table, a stove, and a bed made of straw, without curtains, and with only one coverlet. Count Lestoc was still more unhappy, because the vivacity of his disposition made him very impatient of the least contradiction, and he was only indulged in the liberty of walking about the room, on condition that he avoided going near the window. The Empress had allowed Lestoc, as well as his wife, twelve French livres per day; but these exiles were not permitted to touch the money allotted to them, lest they should employ it in bribing their guards; the officer of the guards, therefore, was treasurer; he was ordered to

procure them all necessaries, but he suffered them to want for everything. A few years after Count Lestoc and his lady were suffered to live together; they had then several apartments and a small garden at their disposal; the Countess worked in the garden, fetched water, brewed, baked, washed, &c. Sometimes even the officer of the guard introduced company to them. At length, after fourteen years' exile, Lestoc and his lady were recalled by Peter III. The Count came to St. Petersburg in the dress of the lower sort of the people, which is commonly made of sheepskins. All the noblemen of the court, and all foreigners, flocked eagerly to see him, endeavouring to make him forget the time he had passed in exile. The friendly proffers he received were sincere, because everybody knew he was innocent. Count Lestoc, though seventy-four years of age, still preserved all that firmness which had been so necessary when he placed his ungrateful mistress, the Princess Elizabeth, on the throne. He used to give a circumstantial account of this event, and of his banishment, in public company, although he well knew that the story was so disagreeable that it might subject him to a second banishment. He claimed all the effects that had been taken away from him when he was arrested; but they had been already distributed among several private persons, according to custom.

396. Generosity Rewarded. —

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

loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself that she worked so hard. But as the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full remuneration. As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him that he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed whenever it was in his power. The friend of the Indian had occasion, some years after, to go into the wilderness between Litchfield and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death; but, during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality. While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came, and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day; and to this he agreed, though not without some apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears increased, his promise was broken. The same person repeated his visit, and after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement, and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks; he was ordered to take one of each, and he followed his conductor, under the persuasion that, had he intended him injury he might have despatched him at

once. In the day-time they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled; but the silence of the Indian as to the object of their expedition was mysterious and profound. After many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, from whence they observed a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, and he eagerly said, "It is Litchfield." His guide then recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and, bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I am that Indian! Now I pray you go home."

397. Good Example Set.——"I came from my last voyage before Christmas," says a sailor, "and hastened home. Being late when I arrived, I had not the opportunity of seeing my eldest girl until the following day. At dinner-time, when we had sat down, I began to eat what was before me, without ever thinking of my heavenly Father, who provided my daily bread; but, glancing my eye towards this girl, of whom I was doatingly fond, I observed her looking at me with astonishment. After a moment's pause, she asked me, in a solemn and serious manner, 'Father, do you never ask a blessing before eating?' Her mother observed me looking hard at her, and holding my knife and fork motionless; it was not anger—it was a rush of conviction, which struck me like lightning. Apprehending some reproof from me, and wishing to pass it by in a trifling way, she said, 'Do you say grace, Nanny?' My eyes were still riveted upon the child, for I felt conscious I had never instructed her to pray, nor even set an example, by praying with my family when at home. The child, seeing me waiting for her to begin, put her hands together, and, lifting *them up to heaven*, breathed the

sweetest prayer I ever heard. This was too much for me; the knife and fork droppd from my hands, and I gave vent to my feelings in tears."

398. "Grace before Meat."——Gratitude for the common blessings of Providence is one of the most manifest duties of those who enjoy them, and is very properly expressed by giving thanks on their reception. Such a practice we find to have prevailed equally amongst heathen, Jews, and Christians. Athenæus says that in the famous regulation made by Amphictyon, King of Athens, with respect to the use of wine, he required that the name of Jupiter, the Sustainer, should be decently and reverently pronounced. The same author quotes Hermeias, an author extant in his time, who mentions a people in Egypt, inhabitants of the city of Naucrates, whose custom it was on certain occasions, after they had placed themselves in the usual posture of eating at table, to rise again and kneel; the priest then chanted a grace, according to a stated form among them, after which they joined in the meal. Clement of Alexandria also informs us that when the ancient Greeks met together to refresh themselves with the juice of the grape, they sang a piece of music which they called a scholion. Livy, too, speaks of it as a settled custom among the old Romans to offer sacrifice and prayer to the gods at their meals. Trigantius, a Jesuit, in his narrative of the expedition of the Jesuit missionaries into China, says of the Chinese, that "before they place themselves for partaking of an entertainment, the person who makes it sets a vessel, either of gold, or silver, or marble, or some such valuable material in a charger, full of wine, which he holds with both his hands, and then makes a low bow to the person of chief quality or character at the table. Then from the hall or dining-room he goes into the porch

or entry, where he again makes a very low bow, and, turning his face to the south, pours out this wine upon the ground as a thankful oblation to the Lord of heaven. After thus repeating his reverential observance, he returns into the hall." As to the sentiments and behaviour of the Jews on this point, Josephus, detailing the customs of the Essenes, says that the priest begs a blessing before they presume to take any nourishment; and it is looked upon as a great sin to take or taste before. And when the meal is over, the priest prays again, and the company with him bless and praise God as their preserver, and the donor of their life and nourishment. From the Hebrew ritual it would appear that the Jews had their psalms of thanksgiving, not only after eating their passover, but on a variety of other occasions, at and after meals, and even between their several courses and dishes; as when the best of their wine was brought upon the table, or the fruit of the garden. To this day the Jews are said to have their *zemiroth*, verses or songs of thanksgiving. The continuance of the custom among the Christians is founded in the high example of our Saviour Himself. The primitive converts appear to have universally observed it. We read that St. Paul, "when he had spoken, took bread, and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all; and when he had broken it, began to eat" (Acts xxvii. 85). In the days immediately following the Apostles, we find abundant traces of this practice in the writings of the Fathers, particularly in the Clementine Constitution, in Chrysostom, and in Origen.

399. Humanity Rewarded.—Historians relate that, when Agrippa was in a private station, he was accused, by one of his servants, of having spoken injuriously of Tiberius, and was condemned by the Emperor to be exposed in chains before the palace-gate. The

weather was very hot, and Agrippa became exceedingly thirsty. Seeing Thaumastus, a servant of Caligula, pass by with a pitcher of water, he called to him, and entreated leave to drink. The servant presented the pitcher with much courtesy, and Agrippa having allayed his thirst, said to him, "Assure thyself, Thaumastus, that if I get out of this captivity, I will one day pay thee well for this draught of water." Tiberius dying, his successor, Caligula, soon after not only set Agrippa at liberty, but made him King of Judæa. In this high situation Agrippa was not unmindful of the glass of water given to him when a captive. He immediately sent for Thaumastus, and made him comptroller of his household.

400. Kindness Recompensed.—

Ali-ibn-abbas, favourite of the Caliph Mamoun, relates a story that happened to himself. "I was," says he, "one evening with the Caliph, when a man, bound hand and foot, was brought in. Mamoun ordered me to keep a watchful eye over the prisoner, and to bring him the next day. The Caliph seemed greatly irritated, and the fear of exposing myself to his resentment induced me to confine the prisoner in my house. I asked him what country he was of. He said Damascus, and that his habitation was in the quarter of the Great Mosque. 'May heaven,' cried I, 'shower blessings on the city of Damascus, and particularly on your quarter—I owe my life to a man that lived there.' These words excited his curiosity, and I thus proceeded: 'It is many years since the Viceroy of Damascus was deposed. I accompanied his successor; and when we were about to take possession, the deposed governor assaulted us with superior force. I escaped out of a window, and observing a palace open, I supplicated the master to save my life. He conducted me into his apartment, where I continued a month in perfect security.

One day I was informed by my host that a caravan was setting out for Bagdad, and that I could not wish a more favourable opportunity for returning home. I had no money, and I was ashamed to own it. He perceived my distress, but, in appearance, took no notice. How great was my surprise when, on the day of my departure, a fine horse was brought me, a mule loaded with provisions, and a black slave to attend me! My generous host handed me at the same time a purse of gold, and conducted me himself to the caravan, recommending me to several of the travellers, who were his friends. These kindnesses I received in your city, which rendered it dear to me. All my concern is, that I have not been able to discover my generous benefactor. I should die content, could I find an opportunity to testify my gratitude.' 'Your wishes are accomplished,' cried my prisoner in transport: 'I am he who received you in my palace.' I embraced him with tears, took off his chains, and inquired by what fatality he had incurred the Caliph's displeasure. 'Some contemptible enemies,' he replied, 'have found means to asperse me unjustly to Mamoun. I was hurried from Damascus, and cruelly denied the consolation of embracing my wife and children. As I have reason to apprehend the worst, I request you to acquaint them with my misfortunes.' 'No, no,' said I, 'you shall not die: be at liberty from this moment. Depart immediately' (presenting him with a thousand sequins in a purse); 'hasten to rejoin the precious objects of your affection; let the Caliph's indignation fall upon me; I dread it not, if I preserve your life.' 'What a proposal do you make!' answered my prisoner. 'Can you think me capable of accepting it? Shall I sacrifice that life now which I formerly saved? Endeavour to convince the Caliph of my innocence, the only proof I will admit of your gratitude. If

you cannot undeceive him, I will go myself and offer my head; let him dispose of my life, provided yours be safe.' I presented myself next morning before Mamoun. He was dressed in a crimson coloured mantle, a symbol of his anger. He inquired where my prisoner was, and ordered the executioner to attend. 'My Lord,' said I, throwing myself at his feet, 'something very extraordinary has happened with regard to him. Will your Majesty permit me to explain it?' These words threw him into a passion. 'I swear,' said he, 'by the soul of my ancestors, that thy head shall pay for it, if thou hast suffered the prisoner to escape.' 'Both my life and his are at your Majesty's disposal; but vouchsafe to hear me.' 'Speak,' said he. I then related in what manner the prisoner had saved my life at Damascus; that in gratitude I had offered him his liberty, but that he had refused it, from the fear of exposing me to death. 'My Lord,' added I, 'he is not guilty. A man of such generous sentiments is incapable of committing an odious crime. Some base detractors have calumniated him; and he has become the unfortunate victim of their envy.' The Caliph was moved, and his great soul led him to admire the heroism of my friend. 'I pardon him,' said Mamoun, 'on thy account. Go, carry the good news, and bring him to me.' The monarch ordered him to be clothed with a robe of honour, presented him with ten horses, ten mules, and ten camels, out of his own stables. He added a purse of sequins for the expense of his journey, and gave him a letter of recommendation to the Governor of Damascus."

401. Kindness Remembered.—

Haydn, when a boy, was engaged by the organist of the Cathedral at Vienna; but when his voice broke, his master discarded him from the choir, and most inhumanly turned him into the streets, on account of

a boyish trick, at seven o'clock one evening in November, with tattered clothes, and without a kreutzer in his pocket. Driven into the street at such an hour, and without any means of procuring a lodging, he threw himself upon some stone steps, and passed the night in the open air. A poor but friendly musician of the name of Spangler discovered him the next morning; and though he himself lodged with his wife and children in a single room, on a fifth story, he offered the outcast Haydn a corner of his garret and a seat at his table. A miserable bed, a table, chair, and a wretched harpsichord, were all that the generous hospitality of his host could offer him, in a garret which had neither windows nor a stove; but this act of charity of the benevolent Spangler was welcome, and most readily accepted by Haydn, who soon was enabled to recompense his generous benefactor, by placing him as principal tenor in the chapel of Prince Esterhazy.

402. Knights of Old and their Squires.—At the battle of Poitiers, Lord Audley led the van of the Black Prince's army, attended by four squires, who had promised not to fail him. They distinguished themselves in the front of that bloody day, leaving such as they overcame to be made prisoners by others, and ever pressing forward where resistance was offered. Thus they fought in the chief of the battle, until Lord James Audley was severely wounded, and his breath failed him. At the last, when the battle was gained, the four faithful squires bore him out of the press, disarmed him, and stanchd and dressed his wounds in the best manner they could. As the Black Prince called for the man to whom the victory was in some measure owing, Lord Audley was borne before him in a litter; when the Prince, after having awarded to him the praise and renown above all others who fought on that day,

bestowed on him five hundred marks of yearly revenue, to be assigned out of his heritage in England. Lord Audley accepted the gift with due demonstration of gratitude; but no sooner was he brought to his lodging, than he called before him the four squires by whom he had been so gallantly seconded, and the nobles of his lineage, and informed his kinsmen: "Sirs, it hath pleased my lord, the Prince, to bestow on me five hundred marks of heritage, of which I am unworthy, for I have done him but small service. Behold, sirs, these four squires, which have always served me truly, and especially this day; the honour that I have is by their valour; therefore I resign to them and their heirs for ever, in like manner as it was given to me, the noble gift which the Prince hath assigned me." The lords looked at each other, and agreed it was a proof of great chivalry to bestow so royal a gift, and gladly undertook to bear witness to the transfer. When Edward heard these things, he sent for Lord Audley, and desired to know why he had bestowed on others the gift he had assigned him, and whether it had not been acceptable to him. "Sir," said Lord Audley, "these four squires have followed me well and truly in several severe actions; and at this battle they served me so well, that had they done nothing else, I had been bound to reward them. I am myself but a single man, but by aid of their united strength and valour, I was enabled to execute the vow which I had made, to give the onset in the first battle in which the King of England or his sons should be present; and had it not been for them, I must have been left dead on the field. This is the reason I have transferred your Highness's bounty, as to those by whom it was best deserved." The Black Prince not only approved of and confirmed Lord Audley's grant, but, not to be outdone in generosity, conferred upon him a yearly revenue of six

hundred marks more, for his own use. The names of the squires who thus distinguished themselves, and experienced such liberality at the hands of their leader, were Delves of Doddington, Dutton of Dutton, Fowlishurst of Crewe, and Howkestone of Wreynhill, all Cheshire families. This memorable instance may suffice to show the extent of gratitude which the knights of old entertained for the faithful services of their squires.

403. Mercies Remembered.—

Bishop Hutton was once travelling between Wensleydale and Ingleton, when he suddenly dismounted, delivered his horse to the care of one of his servants, and retired to a particular spot, at some distance from the highway, where he knelt down, and continued for some time in prayer. On his return, one of his attendants took the liberty of inquiring his reason for this singular act; when the Bishop informed him, that when he was a poor boy, he travelled over that cold and bleak mountain without shoes or stockings, and that he remembered disturbing a cow on the identical spot where he prayed, that he might warm his feet and legs on the place where she had lain. His feelings of gratitude would not allow him to pass the place without presenting his thanksgivings to God for His later mercies to him.

404. Poor Man's Thankfulness.

—A gentleman of considerable fortune, but a stranger to personal religion, took one evening a solitary walk through part of his grounds. He happened to approach a mean hut, where a poor man resided with a numerous family. Hearing a voice pretty loud and long continued, curiosity prompted him to listen. It was the poor man at prayer with his family; and as soon as the gentleman could distinguish his words, he found him giving thanks with great earnestness to *God for the goodness of His provi-*

dence, in giving them food to eat and raiment to put on, and in supplying them with everything which contributed to their real comfort. He was struck with astonishment, and said to himself, "Does this poor man, who has nothing but the meanest fare, and that obtained by hard labour, give thanks to God for His goodness to himself and family; and I, who enjoy ease and honour, and everything that is pleasant and desirable, have hardly ever bent my knee, or made any acknowledgment to my Maker and Preserver!" This providential occurrence was happily the means of bringing the gentleman under the influence of true religion.

405. Reciprocal Kindness.—

One of the Earls Spencer, when a boy, called at an inn at St. Albans, where he had frequently stopped; and observing that the landlord looked unusually dejected, inquired the cause. The landlord, after some hesitation, stated that his affairs had become embarrassed, and that his creditors were so severe that he would be compelled to shut up his house. "Why," said the young gentleman, "how much money will relieve you from all difficulties?" The landlord said not less than a thousand pounds; and if he could borrow that sum, he did not doubt of his being able in a short time to repay it. Young Spencer said nothing, but ordering his horses, posted off to London, and, going instantly to his guardian, told him he wanted £1,000. The guardian naturally inquired to what purpose so large a sum was to be applied, and was answered that it was for no purpose of extravagance, but on the contrary, to serve a deserving man. The guardian refused to advance the money; when the youth hastened to one of his relations; a consultation was held, and it was agreed to advance the money, and trust to his discretion. He immediately carried it to the distressed landlord, whose business

was now conducted with fresh vigour; and in a very few years, when his lordship returned from his travels, and stopped at the same inn, he found his host in a more flourishing condition, and knowing of his expected arrival, had the £1,000 ready to return him, with gratitude for having not only saved him from ruin, but raised him to prosperity. The noble lord very generously begged him to keep it as a marriage portion for his daughter.

406. Reward of Constancy.—The founder of the family of Fitzwilliam was Alderman of Bread Street in the year 1506. Before his death he forgave all his debtors, and wrote upon the erased accounts of each, "*Amore Dei remitto.*" Cardinal Wolsey was the chief means of this worthy citizen's acquiring his large fortune. After the disgrace of the Cardinal, Mr. Fitzwilliam very hospitably entertained him at Milton, Northamptonshire, one of the fine seats of the present Earl. Henry VIII. was so enraged at this, that he sent for Mr. Fitzwilliam to court, and said, "How, ha! how comes it, ha! that you dare entertain a traitor?" Fitzwilliam modestly replied, "Please your Highness, I did it not from disloyalty, but gratitude." The angry monarch here interrupted him by, "How, ha!" (the usual exclamation of his rage). Mr. Fitzwilliam, with the tear of gratitude in his eye, and the burst of loyalty in his bosom, continued, "From gratitude, as he was my old master, and the means of my greatest fortunes." Impetuous Harry was so much pleased with the answer, that he shook him heartily by the hand, and said, "Such gratitude, ha! shall never want a master. Come into my service, worthy man, and teach my other servants gratitude, for few of them have any." He then knighted him on the spot, and Mr. Fitzwilliam was immediately sworn in a privy councillor.

407. Sailor's Good Feeling.—When Prince Blücher visited this country in the year 1814, and was giving audience at his apartments at St. James's, three females made their way into his presence, apparently much affected. They were the mother and two sisters of a seaman belonging to an English brig of war, who, with others, had been cast on shore on the coast of Pomerania during the short war between England and Prussia; and who, being obliged to surrender themselves, fell into the hands of the Field Marshal, who not only treated them with all possible kindness, but maintained them at his own expense for several weeks, clothed and supplied them with money, and finally sent them home to their own country. This grateful seaman was with his ship at Portsmouth, and not being at liberty to come to town to thank the gallant veteran himself, had charged his mother and sisters to wait upon him for that purpose. Blücher was highly pleased with this instance of a British sailor's gratitude, and declared that it more than compensated him for every act of humanity in his whole life.

408. Self-Sacrifice.—Marshal d'Armont having taken Crodon in Bretagne, during the League, gave orders to put every Spaniard to the sword who was found in the garrison. Although it was announced death to disobey the orders of the General, yet an English soldier ventured to save the life of a Spaniard. He was tried for the offence before a court-martial, where he confessed the fact, and declared himself ready to suffer death, provided they would spare the life of the Spaniard. The Marshal, being much surprised at such conduct, asked the soldier how he came to be so much interested in the preservation of the Spaniard. "Because, sir," replied he, "when I was in a similar situation he saved my life." The Marshal, highly pleased with the

goodness of the soldier's heart, granted him a pardon; and, what was to him an object still dearer, for which he had risked so much, saved the Spaniard's life.

409. Thankful for Small Mercies.

—A touching story is told of a poor woman with two children, who had not a bed on which they could lie, and scarcely any clothes to cover them. It was the depth of winter; they were nearly frozen, and the mother took a cellar-door off the hinges, and set it up before the corner where they crouched down to sleep, partially screened from the cutting wind. One of the children whispered to her mother, when she complained of their hard lot, "Mother, what do those dear children do who have no cellar-door to put in front of them?"

410. Tribute of Gratitude.—

An Illinois farmer was discovered kneeling at the head of a soldier's grave at Nashville. Being asked, "Is that your boy?" he replied, "No, he lived in our town, and I have come to find his grave." The observer said, "Perhaps you represent his father, who could not come?" "Yes, my neighbour was glad to have me come, but I came for myself. You see, I have seven children, all of them small, and my wife is sickly. I was drafted. There was nobody to carry on the farm, and I could not hire a substitute. My thirteen dollars a month would not feed the family. It seemed as though I must go, and they must suffer. When we were in our greatest trouble about it,—just the morning I was to report at camp,—my neighbour's son came over to the house, and offered to go to the war for me. He said he had nobody depending on him, and could go better than I. He went, and was wounded at Chickamauga, was brought to a Nashville hospital, and this is his grave." The farmer had come a long distance, at heavy cost, to write upon the *head-board* of his soldier-friend, "*Died for me.*"

411. Ungrateful King.—One of the most upright and able Ministers that ever lived was Ximenes, Regent of Spain during part of the minority of Charles I. He was one of the few Ministers of whom it could be said that he did not advance a single member of his family to any post of honour or dignity. He behaved with much kindness towards his relatives, but left them in the peaceful enjoyment of their humble stations. Having on one occasion paid a visit to his native village, a female relative, being ashamed of appearing before him in her homely dress, was hastily retiring, but was stopped by Ximenes, who bade her continue her employment—baking bread. "This dress," said he, "and this employment, suit you well; attend to your household affairs, and be sure you do not allow your bread to burn." The disinterestedness of the man was the more remarkable that his authority as Regent was almost unlimited. Wealth, honours, and power were all at his command; but in no instance had his private interests the smallest influence in their distribution. His large revenues were all expended in public acts of munificence, or in relieving the suffering poor. As a statesman he was penetrating, profound, and decisive; like Richelieu, vast and magnificent in all his plans, but possessed of what Richelieu could never boast, magnanimity and integrity. During the twenty months of his Regency, he neither founded nor elevated a family, but he raised the Spanish monarchy to a degree of power and splendour which it had never known before. How melancholy is it to reflect on the reward which awaited such invaluable services! On the arrival of Charles in Spain from his Flemish dominions, where he had been constantly resident from his infancy, the enemies of Ximenes used every possible effort to prevent a meeting between them. Ximenes, when on his way to join the King, fell sick at Bos Equillos; but wrote to Charles, earnestly

soliciting an interview. Under the plea of multiplicity of business, Charles delayed from time to time complying with his request. Ximenes, whose high spirit had during a long life of eighty years been proof against all the attacks of fortune, sank under this unexpected neglect. The receipt of a letter from Charles, coldly expressing his approbation of his fidelity, and

containing a formal dismissal from the important office he had so ably filled, under the pretence that it was time he should now think of retiring from the fatigues of a public station, was more than the great soul of Ximenes could bear. He perused the cruel epistle, and in the short period of a few hours expired. How apt the words, "Put not your trust in princes."

HAPPINESS.

Psalm cxlvi. 5 ; Prov. x. 28 ; John xiii. 17 ; 1 Peter iii. 14 ; Phil. iv. 4.

412. Archbishop's Joy and Comfort.—When a divine once came to Archbishop Williams for institution to a living, his Grace thus piously expressed himself:—"I have passed through many places of honour and trust both in Church and State" (he had been once Lord Chancellor), "more than any of my order in England these several years before. But were I but assured that by my preaching I had converted but one soul unto God, I should take therein more spiritual joy and comfort than in all the honours and offices which have been bestowed on me."

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

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

415. Evil Temper Banished.—A gentleman possessing much knowledge of human nature in-

structed his large family of daughters in the theory and practice of music. They were all observed to be exceedingly amiable and happy. A friend inquired if there was any secret in his mode of education. He replied, "When anything disturbs their temper I say to them 'Sing,' and if I hear them speaking against any person, I call them to sing to me; and so they have sung away all causes of discontent and every disposition to scandal."

416. Love of Jesus.—"The happiest child I ever saw," says the Rev. J. C. Ryle, "was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. She was eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never been able to see at all. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the flowers, and the trees, and the birds, and all those pleasant things which we see every day of our lives; but still she was quite happy. She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friends or relations to take care of her; but she was quite happy and content. She said, when she got into the carriage, 'Tell me how many people there are in the carriage, for I am quite blind, and can see nothing.' A gentleman asked her if she was not afraid. 'No,' she said, 'I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me.' But I soon found out the reason why she

was so happy. She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her; she had sought Jesus Christ, and she had found Him."

417. Possessing Nothing, and Wanting Nothing.—When Alexander the Great deposed Strato, the King of Sidon, he bade his favourite, Hephaestion, give the crown to any of the Sidonians he should deem worthy of so exalted a station. Hephaestion was at this time living at the house of two brothers, who were young, and descended from the best family in the city. To these he offered the crown, but they declined to accept it, telling him that, according to the laws of their country, no person could ascend the throne unless he were of the blood royal. Hephaestion, pleased with such disinterestedness, requested that they would name some person of the royal family who might remember when he was king, that it was they who had placed the crown on his head. The brothers had observed that several persons, through ambition, had aspired to this distinguished rank, and to obtain it had paid servile court to Alexander's favourites. Disregarding, however, all the advantages which the power of nominating to a throne gave them, they declared that they did not know any person more worthy of the diadem than one Abdalonimus, who was descended, though remotely, from the royal line, but who at the same time was so poor that he was obliged to get his bread by daily labour in a garden without the city; his honesty and integrity having made him disregard many advantageous offers, and reduced him to his extreme poverty. Hephaestion trusting to their choice, the two brothers went in search of Abdalonimus with the royal garments, and found him weeding his garden. They saluted him king, and one of them, addressing him, said, "You must now *change your tatters for the dress I have brought you. Put off the*

mean and contemptible habit in which you have grown old. Assume the garments of a prince; but when you are seated on the throne, continue to preserve the virtue which made you worthy of it. And when you shall have ascended it, and by that means become the supreme dispenser of life and death over all your citizens, be sure never to forget the condition in which, or rather for which, you were elected." Abdalonimus looked upon the whole as a dream, and, unable to guess the meaning of it, asked if they were not ashamed to ridicule him in that manner. But, as he made a greater resistance than suited their inclinations, they themselves washed him, and threw over his shoulders a purple robe, richly embroidered with gold; then, after repeated oaths of their being in earnest, they conducted him to the palace. The news of this was immediately spread over the whole city. Most of the inhabitants were overjoyed at it, but some murmured, especially the rich, who, despising Abdalonimus's former abject state, could not forbear showing their resentment in the king's court. Alexander commanded the newly-elected prince to be sent for; and after surveying him attentively a long while, spoke thus: "Thy air and mien do not contradict what is related of thy extraction, but I should be glad to know with what frame of mind thou didst bear thy poverty?" "O King," replied he, "these hands have procured me all I desired; and whilst I possessed nothing, I wanted nothing." This answer gave Alexander a high idea of Abdalonimus's virtue; so that he presented him not only with all the rich furniture which had belonged to Strato, and part of the Persian plunder, but likewise annexed one of the neighbouring provinces to his dominions.

418. Precious Salvation.—The Rev. James Hervey died on Christmas-day, December 25, 1758. When dying he thanked the physicians for

their visits, and with great solemnity and sweetness in his countenance exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace according to Thy most holy and comfortable word, for mine eyes have seen Thy precious salvation. Here, doctor, is my cordial! What are all the cordials given to support the dying, in comparison of that which arises from the promises of salvation by Christ? This, this, now supports me." About three o'clock he said, "The great conflict is over—now all is done;" after which he scarcely spoke any other word intelligibly, except twice or thrice, "Precious salvation!" and then leaning his head against the side of his chair, he shut his eyes and sang his Christmas carol before the Throne.

419. Rejoicing in Bonds.—Guy de Brez, a French minister, was prisoner in the Castle of Tournay, in Belgium. A lady who visited him said she wondered how he

could eat, or drink, or sleep in quiet. "Madam," said he, "my chains do not terrify me, or break my sleep; on the contrary, I glory and take delight therein, esteeming them at a higher rate than chains and rings of gold, or jewels of any price whatever. The rattling of my chains is like the effect of an instrument of music in my ears; not that such an effect comes merely from my chains, but it is because I am bound therewith for maintaining the truth of the Gospel."

420. Source of Happiness.—A Duke of Orleans thus expressed the delight he found in piety and devotion:—"I know by experience, that sublunary grandeur and sublunary pleasure are delusive and vain, and are always infinitely below the conceptions we form of them; but, on the contrary, such happiness and such complacency may be found in devotion and piety, as the sensual mind has no idea of."

HEAVEN.

Psalm xvi. 2; Isa. li. 2; Matt. vi. 20; John xiv. 2; 1 Cor. ii. 9; Heb. xi. 16, xii. 22.

421. Fitness for Heaven Needed.—A clergyman once said to a profane coachman, "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven. There will be no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public-houses, in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven." Some years after the clergyman, detained at an inn, was told that a dying man wanted to see him. "Sir," said the man, "do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much as he drove over the Newmarket heath?" "Yes." "I am that coachman," said he, "and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered those words, 'I cannot think what you will do in heaven.' Often and often,

as I have driven over the heath, I have heard those words ringing in my ears; and I have flogged the horses to make them get over that ground faster, but always the words have come back to me, 'I cannot think what you will do in heaven.'"

422. Foretaste of Bliss.—Flavel, being at one time on a journey, set himself to improve his time by meditation, when his mind grew intent, till at length he had such ravishing tastes of heavenly joy, and such full assurance of his interest therein, that he utterly lost the sight and sense of this world and all its concerns, so that he knew not where he was. At last, perceiving himself faint through a great loss of blood from his nose, he alighted from his horse, and sat down at a spring, where he washed

and refreshed himself, earnestly desiring, if it were the will of God, that he might there leave the world. His spirits reviving, he finished his journey in the same delightful frame. He passed that night without any sleep, the joy of the Lord still overflowing him, so that he seemed an inhabitant of the other world. After this, a heavenly serenity and sweet peace long continued with him; and for many years he called that day "one of the days of heaven," and professed that he understood more of the life of heaven by it than by all the discourses he had heard or the books he ever read.

423. Recognition in Glory.—An old minister, while one day pursuing his studies, his wife being in the room, was suddenly interrupted by her asking him a question which has not always been so satisfactorily answered, "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" Without hesitation he replied, "To be sure we shall; do you think we shall have less intelligence there than we have here?" After a momentary pause, he again proceeded: "But I may be a thousand years by your side in heaven without having seen you; for the first thing that will attract my notice when I arrive there will be my dear Saviour, and I cannot tell when I shall be for a moment induced to look at any other object."

424. "Things not Seen."—In the twilight of a summer evening, a pastor called at the residence of one of his parishioners, and found, seated in the doorway, a little boy with both hands extended upward, holding a line. "What are you doing here, my little friend?" inquired the minister. "Flying my kite, sir," was the reply. "Flying your kite!" exclaimed the pastor. "I can see no kite; you can see none." "I know that," responded the lad. "I cannot see it; but I know it is there, for I feel it pull."

425. Treasures in Heaven.—A lady was once visiting at the house of a minister who had two sons. These two little boys were amusing themselves with some beautiful toys; the lady, on seeing them, said, "Well, boys, are these your treasures?" "No, ma'am," said the elder, "these are not our treasures: these are our playthings. Our treasures are in heaven."

426. Way to Heaven.—The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, once happened to be at an inn at Reading, in the same room with a young gentleman who invited him to join in a glass of spirits and water, which Mr. Cooke declined, saying he was not thirsty. "What!" said the stranger, "do you never drink but when you are thirsty?" "Very seldom," replied Mr. Cooke. "Then," rejoined the other, "you are as bad as a brute!" "And do you, sir, drink when you are not thirsty?" "Oh, yes, very often." "Then, sir, you are worse than a brute; for a brute never drinks except to satisfy its thirst." "Well, well, we will not argue about that; but come, I suppose you are one of the cloth; tell me which is the way to heaven; but I must have it in three sentences." "Sir," replied Mr. Cooke, "I wish you had asked me that question in a serious spirit; it is a serious and important question; however, as you proposed it, it is my duty to answer it seriously. You have confined me to three sentences. I must therefore briefly mention what the Word of God declares necessary to our going to heaven. 1. Repentance. Repentance consists in sorrow for sin, hatred against it, and forsaking of it; and unless we repent we shall all perish (Luke xiii. 8). 2. Faith. Faith includes a belief in God's Word, reliance on His promises, and subjection to His authority; and 'he that believeth not shall be damned' (Mark xvi. 16). 3. Love. Love implies a knowledge of God, communion with Him; and 'if any

man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed when the Lord shall come' (1 Cor. xvi. 22.)" The gentleman made no reply, but immediately quitted the room. Some time afterwards, Mr. Cooke was walking in his garden, by the roadside, when a gentleman riding by, observing him, suddenly checked his horse and drew up, and asked,

"Did I not see you, sir, on such a day, at the Bear Inn at Reading?" "It is possible you might," replied Mr. Cooke; and fixing his eyes upon him, added, "Yes, sir; I believe you did." The gentleman, grasping Mr. Cooke's hand, said, with great solemnity, "I shall never forget that interview!" and thereupon rode off.

HONESTY.

Job xxxi. 6; Prov. xii. 22; 2 Cor. vii. 2; 1 Thess. iv. 12; Heb. xiii. 18.

427. Equitable Conduct.—Voltaire says that the treaty which William Penn made with the Indians in America, is the only treaty between those people and the Christians that was not ratified by an oath, and was never infringed. Penn endeavoured to settle his new colony upon the most equitable principles, and took great pains to conciliate the good will of the natives. He appointed commissioners to treat with them, and purchased from them the land of the province, acknowledging them to be the original proprietors. As the land was of little value to the natives, he obtained his purchase at a moderate rate; but by his equitable conduct, he gave them so high an opinion of him, and by his kind and humane behaviour so ingratiated himself in their favour, that the American Indians have ever since expressed a great veneration for his memory, and styled the Governor of Pennsylvania, *onas*, which in their language signifies a pen. At the renewal of the treaties with Sir William Keith, the Governor, in 1722, the Indians, as the highest compliment they could pay him, said, "We esteem and love you, as if you were William Penn himself." The integrity of the Indians was no less remarkable; while they often attempted reprisals on land that had been wrested from them, they always respected such as was purchased from their ancestors.

428. False Virtue.—Yu, Emperor of China, had a Minister who never failed to tell him of his faults with the freedom of a friend; this was so frequent, that the Emperor became displeased, and determined to rid himself of so importunate a counsellor. The Queen, his mother, being informed of it, instantly presented herself to him, and wished him joy. "Joy," said the Emperor; "of what?" "Why, my son," said she, "of a circumstance that has hardly ever happened to any monarch upon earth; you are in possession of a subject who has the courage to admonish you of your faults; and who, in that very honest quality, is the finest courtier, and the most artful flatterer, since he thus insinuates that you have the virtue and greatness to hear it."

429. Honesty and Bravery.—The Prince of Conti, being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburg, in 1734, threw him a purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for such courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the Prince with two diamond rings, and other jewels of considerable value. "Sir," said he, "the gold I found in your purse, I suppose you intended for me; but these I bring back to you, having no claim to them." "You have doubly deserved them by your bravery, and

by your honesty," said the Prince, "therefore they are yours."

430. Honesty in a Child.—A teacher writes: "In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he missed it; I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar—the smallest of the class—and he spelled it right; at least, I understood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, 'Oh, I didn't say it so, Miss W——; I said e instead of i;' and he went back to the foot, of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the head. Here was an honest boy. I should always have thought that he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take any credit that did not belong to him."

431. Honesty in Little Things.—One of the Kings of Persia, who is famous in history for his exact justice, was once out hunting, when, finding himself hungry, he ordered the people to dress a deer that they had just taken. When all was nearly ready, they found that they had forgotten to bring any salt with them, so they sent a lad off to fetch some from a village at a little distance. The King overheard them, and, calling to the boy, said, "And mind you take money to pay for it." The attendants expressed their surprise at his thinking of such trifles, and asked what harm there could be in taking a handful of salt. The King replied, "All the evil that now troubles the earth first began in such trifles, till by degrees it grew to its present height; and if I take the salt, my officers will perhaps seize the cow."

432. Honesty under Trust.—The Rothschild family, whose power has helped to maintain war and bring about peace, owes all its greatness to one act of extraordinary honesty under trust. When the Prince of Hesse-Cassel fled through Frankfort in the time of the French Revolution, he requested Moses Rothschild—a Jewish banker, of limited means, but good reputation—to take charge of his money and jewels. The Jew accepted the trust, but would give no receipt, as he would not answer for their safety in such dangerous times. Presently the French entered Frankfort and took Mr. Rothschild's money, but did not discover the property of the Prince of Cassel—worth several hundred thousand pounds—which Mr. Rothschild had buried in his garden. On their leaving the town, the money was dug up, and a small portion of it was used. The banker prospered, gained much wealth of his own, and a few years after informed the Prince that his money was safe, and offered to pay him five per cent. interest upon it. Impressed with his fidelity, and to mark his gratitude, he recommended the honest Jew to various European sovereigns as a money lender.

433. Honest Widow.—A poor widow at Lisbon, in the year 1776, went several times to the antechamber of the Court, and though frequently ordered to retire, she as constantly returned the next day, saying she must speak to the King. At length she one day saw his Majesty passing by, when she immediately advanced towards him, presented a casket to him, and spoke as follows: "Sire, behold what I have discovered among the rubbish of some of the ruined edifices by the great earthquake in 1755. I am a poor widow, and have six children. That casket would relieve me from my present distresses; but I prefer my honour, with a good conscience, to all the treasures in the world. I deliver this to your Majesty, as

the most proper person to restore it to its lawful possessor, and to recompense me for the discovery." The King immediately ordered the casket to be opened, and was struck with the beauty of the jewels which it contained; after which, speaking highly in praise of the widow's honesty and disinterestedness, he assured her of his protection, and ordered twenty thousand piastres to be immediately given to her. His Majesty further ordered that proper search should be made to discover the real proprietor; and if their researches should prove fruitless, that the jewels should be sold, and the produce appropriated to the use of the widow and her children.

434. Indian Boys' Principle.—

Sir John Malcolm, in his evidence given to the House of Commons on the affairs of India, stated that he had known innumerable instances of honour among the natives, particularly the military tribes, which would in England be considered more fit for the page of romance than of history. "There is," he observed, "a large class of menials, such as Gentoo Palanquin boys, at Madras, who amount to twenty or thirty thousand, a great proportion of whom are employed by the English Government, or the individuals serving it, who, as a body, are remarkable for their industry and fidelity. During a period of nearly thirty years, I cannot call to mind one instance being proved of theft, in any one of this class of men, whose average wages are from three to eight rupees a month, or from seven shillings and sixpence to one pound. I remember hearing of one instance of extraordinary fidelity, where an officer died at the distance of nearly three hundred miles from the settlement of Fort St. George, with a sum of between two and three thousand pounds in his palanquin. These honest men, alarmed at even suspicion attaching to them, brought his body three hundred miles to Madras, and lodged it in the town

major's office, with all the money sealed in bags."

435. Noble Enemies.—When the physician of Pyrrhus offered to Fabricius to poison his master, the noble Roman General sent the traitor's letter to Pyrrhus, saying, "Prince, know better for the future how to choose both your friends and foes." To requite such an act of generosity, Pyrrhus released all the Roman prisoners; but Fabricius would only receive them on condition that he would accept an equal number in exchange; "for," said he, "do not believe, Pyrrhus, that I have discovered this treachery to you out of particular regard to your person, or for the hope of advantage, but because the Romans shun base stratagems, and will not triumph but with open force."

436. Probity Rewarded.—A farmer called on the Earl Fitzwilliam, to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood where his lordship's hounds had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury, and if you can procure an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied that, anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled the corn was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat

adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstance. "Well, my friend, did not I allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land the crop is most promising, and I have therefore brought the £50 back again." "Ah," exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like. This is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family, how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying, "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it."

437. Restitution.—In the month of January, 1821, a man of respectable appearance entered the Corn Exchange in Mark Lane, London, and, advancing to one of the principal factors, asked him if he was the legal descendant of the head of a very ancient firm in that line, long since extinct. Being answered in the affirmative, he first made some further inquiries, confirmatory of the question, and departed. On the same day in the following week he again made his appearance, with a bag containing three hundred and seventy sovereigns, which he presented to the factor. The factor, of course, surprised at the transaction, began to make some inquiries; but the person refused to answer any questions, saying that the property was now returned to its rightful owner; that he wanted no receipt; and that it was a matter of no consequence who he was. On referring to old documents, it appeared that in the year 1782 the firm alluded to had a very extensive army contract, in the course of which a defalcation to nearly that amount occurred.

438. Sailor's "Fig."—The "honest" British tar is admirably pictured in the following characteristic anecdote:—A seaman who was rather badly rigged,—that is, rather ill supplied as regarded clothing—applied to an officer of her Majesty's *Superb*, to be entered on the ship's books. The lieutenant observing his ragged appearance, said that he would not do. "I hope," returned Jack, with the characteristic simplicity of a British tar, "that your honour will not condemn the hull for the sake of the rigging." This reply excited the attention of the officer, he was at once interested in the man who gave it, and the weather-beaten tar being sent below for a good meal and new rigging, turned out to be one of the best seamen in the ship.

439. Singular Restoration.—A gentleman passing through the streets of Newcastle, about twenty years ago, was called in by a shopkeeper, who acknowledged himself indebted to him to the amount of a guinea. The gentleman, much astonished, inquired how this was, as he had no recollection of the circumstance. The shopkeeper replied that about twenty years before, as the gentleman's wife was crossing the river Tyne in a boat which he was in, she accidentally dropped half-a-guinea as she took out her money to pay the fare. The shopkeeper, who had a family at home literally starving, snatched up the half-guinea. He had since been prosperous in the world, and now seized the first opportunity since his good fortune of paying the money, with interest.

440. Stolen Penny.—The Rev. Samuel Kilpin relates the following:—"When seven years old, I was left in charge of my father's shop. A man passed, crying, 'Little lambs, all white and clean, at one penny each.' In my eagerness to get one, I lost all self-command, and, taking a penny from the drawer, I made the purchase. My keen-eyed mother inquired how I

came by the money. I evaded the question with something like a lie. In God's sight it was a lie, as I kept back the truth. The lamb was placed on the chimney shelf, and was much admired. To me it was a source of inexpressible anguish; continually there sounded in my ears and heart, 'Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not lie.' Guilt and darkness overcame my mind; and in sore agony of soul I went to a hay-loft and there prayed and pleaded, with groanings that could not be uttered, for mercy and pardon. I entreated for Jesus' sake. With joy and transport I left the loft from a believing application of the text, 'Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven.' I went to my mother, told her what I had done, sought her forgiveness, and burned the lamb, while she wept over her young penitent."

441. Temptation Resisted.—An old and rich clergyman, who had long been the incumbent of a valuable rectory in the vale of Evesham in Worcestershire, dying in 1784, his household furniture was sold by auction. The curate, who had performed the whole duty of the living for a salary that was very inadequate to the maintenance of his family, purchased an old oaken bookcase. When he had got it home, and was tenantry with loose scraps of paper and old sermons those drawers which had formerly been the depository of accumulating wealth, he found a drawer which he could not return to its place; in ascertaining the cause, he discovered two bags of gold, of two hundred guineas each. Such a sum would have made the curate happy for life, for it would have purchased an annuity of double the amount of his salary; but the good man considered it not his own, and instantly went back to the parsonage, and returned it to the administrators, who were content with expressing their surprise at so unexpected a proof of integrity.

442. Upright Dealing.—The Rev. S. Walker, whose usefulness at Truro is well known, was first impressed with a sense of the importance of vital Christianity, as distinguished from what is merely nominal, in a remarkable manner. Mr. Conor, master of the grammar school in Truro, sent a letter to him, enclosing a sum of money, which he requested Mr. Walker to pay to the proper officer at the Custom-house, as an act of justice to the Revenue. The letter contained an apology to him for the trouble thus given, but stated that his public character would prevent the suspicion which might have attached to the writer, had he employed one of his own friends on the occasion. It stated, further, the nature of the transaction. Mr. Conor, having been in the habit of drinking French wines for his health, could obtain none in the neighbourhood for which the duty had been paid; he therefore took this method of paying custom to whom custom is due. As at that time smuggling was almost universal in Cornwall, and was scarcely considered, even by many respectable persons, as criminal, Mr. Walker was struck with the regard paid to conscience in this affair, and desirous of ascertaining whether the same high morality distinguished the whole of Mr. Conor's conduct, he cultivated an intimate acquaintance with him, and was satisfied. In the course of conversation with this good man on the nature of true faith, Mr. Walker perceived the source of the excellence which was so visible in his friend. He learned that true faith was followed by an entire change of conduct; and the result on his own mind was as pleasing as it was abiding.

443. "Willing to Live Honestly."—A gentleman, jumping from an omnibus in the city of New York, dropped his pocket-book, and had gone some distance before he discovered his loss; then, hastily

returning, he asked every passenger whom he met if a pocket-book had been seen; finally, meeting a little girl of ten years old, to whom he made the same inquiry, she asked, "What kind of a pocket-book?" He described it; then unfolding her apron, "Is this it?" "Yes, that is mine; come into this store with me." They entered; he opened the book, counted the notes, and examined the papers. "They are all right," said he; "fifteen notes of a thousand dollars each; had they fallen into other hands, I might never have seen them again. Take, then, my little girl, this note of a thousand dollars, as a reward for your honesty, and a lesson to me to be more careful in future." "No," said the girl, "I cannot take it. I have been taught at Sunday-school not to keep what is not mine; and my parents would not be pleased if I took the note home; they might suppose I had stolen it." "Well, then, my child, show me where your parents live." The girl took him to an humble tenement in an obscure street, rude, but cleanly. He informed the parents of the case; they told him their child had acted correctly; they were "poor," it was true, but their pastor had always told them not to set their hearts on rich gifts. The gentleman told them they must take the note; he was sure they would make a good use of it, from the principles they had professed.

444. Witty Judgment.—A peasant once entered the hall of justice at Florence, at the time that Alexander, Duke of Tuscany, was presiding. He stated that he had the good fortune to find a purse of sixty ducats, and learning that it belonged to Friuli, the merchant, who offered a reward of ten ducats to the finder, he restored it to him, but that he refused the promised reward. The Duke instantly ordered Friuli to be summoned into his presence, and questioned why he

refused the reward. The merchant replied, "That he conceived the peasant had paid himself, for although when he gave notice of his loss, he said this purse only contained sixty ducats, it in fact had seventy in it." The Duke inquired if this mistake was discovered before the purse was found. Friuli answered in the negative. "Then," said the Duke, "as I have a very high opinion of the honesty of this peasant, I am induced to believe that there is indeed a mistake in this transaction; for as the purse you lost had in it seventy ducats, and this which he found contained sixty only, it is impossible that it can be the same." He then gave the purse to the peasant, and promised to protect him against all future claims.

445. Word versus Bond.—In the common transactions of the Scottish Highlanders, written obligations used seldom to be required. When even more important agreements were to be concluded and confirmed, the contracting parties merely went out by themselves into the open air, and, looking upwards, called Heaven to witness their engagements, each party at the same time repeating the promise of payment, and by way of seal putting a mark on some remarkable stone, or other natural object held in reverence by their ancestors. Although their bargains were thus privately conducted, there were few instances of failure in, or denial of, their engagements. A gentleman of the name of Stewart agreed to lend a considerable sum of money to a neighbour. When they had met, and the money was already counted down on the table, the borrower offered a receipt. As soon as the lender heard this, he immediately gathered up the money, saying that a man who could not trust his own word without a bond should not be trusted by him, and should have none of his money, which he put up in his purse, and returned home.

HOPE.

Psalm xxxviii. 15; Prov. xiii. 12; Joel iii. 16; Rom. viii. 24; 1 Cor. xiii. 13; Heb. vi. 19.

446. Blessed Hope.—A little girl had learned at school to love and believe in Jesus, and her firm hope that she would go to heaven supported and comforted her when she was shortly after taken ill. One Sunday evening, when she had been lying for some time, patiently bearing her pain, she turned to her drunken father, who was sitting in the room, and said, "Father, would not you like to go to heaven?" The man started, and said sullenly, "To be sure I would." Looking at him earnestly, with deep feeling the little girl repeated twice over, "It is a great matter to be sure of it." See how firm her hope of heaven was; and now notice the result. In a few days she died, but her work was accomplished. Her last words were never forgotten by her father, and shortly after he sought for and obtained forgiveness of his sins.

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

448. Good Man's Departure.—"A pious man," says a correspondent of a religious journal, "who belonged to the middle class of society, had been favoured with a supply of the bounties of Providence; was surrounded with a numerous and united family; had long enjoyed uninterrupted health; and, in a word, seemed to have

almost everything about him to make life desirable, when I was summoned to his bed-side, to witness his agonies of pain, and behold the calmness and resignation with which he left the world. For more than thirty years it had been his happiness to serve the Lord, to study His Word and associate with His people. Amidst the ordinary trials of life he had felt the value of faith in Christ; he had drawn from it his highest enjoyments; and now, in prospect of death, it filled him with hopes and joys infinitely more valuable than anything this world can bestow. 'I fear, my friend,' I observed, 'that you are near another world.' 'Fear, sir?' said he; 'I know I am; but, blessed be the Lord, I do not fear it.' 'Then you can contemplate death without dread?' 'Yes, sir; and even with hopefulness. It is true, and I feel it, that it is an awful thing to die; but "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He who has been the object of my love for more than thirty years does not desert me now. I feel my sinfulness, but His promises support my mind.' 'Your friends would desire your recovery, but in the prospect before you they must nevertheless rejoice.' 'I hope, sir, that my friends will rest assured that whatever God does is done well. I have ever wished to impress upon the minds of my children, that when we trust in God, and engage with all our hearts in His service, He will order our affairs for our happiness; and now I feel it to be true more than ever.' To his weeping children, who stood round his bed, he addressed the most affectionate entreaties that they would no longer neglect a religion which could alone make them happy, and which now

so eminently comforted his mind in the prospect of an exchange of worlds."

449. Love of Liberty.—In 1819, such was the virulence with which the plague raged at Malta, such the certain destruction which attended the slightest contact with the infected, that at last every better feeling of the heart was extinguished in a desire of self-preservation; and nobody could be procured to perform the melancholy offices which make up the funeral train of sickness and death. In this woeful emergency, a band of daring and ferocious Greeks came over to the island, and, clad in oiled leather, volunteered their services with very happy effect; but their number was so small that recourse was obliged to be had to some French and Italian prisoners of war for assistance. What will not man for liberty perform? Tempted by the hope of a handsome reward and their liberation at the disappearance of the plague, numbers of these unfortunate captives engaged in the perilous task of waiting on the sick, burying the dead, cleaning and whitewashing the infected houses, burning their furniture, &c. Providence appeared to have taken these children of despair under its special protection; few of them comparatively fell victims to their humane intrepidity. Mr. Murdo Young, in his notes to his poem of *Antonia*, mentions that he saw some of them, when duty led them near the prison where they had left their less enterprising companions confined, climb up to the chimney tops of the infected houses, and being

"Free from plague, in danger's dread employ,
Wave to their friends in openness of joy."

450. Not Afraid of Death.—"Last year," writes a gentleman in a religious periodical, "I visited a female ward in Meath Hospital. A little girl who was there, aged ten years, asked me to read the conversation that took place between our blessed Lord and Nicodemus, when Jesus

said that we must be born again before we can enter the kingdom of God. I was much struck at hearing her weak voice asking me to read such an important passage of God's Word. I then inquired what she understood by being born again. 'Sir,' said she, 'it is to get a new heart.' 'And who, my child, can give you the new heart? Is it man?' 'No.' 'Is it angels?' 'No; it is the Spirit of God only that can give it,' replied she. 'Now, my child,' asked I, 'are you afraid of death?' 'Oh, no,' she replied. 'Why?' 'The blood of Christ takes the fear of death from me.' 'And do you think you will go to heaven when you die?' 'I do,' said she. 'And what gives you reason to believe that?' 'I am a sinner,' said she; 'and Jesus came and died on the cross to save me; and I believe He is my Saviour, and that His blood can cleanse me from all my sin.' 'Surely,' said I, 'you are not such a great sinner as these aged people around you?' 'I am,' she replied; 'but no matter for that, for if I had never committed a sin, I brought a sinful nature into the world, and that must be cleansed.' She had humbling views of herself, but exalted ones of the Redeemer. She was content to be nothing, that Jesus might be all in all. When asking her how she came to know such blessed truths, she replied, 'Sir, in a Sabbath-school, from my teacher.' The following Wednesday, when I called, she was gone to be with Christ."

451. Something for All to Do.—"Sir," said a boy, addressing a man, "do you want a boy to work for you?" "No," answered the man, "I have no such want." The boy looked disappointed,—at least the man thought so, and he asked, "Can't you succeed in getting a place?" "I have asked at a good many places," said the boy. "A woman told me you had been after a boy, but it is not so, I find." "Don't be discouraged," said the man, in a friendly tone. "Oh no,

sir," said the boy cheerfully, "I still hope on, because this is a very big world, and I feel certain God has something for me to do in it. I am only trying to find it." "Just so, just so," said a gentleman, who overheard the talk. "Come with me, my boy; I am in want of somebody like you." He was a doctor: and the doctor thought that a boy so anxious to find his work would be likely to do it faithfully when he found it; so he took the boy into his employ, and found to his satisfaction that he was all that he desired.

HUMILITY.

Psalm ix. 12; Prov. xv. 33; Matt. v. 3; Acts xx. 19; Rom. xii. 16; Phil. ii. 3.

452. Bacon and the Ambassador.—When the French Ambassador visited the illustrious Bacon in his illness, and found him in bed, with the curtains drawn, he addressed this fulsome compliment to him: "You are like the angels, of whom we hear and read much, but have not the pleasure of seeing them." The reply of Bacon was worthy both of the philosopher and the Christian: "If the complaisance of others compares me to an angel, my infirmities tell me I am a man."

453. Christ Only.—Mr. Durham, a father of the Scottish Church, was walking one Sabbath to the place of worship in which he was to preach, along with a much-admired young minister who was to officiate in one adjoining. Multitudes were thronging into the one, and only a few into the other. "Brother," said he to his young friend, "you will have a crowded church to-day." "Truly," said the other, "they are greatly to blame who leave you and come to me." "Not so, dear brother," replied Mr. Durham; "for a minister can receive no such honour and success in his ministry except it be given him from Heaven. I rejoice that Christ is preached, and that His kingdom and interests are gaining ground, though my estimation in people's hearts should decrease; for I am content to be anything, so that Christ may be all in all."

454. Franklin and Cotton Mather.—The celebrated Dr. Franklin, of America, once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr.

Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son, Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Passy, 12th May, 1781:—"The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over-head. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning towards him; when he said hastily, 'Stoop! stoop!' I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me: 'You are young, and have the world before you. Stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.' This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by carrying their heads too high."

455. Generous Youth.—In the reign of Trajan, one Lucius Valerius, thirteen years of age, became a competitor for the prize of poetry. This prize was a gold medal and an ivory lyre, which were every five years adjudged to the author who produced the best poem. Valerius, though opposed by a number of poets double his age, was victorious. Among other honours paid to him, it was determined to erect a brazen statue, which should be placed in the most conspicuous part of the city. On the day of the presentation of this statue to public view, while the chief magistrate was placing a crown

of laurel on the head of the statue, Valerius perceived a young man, who had contested the prize with him, and who was, in the opinion of many, little inferior to him, looking upon this scene with a sorrowful and dejected countenance. Valerius instantly discovered the cause of his chagrin, and determined to remove it, which he did in the following manner. He seized the laurel crown, and pressing towards his disappointed rival, placed it on his head, saying, "You are more deserving of it than I am: I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than a reward." This generous conduct called forth enthusiastic admiration from the spectators; and the astonished youth who thus unexpectedly received the crown of victory from the hands of the victor, was overcome with gratitude and joy.

456. "Hewers of Wood."—The well-known missionary in China, Dr. Morrison, wanted an assistant, and wrote home to ask that one might be sent. Attention was directed to a young man at Aberdeen, who had expressed his wish to devote himself to missionary work abroad; but when he came before the committee at Aberdeen, he looked so very unpromising in his appearance, so very rough and countrified, that the committee said, "He will never do for a missionary, he is too rustic." Then they thought he might be good enough for a servant; and as he was so very anxious to be employed in missionary labours, why, if he was willing, he might be sent out as a servant to a missionary. One of the committee was requested to speak to the young man in private. He was told of the objection to his being a missionary, and also of the proposal to send him out as a servant. He was asked if he were willing. He replied, without any hesitation and with a bright smile, "Yes, sir, most certainly; I am willing to do anything, so that *I am in the work*. To be a 'hewer

of wood and a drawer of water' is too great an honour for me, when the Lord's house is building." That young rustic afterwards became Dr. Milne.

457. Ignoring Self.—The Rev. J. Campbell writes: "When on a visit to London, I expressed a great desire to see the late Mr. Charles, of Bala, with whom I had corresponded for three years, concerning a remarkable revival which had taken place under his ministry. Mr. Charles happening to be in town at the same time, a gentleman kindly took me to Lady Ann Erskine's, where he resided. We spent there two happy hours. My friend requested Mr. Charles to favour us with a brief outline of the circumstances which led to the remarkable revival at Bala and its surrounding region, its progress, &c. He did so for upwards of an hour. On our leaving him, my companion said, 'Did you not observe the wonderful humility of Mr. Charles in the narrative he gave?—never having once mentioned himself, though he was the chief actor and instrument in the whole matter.'"

458. Modest Hero.—When Gen. Washington, the deliverer of his country, had closed his career in the French and Indian war, and had become a member of the House of Burgesses, the Speaker, Robinson, was directed by a vote of the House to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of colouring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honour; but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance

to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second; when the Speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address that would have done honour to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valour, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess."

459. Royal Christian.—After his coronation, George III. received the Lord's Supper, after the usual custom; but when the two Archbishops came to hand him from the throne, he stooped and said that he would not receive it with the crown upon his head. The crown was then taken off. He then bade the Queen take off hers, and on being told that it was pinned on, said, "Well, then, let it be understood that her Majesty received it not as a Queen but as a Christian."

460. Sin Confessed.—A German Prince, travelling through France, visited the Arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, offered to set at liberty any slave whom he selected. The Prince went the round of the prison, therefore, and conversed with the prisoners. He inquired into the reason of their confinement, and met only with universal complaints of injustice, oppression, and false accusation. At last he came to one man, who admitted his imprisonment to be just. "My lord," said he, "I have no reason to complain. I have been a wicked, desperate wretch.

I have often deserved to be broken upon the wheel, and it is a mercy that I am here." The Prince fixed his eyes upon the man, and, without hesitation, selected him, saying, "This is the man whom I wish released."

461. Socrates and Alcibiades.—One day, when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth and the great estates he had in possession, Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It could scarcely be perceived upon the draught; he found it however, though with much difficulty; but upon being desired to point out his own estate there, "It is too small," said he, "to be distinguished in so little a space." "See, then," replied the philosopher, "how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land."

462. Steps to Heaven.—Augustine being asked which is the first step to heaven, he replied, "Humility;" and which is the second step, he answered, "Humility;" and which is the third step, he again replied, "Humility."

463. Truly Wise.—Notwithstanding the extraordinary yet well-merited honours that were paid to the illustrious Newton, no man could entertain a more humble opinion of the extent of his discoveries than he did himself. When Ramsay was one day complimenting him on the new lights which he had thrown upon science, he made the following splendid answer: "Alas! I am only like a child picking up pebbles on the shore of the great ocean of truth."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Prov. xii. 4, xxxi. 11; Amos iii. 8; 1 Cor. vii. 14; Eph. v. 23, 25.

464. Conjugal Thoughtfulness.—While Cæcinnus Pætus, the husband of the celebrated Arria, was very dangerously ill, their son, who was sick at the same time, died. He was a youth of uncommon accomplishments, and fondly beloved by

his parents. Arria, fearing that the news of his death might endanger the life of her husband, prepared and conducted the funeral in such a manner that her husband remained entirely ignorant of the mournful event which occasioned

that solemnity. Pætus often inquired with anxiety about his son, to whom his faithful and affectionate wife cheerfully replied that he had slept well, and was easy; but if her tears, too long restrained, were bursting forth, she instantly retired to give vent to her grief. When again composed, she would return to Pætus with dry eyes and a placid countenance, quitting, as it were, all the tender feelings of a mother at the same moment that she passed the threshold of her sick husband's chamber.

465. Devotion of a Wife.—"I cannot refrain," says Sir William Jones, "from giving one beautiful illustration of devoted duty and affection in the instance of the Countess Confalonieri. The moment she heard that the Count was condemned to death, she flew to Vienna, but the courier had already set out with the fatal mandate. It was midnight, but her agonies of mind pleaded for instant admission to the Empress. The same passionate despair which won the attendants wrought its effects on their royal mistress. She hastened that moment to the Emperor, and having succeeded, returned to the unhappy lady with a commutation of the sentence: her husband's life was spared. But the death-warrant was on its way—could she overtake the courier? Throwing herself into a conveyance, and paying four times the amount for relays of horses, she never, it is stated, stopped or tasted food till she reached the city of Milan. The Count was preparing to be led to the scaffold: but she was in time—she had saved him. During her painful journey she had rested her throbbing brow upon a small pillow, which she bathed with her tears, in the conflict of mingled terror and hope, lest all might be over. This interesting memorial of conjugal tenderness and truth in so fearful a moment, was sent by his judges to the Count to show their sense of *his wife's admirable conduct.*"

466. God before All.—A pious young French-woman, named Eliza Ambert, resolutely discarded a gentleman to whom she was to have been married because he ridiculed religion. Having given him a gentle reproof, he replied, "that a man of the world could not be so old-fashioned as to regard God and religion." Eliza started, but on recovering herself said, "From this moment, sir, when I discover that you do not regard religion, I cease to be yours. He who does not love and honour God can never love his wife constantly and sincerely."

467. Happy Reconciliation.—Milton had not lived long with his first wife before a difference arose, which ended in a separation; the lady returned to the house of her father, and Milton published his work on the Doctrine and Discipline of Divorces, with the intention, it is said, of marrying another wife. In this however he was prevented, by a singular reconciliation with the lady from whom he had separated. One day, when he was visiting a friend, his wife, who had been planted in the adjoining room, burst suddenly upon him, and he was surprised to find one whom he thought never to have seen again, making submission, and begging pardon on her knees before him. His own generous nature, and the intercession of friends, soon effected a reconciliation, and they lived happily together for the remainder of her life. This interview left such impressions on Milton's imagination, as contributed materially to that beautifully pathetic scene in "Paradise Lost," in which Eve addresses Adam for pardon and peace. The passage will indeed be seen to be strikingly applicable:

"He added not, and from her turn'd; but
Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not
flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:
'Forsake me not thus, Adam! witness heav'n's
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart,
I bear thee, and unwetting have offended,

Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp my knees: bereave me not
(Whereon I live!) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel, in this uttermost distress,
My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me—where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps),
Between us two let there be peace.'"

468. Hazardous Journey.—That hazardous undertaking, as Dr. Robertson has justly termed a voyage down the river Maragnon, to which ambition prompted Orrellana, and to which the love of science led M. Condamine, was undertaken in the year 1769 by Madame Godin des Odonais from conjugal affection. The narrative of the hardships which she suffered, of the dangers to which she was exposed, is a singular and affecting story, exhibiting in her conduct a striking picture of the fortitude which distinguishes one sex, mingled with the sensibility and tenderness of the other. On the 1st October, 1769, Madame Godin departed from Riobamba, the place of her residence, for Laguna, on her way to France to join her husband, accompanied by her brothers; Sieur R., a physician, and his servant; her faithful negro, and three female Indian domestics; together with an escort of thirty-one Indians, to carry herself and her baggage, the road being impassable even for mules. Scarcely had Madame Godin reached Canclos, when the Indians deserted her; but she still determined to brave every danger. There remained only two Indians in the village who had escaped the small-pox which lately raged there. They had no canoe, but they offered to construct one, and to conduct her to the mission of Andoas, about twelve days' journey lower on the river Bobanaza, a distance of about one hundred and fifty leagues. Madame Godin paid them in advance, and, the canoe being finished, the party quitted Canclos. Having sailed two days, they stopped to pass the night on shore. Next morning the two Indians disappeared; they were now not only obliged to proceed without a pilot, but the canoe began to leak,

which obliged them to land, and erect a temporary hut, within five or six days' journey from Andoas, to which place Sieur R. proceeded with his servant, assuring Madame Godin and her brothers that in less than fifteen days they should have a canoe and Indians. After waiting twenty-five days in the utmost anxiety, and losing all hope of relief from that quarter, they made a raft, upon which they placed all their provisions and effects, and proceeded slowly down the river; but the raft striking against a tree, the whole party were plunged into the river; happily, however, no one perished. They now resolved to pursue the banks of the river on foot. What an enterprise! The borders of this river are covered with a wood, rendered impervious to the rays of the sun by the herbs, brambles, and shrubs that creep up the trunks and blend with the branches of the trees. Taking all their provisions, they commenced their melancholy journey; but observing that following the course of the river considerably lengthened their route, they entered into the wood, and in a few days lost their way. Though now destitute of provisions, oppressed with thirst, and their feet sorely wounded with briars and thorns, they continued to push forward through immeasurable wilds and gloomy forests, drawing refreshment from the berries and wild fruits they were able to collect. At length, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, their strength failed them; down they sank, helpless and forlorn. Here they waited impatient for death to relieve them from their misery. In four days they all successively expired, except Madame Godin, who continued stretched beside her brothers, and the corpses of her companions, for forty-eight hours, deprived of the use of all her faculties. At last Providence gave her strength and courage to quit the melancholy scene, and attempt to pursue her journey. She was now without stockings, bare-footed, and almost

naked; two cloaks, which had been torn to rags by the briars, afforded her but a scanty covering. Having cut off the soles of her brothers' shoes, she fastened them to her feet, and took her lonely way. The second day of her journey she found water, and the day following some wild fruit and green eggs; but so much was her throat contracted by the privation of nutriment, that she could hardly swallow such a sufficiency of the sustenance which chance presented to her as would support her emaciated frame. On the ninth day she reached the borders of Bobanaza, where she fortunately met two Indians, who conveyed her in a canoe to Andoas: thence she proceeded to Laguna; and there procured a passage for France, where she at last arrived in safety, and found in the approving smiles of that husband for whom she had undertaken so dangerous an enterprise an ample consolation for all the toils and hardships she had undergone.

469. Merit or Birth.—Sir Walter Farquhar calling one day on Mr. Pitt, the Premier observed him to be unusually ruffled, and inquired what was the matter. "Why, to tell you the truth," replied Sir Walter, "I am extremely angry with my daughter. She has permitted herself to form an attachment to a young gentleman by no means qualified in point of rank or fortune to be my son-in-law." "Now, let me say one word in the young lady's behalf," returned the Minister. "Is the young man you mention of a respectable family?" "He is." "Is he respectable in himself?" "He is." "Has he the manners and education of a gentleman?" "He has." "Has he an estimable character?" "He has." "Why, then, my dear Sir Walter, hesitate no longer. You and I are well acquainted with the delusions of life. Let your daughter follow her own inclinations, since *they appear to be virtuous. You have had more opportunities than*

I have of knowing the value of affection, and ought to respect it. Let the union take place, and I will not be unmindful that I had the pleasure of recommending it." The physician consented, the lovers were united, and the patronage of the Minister soon gave old Sir Walter no cause to regret the event.

470. Never Reconciled.—When Philip Henry was settled at Worthenbury, he sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mr. Matthews, of Broad Oak. The father demurred, saying that though Mr. Henry was an excellent preacher and a gentleman, yet he did not know from whence he came. "True," said the daughter; "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." Mr. Henry records in his diary, long after the happiness of the union, which was soon after consummated:—"April 26, 1680. This day we have been married twenty years, in which time we have received of the Lord twenty thousand mercies,—to God be glory!" Sometimes he writes—"We have been so long married, and never reconciled, i.e., there never was any occasion for it." His advice to his children, with respect to their marriage, was—"Please God, and please yourselves, and you will please me;" and his usual compliment to his newly-married friends—"Others wish you all happiness. I wish you all holiness, and then there is no doubt but you will have all happiness."

471. Nobility of Soul.—When the virtuous Lord Russell was brought to trial he requested that notes might be taken of the evidence for his use. The Attorney-General, in order to prevent him from getting the aid of counsel, told him he might use the hand of one of his servants in writing, if he pleased. "I ask none," answered his lordship, "but that of the lady who sits by me." When the spectators at these words turned their eyes, and beheld the daughter of the virtuous South-

ampton rising up to assist her lord in this his utmost distress, a thrill of anguish ran through the assembly. Lady Rachel continued to take notes during the whole of her husband's trial; and when he was condemned, this amiable and accomplished lady threw herself at the feet of the King to ask mercy for her husband and child. She pleaded with many tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for those errors into which honest and virtuous, however mistaken, principles had seduced her husband. But her supplications were lost upon the heart of the royal profligate; and the only condescension that could be obtained by the importunity of friendship, was a mitigation of the ignoble part of the sentence into that of beheading—"merely," as he said, "to show Lord Russell that he could still exercise the royal prerogative." On the night before Lord Russell's execution, as his wife was about to take leave of him, he took her by the hand, and said, "This flesh you now feel in a few hours must be cold." At ten o'clock she left him. He kissed her four or five times, and she so governed her sorrow as not to add by the sight of her distress to the pain of separation. Thus they parted, not with sobs and tears, but with a composed silence; the wife wishing to spare the feelings of the husband, and the husband those of the wife, they both restrained the expression of a grief too great to be relieved by utterance. When she was gone, Lord Russell said, "Now the bitterness of death is passed." And he then ran into a long discourse concerning her, saying how great a blessing she had been to him, and what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base act to save his life.

472. *Pliny's Wife.*—Pliny was one of the best husbands in the

whole Roman empire; and if we may credit his descriptions, he had one of the best of women for his wife. Remembering the times in which he lived, it redounds to his praise that he treated his wife as a friend and counsellor, as well as a companion. In his letters to his wife, Calphurnia, when absent from her, he breathes the warmest and, at the same time, the most delicate affection. How much he really loved his wife we find, as far as words can express it, in the following letter to her aunt, Hispulla:—"As I remember the great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers, I am sure it will give you pleasure to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I met with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite anything in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where, with the utmost delight, she feasts upon my applauses; sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master, except the best of instructors. From these instances I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness, since her affection is not founded on my youth or person, which must gradually decay; but she is in love with the immortal part of me—my

glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to everything that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me on your recommendation. For as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased, from my infancy, to form me, to commend me, and kindly to pre-
 sage that I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united thanks; mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her as a mutual grant of joy and felicity."

473. Praying Wives.—Two Christian ladies, whose husbands were unconverted, feeling their great danger, agreed to spend one hour each day in united prayer for their salvation. This was continued for seven years; when they debated whether they should pray longer, so useless did their prayers appear, and decided to persevere till death, and, if their husbands went to destruction, it should be loaded with prayers. In renewed strength, they prayed three years longer: when one of them was awakened in the night by her husband, who was in great distress for sin. As soon as the day dawned, she hastened, with joy, to tell her praying companion that God was about to answer their prayers. What was her surprise to meet her friend coming to her on the same errand! Thus ten years of united and persevering prayer were crowned with the conversion of both husbands on the same day.

474. Prisoner's Solace.—The following narrative is found among the notes to a volume of poetry published in the United States:—"Some years since a young man by the name of Brown was cast into the prison of this city for debt. His manners were very interesting. His fine dark eyes beamed so much intelligence, his lively countenance expressed so much ingenuousness,

that I was induced, contrary to my usual rule, to seek his acquaintance. Companions in misery soon become attached to each other. Brown was informed that one of his creditors would not consent to his discharge: that he had abused him very much (as is usual in such cases), and made a solemn oath to keep him in gaol 'till he rotted'! I watched Brown's countenance when he received this information; and whether it was fancy or not, I cannot say, but I thought I saw the cheering spirit of hope in that moment desert him for ever. Nothing gave Brown pleasure but the daily visit of his amiable wife. By the help of a kind relation, she was able to give him sometimes soup, wine, and fruit; and every day, clear or stormy, she visited the prison to cheer the drooping spirits of her husband. She seemed an angel, administering consolation. One day passed the hour of one o'clock, and she came not: Brown was uneasy. Two, three, and four passed, and she did not appear: Brown was distracted. A messenger arrived: Mrs. Brown was very dangerously ill, and supposed to be dying in a convulsive fit. As soon as Brown received this information, he darted to the door with the greatest rapidity. The inner door was opened, and the gaoler, who had just let some one in, was closing it as Brown passed violently through it. The gaoler knocked him down with a massive iron key which he held in his hand; and Brown was carried back lifeless and covered with blood to his cell. Mrs. Brown died; and her husband was denied even the sad privilege of closing her eyes. He lingered for some time, till at last he called me one day, and gazing on me, while a faint smile played upon his lips, he said 'he believed that death was more kind than his creditors.' After a few convulsive struggles he expired."

475. Study under Difficulties.—Melancthon is reported to have frequently studied the gravest point

of theology with his book in one hand and in the other the edge of a cradle, which he incessantly rocked; and M. Esprit, a celebrated author and scholar, "has been caught by me," says M. Marville, "reading Plato with great attention, considering the interruptions which he met with from the necessity of sounding his little child's whistle."

476. True Wife.—Lady Fanshawe, wife of that most excellent and faithful servant of Charles I., Sir Richard Fanshawe, in the "Memoirs of her Life," which are dedicated to her son, gives the following beautiful picture of connubial affection and fidelity:—"One day, in discourse, Lady ——— tacitly commended the knowledge of state affairs, and that some women were very happy in a good understanding thereof, as my Lady A., Lady S., Mrs. T., and divers others, and that for it nobody was at first more capable than myself; that in the night she knew there came a post from Paris to the Queen, and that she would be extremely glad to hear what the Queen commanded the King, in order to his affairs; saying, that if I would ask my husband privately, he would tell me what he found in the packet, and I would tell her. I, that was young and innocent, and to that day never had in my mouth, 'What news?' began to think there was more in inquiring into business of public affairs than I thought of; and that being a fashionable thing it would make me more beloved of my husband (if that had been possible) than I was. After my husband had returned from council, after welcoming him (as my custom ever was), he went with his hand full of papers into his study for an hour or more. I followed him. He turned hastily, and said, 'What wouldst thou have, my life?' I told him I had heard the Prince had received a packet, and I guessed it that in his hand: and I desired to know what was in it. He *smiling replied*, 'My love,

I will immediately come to thee; pray go then, for I am very busy.' When he came out of his closet, I resumed my suit; he kissed me, and talked of other things. At supper I would eat nothing. He (as usual) sat by me, and drank often to me, and was full of discourse to the company that was at table. Going to bed I asked him again, and said I could not believe he loved me, if he refused to tell me all he knew; but he said nothing, and stopped my mouth with kisses, and soon went to bed. I cried, and he went to sleep. Next morning, very early, he called to rise; but began to discourse with me first, to which I made no reply. He rose, came to the other side of the bed, and kissed me; drew the curtain softly, and then went to court. When he came home to dinner, he presently came to me, as was usual; and when I had him by the hand, I said, 'Thou dost not care to see me troubled.' To which he, taking me in his arms, answered, 'My dearest soul, nothing upon earth can afflict me like that; and when you asked me of my business, it was wholly out of my power to satisfy thee; for my life and fortune shall be thine, and every thought of my heart, in which the trust I am in may not be revealed; but my honour is mine own, which I cannot preserve, if I communicate the Prince's affairs; and pray thee, with this answer rest satisfied.' So great was his reason and goodness, that upon consideration it made my folly appear so vile, that from that day until the day of his death, I never thought fit to ask him any business but what he communicated to me freely, in order to his estate and family." In a voyage from Galway to Malaga, the ship in which this lady and her husband were, was approached by a Turkish galley, and the prospect of slavery stared them in the face. "This," says she, in her Memoirs, "was sad for us passengers: but my husband bid us be sure to keep in the cabin, and not appear, which would make the

Turks think we are a man-of-war; but if they saw women, they would take us for merchants on board the vessel. He went upon deck and took a gun, a bandolier, and a sword, expecting the arrival of the Turkish man-of-war. The captain had locked me up in the cabin. I knocked and called to no purpose, until the cabin-boy came and opened the door. I, all in tears, desired him to be so good as to give me his thrum cap and tarred coat, which he did, and I gave him half-a-crown; and putting them on, and flinging away my night clothes, I crept up softly, and stood upon the deck by my husband's side, as free from sickness and fear, as I confess, of discretion, but it was the effect of the passion which I could never master. By this time the two vessels were engaged in parley, and so well satisfied with speech and sight of each other's force, that the 'Turks' man-of-war tacked about, and we continued our course. But when your father saw it convenient to retreat, looking upon me, he blessed himself, and snatched me up in his arms, saying, 'Good God, that love can make this change!' and though he seemingly chid me, he would laugh at it as often as he remembered that voyage." When Sir Richard Fanshawe was taken prisoner during the Civil War, and was confined in a little room at Whitehall, the fidelity of his wife was no less remarkable. "During time of his imprisonment," she says, "I failed not constantly, when the clock struck four in the morning, to go with a dark lantern in my hand, all alone on foot, from my lodgings in Chancery-lane, at my cousin Young's, to Whitehall, by the entry that went out of King's-street into the bowling green. There I would go under his window and call him softly. He, excepting the first time, never failed to put out his head at the first call. Thus we talked together, and sometimes I was so wet with rain that it went in at my neck and out at my heels." Through the active and unceasing entreaties

of Lady Fanshawe, her husband was liberated; and this happy pair, whose fidelity to their unfortunate sovereign and to each other was so exemplary, lived to witness the restoration of Charles II.

477. Two Wings.—A listener to Dr. Payson, when he visited the city of Boston, towards the latter part of his life, was led, by his preaching, to a considerable degree of serious concern for his soul. But his wife was in a great measure indifferent to the subject. One day, meeting her in company, the Dr. said, "Madam, I think your husband is looking upwards; making some effort to rise above the world, towards God and heaven. You must not let him try alone. Whenever I see the husband struggling alone in such efforts, it makes me think of a dove endeavouring to fly upwards while it has one broken wing. It leaps and flutters, and perhaps raises itself up a little way, and then it becomes wearied, and drops back again to the ground. If both wings co-operate, then it mounts easily."

473. Wifely Resolution.—Polyxenus, Dionysius's brother-in-law, who had married his sister Thesta, having joined in a conspiracy against him, fled to Sicily, to avoid falling into the tyrant's hands. Dionysius sent for his sister, and reproached her very much for not apprising him of her husband's intended flight, as she could not, he observed, be ignorant of it. She replied, without expressing the least surprise or fear, "Have I then appeared so bad a wife to you, and of so mean a soul, as to have abandoned my husband in his flight, and not to have desired to share in his dangers and misfortunes? No! I knew nothing of it; for I should be much happier in being called the wife of Polyxenus in exile, in the most remote corner of the world, than in Syracuse, the sister of the tyrant!" Dionysius could not but admire an answer so full of spirit and gener-

osity; and the Syracusans in general were so charmed with her magnanimity, that after the tyrant was suppressed the same honours, equipage, and train of a queen which she had before, were continued to her during her life, and after her death the people numerously attended her body to the tomb.

479. Winning a Wife.—It is related that a rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to Dunk, the celebrated Earl of Halifax, ordered in his will that she should lose the whole of her fortune if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl of Hali-

fax, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

480. Wise Decision.—We read in classic story of an Athenian who, hesitating whether to give his daughter in marriage to a virtuous man with a small fortune, or to a rich man who had no other recommendation, went to consult Themistocles on the subject. "I would bestow my daughter," said Themistocles, "upon a man without money, rather than upon money without a man."

IDOLATRY.

Gen. xxxv. 2; Deut. xxvii, 15; Psalm lxxxi. 9; Ezek. xiv. 3; Acts xv. 29; 1 Cor. vi. 10.

481. Absurdity of Idol Worship.—"A Bechuana man," says a missionary, "once came into my house and sat himself down. He took up one of our missionary sketches that was lying near him. Having looked at it, he concluded that the figures upon it—ugly ones—represented living animals. It never entered into his mind that man would make a thing that never existed. He asked my little daughter Mary, 'What game is this?' She said, 'They are not a game; there are nations that worship these things.' 'Oh!' said he, 'how you tell fibs!' She replied, 'I am not telling fibs. I heard mamma say so, and my mamma does not tell fibs.' He asked her again what game they were, and she again told him that they were things that were worshipped; for they have no name for idols. He burst out into an exclamation of wonder, questioned her again, but received the same answer—that people worshipped these things the same as her papa wished them to worship Jehovah and Jesus. The man was full of amazement, and repeated that she was telling fibs;

but she maintained the truth of what she said, and told him to go to her papa. He came to me and said, 'Look at that; your daughter says so and so. Is it true?' I said, 'It is.' Having looked at me with astonishment, he said, 'I know you do not tell lies!' and laying the paper down upon a piece of timber that I was planing, he looked at it, put his hands to both sides of his head, and waving it backwards and forwards, said, 'The people that make these things of wood and stone, have they got heads like Bechuanas?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'they have heads.' 'Have they got legs?' 'Yes, they have legs.' 'Have they got a pair of bellows to breathe through?' (he meant lungs.) 'Yes.' The man's wonder continued to increase, and he then asked, 'Can they talk, and think, and speak? Can they reason? Can they explain a difficult thing? Can they speak in a public meeting like our senators?' On being told that they could do all these things, he said, 'After this, never say that the Bechuanas are either foolish or ignorant.' Taking from his neck

a whistle made of ivory, and carved with some device, perhaps a man's head, or a buffalo, or a giraffe, he looked at the whistle with great reverence, and nodding his head in a very solemn way, said, 'What would my people think if I were to worship that?' Just at that moment, while he was talking with much animation, his staff dropped from his hand. He grasped it, and pointing to the picture, he held up his staff and said, 'This looks as well as this monster, and I might as well worship my staff just as you worship Jehovah. What would my people think if I were to do so? They would think I was a madman, and would throw me over a precipice, and cover me with stones.'"

482. Cruel Custom.—Bernier relates some interesting incidents of the barbarous custom in India (now happily yielding, through European influence, to reason and nature) of widows immolating themselves on the funeral pile of their husbands. After exhibiting some almost incredible instances of the serene fortitude which the infatuated women have shown on such occasions, he proceeds: "But nature will sometimes prevail. I have seen some of these victims who, at the sight of the fire and the pile, would have gone back when it was unhappily too late; those demons, the attendant Brahmins, with their great sticks, astound them, and sometimes even thrust them into the fire, as I once saw them act to a young woman who retreated five or six paces from the pile; perceiving her much disturbed, they absolutely forced her into the flames. For my own part, I have often been so enraged at these Brahmins, that if I dared I could have strangled them. I remember, among other occasions, that at Lahore I once saw a very handsome and very young woman burnt, not more, I believe, than twelve years of age. This poor, *unhappy creature* appeared more *dead than alive* when she came

near the pile, and shook and wept bitterly; upon which three or four of these executioners, the Brahmins, together with an old hag who held her under the arm, pushed her forward, and made her sit down upon the wood; and lest she should run away, they tied her hands and legs, and so burnt her alive."

483. Gentle Missionary.—Henry Martyn, in his journal, writes: "I walked into the village where the boat stopped for the night, and found the worshippers of Cali by the sound of their drums and cymbals. I did not speak to them on account of their being Bengalees. But being invited to walk in by the Brahmins, I walked within the railings, and asked a few questions about the idol. The Brahmin, who spoke bad Hindoostani, disputed with great heat, and his tongue ran faster than I could follow, and the people, who were about a hundred, shouted applause. But I continued to ask my questions, without making any remarks upon the answers. I asked, among other things, whether what I heard of Vishnu and Brahma were true, which they confessed. I forebore to press him with the consequences, which he seemed to feel, and so I told him what was my belief. The man grew quite mild, and said it was *chulabat* (good words), and asked me seriously at last what I thought—'Was idol-worship true or false?' I felt it a matter of thankfulness that I could make known the truth of God, though but a stammerer, and that I had declared it in the presence of a devil. And this I also learned, that the power of gentleness is irresistible."

484. Picture Worship.—At Baitenzorg, a village of Java, Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet observed a street occupied exclusively by Chinese. They called at several of the houses and noticed an idol in each. In one they observed an

engraving of the French Emperor Napoleon, in a gilt frame, before which incense was burning. The old man, to whom the picture belonged, in their presence paid it divine honours, bowing himself in various antic attitudes, and offering prayer for blessings upon himself and family. When we asked him why he worshipped a European engraving, he replied, "Oh, we worship anything."

485. Praying Machines.—The votaries of Lamaism actually use prayer-mills. The following is a description of these labour-saving machines, by Zewick. The *kurdu*, or prayer-machine, consists of hollow wooden cylinders of different sizes, filled with Tangut writings. The cylinders are painted with red stripes, and adorned with handsome gilt letters in the Sanscrit character, commonly making a distinct sentence. Each of these is fixed upon an iron axis, which goes through a square frame; this frame is capable of being shut up flat, and is formed upon a small scale, much like a weaver's shearing machine. Where the lower parts of the frame cross there is a hole in which the axis of the cylinder turns; by means of a string which is attached to a crank on the spindle, the machine can be set in motion, so that the cylinder turns in the frame like a grindstone upon its axis. Before the fire at Sarepta, there were two *kurdus* of this kind, with Tangut writings of all sorts, rolled one upon another round the spindle, on the inside of the cylinder, to the length of some hundred feet. The Moguls believe that it is meritorious respectfully to set in motion, whether by the wind or otherwise, such writings as contain prayers and other religious documents, that the knowledge of these scraps of theology may reach to the gods, and bring down their blessing. These prayer-mills contain the above-named sentence—a comprehensive request—repeated it may

be thousands of times, so as to secure a wonderful multiplication of power. The contrivances are commonly found in the houses of the Moguls.

486. Rev. John Thomas and the Idol.—The Rev. John Thomas, a missionary in India, was one day travelling alone through the country, when he saw a great number of people waiting near an idol temple. He went up to them, and, as soon as the doors were opened, he walked into the temple. Seeing an idol raised above the people, he walked boldly up to it, held up his hand, and asked for silence. He then put his finger on its eyes, and said, "It has eyes, but it cannot see! It has ears, but it cannot hear! It has a nose, but it cannot smell! It has hands, but it cannot handle! It has a mouth, but it cannot speak! Neither is there any breath in it!" Instead of doing injury to him for affronting their god and themselves, the natives were all surprised; and an old Brahmin was so convinced of his folly by what Mr. Thomas said, that he also cried out, "It has feet, but cannot run away!" The people raised a shout, and being ashamed of their stupidity, they left the temple, and went to their homes.

487. Two Kinds of Idolatry.—The more intelligent Chinese object to many parts of the Roman Catholic system, particularly to what they call preaching down Chinese idolatry, and preaching up European idolatry, for they say they have more reason to worship their own saints than those of Europe, of whom they know nothing; they are willing to lay aside their worship of images wholly, but will not exchange them for those of Europe. They are also offended at the indulgences sold for money; for this, they say, is priestcraft. "I knew a merchant," says a gentleman who resided among them, "who threw

off his (Romish) religion in consequence of being denied to eat pork in Lent without paying the church, which he was not then disposed to do; and without it he understood he was to be damned, which startled him; upon this he inquired why he might not as well eat the flesh as fish fried in pork fat, which all the Christians in Macao were allowed to do.

He therefore told the Padre, that if his salvation depended on so nice a point as the difference between fat and lean, he should no longer be of that religion, and so returned to Paganism. He often asked why the English did not send Padres who worshipped no images, and teach their religion, for it would be better approved by the people."

IGNORANCE.

Job viii. 9.; Psalm lxxxii. 5; Eccles. vii. 23; Luke xi. 52; Heb. v. 1, 2.

488. Absurd Controversy.—A question was agitated in Spain, in the eleventh century, whether the Musarabic liturgy and ritual, which had been used in the churches of Spain, or that approved by the See of Rome, which differed in many particulars from the other, contained the form of worship most acceptable to the Deity. The Spaniards contended zealously for the ritual of their ancestors. The Popes urged them to receive that to which they had given their infallible sanction. A violent contest arose. The nobles proposed to decide the controversy by the sword. The King approved of this method of decision. Two knights in complete armour entered the lists. John Ruys de Matanca, the champion of the Musarabic liturgy, was victorious. But the Queen and the Archbishop of Toledo, who favoured the other form, insisted on having the matter submitted to another trial, which was granted. A great fire was kindled. A copy of each liturgy was thrown into the flames; and it was agreed that the book which stood this proof, and remained untouched, should be received in all the churches of Spain. The Musarabic liturgy, we are gravely told, triumphed likewise upon this trial; for if we may believe Roderigo de Toledo, it remained unhurt by the fire, when the other was reduced to ashes. The Queen

use of the Musarabic liturgy was permitted only in certain churches—a determination no less extraordinary than the whole transaction.

and Archbishop had power or art to elude this decision also; and the

489. Aged Scholar.—A recent writer says: "In a morning walk, some years ago, I called upon an aged man for the purpose of reading the Scriptures to him, having been requested by a friend to do so. He was one of those who were beginning to inquire the way to Zion. I found him sitting alone; his cottage was small, but it had a neat appearance; his chief employment was that of mending sacks, being too lame, from the effects of rheumatic fever, to do any harder work. He told me that he passed many hours alone, without anything to occupy his time or attention, and that he felt it very dull, his wife, who went out nursing, sometimes being out for many weeks together. I inquired if he could read, and found he did not even know his letters. I then proposed his trying to learn them; and that his little girl, who was put to school by some kind lady, and had just learned them, should teach him; and I promised to call and hear him frequently. He had never even thought of such a thing before, but he willingly consented. I had no cause to complain of his progress. In two years he was able to read a chapter in his Testament, so as to understand it tolerably. He then

subscribed his penny a-week, and had a Bible. At this time I left the neighbourhood, and five years elapsed before I visited that place again. One of my first walks was to this cottage, to see my old pupil. Almost my first inquiry was, 'How do you get on with reading?' 'Why, I have not forgotten; I can now, thank God, read a chapter almost anywhere in the Bible; and I bless Him for having sent such a friend to me. You have been my best friend; but for you I should never have learned to read my Bible. Now I am never dull; the long winter evenings pass off quickly, and I am surprised when I find it is time to sleep.' I asked how he managed the difficult words. He said, 'When I come to one, I spell it over and over again, till I puzzle it out somehow; but I have learned a great many by reading the Sunday lessons on my return home, and taking notice how the minister spoke them.'"

490. Barbarian Education.—The Goths had no national literature; literature, in fact, they despised. A curious instance of this is given in the opposition they raised to the purpose of Amalasunta, who was eager to give the advantage of a liberal education to her son Alaric. "No, no," said the assembled warriors, "the idleness of study is unworthy of a Goth; high thoughts of glory are not fed by books, but by deeds of valour; he is to be a king whom all should dread. Shall he be compelled to dread his instructors? No."

491. Bible Knowledge.—A Roman Catholic priest in Ireland was one day passing by some men and boys who were engaged in breaking stones for a new road. He said that the road there would be of great use; "and it is a long time," said he, "since there was a road in this place." "Not since Adam was a boy," remarked one of the men. "And when was that? can you tell me?" said the priest. "No, sir, I

cannot," replied the man. The same question was asked of several persons, and a similar reply given. At length the priest turned to a young boy, and said, "Can you tell me, my lad, when Adam was a boy?" "Sir, Adam never was a boy; God created him man, and made him perfect also." "Are ye not ashamed," said the priest, "to be excelled by a young boy like this?" "No," answered one of them appealed to, "we are not; that boy reads the Scriptures, and has them explained to him; that is what is not done for us, and we are prevented from reading them ourselves." The priest rode away without making any reply.

492. Delusion.—During the Irish rebellion, a Roman Catholic priest of the name of Roche is said to have told the soldiers that he would catch the bullets in his hand, and actually exhibited some which he pretended to have got in that manner. The imposture was by no means new. The demagogue Muncer, who, adding the fanaticism of religion to the extremest enthusiasm of republicanism, by his harangues to the populace of Mulhausen soon found himself at the head of forty thousand troops, thus addressed them: "Everything must yield to the Most High, who has placed me at the head of you. In vain the enemy's artillery shall thunder against you; in vain, indeed, for I will receive in the sleeve of my gown every bullet that shall be shot against you, and that alone shall be an impregnable rampart against all the efforts of the enemy." Muncer, however, was not so good as his word, for the Landgrave of Hesse and many of the nobility marching against him, his troops were defeated, himself taken prisoner, and carried to Mulhausen, where he perished upon a scaffold in 1525.

493. Depraved Neighbourhood Altered.—A justice of the peace near Bristol, in 1820, speaking of

the neighbourhood in which a Sunday-school had been established, said that formerly it was dangerous even to go through the parish, in consequence of the ignorant and depraved state of the inhabitants; but now he saw such an alteration for the better, and was so pleased with the sight of the children, that on one occasion he invited them all to his house, and gave them refreshment.

494. Effects of Ignorance.—The Greek churches are well known to be overwhelmed with ignorance. Among the Russians, the common people were not long ago so very stupid and the priests either so blind or so wicked, that the least excellence in art or science was attributed to some diabolical commerce, and a man ran great risk of being hanged or burned for knowing more than his neighbours. The secretary of a Persian Ambassador unadvisedly foretold at Moscow an eclipse of the sun that was to happen. His being able to foretell made the Russians foolishly imagine he had the power and malice to cause the obstruction of the glorious luminary. Accordingly, when it happened, the Ambassador's protection was hardly sufficient to preserve his servant, whom the enraged multitude were for putting to death as a sorcerer. A French surgeon in the same place had attained to some degree of reputation, but, being so unfortunate as to be skilled in anatomy, it entirely ruined his business, and had well-nigh cost him his life. He had found means to procure a body, which having dissected and cleansed the bones, he put them together and hung them up at a chamber window to dry, leaving the casement open. The wind blowing, the skeleton consequently moved, which some very wise person seeing from a window on the other side of the way, the poor surgeon was taken up, accused of magic, and had difficulty enough to prove his innocence before the magistrate.

495. End of the World.—There was a prevalent, nay, almost universal idea, in the tenth century, that the end of the world was approaching. Many charters began with these words: "As the world is now drawing to its close." An army marching under the Emperor Otho I. was so terrified by an eclipse of the sun, which it conceived to announce this consummation, as to disperse hastily on all sides. As this notion seems to have been founded on some confused theory of the Millennium, it died away when the seasons proceeded to the eleventh century with their usual regularity.

496. Fruit of Fanaticism.—When Alexandria was taken by the Mohammedans, Amrus, their commander, who was fond of literature, became acquainted with Philoponus, whose conversation pleased him much. One day Philoponus said to him, "You have examined the public repositories in Alexandria, and put your seal upon all the effects you found in them. With respect to such things as may be useful to you I presume to say nothing; but among those which you think of no value, there may be some, perhaps, very servicable to me." "And what," answered Amrus, "are the things you want?" "The philosophical books," replied Philoponus, "that are preserved in the public libraries." "This," returned Amrus, "is a request upon which I cannot decide till I have received orders from the Caliph Omar, the Commander of the Faithful." He wrote immediately to Omar, to lay before him the request of Philoponus; and the Caliph returned this answer: "If there be nothing in the books concerning which you write contrary to the book of God (meaning the Koran), they are utterly useless, the book of God being sufficient for our instruction. But if they contain anything repugnant to that book, they ought to be suppressed. I command you, therefore, to destroy them all." Amrus

distributed all the books immediately among the baths of Alexandria, that they might be employed in heating them; and by this method, in the space of six months, they were all consumed. Such was then the triumph of ignorance and fanaticism over learning and philosophy.

497. Medieval Dignitaries.—

Guymond, chaplain to King Henry L., observing that for the most part ignorant men were advanced to the best dignities in the church, as he celebrated Divine service before the King, and was about to read these words out of St. James, "It rained not upon the earth three years and six months," he read it thus: "It rained not upon the earth one—one—one years and five—one months." Henry noticed the singularity, and afterwards took occasion to blame the chaplain for it. "Sir," answered Guymond, "I did it on purpose; for such readers I find are sooner preferred by your Majesty." The King smiled, and in a short time afterwards presented Guymond to the benefice of St. Frideswid's in Oxford.

498. Medieval Ignorance.—The tenth century, which presents one of the darkest periods of the Christian era, was an age of the profoundest ignorance and of the most degrading superstition. Some who filled the highest situations in the Church could not so much as read, while others who pretended to be better scholars, and attempted to perform the public offices, committed the most egregious blunders. In Spain, books were become so scarce that one and the same copy of the Bible, St. Jerome's Epistles, and some volumes of ecclesiastical offices and martyrologies, served several monasteries; and in the famous monastery of Iona there seems to have been in the ninth century no other work, even of the Fathers, than one of the writings of Chrysostom. Germinius, a Spanish bishop, by his will, bearing date A.D. 953, bequeathed about sixteen volumes of books to certain religious houses,

with the express condition that no Abbot should be permitted to transfer them to any other place, but that they should be kept for the monks of the monasteries specified in the will, who should accommodate each other as much as possible in the use of them. The will is subscribed by the King and Queen, as well as by the bishops and other persons of rank.

499. Metempsychosis.—Among the doctrines taught by the Bonzes or Priests of the Chinese god Fo is the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls. The impression which this doctrine makes upon the credulous Chinese may be judged of by a fact related by Father le Compte in his Memoirs. "I recollect," says he, "that being one day in the province of Chanci, I was called to baptize a sick person. This was a man of seventy years of age, who lived on a small pension the Emperor granted to him. The moment I entered his chamber, he exclaimed, 'How much I am obliged to you, my dear father! You will deliver me from the greatest of misery! You know, my father, that I have lived for a long time on the bounty of the Emperor. The Bonzes, who are well informed of what passes in the other world, assure me that in gratitude I shall be obliged to serve my benefactor after my death, and that my soul will infallibly pass into one of his post-horses, in order to carry the despatches of the Court to distant provinces. They exhort me, therefore, to perform my duty well when I enter upon my new state; not to stumble, to kick, to bite, nor to hurt any one. Run well, they tell me; eat little, and be patient. By this you will excite the compassion of the gods, who often as a result convert a good beast into a man of quality and a considerable Mandarin. I confess, my father, that this idea makes me tremble; it haunts me day and night. In my sleep sometimes I already imagine myself

in harness, and ready to set off at the first lash of the postillion; I wake in unspeakable terror, not knowing whether I am a man or a horse. Alas! how deplorable will be my fate when this is no longer a dream! I will tell you now, my father, the resolution I have taken. I am assured that the followers of your religion are not subject to these calamities: that men with you will be always men, and that in the other world they will be what they were in this. I implore you to receive me among you; I know very well that your religion is difficult to be observed, but were it far more difficult, still I am ready to embrace it.' This address, and the situation of the sick person, excited my compassion; but reflecting that God makes use even of simplicity and ignorance to conduct men to the truth, I took the opportunity which this gave me to convince him of his errors, and to point out to him the road to salvation. I instructed him a long time; he believed at last, and I had the satisfaction of seeing him die not only with more rational sentiments, but with all the signs of a good Christian."

500. Mother and Daughter.—A little girl was placed in a Sunday-school in America. The child had a very ignorant and impious mother living in the capacity of a servant; her example was such as to lead to the fear that it must have a very pernicious effect on the mind of the child. But often when she has been intemperate, and using the most profane language, a pious lady, a member of the family, has heard her little child reproving her in the most affectionate manner. She would say, "Mother, you are injuring yourself very much, and committing a great sin against God." Some time ago, after this child had attended a prayer-meeting for the teachers and scholars, she went into *the apartment* where she found her *mother alone*; she opened her Bible

and read the chapter, and anxiously attempted to explain it as she heard it at the meeting; she then repeated the first lines of the hymns that were sung, and gave a very correct account of the manner in which the exercises were conducted during the evening. She expressed much concern for the soul of her parent to the lady who instructed her, and with eyes filled with tears said, "O ma'am, I very often pray to God, that He would take away my mother's stony heart, and give her a good one."

501. New Language.—In the beginning of the 16th century, surprising ignorance prevailed in reference to the Scriptures. Conrad of Heresbach, a grave author of that age, relates the following saying of a monk to his companions: "They have invented a new language which they call Greek: you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the matter of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons a book written in that language, and which they call the New Testament: it is a book full of daggers and poison. As to the Hebrew, my brethren, it is certain that whoever learns it becomes immediately a Jew."

502. Pagan Fetishes.—The Ashantees have the most surprising confidence in the fetishes, which they purchase at an extravagant rate from the Moors, believing firmly that they make them invulnerable and invincible in war, paralyse the hand of the enemy, shiver their weapons, divert the course of balls, and avert all evils but sickness (which they can only assuage) and natural death. The King gave to the King of Dagwumba, for the fetish or war-coat of Apokoo, the value of thirty slaves; for Odu-mata's, twenty; for Addo Quamina's, thirteen; for Akimpon's, twelve; for Akimponteü's, nine; and for those of greater captains in proportion. The generals being always in the rear of the army are

pretty sure to escape, a circumstance much in favour of the Moors. Mr. Bowdich relates that several of the Ashantee captains offered seriously to let him fire at them; in short, their confidence in these fetishes is almost as incredible as the despondency and panic imposed on their southern and western enemies by the recollection of them; they impel the Ashantees, fearless and headlong, to the most daring enterprises; they dispirit their adversaries almost to the neglect of an interposition of fortune in their favour. The Ashantees believe that the constant prayers of the Moors, who have persuaded them that they converse with the Deity, invigorate themselves and gradually waste the spirit and strength of their enemies. This faith is not less impulsive, persistent, and overwhelming than that which achieved the Arabian conquests.

503. Superstitious Heathen.—The circumstance is remarkable that the portrait of Henry VIII. was the means of preventing a commercial treaty between the Portuguese and the King of Borneo. A Portuguese vessel, having touched at that place, opened a trade there with great success. The King received the strangers with special favour, and they displayed before him the presents with which they were prepared. Among other things was the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine represented in tapestry. When the King of Borneo saw the bluff figure of Henry, as large as life, he bade the Portuguese pack up their presents, take them on board, and leave his dominions immediately. He knew, he said, what they brought him those figures for; that ugly man was to come out in the night, cut off his head, and take possession of his dominions. There was no persuading him out of his imagination, and the Portuguese were compelled to abandon a commercial speculation which was so auspiciously commenced.

504. Superstitious King.—An astrologer in the reign of Louis XI. of France having foretold something disagreeable to the King, his Majesty, in revenge, resolved to have him killed. The next day he sent for the astrologer, and ordered the people about him, at a signal given, to throw the astrologer out of the window. As soon as the King saw him, "You that pretend," said he, "to be such a wise man, and know so perfectly the fate of others, inform me a little what will be your own, and how long you have to live?" The astrologer, who began to apprehend some danger, answered with great presence of mind, "I know my destiny, and am certain I shall die three days before your Majesty." The King on this was so far from having him thrown out of the window, that on the contrary he took particular care not to suffer him to want anything, and did all that was possible to retard the death of one whom he was likely so soon to follow.

505. Superstitious Persecutors.—The succession of noble discoveries made by Galileo, the most splendid, probably, which it ever fell to the lot of one individual to make, in a better age would have entitled its author to the admiration and gratitude of the whole scientific world, but they were viewed at the time with suspicion and jealousy. The ability and success with which Galileo had laboured to overturn the doctrines of Aristotle and the schoolmen, as well as to establish the motion of the earth, and the immobility of the sun, excited many enemies. The Romish Church itself was roused to action by reflecting that it had staked the infallibility of its judgments on the truth of the very opinions which were now in danger of being overthrown. The Dialogues of Galileo contained a full exposition of the evidence of the earth's motion, and set forth the errors of the old as well as the discoveries of the new philosophy with great force of reasoning, and

with the charms of the most lively eloquence. They are written indeed with such singular felicity, that we read them at the present day, when the truths contained in them are known and admitted, with all the delight of novelty, and feel carried back to the period when the telescope was first directed to the heavens, and when the earth's motion, with all its train of consequences, was proved for the first time. The author of such a work could not be forgiven. Galileo, accordingly, was twice brought before the Inquisition. The first time a council of seven cardinals pronounced a sentence, which, for the sake of those disposed to believe that power can subdue truth, ought never to be forgotten: "That to maintain the sun to be immovable, and without local motion, in the centre of the world, is an absurd proposition, false in philosophy, heretical in religion, and contrary to the testimony of Scripture. That it is equally absurd and false in philosophy to assert that the earth is not immovable in the centre of the world, and, considered theologically, equally erroneous and heretical." Galileo was threatened with imprisonment unless he would retract his opinions, and a promise was at length extorted from him that he would not teach the doctrine of the earth's motion either by speaking or writing. To this promise he did not conform. In the year 1668, Galileo, now seventy years old, was again brought before the Inquisition, forced solemnly to disavow his belief in the earth's motion, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment, though the sentence was afterwards mitigated, and he was allowed to return to Florence. The sentence appears to have pressed heavily on Galileo's mind, and he never afterwards either talked or wrote upon the subject of astronomy.

506. Wonderful Delusion.—In the month of May, 1814, it was unexpectedly discovered that in a re-

mote but populous part of the island of Java, a road was constructed leading to the top of the mountain Sumbeng, one of the highest in the island. An inquiry being set on foot, it was discovered that the delusion which gave rise to the work had its origin in the province of Banyumas, in the territories of the Susunan; that the infection spread to the territory of the Sultan, whence it extended to that of the European power. On examination, a road was found constructed, twenty-two feet broad, and from fifty to sixty miles in extent, wonderfully smooth and well made. One point which appears to have been considered necessary was that the road should not cross rivers, and it winded in a thousand ways that this principle might not be infringed. Another point as peremptorily insisted upon was, that the straight course of the road should not be interrupted by any regard to private right; and in consequence trees and houses were overturned to make way for it. The population of whole districts, occasionally to the number of five or six thousand labourers, were employed on the road; and among a people disinclined to active exertion, the laborious work was nearly completed in two months; such was the effect of the temporary enthusiasm with which they were inspired. It appeared in the sequel, that a bare report had set the whole work in motion. An old woman had dreamt, or pretended to have dreamt, that a divine personage was about to descend from heaven on the mountain Sumbeng. Piety suggested the propriety of constructing a road to facilitate his descent; and divine vengeance, it was rumoured, would pursue the sacrilegious person who refused to join in the meritorious labour. These reports quickly wrought on the fears and ignorance of the people, and they heartily joined in the enterprise. The old woman distributed slips of palm leaves to the labourers, with magic letters

written upon them, which were charms to secure them against wounds and sickness. When this strange affair was discovered by the native authorities, orders were given to desist from the work, and the people returned without murmur to their wonted occupations.

INDUSTRY.

Prov. xiv. 23; Eccles. ix. 10; Rom. xii. 11; 2 Thess. iii. 10.

507. Advantages of Reading.—

Sir William Jones, when but a youth, was regarded as almost a miracle of industry and attainments. When only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother, a woman of uncommon intelligence and acquirements, for information, her constant answer to him was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. Even at school his voluntary exertions exceeded in amount his prescribed tasks, so that Dr. Thackeray, one of his masters, used to say that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left destitute and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would nevertheless find the road to fame and riches. At this time he was frequently in the habit of devoting whole nights to study, when he would generally take coffee or tea to keep off sleep. Even then, merely to divert his leisure, he commenced the study of the law; and it is related that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintances by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's Institutes, which he had read and mastered. The extraordinary eminence to which he attained is well known to all scholars.

508. Arkwright's Rise.—When Richard Arkwright went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber, but being remarkably frugal, he saved money out of a very scanty income. With these savings he took a cellar and commenced business; at the cellar-head he displayed this inscription: "*Subterranean shaving, with keen*

razors, for one penny." The novelty had a very successful effect, for he soon had plenty of customers; so much so, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded twopence a-piece for shaving, were obliged to reduce their terms. They also styled themselves subterranean shavers, although they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Arkwright determined on a still further reduction, and shaved for a halfpenny. A neighbouring cobbler one day descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, said he hoped he would give him another halfpenny, for his beard was so strong it might spoil his razor. The cobbler declared he would not. Arkwright then shaved him for the halfpenny, and immediately gave him two pairs of shoes to mend. This was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune: for the cobbler, struck with this unexpected favour, introduced him to the inspection of a cotton machine invented by his particular friend. The plan of this Arkwright got possession of, and it gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money.

509. Assiduous Service.—When the treaty of marriage was pending between Henry VII. and Margaret, the Dowager of Savoy, Thomas Wolsey, rector of Redgrave, in the diocese of Norwich, was proposed as a fit person to be sent on the business to that princess's father, the Emperor Maximilian. The King had not before particularly noticed Wolsey; but after con-

versing with him on the subject, he was satisfied with his qualifications, and commanded him to be in readiness for the embassy. The Court was then at Richmond; from which Wolsey proceeded with his despatches to London, where he arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. He had a boat waiting, and in less than three hours was at Gravesend. With post horses he got next morning to Dover, reached Calais in the course of the afternoon, and the same night arrived at the Imperial Court. The Emperor, informed that an extraordinary ambassador had come from England, immediately gave him audience; and the business being agreeable, was quickly concluded. Wolsey without delay returned. He reached Calais at the opening of the gates, found the passengers going on board the vessel that brought him from England, embarked, and about ten o'clock was landed at Dover. Relays of horses having been provided, he reached Richmond the same evening. Reposing some time, he arose, and met the King as he came from his chamber to hear the morning service. His Majesty, surprised, rebuked him for neglecting the orders with which he had been charged. "May it please your Highness," said Wolsey, "I have been with the Emperor, and executed my commission to the satisfaction, I trust, of your Majesty." He then knelt, and presented Maximilian's letters. Dissembling the admiration which such unprecedented expedition excited, the King inquired if he had received no orders by a pursuivant sent after him. Wolsey answered that he had met the messenger as he returned; but having preconceived the purpose for which he was sent, he had presumed of his own accord to supply the defect in his credentials; for which he solicited his Majesty's pardon. The King, pleased with this foresight, and gratified with the result of the negotiation, readily forgave

his temerity; and, commanding him to attend the council in the afternoon, he desired that in the meantime he would refresh himself with repose. Wolsey at the time appointed reported the business of his mission with so much clearness and propriety that he received the applause of all present; and the King, when the deanery of Lincoln became vacant, bestowed it on him unsolicited. From being Dean, Wolsey became Bishop; from Bishop, Archbishop; from Archbishop, Cardinal, and, as Cardinal, the proudest subject of one of the proudest monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of England.

510. Benjamin Franklin an Example of Industry.—Throughout the whole of his long life, Franklin was an example of the most remarkable industry, of which his career furnishes many instances. When a printer, he was engaged in a work of forty sheets, on which he worked exceedingly hard, for the price was low. "I composed," says he, "a sheet a day, and Meredith worked it off at press; it was often eleven at night, and sometimes later, before I had finished my distribution for the next day's work; for the little jobs sent in by our other friends now and then put us back. But so determined was I to continue doing a sheet a day of the folio, that one night, when, having imposed my forms, and I thought my day's work over, one of them by accident was broken, and two pages reduced to pie (a printer's term for the type getting mixed and in confusion), I immediately distributed and composed it over again before I went to bed; and this industry, visible to our neighbours, began to give us character and credit. Particularly I was told that, mention being made of the new printing office at the merchants' every-night club, the general opinion was, that it must fail, there being already two printers in the place; but Dr. Baird, a native of St. Andrew's in Scot-

land, gave a contrary opinion. 'For the industry of that Franklin,' said he, 'is superior to anything I ever saw of the kind; I see him still at work when I go home from the club, and he is at work again before his neighbours are out of bed.' This struck the rest, and we soon after had offers from one of them to supply us with stationery; but as yet we did not choose to engage in shop business."

511. Blind Man's Ingenuity.—

Thevenot, in his *Travels*, relates a singular instance of the ingenuity of a learned but blind Prince he met with at Ispahan. "He is," says he, "a very learned man, especially in the mathematics, of which he has books always read to him. And as to astronomy and astrology, he has the calculations read, when he writes them very quickly with the point of his finger, having wax, which he prepares himself, like small twine, less than ordinary packthread, and this wax he lays upon a large board or plank of wood, such as scholars make use of in some places, that they may not spoil paper when they learn to design or write; and with this wax, which he supplies, he forms very true letters, and makes great calculations; then with his finger's end he casts up all that he has set down, performing multiplication, division, and all astronomical calculations very exactly."

512. Climbing the Ladder.—

It is a singular coincidence, that the two individuals who have been most celebrated for their attempts to extend the knowledge of animal nature should have been both natives of Scotland, and that each should have been put to a coarse mechanical employment—John Brown to the trade of a weaver, and John Hunter to that of a carpenter or wheelwright. Young Brown early discovered uncommon talents. His aptitude for improvement induced his parents, after having fruitlessly bound him apprentice to a weaver, to change his

destination. He was accordingly sent to a grammar school, where he studied with great ardour and success. Indeed, he was at that time regarded as a prodigy, and his application was so intense that he was seldom without a book in his hand. The means of his education were raised by his own industry, and he became a reaper of corn to procure for himself the means of improvement. With the price of such labour he put himself to school, where his abilities and ardour attracted the notice of his master, and procured him the place of assistant. He first directed his studies to divinity, but soon changed that for physic, in which he afterwards became so eminent as to found a system called, in honour of him, "The Brunonian System."

513. Fighting against Poverty.—

The late William Gifford, one of the first scholars in Europe, had in early life to encounter difficulties which genius is not always able to surmount. His father was a dissipated man, who, when a lad, ran away from school, and associated with the noted Bamfylde Moore Carew; he afterwards was a sailor on board a man-of-war, then a plumber and glazier, which business he quitted to return to sea. With such a parent it is not to be expected that his offspring was much attended to; and young Gifford, suffering in the poverty and wretchedness of his parents, was after a very slender education bound apprentice to a shoemaker, in which craft he remained seven years. His only book was a "Treatise on Algebra," which was a treasure locked up until he was enabled to read by stealth Fenning's "Introduction," which his master's son had purchased. But there were still other obstacles, for he had not a farthing to purchase pen, ink, and paper. Genius, however, finds out expedients, and he beat out pieces of leather, on which he worked problems with a blunt awl. Hitherto he was a stranger to poetry, and

scarcely knew it by name. His first attempt at versifying was occasioned by a whimsical circumstance. A country painter had engaged to paint a sign for an ale-house; but instead of giving a representation of a lion, he exhibited a dog. This produced much mirth; and one of Gifford's acquaintance being instigated by it to write some doggerel rhymes, he also was induced to try his skill in composition, and succeeded so well that his verses were pronounced the best. Another occurrence, equally trivial, produced new verses; and these were so much the subject of conversation, that his master threatened to punish him if he wrote any more, being apprehensive lest the youthful bard should take it into his head to berhyme some of his customers. But the verses already composed were in circulation, and the author was deemed a rising genius who deserved encouragement. Little collections were made for him; and the money thus acquired enabled him to prosecute his studies, by supplying him occasionally with paper, and even mathematical books. His master, however, no sooner heard the praises bestowed on his apprentice than his anger kindled; the garret was searched, his little library seized, and all application to study rigorously prohibited. At this period Providence raised up the first friend that Gifford had in the world, a respectable surgeon of Ashburton, whose curiosity being excited by the productions of this untutored genius, he inquired after the author, heard his simple tale, and meditated on the best means of rendering him essential benefit. The plan which suggested itself as the most advisable was to raise a sum by subscription for the purchase of the time which the youth had yet to serve, and to support him for a few months in education. This design was carried into execution, and six pounds being paid to the master for the delivery of his indentures, the future *translator of "Juvenal"* breathed

the air of freedom, and bade an eternal adieu to mechanical labour. The bounty of his patrons was not thrown away on William Gifford; for in the short period of two years from the day of his emancipation, he was pronounced fit for the University. The same kindness which procured him his liberation from a degrading employment furnished him with the means of going to the University of Oxford, where his own talents and industry enabled him to support himself until he found a warm patron in Earl Grosvenor. From this period, the advancement of Mr. Gifford in polite literature was rapid, and there are few branches of it in which he did not distinguish himself.

514. *Frugal Tradesman.*—Mr. Thomas Clark, proprietor of Exeter Change, where he amassed as large a fortune as was perhaps ever gained by a single individual in the way of retail trade, was one of the most singular individuals of his day. Selling nothing but what was of the best quality, being content to sell at a small profit, and always asking at once the lowest price he would take, he acquired an extent of retail custom unrivalled in the metropolis, and his coffers filled rapidly with the fruits of fair industry. But what perhaps served not less to promote his fortune was the frugal mode of life which to his latest hour he observed. The cost of his dinner, on six days of the week, seldom exceeded ninepence; he took it on the bare board, in a small closet adjoining his range of shops. Such was the even, undeviating tenor of his way, till he approached his eightieth year, when he expired, after a short illness. So large were the profits of Mr. Clark's trade, that when the income tax was imposed, he returned them at £6,000. The tax collector conceiving that he had by mistake returned, and overrated too, his whole stock, instead of his income, sent back to Mr. Clark his schedule for correction. Mr. Clark added another

thousand, and begged to assure the collector that he had now stated the utmost amount. "Ay, but," said the other, "I want your income, not your property." "Will you be content to take it as my income?" "Oh, yes." "So will I," replied the old merchant, and wished the astonished collector a good morning. The fortune which Mr. Clark left to his family is supposed to have amounted to nearly half a million.

515. Neglected Worth.—The fate of Castell, the erudite author of the "Lexicon Heptaglotton," is a singular example of great literary generosity joined to the most laborious literary industry. He may be said to have sacrificed both his life and his fortune to letters. It is not possible, if there are tears to be bestowed on the afflictions of learned men, to read his pathetic address to Charles II. unmoved. He laments the seventeen years of incredible pains during which he thought himself idle when he had not devoted sixteen or eighteen hours a day to the Lexicon; that he had expended all his inheritance (more than twelve thousand pounds); that it had broken his constitution, and left him blind as well as poor. When this invaluable Polyglott was published, the copies remained unsold in his hands; for the learned Castell had anticipated the curiosity and knowledge of the public by a full century. He had so completely devoted himself to Oriental studies that they had a very remarkable consequence, for he had totally forgotten his own language, and could scarcely spell a single word. This appears in some of his English letters, preserved by Mr. Nichols in his valuable "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century." It is supposed that above five hundred of his Lexicons were unsold at the time of his death. These were placed by Mrs. Crisp, Dr. Castell's niece and executrix, in a room of one of her tenants' houses, at Martin in Surrey, where for

some years they lay at the mercy of the rats; and when they came into the possession of this lady's executors, scarcely one complete volume could be formed out of the remainder, and the whole load of learned rags sold only for seven pounds! A single imperfect copy some years back sold for a larger sum.

516. Peasant's Industry.—In the year 1805, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts awarded their silver medal, and fifteen guineas, as a reward of virtuous and distinguished industry in humble life, to a poor but deserving man, who had exerted his humble talents in improving some acres of barren land, and brought up a large family on the most scanty earnings, without the slightest aid from the parish. Lieutenant Humphries, of the Royal Navy, who laid the poor man's case before the society, gave the following particulars concerning it:—"Twelve acres of barren downs had been taken from a common, and seven or eight of them put in a high state of cultivation, the remainder being in a very forward state of improvement. The whole is divided into eight fields, separated by seventeen stone fences, put together in a masterly manner. The fields are intersected with various drains, which empty themselves into the ditches that have been obliged to be dug round the margin of each field, both for this purpose, and in order to give greater height to the fences. On each side of every bank, ditches are dug, and in the gateways bridges are made, able to support a loaded cart, that the water may run freely off. The land produced, in 1808, ten Cornish bushels of barley, nine trusses of hay, two hogsheads of oats, and ten bushels of wheat, besides pasture for cattle. This has been the labour of eighteen years, by one indefatigable man, who began it in the fiftieth year of his age. I have to add that his dwelling-house and out-buildings, including the turf

walls of which they are composed, the laying of the rafters, and the thatching, are all executed by himself, though he was only bred to husbandry." This deserving character was William Pearce, of Helston, Cornwall, who, when he began his improvements, was possessed only of one mare, and a shilling per day which he earned by hard labour. He brought up seven children, who did credit to the parent who had shown such persevering and indefatigable industry.

517. Perfection out of Trifles.—

A gentleman engaged an artist to execute a piece of sculpture for him. Visiting his studio after an absence of several weeks, it seemed to him that the artist had made little progress. "What have you been doing?" asked the gentleman of the artist. "Working on this figure." "But I see nothing done since my last visit." "Why," answered the artist, "I have brought out this muscle, I have modified this part of the dress, I have slightly changed the expression of the lip." "But these are trifles," said the gentleman. "True, sir," replied the artist, "but perfection is made up of trifles."

518. Perseverance in Work.—A

clergyman in America was greatly discouraged, after many years of hard labour among his people, at seeing no spiritual harvest yet reaped. He was so much troubled, that he meditated changing his field of employment, believing that he might prove more successful in another sphere. While his mind was taken up with these sad thoughts, he had a dream one night upon his bed. He dreamed that he was a poor man seeking employment, and that at last he found an employer, who gave him a sledge hammer, and showed him an immense rock, as large as the largest church, and told him to hammer upon the rock until he had split it in pieces. After hammering away for some time, he at last remonstrated that the work

given him to do was impossible. His employer replied, "That is nothing to you; I shall pay you for doing the work. Whether you succeed or not is no concern of yours. Do you do the work; only do the work!" Upon this he redoubled his blows, but was on the point several times of laying down the instrument. Still the employer said, "Keep to your work. Smite the rock! smite the rock!" and he kept smiting, with his heart sinking at the hopelessness of the effort, when all at once the rock rent asunder, and by the convulsion he awoke from his dream. The impression did not end in a dream, for the devoted pastor took courage, and continued his efforts in the old sphere with fresh zeal; and it was not long before he saw the fruit of his labour, and had the privilege of gathering in a glorious harvest of inquiring souls.

519. Profitable Captivity.—

Grotius having taken part in the political disputes which agitated his native country, Holland, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was condemned to imprisonment for life in the Castle of Louvestein. The malice of his persecutors was, however, fortunately disappointed by the ingenuity of his wife. Having obtained a permission to remove some books from the prison, she sent a large chest for the purpose; but instead of books, she deposited a more valuable treasure, the illustrious Grotius himself; and the gaoler having no suspicion, he was by this means enabled to make his escape. Nothing more strongly marks the genius and fortitude of Grotius, than the manner in which he employed his time during his imprisonment. It does honour to religion and to science. While in the prison of Louvestein he resumed his law studies, which other employments had interrupted. He gave a portion of his time to moral philosophy, which induced him to translate the ancient poets, collected by Stobæus,

and the fragments of Menander and Philemon. Every Sunday was devoted to reading the Scriptures, and to writing his "Commentaries on the New Testament." In the course of this work he fell ill, but as soon as he recovered his health he composed his treatise in Dutch verse on the "Truth of the Christian Religion." His only mode of refreshing his mind was to pass from one work to another; and although his talents produced so abundantly, his confinement was not more than two years. We may well exclaim, in a trite expression, that "his soul was not imprisoned."

520. Stow's Industry.—Stow, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist, to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stow, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good humour did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded, for those treasures of antiquity which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear

to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself, "as a recompense for his labour and travel of forty-five years in setting forth the 'Chronicles of England,' and eight years taken up in the 'Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster,' towards his relief, now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the Great Seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stow's labours, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelve-month; one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stow, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for one twelvemonth! such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!

521. Striving after Knowledge.—Ferguson, the eminent practical philosopher and astronomer, was born in an humble station at Keith, a small village in Scotland, in the year 1710. He learned to read by merely listening to the instructions which his father communicated to an elder brother. He was afterwards sent for about three months to the grammar-school at Keith; and this was all the scholastic education he ever received. His taste for mechanics appeared when he was only about seven or eight years of age; by means of a turning-lathe and a knife, he constructed machines that served to illustrate the properties of the lever, the wheel, and

the axle. Of these machines, and the mode of their application, he made rough drawings with a pen, and wrote a brief description of them. Unable to subsist without some employment, he was placed with a neighbouring farmer, and occupied for some years in the care of his sheep. In this situation he commenced the study of astronomy, devoting a great part of the night to the contemplation of the heavens; while he amused himself in the day time with making models of spinning-wheels, and other machines which he had an opportunity of observing. By another farmer, in whose service he was afterwards engaged, he was much encouraged in his astronomical studies, and enabled, by the assistance that was afforded him in his necessary labour, to reserve part of the day for making fair copies of the observations which he roughly sketched out at night. In making these observations, he lay down on his back, with a blanket about him, and by means of a thread strung with small beads, and stretched at arm's length between his eye and the stars, he marked their positions and distances. The master who thus kindly favoured his search after knowledge recommended him to some neighbouring gentlemen, one of whom took him into his house, where he was instructed by the butler in decimal arithmetic, algebra, and the elements of geometry. Being afterwards deprived of the assistance of this preceptor, he returned to his father's house, and, availing himself of the information derived from Gordon's "Geographical Grammar," he constructed a globe of wood, covered it with paper, and delineated upon it a map of the world; he also added the meridian ring, and horizon, which he graduated; and by means of this instrument, which was the first he had ever seen, he came to solve all the problems in Gordon. His *father's* contracted circumstances

obliged him again to seek employment; but the service into which he entered was so laborious as to affect his health. For his amusement in this enfeebled state, he made a wooden clock, and also a watch, after having once seen the inside of such a piece of mechanism. His ingenuity obtained for him new friends, and employment suited to his taste, which was that of cleaning clocks and drawing patterns for ladies' needlework; and he was thus enabled not only to supply his own wants, but to assist his father. Having improved in the art of drawing, he was induced to draw portraits from the life with Indian ink on vellum. This art, which he practised with facility, afforded him a comfortable subsistence for several years, and allowed him leisure for pursuing those favourite studies which ultimately raised him into eminence.

522. Struggling to Rise.—Jean Baptiste Lully, the celebrated musician, was born of obscure parents at Florence, but, discovering in his infancy a propensity to music, a Cordelier undertook to teach him to play on the guitar, an instrument then much in use in Italy and France. When only ten years of age young Lully became page to Mademoiselle de Montpensier; but this lady taking a dislike to his appearance, which was far from promising, assigned him a situation in her kitchen as under scullion. The genius of Lully was not thus to be subdued, and in the moments of his leisure from the kitchen he used to scrape on a wretched violin which he had been able to procure. This became known to the princess, and he was soon restored to that character as a musician from which his figure had a short time before banished him as a page.

523. Talking and Doing.—Dr. Chalmers, when he was preparing the plan for building schools for St.

John's parish, Glasgow, fixed upon a site which belonged to the college of which Dr. Taylor was head. Dr. Chalmers called on him, and expressed his hope that it might be obtained reasonably. Dr. Taylor replied, "The project is not a new one. We have talked of building schools in Glasgow twenty years." "Yes, sir," said the Doctor, "and how long would you go on talking? We want to be doing!"

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

525. "Truly Happy."—When Lysander, the Lacedæmonian general, brought magnificent presents to Cyrus, the younger son of Darius, who piqued himself more on his integrity and politeness than on his rank and birth, the Prince conducted his illustrious guest through his gardens, and pointed out to him their varied beauties. Lysander, struck with so fine a prospect, praised the manner in which the grounds were laid out, the neatness

of the walks, the abundance of fruits planted with an art which knew how to combine the useful with the agreeable; the beauty of the parterres, and the glowing variety of flowers, exhaling odours everywhere throughout the delightful scene. "Everything charms and transports me in this place," said Lysander to Cyrus; "but what strikes me most is the exquisite taste and elegant industry of the person who drew the plan of these gardens, and gave it the fine order, wonderful disposition, and happiness of arrangement, which I cannot sufficiently admire." Cyrus replied, "It was I that drew the plan, and entirely marked it out; and many of the trees which you see were planted by my own hands."

"What!" exclaimed Lysander, with surprise, and viewing Cyrus from head to foot, "is it possible that with those purple robes and splendid vestments, those strings of jewels and bracelets of gold, those buskins so richly embroidered; is it possible that you could play the gardener, and employ your royal hands in planting trees?" "Does that surprise you?" said Cyrus; "I assure you that when my health permits, I never sit down to table without having fatigued myself, either in military exercise, rural labour, or some other toilsome employment, to which I apply myself with pleasure." Lysander, still more amazed, pressed Cyrus by the hand, and said, "You are truly happy, and deserve your high fortune, since you unite with it virtue."

INFIDELITY AND SCEPTICISM.

Job xxi. 14, 15; Psalm viii. 2, xiv. 1; Isa. xlv. 9; Acts xxiii. 8; 2 Peter iii. 3; Jude 18.

526. Christianity Vindicated.—When at Brussels Lord Chesterfield was invited by Voltaire to sup with him and Madame C. The conversation happening to turn upon the affairs of England, "I think, my

lord," said Madame C., "that the Parliament of England consists of five or six hundred of the best informed men in the kingdom?" "True, madame, they are generally supposed to be so." "What then

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

527. David Hume and the Little Girl.—The celebrated Hume was dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner the ladies withdrew, and in the course of conversation Mr. Hume made some assertion which caused a gentleman present to observe to him, "If you can advance such sentiments as these, you are certainly what the world gives you credit for being, an infidel." A little girl whom the philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favourite by bringing her little presents of toys and sweetmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed. She, however, listened to the conversation, and on hearing the above expression left the room, went to her mother, and asked her, "Mamma, what is an infidel?" "An infidel, my dear?" replied her mother; "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you." "Oh! tell me, mamma," returned the child; "I must know what an infidel is." Struck with her eagerness, her mother at length replied, "An infidel is one who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." Some days afterwards Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced into the parlour, he found no one there but his favourite little girl; he went to her and attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had been used to do; but the child shrunk with horror from his touch. "My dear," said he, "what is the matter? do I hurt you?" "No," she replied, "you *do not hurt me*, but I cannot kiss

you, I cannot play with you." "Why not, my dear?" "Because you are an infidel." "An infidel? what is that?" "One who believes there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter." "And are you not very sorry for me, my dear?" asked the philosopher. "Yes, indeed, I am sorry," returned the child, with solemnity; "and I pray to God for you." "Do you indeed? and what do you say?" "I say, O God, teach this man that Thou art."

528. Dishonest Servant.—The irreligious conversation continually passing at a sceptical man's table produced its natural effect, and his servant took an opportunity to rob him. Being apprehended, and urged to give a reason for his misconduct, he said, "Sir, I had heard you so often talk of the impossibility of a future state, and that after death there was no reward for virtue, nor punishment for vice, that I was tempted to commit the robbery." "Well, but had you no fear," asked the master, "of the death which the law of your country inflicts upon the crime?" "Sir," rejoined the servant, looking sternly at his master, "what is that to you, if I had a mind to venture that? You had removed my greatest terror; why should I fear the less?"

529. Double Conversion.—Mr. Gilbert West and Lord Lyttleton, both men of acknowledged talents, had imbibed the principles of infidelity from a superficial view of the Scriptures. Fully persuaded that the Bible was an imposture, they were determined to expose the cheat. Mr. West chose the resurrection of Christ, and Lord Lyttleton the conversion of St. Paul, for the subject of hostile criticism. Both sat down to their respective tasks, full of prejudice and a contempt for Christianity. The result of their separate attempts was truly extraordinary. They were both converted by their endeavours to overthrow the truth of Christianity.

They came together, not as they expected, to exult over an imposture exposed to ridicule, but to lament their own folly, and to congratulate each other on their joint conviction that the Bible was the Word of God. Their able inquiries have furnished two most valuable treatises in favour of revelation; one entitled "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and the other, "Observations on the Resurrection of Christ."

530. Fault-finding.—In Massachusetts lived a man who was a bold leader of all oppositions to religion, and always ready to publish abroad any delinquencies which might be discovered in any professor of religion. At length he made up his mind to remove from the place to another part of the country. Meeting the pastor of a church one day, he said, after passing the usual salutation, "Well, I suppose you know that I am going to leave town soon; and you will probably be glad of it." "Glad of it? Why, no," said the minister; "you are one of our most useful men, and I think I shall hardly know how to spare you." Taken aback somewhat by such a reply, he immediately asked, "How is that?" "Why," rejoined the minister, "there can't be a sheep that gets a foot out of my fold, but that you will always bark from one end of the town to the other. I think you have really been one of the most useful watch-dogs that I ever knew."

531. Infidelity Self-condemned.—David Hume was one day boasting to Dr. Gregory, that among his disciples in Edinburgh he had the honour to reckon many of the fair sex. "Now, tell me," said the doctor, "whether, if you had a wife or a daughter, you would wish her to be your disciple? Think well before you answer me; for I assure you, that whatever your answer is, I will not conceal it." Mr. Hume, with a smile, and some hesitation, made *this reply*—"No; I believe

scepticism may be too sturdy a virtue for a woman."

532. Paganism and the Soul.—We read in an old writer:—"A Roman wrote to Tully, to inform him in something concerning the immortality of the soul. Tully writ back again unto him, 'Read but Plato upon the subject, and you will desire no more!' The Roman returned him answer, 'I have read it over again and again; but I know not whence it is, when I read it, I assent unto it, but I have no sooner laid the book out of my hand but I begin to doubt again whether the soul be immortal—yea or no.' So it is with all persuasions from natural principles; as to that extent of doctrine it would persuade us of the persuasion that ariseth from them is faint, and very weak. It is true that nature hath principles to persuade the soul by to some kind of assent—as that there is a God, and He must be worshipped. 'Look upon me,' saith nature; 'I have not a spire of grass but tells me there is a God. See the variety, greatness, beauty of my work. Read a great God in the workmanship of the heavens—a glorious God in a beautiful flower—a wise God in my choice of works;—behold a God in the order thou hast seen in me; see Him in my law, written in my heart.' From these, and such like things, nature bequeaths a kind of faith to the soul, and learns it to believe that there is a God; but this is far from faith, in the point of true believing."

533. Paul's Mantle.—A street preacher in Germany was one day assailed by some opponents, and one person remarked that the Bible was full of fables. The brawler referred to Paul having forgotten his mantle. Pastor B.—"That is a passage quite suitable for me, perhaps also for you. I am very forgetful. I see here that the great apostle could forget, and this comforts me, and admonishes me also, that I should endeavour to make

good what I forget. I thought once like you, and forgot the one thing needful; but I now endeavour not to forget the goodness of God. Have you, brother, forgotten this?"

534. Rejection of the Bible.—A Birmingham missionary attended a misguided infidel on his death-bed, and the system of Socialism being referred to, the dying man exclaimed, "Call it not Socialism; call it Devilism! for it has made me more like a devil than a man. I got into company, which led me to Socialism and to drinking. I rejected the Bible, denied the Saviour, and persuaded myself that there was no hereafter; and as the result, I acted the part of a bad father and a bad husband."

535. Sceptic and Bible.—A well known philanthropist, some years ago, passing through Dorchester during Carlisle's confinement there, went to see him in prison, and endeavoured to engage him in a conversation upon the Scriptures; but he refused. He said he had made up his mind, and did not wish to be perplexed again; and, pointing to the Bible in the hands of his visitor, he said, in an awful manner, "How, sir, can you suppose that I can like that book, for if it be true, I am undone for ever!" "No," said the pious philanthropist, "this is not the necessary consequence, and it need not be; that book excludes none from hope who will seek salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ."

536. Scepticism in Face of Death.—Colonel Allen, of Vermont, in Connecticut, was an avowed deist and the author of several works against the Christian religion. But how little faith he possessed in his own tenets in the hour of danger and of death is evinced by the following fact. While reading some of his own writings to a friend who was on a visit to his house, he received information that his daughter was at the point of death. His wife was a pious

woman, who had instructed their daughter in the principles of Christianity. When the father appeared at the bed-side, his daughter said to him, "I am about to die; shall I believe in the principles you have taught me, or shall I believe in what my mother has taught me?" On hearing this question he became much agitated, and after waiting a few minutes replied, "Believe in what your mother has taught you."

537. Scoffer Silenced.—Dr. Mason Good, when arguing with a young infidel scoffer, well put the old objection of making the faults of professors the fault of their profession:—"Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel had gone astray from the paths of morality?" The young man admitted he had not. "Then you allow Christianity to be a holy religion, by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your very scoffing, you pay it the highest compliment in your power."

538. Sound Argument.—One day an infidel was lecturing in a village in the North of England, and at the close he challenged discussion. Who should accept the challenge but an old, bent woman in most antiquated attire, who went up to the lecturer and said, "Sir, I have a question to put to you." "Well, my good woman, what is it?" "Ten years ago," she said, "I was left a widow with eight children utterly unprovided for, and nothing to call my own but this Bible. By its direction, and looking to God for strength, I have been enabled to feed myself and family. I am now tottering to the grave, but I am perfectly happy, because I look forward to a life of immortality with Jesus in heaven. That is what my religion has done for me. What has your way of thinking done for you?" "Well, my good lady," rejoined the lecturer, "I don't want to disturb your comfort; but—"

"Oh! that's not the question," interposed the woman; "keep to the point, sir. What has your way of thinking done for you?" The infidel endeavoured to shirk the matter again; the feeling of the meeting gave vent to uproarious applause, and he had to go away discomfited by an old woman.

539. Stubbornness of Unbelief.—

It is related that Galileo, who invented the telescope with which he observed the satellites of Jupiter, invited a man who was opposed to him to look through it that he might observe Jupiter's moons. The man positively refused, saying, "If I should see them, how could I maintain my opinions, which I have advanced against your philosophy?"

540. Superficial Infidelity.—

When the celebrated Dr. Edmund Halley was talking infidelity before Sir Isaac Newton, the latter addressed him in these or like words: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy or other parts of the mathematics, because that is a subject you have studied and well understand; but you should not talk of Christianity, for you have not studied it. I have, and am certain that you know nothing of the matter." This was a just reproof, and one that would be very suitable to be given to half the infidels of the present day, for they often speak of what they have never studied, and what, in fact, they are entirely ignorant of. Dr. Johnson, therefore, well observed, that no honest man could be a deist, for no man could be so after a fair examination of the proofs of Christianity. On the name of Hume being mentioned to him, "No, sir," said he; "Hume owned to a clergyman in the bishopric of Durham that he had never read the New Testament with attention."

541. Terrors of the Almighty.—

Lord R——, after he became a deist, took every opportunity to show his *contempt* of religion.

The clergyman and parishioners of the place where his lordship's seat in Northamptonshire stood, usually passed in sight of it on their way to church. At the time of going and returning, he generally ordered his servants and children into the hall, for the purpose of ridiculing them. He pursued this course for some time, but at length drew near the close of life. Upon his dying bed his views were altered: he found that, however his former sentiments would suit him in health, they could not support him in the hour of death. When near dissolution, "the terrors of the Almighty were heavy upon him." Painful remembrance brought to view ten thousand insults offered to that God at whose bar he was about to stand; and conscience strongly impressed him with the solemnity of that scene. He justly feared the God he had insulted would then send him to darkness. With his mind thus agitated, he called to a person in the room, and desired him to go into the library, and fetch that cursed book, meaning that which had made him a deist. He went, and returned, saying he could not find it. The nobleman then cried with vehemence, that he must go again, and look till he had found it, for he could not die till it was destroyed. The book was then found and put into his hands, when he tore it to pieces with mingled horror and revenge, and committed it to the flames. Having thus taken vengeance on the instrument of his own ruin, he soon breathed his last.

542. Vain Philosophy.—

David Hume, the historian, received a religious education from his mother, and early in life was the subject of strong and hopeful religious impressions; but, as he approached manhood, they were effaced, and confirmed infidelity succeeded. Maternal partiality, however, alarmed at first, came at length to look with less and less pain upon his

declension, for Hume applied himself with unwearied, and, unhappily, with successful efforts to sap the foundation of his mother's faith. Having succeeded in this dreadful work, he went abroad, and as he was returning, an express met him in London, with a letter from his mother, informing him that she was in a deep decline, and could not long survive; she said she found herself without any support in her distress; that he had taken away that only source of comfort upon which, in

all cases of affliction, she used to rely, and that she now found her mind sinking into despair; she did not doubt that her son would afford her some substitute for her religion; and she conjured him to hasten to her, or at least to send her a letter, containing such consolations as philosophy could afford to a dying mortal. Hume was overwhelmed with anguish on receiving this letter, and hastened to Scotland, travelling day and night, but before he arrived his mother expired.

INTEGRITY.

Exod. xviii. 21; Psalm xvii. 3; Isa. xxxiii. 15; 2 Cor. iv. 2.

543. Bribe Patriot.—During the American Revolution, while General Reed was President of Congress, the British Commissioners offered him a bribe of ten thousand guineas to desert the cause of his country. His reply was, "Gentlemen, I am poor, very poor; but your King is not rich enough to buy me."

544. Duty and Friendship.—During Washington's administration as President of the United States, a gentleman, the friend and the companion of the General throughout the whole course of the revolutionary war, applied for a lucrative and responsible office. The gentleman was at all times welcome to Washington's table. At all times, and in all places, Washington regarded him with an eye of evident partiality and kindness. In applying for this office, it was accordingly in the full confidence of success; and his friends already cheered him on the prospect of his arrival at competency and ease. The opponent of this gentleman was known to be decidedly hostile to the politics of Washington. He had, however, the temerity to stand as candidate for the office to which the friend and the favourite of Washington aspired. He had nothing to urge in favour of his pretensions but strong integrity, promptitude, and fidelity in busi-

ness, and every quality which, if called into exercise, would render service to the state. Every one considered the application of this man hopeless; no glittering testimonial of merit had he to present to the eye of Washington; he was known to be his political enemy; he was opposed by a favourite of the General's; and yet, with such fearful odds, he dared to stand candidate. What was the result? The enemy of Washington was appointed to the office, and his table companion was left destitute and dejected. A mutual friend ventured to remonstrate with the President on the injustice of his appointment. "My friend," said he, "I receive with a cordial welcome; he is welcome to my house, and welcome to my heart; but, with all his good qualities, he is not a man of business. His opponent is, with all his political hostility to me, a man of business; my private feelings have nothing to do in this case. I am not George Washington, but President of the United States; as George Washington, I would do this man any kindness in my power; but as President of the United States, I can do nothing."

545. Faithful Minister.—Mahommed, King of Khouristan, was, like many other Eastern Princes, sunk in sloth and effeminacy.

Good fortune, which often does more than prudence, had given him a good Minister, who was a sincere lover of justice, of his master, and of the country confided to his government. He made no enemies but such as he offended by a thorough disdain of all parasites; an integrity which neither blandishments nor money could shake. A conspiracy hatched against him drove him at length from the councils of his Prince. He neither offered to justify himself, nor to solicit his restoration; he simply wrote to the Prince, "That as it was always his desire to be useful, he requested of his Highness to grant him some barren lands, which he promised to cultivate, and which would be sufficient for his subsistence." Mahommed, who could not but esteem a man that had served him with fidelity, gave orders to search for some uncultivated estates in his dominions. None such, however, were to be found. All the lands were fertile; commerce and agriculture, equally encouraged, furnished the inhabitants with plenty; and throughout the whole land of Khouristan there was neither an indigent person nor a barren territory to be found. The monarch, to whom this report was made by persons who were ignorant of the inferences to be necessarily drawn from it, sent a message to the discarded Vizier, stating that he had no barren lands to give him, but that he might make choice of any portion of cultivated territory which he pleased. "I desire nothing more," replied this great Minister, "as a recompense for all my services, than the happiness which this answer gives me. I was willing my master should know the condition in which I have left his kingdom. Nothing remains for me but to wish that my successors may follow my example." The King was awakened by this answer to a just sense of the value of the man whom he had inconsiderately discarded from his service, and immediately reinstated him in the

chief administration of the affairs of the kingdom, to which he had been so great a benefactor.

546. Honourable Decision.—A Corsican Governor relates the following:—"A criminal being condemned to die, his nephew came to me with a lady of distinction, that she might solicit his pardon. The nephew's anxiety made him think that the lady did not speak with sufficient force and earnestness. He therefore advanced, and addressed himself to me, 'Sir, is it proper for me to speak?' as if he felt that it was unlawful to make such an application. I bade him go on. 'Sir,' said he, with the deepest concern, 'may I beg the life of my uncle? If it is granted, his relations will make a gift to the state of a thousand zechins. We will furnish fifty soldiers in pay during the siege of Furiana. We will agree that my uncle shall be banished, and will engage that he shall never return to the island.' I knew the nephew to be a man of worth, and I answered him, 'You are acquainted with the circumstances of the case: such is my confidence in you, that if you will say that giving your uncle a pardon would be just, useful, or honourable for Corsica, I promise you it shall be granted.' He turned about, burst into tears, and left me, saying in his native language, 'I would not have the honour of our country sold for a thousand zechins.' His uncle afterwards suffered."

547. Incorruptible Senator.—The Roman Emperor Vespasian was very anxious to get a law passed which he knew, from the stern integrity of Helvidius, he would be sure to oppose. He therefore sent a message to him, desiring that he would not attend the Senate that day. Helvidius sent for answer, "It is certainly in the power of the Emperor to deprive me of my senatorship; but so long as I continue a member of that body, I cannot reconcile myself to neglect

my duty by absenting myself from it." "Well," says Vespasian, "I am content that you shall be there, provided you will be sure not to speak in the debates that shall arise to-day." Helvidius engaged that he would remain silent, provided his opinion was not asked. "Nay," said Vespasian, "but if you are there you must be consulted." "And if I be," replied Helvidius, "I must give my advice freely, according to what I conceive to be just and reasonable." "Do that at your peril," said Vespasian, "for be assured that if you are against what I propose, your head shall answer for it." "Sire," replied Helvidius, mildly, "did I ever tell you that I was immortal? If I consider it my duty, consistent with what I owe to the gods and to my country, to oppose your measure, no threat of personal resentment shall influence me; and if you wreak your vengeance on my head, posterity will judge between us."

548. Man and Station.—Alexander the Great once degraded an officer of distinction by removing him to an inferior situation. He some time after asked the officer how he liked his new office. "It is not the station," replied the officer, "which gives consequence to the man, but the man to the station. No situation can be so trifling as not to require wisdom and virtue in the performance of its duties."

549. Proof against Bribes.—The borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II., chose as member of Parliament Andrew Marvell, a gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. With a view to bribe him, his old school-fellow, the Lord Treasurer Danby, went to him in his garret. At parting, the Lord Treasurer slipped into his hands an order upon the Treasury for £1,000, and then went into his *chariot*. Marvell looked at the *paper*, and called after the Treasurer,

"My lord, I request another moment." They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant boy, was called. "Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?" "Don't you remember, sir, you had the little shoulder of mutton that you asked me to bring from a woman in the market?" "Very right. What have I for dinner to-day?" "Don't you know, sir, that you made me lay up the bladebone to broil?" "'Tis so; very right. Go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided; there's your piece of paper, I want it not. I knew the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents. The Ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one."

550. Unselfishness.—Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, having sent to desire the friendship of the Roman people, an embassy was despatched from Rome in the following year to return the civility. The ambassadors were Q. Fabius Gurgus, Cn. Fabius Pictor, with Numerius, his brother, and Q. Ogulnius. The disinterested air with which they appeared sufficiently indicated the greatness of their souls. Ptolemy gave them a splendid entertainment, and took that opportunity to present each of them with a crown of gold, which they received because they were unwilling to disoblige him by declining the honour he intended them; but they went the next morning and placed them on the heads of the king's statues erected in the public parts of the city. The King likewise having tendered them very considerable presents at their audience of leave, they received them as they before accepted of the crowns; but before they went to the Senate to give an account of their embassy after their arrival at Rome, they deposited all those presents in the public treasury, and made it evident, by so noble a conduct, that persons of honour ought,

when they serve the public, to propose no other advantage to themselves than the honour of acquitting themselves well of their duty. The republic, however, would not suffer itself to be exceeded in generosity of sentiment. The senate and people came to a resolution that the ambassadors, in consideration of the services they had rendered the state, should receive a sum of money equivalent to what they had deposited in the public treasury.

551. Upright Conduct.—Ryland, the artist, who was executed in 1789 for forgery, so conciliated the friendship of the governor of Tottenham Fields Bridewell, where he was confined, that he not only had the liberty of the whole house and garden, but when the other prisoners were locked up of an evening, the governor used to take him out with him, and range the fields to a considerable distance. His friends, anticipating the consequences of a trial at this time, concerted a plan by which Ryland was to effect his escape in one of these excursions, and which was to have been executed in such a manner, that the exoneration of his guardian must have followed of course. But probable as it appeared, when mentioned to the unfortunate man, he was so far from acceding, that he protested that if he was at that moment to meet his punishment, he would embrace it with all its terrors, rather than betray a confidence so humanely given. He was deaf to remonstrance and entreaty, and ultimately preferred the risk of death to a breach of friendship.

552. Uprightness and Humanity.—The cashier to a country bank in the North of England, at the close of the last century, was a man of the strictest integrity, and of a remarkably humane disposition. It

was customary with the country bankers at that time to exchange every fortnight such of each other's notes as they might have taken in the interval, and the cashier or a confidential clerk generally made the transfer. In the winter of 1799 several robberies were committed in this part of England, and the cashier to whom we have alluded was requested by the proprietors to carry a brace of pistols for his protection. He consented, but stated, at the same time, that he would rather suffer himself to be robbed than discharge one of his pistols, as he did not consider any circumstance but the actual danger of his own life would justify him in taking that of another person. In the course of one of his journeys a highwayman stopped him, and demanded his money; the conscientious cashier first gave all his own money that he possessed; his watch was next demanded, and he gave it. The robber then demanded the bags; these the cashier refused to give up, and struggled hard to preserve them, but the highwayman carried them off, and a brace of loaded pistols in the holsters. When he got home he did not relate his loss until he had procured the money, which was upwards of a thousand pounds, to replace it; he then stated the circumstance to the bankers, concluding, "But, gentlemen, you shall not suffer by my humanity, or timidity, as you perhaps may term it, as I have here the money to make up for all I have lost, with the exception of the pair of pistols, for the proper use of which you know I never promised to be answerable." The bankers were so delighted with this noble instance of integrity, that they refused to take the money, but afterwards employed a less scrupulous, though not more conscientious, messenger.

INTEMPERANCE.

Prov. xx. 1, xxiii. 32; Heb. ii. 15; Ephes. v. 18; 1 Thess. v. 8.

553. Awful Warning.—A minister was once preaching an occasional sermon in another minister's pulpit. The sermon was partly upon the sin of drunkenness, in which the preacher exposed the characters of some who, while professing Christianity, were secretly living under the power of this abominable vice. On the Monday after the delivery of the sermon, the minister called upon several of the families belonging to the congregation; among the rest upon one in which, after a short time, the master of the house called him aside into a private room, saying he wished to speak with him alone. When he had entered the apartment, the man locked the door and put the key in his pocket. The strangeness of this proceeding excited some alarm; but the minister stood perfectly still, watching the motions of the gentleman of the house, who then came boldly up to the minister, and thus addressed him: "Sir, how dare you expose me before the whole congregation yesterday?" "Expose you, sir! I know nothing about you: I am quite a stranger. If anything I said was suited to your case, charge it not upon me, but upon God." The man was only more enraged at this answer, and insisted that the minister intended to insult and expose him, for he could not have spoken so accurately and pointedly, unless he had known his case. The resolute denial of the minister, accompanied with some remonstrance and reproof, wrought the infuriated man almost into a frenzy. He repaired to a cupboard in the room, which he opened, and taking thence a bottle of ardent spirits and a glass, he advanced in front of the minister, *and with a frantic spirit of bravado said, "Now, sir, I shall convince*

you that I care nothing for all your reproofs." He immediately began drinking glass after glass of the raw spirits, while the good man, in a state of mute astonishment, knew not what to do. He could not escape; and even while he looked upon the unhappy wretch, the judgment of the Almighty descended, and the impious scorner fell down a lifeless corpse at the feet of the man whose affectionate and faithful warnings he had so daringly despised.

554. Drunken Crew.—An old sea-captain relates the following fact, of which he was an eye-witness:—"A collier brig was stranded on the Yorkshire coast, and I had occasion to assist in the distressing service of rescuing a part of the crew by drawing them up a vertical cliff, two or three hundred feet in altitude, by means of a very small rope, the only material at hand. The first two men who caught hold of the rope were hauled safely up to the top; but the next, after being drawn to a considerable height, slipped his hold and fell; and with the fourth and last who ventured upon this only chance of life, the rope gave way, and he also was plunged into the foaming breakers beneath. Immediately afterwards the vessel broke up, and the remnant of the ill-fated crew perished before our eyes. What now was the cause of this heart-rending event? Was it stress of weather, or a contrary wind, or unavoidable accident? No such thing. It was the entire want of moral conduct in the crew. Every sailor, to a man, was in a state of intoxication! The helm was intrusted to a boy ignorant of the coast. He ran the vessel upon the rock at Whitby, and one-half of the miserable dissipated crew awoke to consciousness in eternity."

555. Drunken Mockery.—In a Swiss village lived a pious pastor, whose preaching was greatly blessed, many being converted under his ministry. But there lived in the same place an abandoned man, who not only slighted all the means of grace, but turned the most serious matters into ridicule, and made a laughing-stock of the preacher's expressions. One morning he went early to the public-house, and began to intoxicate himself with liquor, profaning the name and Word of God, and ridiculing the term conversion. "Now," said he, "I myself will become a convert," turning himself from one side to the other, and dancing about the room with a variety of foolish gestures. He quickly went out, and, falling down the stairs, broke his neck, and expired, exhibiting an awful monument of God's righteous vengeance.

556. First Step.—A lady at Edinburgh called to visit a woman who was dying in consequence of disease brought on by habits of intemperance. The woman had formerly been in the habit of washing in this lady's family, and when she came to the dying woman she remonstrated with her on the folly and wickedness of her conduct in giving way to so dreadful a sin as that of intemperance. The dying woman

said, "You have been the author of my intemperance." "What did you say?" exclaimed the lady; "I the author of your intemperance?" "Yes, ma'am; I never drank whiskey till I came to wash in your family; you gave me some, and said it would do me good. I felt invigorated, and you gave it me again. When I was at other houses not so hospitable as yours, I purchased a little, and by-and-by I found my way to the spirit-shop, and thought it was necessary to carry me through my hard work, and by little and little I became what you now see me."

557. Man and Beast.—A countryman was for some time habituated to the vice of drunkenness, but was at length restored to sobriety by the following singular incident. He had a tame goat, which would follow him to the ale-house he frequented. One day, by way of frolic, he gave the animal so much ale that it became intoxicated. What particularly struck the Welshman was, that from that time, though the creature would follow him to the door, he never could get it to enter the house, marks of affection were of no avail. He was thereby led to see how much his sin had sunk him beneath a beast, and from that period became a sober man.

JUDGMENT.

Prov. xi. 31; Ezek. vii. 27; Eccles. iii. 17; Acts xvii. 31; Heb. x. 27.

558. Boaster's End.—One of the captains of the Emperor Charles V., being at supper at Augsburg, in company with many who were threatening the sorest punishments on the persons of the pious Christians of that day, swore before them all, that before he died he would ride up to the spurs in the blood of the Lutherans. That same night he was choked, probably by the *bursting* of a blood-

vessel, which filled his throat, and at once removed him from the world.

559. "Depart from Me."—Whitefield sometimes, at the close of a sermon, would personate a judge about to perform the last awful duties of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was

to come, he would say, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it; I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and, then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, how, after the cock crew, he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face. Perfect as it was, histrionism like this would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterised his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacity.

560. God's Judgments and Promises.—A little while after the city of Jerusalem was destroyed, two Jewish Rabbis were walking over the ruins. Both seemed affected at the mournful sight, but one wept, the other smiled. The one who wept was naturally surprised to see his companion smile, and asked him, "How can you smile now, when you see our holy city laid low in ruins?" "Nay," said the Rabbi, "let me rather ask you, Why do you weep?" "I weep," answered the first, "because I behold around me the fearful judgments of the Almighty. Our beautiful city is no more, our holy Temple is laid waste, our brethren, where are they now?" "All that," said the other, "is the reason why I smile. I see, like you, how sure God's judgments are; but I can learn how true must be His promises. God hath said, 'I will destroy Jerusalem.' I see He has. But He has also said, 'I will rebuild Jerusalem.' Shall I not believe His word?"

561. Impostor Discovered.—In ancient times a jeweller who carried on an extensive trade, and supplied the deficiencies of one country by the superfluities of another, leaving his home with a valuable assortment of diamonds for a distant region, took with him his son and a young slave whom he had purchased in his infancy, and had brought up more like an adopted child than a servant. They performed their intended journey, and the merchant disposed of his commodities with great advantage; but while preparing to return he was seized by a pestilential distemper, and died suddenly in the metropolis of a foreign country. This accident inspired the slave with a wish to possess his master's treasures, and, relying on the total ignorance of strangers and the kindness everywhere shown him by the jeweller, he declared himself the son of the deceased, and took charge of his property. The true heir of course denied his pretensions, and solemnly declared himself to be the only son of the defunct, who had long before purchased his opponent as a slave. This contest produced various opinions. It happened that the slave was a young man of comely person and of polished manners, while the jeweller's son was ill-favoured by nature, and still more injured in his education by the indulgence of his parents. This superiority operated in the minds of many to support the claims of the former; but since no certain evidence could be procured on either side, it became necessary to refer the dispute to a court of law. There, however, from a total want of proofs, nothing could be done. The magistrate declared his inability to decide on unsupported assertions, in which each party was equally positive. This caused a report of the case to be made to the Prince, who, having heard the particulars, was also confounded, and at a loss how to decide the question. At length, a happy

thought occurred to the chief of the judges, and he engaged to ascertain the real heir. The two claimants being summoned before him, he ordered them to stand behind a curtain prepared for the occasion, and to project their heads through two openings, when, after hearing their several arguments, he would cut off the head of him who should prove to be the slave. This they readily assented to; the one from a reliance on his honesty, the other from a confidence of the impossibility of detection. Accordingly, each, taking his place as ordered, thrust his head through a hole in the curtain. An officer stood in front with a drawn scimitar in his hand, and the judge proceeded to the examination. After a short debate, the judge cried out, "Enough, enough, strike off the villain's head!" and the officer, who watched the moment, leaped towards the two youths. The impostor, startled at the brandished weapon, hastily drew back his head, while the jeweller's son, animated by conscious security, stood unmoved. The judge immediately decided for the latter, and ordered the slave to be taken into custody, to receive the punishment due to his diabolical ingratitude.

562. Judge of all the Earth.—It is reported of a Hungarian King that, being on a time extremely dejected, he was asked the cause of it by his brother. "Oh! I have been a great sinner against God," said he, "and know not how I shall appear before Him in judgment." His brother ridiculed these thoughts as too melancholy, and as unworthy a moment's place in the breast of a King. The King then made no further reply; but it was customary in that country that if the executioner sounded a trumpet at any man's door he was presently to be had forth to execution. The King, at midnight, sent the trumpeter to sound an alarm at his brother's door, which so terri-

fied him that he ran to the King with a trembling heart, a pale and frightful countenance, and besought him to make known wherein he had offended him. "Oh, brother," said the King, "you have never displeased me, but if the sight of my executioner be so dreadful in your eyes, what must the sight of God's be in mine!"

563. Retributive Justice.—Three German robbers having acquired by various atrocities what amounted to a valuable booty, they agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day arrived which they had appointed for that purpose, one of them was despatched to a neighbouring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return, that each might come in for half the plunder, instead of one-third. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned part of the provisions, in order that he might appropriate the whole of the spoil to himself. The triumvirate were found dead together.

564. Self-convicted Criminal.—Eugene Aram, of Knaresborough, was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family; he had cultivated his talents with so much care, that he acquired a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Chaldee, and was conversant with history, antiquity, botany, and poetry; but he associated with low and depraved company, and in conjunction with Daniel Clark, a shoemaker, and Richard Housman, a flax-dresser, it was agreed to make use of Clark's credit to borrow a quantity of silver plate and other valuables from their neighbours, and then to abscond. Having accomplished their object, they met on the evening of February 7th, 1744, to make a division; and either to prevent detection, or to increase their own share of the plunder, Aram and

Housman murdered Clark, and concealed his body in St. Robert's Cave. No trace of the perpetrators of the deed occurred till fourteen years afterwards, when a skeleton was discovered at Thistle Hill, near Knaresborough, which was at first supposed to be Clark's. Housman, who was then living, rejected the supposition, and taking up one of the bones, said, "This is no more one of Daniel Clark's bones than it is mine." Suspicion was immediately excited against Housman, who at length confessed his participation in the murder, but that Aram was the perpetrator. Aram, who at that time resided at Lynn, in Norfolk, was forthwith apprehended, tried, and executed.

565. Sin Found Out.—There was a man who committed a foul murder in a Scottish castle upon a young bridegroom, at whose marriage festivities he had hypocritically assisted. The assassin took horse in the dead of night, and fled for his life through wood and winding path. When the sun dawned, he slackened his pace, and behold! he was emerging from a thicket in front of the very castle whence he had fled, and to which, by tortuous paths, he had returned. Horror seized him; he was discovered, and condemned to death. So, however far and swift we may fly, we shall find ourselves, when light returns, ever in the presence of our sin and of our Judge.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

Psalm lxxxii. 3; Prov. xiv. 21; Isa. i. 17; Rom. xii. 8; 2 Cor. i. 3; Jude 21.

566. Corrupt Suitor.—A poor man in Turkey claimed a house which a rich neighbour had usurped; he held his deeds and documents to prove his right, but his more powerful opponent had provided a number of witnesses to invalidate them; and to support their evidence more effectually, he presented the Cadi with a bag containing five hundred ducats. When the cause came to be heard, the poor man told his story, and produced his writings, but wanted that most essential and only valid proof, witnesses. The other, provided with witnesses, laid his whole stress on them, and on his adversary's defect in law, who could produce none; he therefore urged the Cadi to give sentence in his favour. After the most pressing solicitations, the judge calmly drew from under his seat the bag of five hundred ducats, which the rich man had given him as a bribe, saying to him very gravely, "You have been much mistaken in this suit; for if the poor man could bring no witnesses in confirmation of his right, I myself can produce at least five hundred."

He then threw him the bag with reproach and indignation, and decreed the house to the poor plaintiff.

567. Criminal Prince.—When a Prince of the royal blood of France disgraced himself by committing robbery and murder in the streets of Paris, Louis XV. would not grant a pardon, though eagerly solicited to do so by a deputation from the Parliament of Paris, who tried him and suspended their sentence until the royal pleasure should be known. "My lords and counsellors," said the King, "return to your chambers of justice, and promulgate your decree." "Consider," said the first President, "that the unhappy Prince has your Majesty's blood in his veins." "Yes," said the King, "but the blood has become impure, and justice demands that it should be let out; nor would I spare my own son for a crime for which I should be bound to condemn the meanest of my subjects." The Prince was executed on the scaffold in the court of the Grand Châtelet, on the 12th of August, 1729.

568. Criminal Reprieved.—A youth who had been piously educated, having fallen into vicious society, was led to the commission of a crime by which his life was forfeited to the laws of his country. In consequence of the high respectability of his parents, his former good character, and apparent penitence, a considerable interest was excited in his behalf; a petition was drawn up, and most respectably signed, earnestly recommending the unhappy youth to the mercy of his sovereign, King George III. The plea prevailed, and the King promised a reprieve or pardon. This intimation was given to an eminent minister, who had most actively exerted himself in the business, and had been favoured with one or more interviews with the King. He, however, prudently forbore to excite in the mind of the young man or his parents any strong hopes of success, until the pardon was actually received, of which he was now in hourly and anxious expectation. The minister repeatedly applied at the office through which it was expected, but in vain; no pardon had arrived. Should he renew his application to his Majesty? "No," it was replied, "that would give offence; if the King has promised it, it will not be forgotten." In this dreadful suspense the time passed on, until the eve of the day appointed for the execution had arrived. The young man and his afflicted parents had ceased to hope; and the distress of the minister at his disappointment was beyond description. He was not, however, to be discouraged; "While there is life," thought he, "there is hope." At a late hour of the night, he took leave of the unhappy family, and without informing them of his design, took a post-chaise, and drove to Windsor, where the King then resided. With considerable difficulty he gained access to the palace at so unseasonable an hour. The King had retired to rest, and his attendants declared that they

dared not disturb him. The good doctor (for such he was) continued to urge the necessity of the case, and at length said to the principal attendant, "I will run the hazard of incurring his Majesty's displeasure, by intruding upon him in such a case; but mind, my lord, if you will not permit me to do so, you must answer both to your King and your God for this young man's blood." This plea prevailed; the King was awakened, the case stated, and the minister admitted to the royal apartment. "C——, C——," said the King, referring to his memorandum-book, "you certainly must be under a mistake; I signed his pardon several days ago." "Permit me to assure your Majesty it had not been received up to the moment of my leaving town." The King then ordered pen and ink, wrote another pardon, and committed it to Dr. —, urging him to use the utmost despatch in returning to town, expressing his anxious hope that he would arrive in time to prevent the execution of the fatal sentence, and even graciously declaring himself much obliged by his patience and perseverance in procuring admittance on such an occasion. No time, it will be concluded, was lost in presenting the gracious document to the officers of justice, who were just preparing for the execution. Several criminals were to suffer, and they were already collected together in awful preparation. To avoid needlessly agitating the other unfortunate creatures to whom no such mercy was to be extended, it was judged better to suffer the preparation to go on as usual, and to withhold from C—— any intimation of his deliverance until the moment had arrived when the intelligence would not reach his unhappy companions. When they were led forth, it was arranged that C—— should be the last. At the moment when he had reached the ladder, and was about to ascend it, Dr. — first made his appearance, gently drew him back, after a

moment's pause put into his hand the pardon of his Sovereign, and, in a very short time, brought him to his parents, as alive from the dead.

569. Dues. — Samuel Wesley was supported at Epworth by tithes paid by his parishioners. One day he went into his field where the corn tithes were laid out. He found a dishonest farmer very deliberately at work with a pair of shears cutting off the ears of corn and putting them in a bag. Wesley said not a word, but took him by the arm and marched him into the town. When they were in the market-place he seized the bag, and, turning it inside out before the people, told them what the farmer had been doing. He then left him with his ill-gotten gain to the judgment of his neighbours, and walked quietly home.

570. Fraud Defeated. — One Christopher Rosenkranz, in Copenhagen, demanded from the widow of Christian Tuul a debt of five thousand dollars. She was certain that she did not owe him anything, but he produced a bond signed by herself and her deceased husband, which, however, she declared to be forged. The affair was brought before a court of justice, and the widow was condemned to pay the demand. In her distress, she applied to King Christian IV., who promised to take the affair into consideration. He sent for Rosenkranz, questioned him closely, begged, exhorted, but all to no purpose. The creditor appealed to the written bond. The King asked for the bond, sent Rosenkranz away, and promised that he would very soon return it to him. The King remained alone to examine this important paper, and discovered, after much trouble, that the paper manufacturer whose mark was on the bond, had not begun his manufacture till many years after its date. The inquiries made confirmed this fact. The proof against

Rosenkranz was irrefragable. The King said nothing about it, but sent for Rosenkranz some days after, and exhorted him in the most affecting manner to have pity on the poor widow, because otherwise the justice of Heaven would certainly punish him for such wickedness. He unblushingly insisted on his demand, and even presumed to affect to be offended. The King's mildness went so far that he still gave him some days for consideration; but all to no purpose. He was then arrested and punished with all the rigour of the laws.

571. God's Judgments. — One day there happened a tremendous storm of lightning and thunder as Archbishop Leighton was going from Glasgow to Dunblane. He was descried when at a distance by two men of bad character. They had not courage to rob him; but, wishing to fall on some method of extorting money from him, one said, "I will lie down by the wayside as if I were dead, and you shall inform the Archbishop that I was killed by the lightning, and beg money of him to bury me." When the Archbishop arrived at the spot the wicked wretch told him the fabricated story. He sympathised with the survivor, gave him money, and proceeded on his journey. But when the man returned to his companion he found him really lifeless. Immediately he began to exclaim, "O sir, he is dead! O sir, he is dead!" On this the Archbishop, discovering the fraud, left the man with this important reflection, "It is a dreadful thing to trifle with the judgments of God."

572. Imperial Clemency. — The Emperor Augustus being informed of a conspiracy against his life, headed by Lucius Cinna, was at first moved by resentment to resolve upon the cruelest punishment. But reflecting afterwards that Cinna was a young man of an illustrious family, and nephew to

the great Pompey, he broke out into bitter fits of passion. "Why live I, if it be for the God of mercy that I should die? Must there be no end of my cruelties? Is my life of so great value that oceans of blood must be shed to preserve it?" His wife Livia finding him in this perplexity, "Will you take a woman's counsel?" said she. "Imitate the physicians, who, when ordinary remedies fail, make trial of what are extraordinary. By severity you have prevailed nothing. Lepidus has followed Savidienus; Murena, Lepidus; Cospio, Murena; and Egnatius, Cospio. Begin now and try whether sweetness and clemency may not succeed. Cinna is detected. Forgive him; he will never henceforth have the heart to hurt you, and it will be an act of glory." Augustus was a man of sense, and, calling Cinna to a private conference, he spoke as follows: "Thou knowest, Cinna, that having joined my enemies, I gave thee thy life, restored thee all thy goods, and advanced thy fortune equally with the best of those who had always been my friends. The sacerdotal office I conferred upon thee, after having denied it to others who had borne arms in my service. And yet after so many obligations, thou hast undertaken to murder me." Seeing Cinna astonished and silent with the consciousness of guilt, Augustus went on as follows: "Well, Cinna, go thy way; I again give thee that life as a traitor which I gave thee before as an enemy. Let friendship from this time forward commence betwixt us; and let us make it appear whether thou hast received thy life, or I have given it, with the better faith." Some time after he preferred Cinna to the consular dignity, complaining of him that he had not resolution to solicit it. Their friendship continued uninterrupted till the death of Cinna, who, in token of his gratitude, appointed Augustus to be his sole heir. And it is remarkable that Augustus reaped the due reward of a clemency so generous and exemplary, for from that time there never was the slightest conspiracy or attempt against his life.

573. Importance.—A poor old woman had often in vain attempted to obtain the ear of Philip of Macedon to certain wrongs of which she complained. The King at last abruptly told her he was not at leisure to hear her. "No!" exclaimed she; "then you are not at leisure to be King." Philip was confounded; he reflected a moment in silence over her words, then desired her to proceed with her case, and ever after made it a rule to listen attentively to the applications of all who addressed him.

574. Just Emperor.—So deeply was the love of his country impressed on the mind of Alexander, the Roman Emperor, that he is said never to have given any public office out of favour or friendship, but to have employed such only as were, both by himself and the Senate, judged the best qualified for the discharge of the trust reposed in them. He preferred one to the command of the Guards who had retired into the country on purpose to avoid that office, saying that with him the declining such honourable employments was the best recommendation to them. He would not suffer any public employments to be sold, saying, "He who buys, must sell in his turn; and it would be unjust to punish one for selling after he has been suffered to buy." He never pardoned any crime committed against the public, but suffered no one to be condemned till his cause was thoroughly heard and his offence evidently proved. He was an irreconcilable enemy to such as were convicted of having plundered the provinces and oppressed the people committed to their care. These he never spared, though his friends, favourites, and kinsmen; but sentenced them to death, and caused them to be executed like common

malefactors, notwithstanding their quality or former services.

575. Justice and Generosity.—It is recorded of the well-known philologist, Mr. Parkhurst, that one of his tenants had fallen considerably behind in the payment of the rent of his farm, which he had taken at five hundred pounds per annum. It was represented to Mr. Parkhurst that the rent was too high, and a new valuation was made. It was then agreed that four hundred and fifty pounds should be the annual payment; and when this was done, Mr. Parkhurst, considering that the rent must always have been too high, unasked, immediately struck off fifty pounds a year from the commencement of the lease, and refunded to the farmer all that he had received more than the above sum. In this act justice and generosity were combined.

576. Kingly Forgiveness.—Mr. Rosenhagen, who was domestic steward of the Duchess of Munster, used to relate as a fact, within his personal knowledge, that when the Earl of Nithsdale made his escape out of the Tower, the night before he was to be executed, the deputy-lieutenant of the Tower, as soon as it was known, went to St. James's to acquaint the King with it, and to vindicate himself from any remissness or treachery in his conduct. His Majesty was entertaining himself with a select party of the nobility, and it was with difficulty the lieutenant gained admittance; when, with some alarm and concern, he told his Majesty that he had some ill news to acquaint him with. The King said directly, "What! is the city on fire, or is there a new insurrection?" He said that neither was the case, but told his Majesty of Nithsdale's escape. The King most humanely replied, "Is that all? It was the wisest thing he could do, and what *I would have done in his place.* And pray, Mr. Lieutenant, be not

too diligent in searching after him, for I wish for no man's blood."

577. Mockery of Justice.—There was never perhaps a scion of a nobler house more likely to preserve the honours of an illustrious family, and give it new lustre, than the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien. Worthy of being the descendant of the great Condé, he was brave as a lion and generous to excess. At one time the Duke visited the hospital at Ulm, which contained several hundreds of wounded French Republican prisoners, whom the Austrians had neglected. The Prince had but a small sum of money at his disposal, but a ring which the Emperor of Russia had presented to him he sold to a Jew, much under its real value; still, it produced sufficient to enable him to give every wounded Republican a crown. After the Peace of Luneville, in 1801, the army of Condé was disbanded; but every soldier who had been under the command of the Duke left him with at least fifty crowns in his pocket. This benevolence exhausted the trifling resources of the Duke, and was one of the causes of his residence in Germany. After residing some time at Ettenheim in studious retirement, he was on the 15th of March, 1801, seized by an armed force employed by Bonaparte, who thus violated the independence of the German Empire. He was compelled to travel night and day to Paris, where he arrived at six o'clock on the morning of the 20th. He was first conducted to the Temple, and afterwards to the Castle of Vincennes, where a military special commission was convened at nine o'clock, and at eleven he was sentenced to death. The Duc d'Enghien showed himself a worthy descendant of the Condés. His calmness and courage on this trying occasion were the more remarkable, as during the five preceding days and nights every indignity had been heaped upon him that could irritate his mind, and he had endured

every suffering that could enfeeble his body. From the time of his arrest, bread and water had been his only nourishment, and he was loaded with fetters; yet he passed the fourteen hours between his condemnation and his death with cheerfulness. When the Duke was dragged out into the Wood of Vincennes, and told that his sentence was to be executed, he calmly said, "I am ready, and resigned;" and when he heard that the grenadiers who were commanded to shoot him were Italians of Bonaparte's guard, he exclaimed, "They are not Frenchmen; this is one stain less upon my countrymen." When at the place of execution, two gendarmes proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes; but he said, "A loyal soldier, who has so often been exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear." He then gave the signal, and of the nine grenadiers who fired, seven hit him; two balls pierced his head, and five his body. A coffin filled with lime was ready to receive his corpse, and a grave had been dug in the garden of the castle, where he was buried. Madame de Staël relates that a few days after the death of the Duc d'Enghien, a lady went to take a walk round the Castle of Vincennes; the ground, still fresh, marked the spot where he had been buried; some children were playing with quoits on this little mound of turf, the only monument for the ashes of such a Prince. An old invalid, with silvered locks, was sitting at a little distance, and remained some time looking at these children; at last he arose, and leading them away by the hand, said to them, shedding some tears, "Do not play there, my children, I beseech you." These tears were all that were paid to the descendant of the great Condé, and the earth did not long bear the impression of them. The death of the Duc d'Enghien was the most wanton and cruel act that the mistaken policy of Bonaparte ever committed.

The Empress Josephine threw herself at his feet, to beg that he would spare the life of the Duke; and his brother Lucien, as soon as he heard that he was seized, hastened to the Tuileries, and remonstrated against a deed which he said would shock the moral feelings of mankind. He urged every argument which his ingenuity could devise, but Napoleon remained inflexible; and he was obliged to retire without effecting his purpose. As a last resource, Lucien went to his mother, roused her feelings against the atrocious deed, and urged her to employ her whole influence and art of persuasion to avert it. The lady, without delay, hastened to the palace, and, presenting herself before her son, fell on one knee; she conjured him by his regard to his family, by the honour of the French nation, and by his own glory, to save the life of the Duke; but he, respectfully raising her up, told her he could not grant the request, because reasons of state which she could not comprehend prescribed his conduct. Lucien, when he learned the unfavourable issue of his mother's application, flew again to the Tuileries, rushed into the presence of his brother, and upbraided him in severe language on his conduct. Bonaparte, notwithstanding all remonstrances, executed his purpose, and Lucien quitted France, and became a voluntary exile until the return of his brother to Elba.

578. Rev. Mr. Innes and the Infidel.—In a conversation which the Rev. Mr. Innes had with an infidel on his sick-bed, he told him that when he was taken ill he thought he would rely on the general mercy of God; that as he had never done anything very bad, he hoped all would be well. "But as my weakness increased," he added, "I began to think, Is not God a just Being as well as merciful? Now, what reason have I to think He will treat me with mercy and not with justice? And if I am treated with

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

579. Serjeant Glanville and his Brother.—The father of the eminent lawyer, Serjeant Glanville, who lived in the days of Charles II., had a good estate, which he intended to settle on his eldest son; but he proving vicious, and affording no hope of reformation, he devolved it upon the serjeant, who was his second son. Upon his father's death, the eldest son, finding that what he had hitherto considered as the mere threat of his father was really true, became greatly dejected, and in a short period his character underwent an entire change. His brother, observing this, invited him, with a party of his friends, to a feast; and after several other dishes had been removed, he ordered one, covered up, to be set before his brother, which, on being examined, was found to contain the writings of the estate. The serjeant then told him that he had now done what he was sure their father would have done had he lived to witness the happy change they all saw; and that he therefore freely conveyed to him the whole property.

580. Successful Appeal.—Some old soldiers going to be shot for a breach of discipline, passing by Marshal Turenne, pointed to the *scars on their faces and breasts.*

What speech could come to this? It had the desired effect. The Marshal instantly stayed the execution, and gave the men a free pardon.

581. Ungrateful Servant.—Comte de Polignac had been raised to honour by Bonaparte, but, from some unaccountable motive, betrayed the trust his patron reposed in him. As soon as Bonaparte discovered the perfidy, he ordered Polignac to be put under arrest. Next day he was to have been tried, and in all probability would have been condemned, as his guilt was most undoubted. In the interim, Madame Polignac solicited and obtained an audience of the Emperor. "I am sorry, madame, for your sake," said he, "that your husband has been implicated in an affair which is marked throughout with such deep ingratitude." "He may not have been so guilty as your Majesty supposes," said the Countess. "Do you know your husband's signature?" asked the Emperor, as he took a letter from his pocket, and presented it to her. Madame de Polignac hastily glanced over the letter, recognised the writing, and fainted. As soon as she recovered, Bonaparte, offering her the letter, said, "Take it; it is the only legal evidence against your husband; there is a fire beside you." Madame de Polignac eagerly seized the important document, and in an instant committed it to the flames. The life of Polignac was saved; his honour it was beyond the power even of the generosity of an Emperor to redeem.

582. Upright Emperor.—The Emperor Trajan would never suffer any one to be condemned upon suspicion, however strong and well grounded, saying it was better a thousand criminals should escape unpunished, than one innocent person be condemned. When he appointed Subarranus captain of his guards, and presented him, according to custom, with a drawn

sword, the badge of his office, he used these memorable words: "*Pro me; si merear, in me*:" "Employ this sword for me, but if I deserve it, turn it against me." Trajan would not allow his freedmen any share in the administration. Notwithstanding this, some persons, having a suit with one of them of the name of Eurythmus, seemed to fear the influence of the Imperial freedom; but Trajan assured them that the cause should be heard, discussed, and decided, according to the strictest laws of justice; adding, "For neither is he Polycletus, nor I Nero." Polycletus, it will be recollected, was the freedman of Nero, and as infamous as his master for rapine and injustice. As Trajan was once setting out from Rome at the head of a numerous army, glittering in all the pomp and circumstance of martial equipment, to make war in Wallachia, and when a vast concourse of people were gathered around to witness the proud spectacle, he was suddenly accosted by a woman, who called out, in a pathetic but bold tone, "To Trajan I appeal for justice!" Although the Emperor was pressed by the affairs of a most urgent war, he instantly stopped, and, alighting from his horse, heard the suppliant state the cause of her complaint. She was a poor widow, and had been left with an only son, who had been foully murdered; she had sued for justice on his murderers, but had been unable to obtain it. Trajan, having satisfied himself of the truth of her statements, decreed her on the spot the satisfaction which she demanded, and sent the mourner away comforted. So much was this action admired that it was afterwards represented on the pillar erected to Trajan's memory, as one of the most resplendent instances of his goodness.

583. Upright Judge.—In the life of the celebrated Sir Matthew Hale it is related that a gentleman who had a trial at the assizes

had sent him a buck for his table, so, when he heard his name, he asked if he was not the same person that had sent him venison. And finding that he was the same, he told him he could not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid him for his buck. To which the gentleman answered that he never sold his venison, and that he had done nothing to him which he did not do to every judge that had gone that circuit, which was confirmed by several gentlemen then present; but all would not do, for the Lord Chief Baron had learned from Solomon that "a gift perverteth the ways of judgment;" and therefore he would not suffer the trial to go on till he had paid for the present; upon which the gentleman withdrew the record. And at Salisbury, the Dean and Chapter having, according to custom, presented him with six sugar loaves in his circuit, he made his servants pay for the sugar before he would try the cause.

584. Voice of the Shepherd.—A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the habits of the shepherds and the sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing "the voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man in the adjoining room, growing impatient, gave a kind of a "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This "chuck" was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep, and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

585. **Wise Admonition.**—In an action of debt tried at Guildhall, the defendant, a merchant of London, complained with great warmth to his Lordship of the indignity which had been put on him by the plaintiff, in causing him to be arrested, not only in the face of the day, but in the Royal Exchange, in the face of the whole assembled credit of the metropolis. The Chief Justice stopped him with great composure, saying, "Friend, you forget yourself; you were the defaulter in refusing to pay a just debt; and let me give you a piece of advice worth more to you than the debt and costs:—Be careful in future not to put it in any man's

power to arrest you for a just debt in public or in private."

586. **Wise Ruler.**—Alphonsus, King of Naples and Sicily, was once asked why he was so favourable to all men, even to those most notoriously wicked. "Because," answered he, "good men are won by justice; the bad by clemency." When some of his Ministers complained to him on another occasion of his lenity, which they were pleased to say was more than became a Prince: "What, then!" exclaimed he; "would you have lions and tigers to reign over you? Know you not that cruelty is the attribute of wild beasts—clemency that of man?"

KINDNESS AND HUMANITY.

1 Sam. xx. 14; Job vi. 14; Prov. xix. 22; Mark xii. 31; Titus iii. 4.

587. **Acts of Kindness.**—On one occasion, when passing through the West of England, whilst sitting at the window of an inn, the Rev. H. Venn observed the waiter endeavouring to assist a man who was driving some pigs on the road, while the rest of the servants amused themselves only with the difficulties which the man experienced from their frowardness. This benevolent trait in the waiter's character induced Mr. Venn to call him in, and to express to him the pleasure which he felt in seeing him perform this act of kindness. After showing him how pleasing to the Almighty every instance of good-will to our fellow-creatures is, he expatiated on the love of God in sending His Son from the purest benevolence to save mankind. He exhorted him to seek for that salvation which God, in His infinite mercy, had given as the most inestimable gift to man. He promised to send him a copy of his own work, "The Complete Duty of Man." Many years after this, a friend going to see him, stayed on Saturday night at an inn, and the next day asked the ser-

vants whether any of them went to a place of worship on a Sunday. To his surprise, he found the master of the house a godly man, having family prayers in his house, and requiring his servants to attend a place of worship at least once every Sunday. On inquiring further, he was told that some years ago a gentleman had sent him a book, which had been greatly blessed to him, and on desiring to see the book, he found it to be "The Complete Duty of Man." Thus was the promise fulfilled, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters." "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

588. **Alexander, his Friends and Enemies.**—Alexander the Great, being asked how he had been able, at so early an age, and in so short a period, to conquer such vast regions, and establish so great a name, replied, "I used my enemies so well, that I compelled them to be my friends; and I treated my friends with such constant regard, that they became unalterably attached to me."

589. Bountiful Lady.—Renata, daughter of Louis XII. and of Anne of Bretagne, after her conversion to the Protestant faith, and her retirement to the Castle of Montargis, was distinguished by her bounty and goodness. She displayed her kindness more particularly towards her countrymen; every Frenchman, who in travelling through Ferrara was exposed to want or sickness, experienced her benevolence and liberality. After the return of the Duke of Guise from Italy, she saved, as the army passed through Ferrara, more than ten thousand of the French from perishing by want and hardships. Her steward representing to her the enormous sums which her bounty thus expended, "What," replied she, "would you have me do? These are my countrymen, who would have been my subjects but for the vile Salic law." During the civil wars in France, she retired into her city and castle of Montargis, where she received and supported numbers of distressed persons who had been driven from their homes and estates. "I myself," says Brantôme, "during the second period of these troubles, when the forces of Gascoigne, consisting of eight thousand men, headed by De Ferrides and De Mousales, were marching towards the King, and passing by Montargis, stopped, as in duty bound, to pay my respects to her. I myself saw in her castle above three hundred Protestants, who had fled thither from all parts of the country. An old steward whom I had known at Ferrara and in France protested to me that she fed daily more than three hundred people who had taken refuge with her."

590. Duelling.—When this evil practice was common, a general officer, who had been full forty years in the army, and was an Irishman to boot, yet never sent nor accepted of a single challenge, thus related the manner in which

he was wont to meet and satisfy demands of this sort. "I once," he says, "provoked the resentment of a brother officer, much respected and beloved by all the corps. His behaviour upon some occasions I esteemed in a slight degree reprehensible. This I meant to express in a language I then understood but imperfectly, and chanced to use a term of more opprobrious import than I apprehended. He, fired at the supposed affront, retorted first the injurious words, then quitted the company, and sent me a challenge. I returned him word that I hoped upon explanation he would not compel me to fight, yet would meet him immediately according to appointment. I went, attended by all the witnesses of my unguarded expression. Before these I readily took the shame to myself of having spoken unwittingly what I never meant to say, and what I was sincerely sorry for; but as I began to put on the air of expostulation in my turn, he reddened, hesitated a moment, then drew his sword, and, advancing, obliged me to defend myself, which I did, against a desperate thrust, with mine in the scabbard. He no sooner perceived that circumstance, than he surprised us all by suddenly tossing away his sword, bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing himself on his knees in speechless agitation of mind. I ran to raise, and in raising embraced him. He returned my embrace most cordially. He then declared to us that a few minutes before he had formed a fixed resolution (which my acknowledgment had not a little staggered, but not enough to recall him to the use of reason) to rush upon my sword, and at the instant to plunge his own into the breast of the man he loved most on earth. The painful conflict of passions, irascible and tender, in this strange rencontre, I shall not repeat at present. They powerfully operated upon the mind of one of our

friends, now a general officer in the Austrian service, who has thought fit to record a minute detail of everything said or done at this juncture in a valuable military treatise. Nothing, surely," as the gallant author of this narrative adds, "can be more contemptible, nothing more loudly calls upon the police of every wise government to fix the severest brand of infamy upon it, than the pretended honour of the scoundrel who, having committed an action confessedly base and unworthy of a gentleman, seeks to license the universal reproach he has incurred, by murdering the first man that shall express the judgment all men form of his conduct."

591. Family Made Happy.—A certain Duke of Montague had often observed a middle-aged man, in something like a military dress, of which the lace was tarnished, and the cloth threadbare, walking at a certain hour in the park, with a mournful solemnity. He made inquiry respecting him, and found that he was an unfortunate man, who, having laid out his whole stock in the purchase of a commission, had behaved with great bravery in the war, but at its conclusion was reduced to starve on half-pay. He learned further that the poor officer had a wife and three children in Yorkshire, to whom he regularly sent down one moiety of his pay, reserving the other for his own support in town, where he was in hopes of obtaining a situation. The Duke determined to serve this worthy veteran, and one day sent his servant to invite him to dinner. The captain returned thanks, and promised to wait on his Grace. When he came the Duke received him with marks of peculiar civility; and, taking him aside, with an air of secrecy and importance, told him that he had desired the favour of his company to dine chiefly on account of a lady who had long had a particular regard for him,

and had expressed a great desire to be introduced to him, which her situation rendered impossible without the assistance of a friend; and that, having learned this circumstance by accident, he had taken the liberty to bring them together. The captain was confused; replied that he must be imposed upon, and he doubted whether he ought not to resent it. The Duke however soon relieved him from his difficulty by introducing him to the dining-room, where, to the captain's amazement, his wife and children were seated at table, the Duke having sent for them from Yorkshire. After dinner, the Duke presented the astonished captain with the deed of an ample annuity, saying, "I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, if I had thought I could have employed my money better."

592. Feeding an Enemy.—After the dispersion and destruction of the Spanish Armada, in 1588, Juan Comes de Medina, who had been General of twenty ships, was, with about two hundred and sixty men, driven in a vessel to Anstruther, in Scotland, after suffering great hunger and cold for six or seven days. Notwithstanding the object for which this fleet had been sent, and the oppressive conduct of the Spaniards to the Scottish merchants who traded with them, these men were most humanely treated. Mr. James Melvil, the minister, told the Spanish officers first sent on shore, that they would find nothing among them but Christianity and works of mercy. The Laird of Anstruther and a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen entertained the officers, and the inhabitants gave the soldiers and mariners kail-pottage and fish, the minister having addressed his flock as Elijah the prophet did the King of Israel in Samaria, "Give them bread and water."

593. Generous Patron.—In 1682 Madame Dacier dedicated a book to the King of France, but she could

not find any person at court who would venture to introduce her to his Majesty, in order to present it, because she was at that time a Protestant. The Duke de Montausier being informed of this, offered his service to introduce her to the King, and, taking her in his coach, presented the lady and her book to his Majesty, who told the Duke, with an air of resentment, that he acted wrongly in supporting persons of that lady's religion, and that for his part he would forbid his name to be prefixed to any book written by Huguenots, for which purpose he would give orders to seize all the copies of Madame Dacier's book. The Duke answered, with that singular freedom with which he always spoke to the King, and in which no person else would presume to follow him, "Is it thus, Sire, that you favour polite literature? I declare to you frankly a King ought not to be a bigot." His Grace added that he would use the freedom to thank the lady in his Majesty's name, and make her a present of a hundred pistoles, and that he would leave it to the King to repay him or not, as he pleased. The Duke kept his word.

594. Generous Soldier.—After the conclusion of a sanguinary engagement between the French and the Russians under Suwarrow, in Switzerland, one of the Cossacks heard in the stillness of the night a soft moaning that seemed to rise from the immense abyss beneath the Pont de Diable. Stepping to the brink he called, but received no answer, yet the moaning continued. Without deliberation the honest Cossack began to descend from one ledge of the rock to the other, to the depth of above two hundred feet, when he discovered a French officer wounded and almost dying on the ground. The duty of humanity is understood by all men in the remotest corners of the earth without the use of words. The rude inhabitant of the Don or the Dnieper lost no time in relieving the distress

even of an enemy. The sick man being too much wounded to make use of his legs, the Cossack disencumbered himself of his arms, took him upon his back, and began to ascend with his burden. He had not gone far before a piece of rock, which he thought secure, giving way, he rolled down an immense distance, and cut his leg very severely, but, regardless of streaming blood, he once more attempted to mount the ascent, and at length succeeded with infinite trouble in his generous purpose. The officer on duty highly commended this noble action, and took care of the wounded man, who was quartered at Hanz, and after his recovery frequently related this incident with the strongest emotions of gratitude.

595. Good for Evil.—One day several persons saw a young man approach the river Seine, in Paris, with the intention of drowning his dog. Rowing into the centre of the stream, he threw the dog into the water. The poor creature attempted to climb up the side of the boat, but his cruel master always pushed him back with the oars. In doing this, he himself fell into the water, and would certainly have been drowned, had not his faithful dog instantly laid hold of him, and kept him above water till assistance arrived, when his life was saved.

596. Good-hearted General.—During the reign of the Empress Maria Theresa, a great scarcity of provisions prevailed in Bohemia, and multitudes of famishing people flocked to the capital, Prague, imploring relief. The Governor of the city wrote to the Court at Vienna, that the misery of the poor people was at length driving them to acts of turbulence and outrage, which he had not a sufficient force either to prevent or suppress. The Empress-Queen immediately despatched General Count Dalton to take the command at Prague, to which several regiments were ordered to

repair by forced marches. As soon as the Count found himself sufficiently reinforced, he ordered all the cannon on the ramparts to be turned against the city; and having so disposed his troops that it was impossible for any of the disaffected to escape, he walked alone into the midst of some thousands of them who were assembled together, and, addressing them with his hat in his hand, observed that it was not by criminal modes they should seek relief, because by so doing they must necessarily draw on their heads the vengeance of Government; he desired, therefore — nay, he begged—that he might not be reduced to the fatal necessity of ordering his troops to disperse them. The people listened to the Count with great attention, and replied to him with a coolness which surprised him. They said his artillery and his troops had no terrors for them; that what he threatened them with as rigour they would consider as mercy, for a speedy death with a cannon ball was infinitely preferable to the lingering death which they were suffering by famine. The Count was melted even to tears. He then addressed them again, and told them his heart bled for them, but it was his duty to preserve the peace of the city, and he would be censured if, by his forbearance and compassion, that peace was destroyed. He therefore entreated them, as it were for his sake, to disperse, assuring them that he would immediately transmit a faithful representation of their distresses to the Queen, from whose goodness they had reason to expect every kind of relief. The people, whom the dread of death could not move, were filled with gratitude for the General's conduct; they instantly began to disperse, every man cheering him as he passed, and exclaiming, "Long live Dalton!" The representation which the Count sent to Vienna drew tears from the Empress. "Alas!" exclaimed she, "*what have my poor people been suffering without my knowledge!*

to what cruel miseries have they been exposed, through the ignorance I was in of their deplorable situation! How greatly am I indebted to the moderation and humanity of Count Dalton, who has saved me from the guilt of being the butcher of my poor starving subjects, and who has painted in such moving colours those distresses which others, whose duty it was to make them known to me, carefully concealed from my knowledge, representing the rising of the people as the effect of a seditious disposition!" Her Majesty immediately despatched eight hundred waggons loaded with corn to Prague, and sent a letter of thanks to General Dalton, in her own handwriting, on his meritorious behaviour on this trying occasion.

597. Henry IV. of France's Humanity. — When Henry IV. of France was advised to attempt taking Paris by an assault before the King of Spain's troops arrived to succour the Leaguers, he absolutely protested against the measure on the principle of humanity. "I will not," said he, "expose the capital to the miseries and horrors which must follow such an event. I am the father of my people, and will follow the example of the true mother who presented herself before Solomon. I had much rather not have Paris, than obtain it at the expense of humanity, and by the blood and death of so many innocent persons." Henry reduced the city to obedience without the loss of blood, except two or three burgesses who were killed. "If it was in my power," said this humane monarch, "I would give fifty thousand crowns to redeem those citizens, to have the satisfaction of informing posterity that I had subdued Paris without spilling a drop of blood."

598. Heroism and Humanity. — In the year 1818, during a dreadful snow storm, a poor sailor and his

wife were discovered near Burbage Brook, exhausted with fatigue and unable to proceed on their journey; the poor man had sunk under his exertions to support his wife, and was nearly dead. The young man who found them took the sailor upon his back, and carried him to the only house he could find, which was nearly a mile off; he then returned, and in the like manner bore the woman, who was unable to walk, to the same dwelling. He had no sooner performed this act of humanity than he found himself again called on for assistance. The coach from Manchester was overturned and nearly buried in the snow; a mother with her child, about two years old, were amongst the passengers, the whole of whom were females. The child he bore to Hathersage; the mother attempted to follow, but was soon unable to proceed. On his return he found her in a drift of snow, from which all her efforts to extricate herself were unavailing. He restored her to her child, and in the same way he released the two remaining ladies from their perilous situation. They offered him money as a compensation for his services, which he did not decline accepting, but he immediately transferred it to the poor sailor and his wife, to solace and comfort them on their journey.

599. Hospitality of an Archbishop.—Henry Wardlaw, Archbishop of St. Andrews, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, was a prelate of such unbounded liberality, that the masters of his household, apprehensive that his revenues might be exhausted by the expense of entertaining the great numbers who resorted to his palace, solicited him to make out a list of persons to whom the hospitality of his board might be confined. "Well," said the worthy Archbishop to his secretary, "take a pen, and begin. First put down Fife and Angus," two large counties, containing several hundred thou-

sands of people. His servants hearing this retired abashed; "for," says Spotterwood, "they said he would have no man refused that came to his house."

600. Hospitality of a Merchant.—

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the French vessel *Medusa*, which took place on the coast of Africa during the year 1816, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation and exposed to a parching heat which produced madness in all its hideous forms, the passengers at length were relieved from their situation, having lost one hundred and thirty-five out of one hundred and fifty. On shore they were crowded into a hospital where medicaments, and even the common necessaries of life, were wanting. An English merchant, who did good by stealth, and perhaps blushed to find it fame, went to see them. One of the poor unhappy wretches made the signal of a Freemason in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "My brother, you must come to my house and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied, "My brother, I thank you, but I cannot leave my companions in misfortune." "Bring them with you," was the answer; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune. Each of these survivors suffered more or less afterwards from mental derangement as long as he lived.

601. Hospitality Rewarded.—

A widow at Dort, in Holland, who was very industrious, was left by her husband, an eminent carpenter, with a comfortable house, some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth about ten thousand guilders in ready money, which she employed in a barge and

sail-cloth manufactory, for the purpose of increasing her fortune, and instructing her children, a son and two daughters, in useful branches of business. One night, about nine o'clock, in the year 1785, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broadsword, came to her house and requested lodging. "I let no lodgings, friend," said the widow; "and, besides, I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character, and a passport from Comte Maillebois, Governor of Breda. The widow, believing the stranger to be an honest man, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with part of his bed. The young man consented; the soldier was accordingly hospitably entertained, and at a seasonable hour withdrew to rest. Some hours afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who moved softly down stairs, and listened at the hall-door, when the blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a sledge, or some heavy instrument. By this time the widow and her daughters were much alarmed by this violent attack, and ran almost frantic through different parts of the house, exclaiming, "Murder! murder!" The son having joined the soldier with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter screwing on his bayonet and fresh priming his piece, which was charged with slugs, requested the women to keep themselves in a back room out of the way of danger. Soon after the door was burst in, two ruffians entered, and were instantly shot by the son, who discharged both of his pistols at once. Two other associates of the dead men immediately returned the fire, but without

effect, when the intrepid and veteran stranger, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushed on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and whilst the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. The son and the stranger then closed the door as well as they could, reloaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till day-light, when the weavers and spinners of the manufactory came to resume their employment, and were struck with horror and surprise at seeing four men dead on the dunghill adjoining the house, where the soldier had dragged them before they closed the door. The burgomaster and his syndic attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to this affair. The bodies were buried in a cross road, and a stone erected over the grave, with this inscription: "Here lie the remains of four unknown ruffians, who deservedly lost their lives in an attempt to rob and murder a worthy woman and her family. A stranger who slept in the house, to which Divine Providence undoubtedly directed him, was the principal instrument in preventing the perpetration of such horrid designs, which justly entitles him to a lasting memorial, and the thanks of the public. John Adrian de Gries, a discharged soldier from the regiment of Diesbach, a native of Middleburgh in Zealand, and upwards of seventy years old, was the David who slew two of these Goliaths, the rest being killed by the son of the family." The widow presented the soldier with one hundred guineas, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

602. Merchant Prince.—Edward Colston, a native of Bristol, devoted his life and fortune to the noblest acts of Christian benevolence. On his monument there is recorded a list of the public charities and benefactions founded and given by him.

which amount to £70,695; but his private donations were not less than his public ones; he sent at one time £3,000 to relieve and discharge the debtors in Ludgate, by a private hand, and he yearly freed those confined for small debts in Whitechapel prison and the Marshalsea; he sent £1,000 to relieve the poor of Whitechapel, and twice a week had a quantity of beef and broth dressed, to distribute to all the poor around him. If any sailor suffered, or was cast away in his employment, his family afterwards found a sure asylum in him. How solicitous he was of doing good, and having his charities answer the design of their institution, appears from a letter of his to Mr. Mason, the Master of the Society of Merchants in Bristol, the trustees of his charity. "Your letter was received by me with great satisfaction, because it informs me that the Merchants' Hall have made choice of so deserving a gentleman for their master, by whom I cannot in the least think there will be any neglect of their affairs; so neither of want of care, in seeing my trust reposed in them religiously performed; because thereon depends the welfare or ruin of so many boys, who may in time be made useful, as well to your city as to the nation, by their future honest endeavours; the which that they may be, is what I principally desire and recommend unto you, sir, and the whole society. —Edward Colston." During a time of scarcity, Colston, after relieving the wants of his immediate neighbourhood, sent in a cover to the London Committee, with only these words, "To relieve the wants of the poor in the metropolis," and without any signature, the sum of £20,000—a donation almost past belief, but established on the best authority. When some friends urged Colston to marry, he replied, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children." What adds greatly to his character as a charitable man,

is, that he performed all these works of beneficence, great and splendid as they are, in his lifetime; he invested revenues for their support in the hands of trustees; he lived to see the trusts justly executed, and perceived with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments. That his great fortune might the less embarrass him with worldly cares, he placed it out chiefly in Government securities, and the estates he bought to endow his hospitals were chiefly ground-rents. And notwithstanding all these public legacies, he provided amply for all his relations and dependants, leaving more than one hundred thousand pounds amongst them.

603. Mercy to Animals.—While Dr. Johnson was staying at the country-house of Colonel Middleton, the gardener caught a hare amidst some potato plants, and brought it to his master, then engaged in conversation with the Doctor. An order was given to carry it to the cook. As soon as Johnson heard this sentence, he begged to have the animal placed in his arms, which was no sooner done, than, approaching the window, then half-open, he restored the hare to her liberty, shouting after her to accelerate her speed. "What have you done?" cried the Colonel; "why, Doctor, you have robbed my table of a delicacy, perhaps deprived us of a dinner." "So much the better, sir," replied the humane champion of a condemned hare; "for if your table is to be supplied at the expense of the laws of hospitality, I envy not the appetite of him who eats it. This, sir, is not a hare *feræ naturæ*, but one which had placed itself under your protection; and savage indeed must be that man who does not make his hearth an asylum for the confiding stranger."

604. Metaphorical Reply.—Ludovicus Sforza sent an Ambassador to the Genoese, to demand of them

a large sum by way of tribute. The Genoese conducted the Ambassador into a garden, and pointing out to him the herb basil, desired him to take some of that weak herb and smell it. He did so, and told them it smelt very sweet. They then requested that he would press and rub it betwixt his fingers, and smell it again. He did so. "But now," said he, "it is most nauseous." "In like manner," said the Genoese, "if the Prince deals graciously and mercifully with us, he will oblige us to all cheerfulness and readiness in his service, but if he shall proceed to grind and oppress us, he will then find the bitter and troublesome effects of it."

605. New Commandment.—

Archbishop Usher being in Scotland, and hearing much of the piety of the Rev. Samuel Rutherford, resolved on being a witness of it. Disguised as a pauper, on a Saturday evening he solicited lodging for the night. Mr. Rutherford received him, and directed him to be seated in the kitchen. Mrs. Rutherford catechised the servants, as a preparation for the Sabbath; and having asked the stranger the number of the Divine commandments, he answered eleven. The good woman hastily concluded him ignorant, and said, "What a shame it is for you, a man with grey hairs, in a Christian country, not to know how many commandments there are! There is not a child six years old, in this parish, but could answer the question properly." Lamenting his condition, she ordered his supper, and directed a servant to show him a bed in the garret. Mr. Rutherford having heard him at prayer, and finding out who he was, prevailed on the Archbishop to preach for him, which he agreed to do, on condition that he should not be made known. Early in the morning Mr. Rutherford changed his clothes, suffered him to depart, and afterwards introduced him to breakfast as a minister on a journey.

When in the pulpit, he announced his text—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another;" and remarked that this might be reckoned the eleventh commandment. Mrs. Rutherford, remembering the answer she had received the night before from the stranger, was surprised, and, looking at the preacher, almost imagined he might be the pitied traveller. The two holy men spent the evening in delightful conversation, and the Archbishop departed, undiscovered, early on the following day.

606. Queen Caroline and the Princess of Orange.—There are often little tendencies to cruelty shown by children which a wise and cautious parent will endeavour to weaken and destroy. Queen Caroline, one day, observing that her daughter, the Princess of Orange, had kept one of the ladies of the Court so long standing while she was talking to her on some trivial subject, that she was almost ready to faint, resolved to give her a practical reproof for her unsuitable behaviour. When the Princess, therefore, came in the evening, as usual, to read to her, and was drawing herself a chair to sit down, the Queen said, "No, my dear, you must not sit at present; for I intend to make you stand this evening as long as you suffered Lady — to remain to-day in the same posture. She is a woman of the first quality, but had she been a nursery-maid, you should have remembered that she was a human being as well as yourself."

607. Savages Subdued.—Mr. L. C. Dehne, a Moravian missionary to South America, has left the following account: "In November, 1757, the Caribbee Indians set out with the intention of executing their resolution, long since determined upon, of murdering me. One day, while I sat at my dinner table, I saw fifty men approaching in their canoes, who presently after

surrounded my cabin. Some were armed with iron hoes and mattocks; others carried swords and such like instruments. Going out, I spoke to them in the Arawak language, and bade them welcome in a friendly manner. They ordered their interpreter to step forth and ask me in Arawak, 'Who gave you permission to build and live here?' 'The Governor,' I replied. 'Why have you come upon the land?' I now stepped up to the chief and thus frankly addressed him: 'I have brethren living on the other side of the ocean, who, when they heard that Indians lived here who were ignorant of their Creator, at once sent me to you in love, that I should first learn your language, and then tell you about the true God. At some future time, you may expect to see more of my brethren come here on the same errand.' 'I suppose you are a Spaniard?' 'No.' 'Or a Frenchman?' 'No.' 'Are you a Dutchman, then?' 'Yes, I came from Holland, and a good way further off. In short, I am one of the brethren that love you, and live on the other side of the ocean.' 'Well, didn't you hear that the Indians were going to kill you?' 'Yes, but I did not believe it, and you have those among you who have been to see me, and know that I love them.' 'That is true; and they have also told me that you were a Christian, very different from other white people.' 'Well, if you knew that I loved you, how could you think of killing me?' He replied, laughing, 'Well, indeed, I never thought of that.' Upon this, all changed their savage natures and walked off. In this manner the Saviour helped me on from day to day, insomuch that, at the close of the year, I found much cause for praise and thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift."

608. Sheltering Strangers.—

After the battle of Culloden, so fatal to the last hopes of the House

of Stuart, Colonel Stewart, attended by his friend, Mr. Hamilton of Balgour, sought his personal safety in flight. They approached a lonely hut in the Highlands, to which Mr. Hamilton went to ask shelter for an ill-starred stranger. The good woman was opening her wattled door, and by his looks comprehending at once that a poor refugee was in distress, though she did not understand one word of English, she followed Mr. Hamilton to the spot where he had left Colonel Stewart, who addressed her in her native tongue, and as his case was desperate, confided to her their names and their peril. She told them the cattle were pasturing near her cottage, but if he would wait a little, she would send the herd out of view, and get him removed without exciting suspicion. Having succeeded in this, she kept them concealed for several days; and when they at length quitted their humane preserver, she loaded them with provisions, accompanied them for several miles, pointing out the unfrequented paths, or where they might venture to ask for a lodging, refusing, at the same time, the slightest remuneration. What adds to the merit of the action is, that the poor widow had lost two sons in the King's cause, to which she was strongly attached. Colonel Stewart pays a well-merited tribute to the female sex. "In all our wanderings," says he, "we have preferred applying to the gentler sex. They never rejected us, and if they could contribute to providing for our safety, after separating from them, we found they had a quick and clear perception of the means, and sympathy to stimulate their exertions, and to render them effectual. Even ladies who were keen partisans of the House of Hanover spared neither trouble nor expense in our behalf."

609. Soft Words.—Southey relates the following:—"When I was a small boy, there was a black boy

in the neighbourhood, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my playfellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black, by calling him 'negro,' 'blackamoor,' and other degrading epithets; the poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us. We soon after made an appointment to go a-skating in the neighbourhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'O yes, John, you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'John, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black."

610. Widow's Lamp.—Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All around her the coast was rugged and dangerous, and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea; might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. *All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the*

window, and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp; many a crew were saved from perishing.

611. Wilberforce and the Slave Trade.—The name of Wilberforce is associated with the best offices of humanity, and with one of the most glorious triumphs that persevering eloquence ever accomplished—the abolition of the slave-trade. It was soon after the meeting of Parliament in 1787, that Mr. Wilberforce first gave notice of his intention to bring forward a measure respecting the slave-trade. His speech was replete with eloquence, and he described this horrible traffic in the most glowing terms. "Never," said he, "was a more complete system of injustice and cruelty exhibited to the world. To whatever portion of this odious traffic you turn your eyes, you find neither consolation nor relief. The horrors attendant on tearing the Africans from their native country are only to be compared with the horrors of the voyage; the latter are only to be equalled by the horrors of the colonial slavery itself. By a merciful dispensation of Providence, in the moral as well as the physical order of things, some degree of good generally accompanies evil: hurricanes purify the air; persecution excites enthusiasm for truth; pride, vanity, and profusion frequently contribute, indirectly, to the happiness of mankind. There is nothing, however odious, that has not its palliative; the savage is hospitable, the brigand is intrepid, violence is in general exempt from perfidy, and daring iniquity from meanness. But there is no benign concomitant here; it belongs to this hateful traffic to deteriorate alike the good and the bad, and even to pollute crime itself; it is a state of warfare undignified by courage; it is a state of peace, in which there is no security against devastation and massacre. There you find the

vices of polished society without the delicacy of manners by which they are tempered; the primitive savageness of man, stripped of all its innocence; perverseness, pure and complete, full and finished, destitute of every honourable sentiment, of every advantage that can be contemplated without indignation, or acknowledged without the deepest shame." From this time to 1806, when Mr. Wilberforce succeeded in erasing from British history that stain to our national character, his whole life may be read in the progress of the abolition of the slave-trade. Of all the debates to which this subject gave rise, that on the 2nd of April, 1798, was the most eloquent and interesting. The number of petitions on the table of the House of Commons amounted to five hundred and eight; this stimulated and encouraged the friends of the measure. The want of success hitherto seemed to have awakened all their energies, and to have aroused every honourable feeling of which the human heart is capable. The speeches of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Fox, and Mr. Pitt, appeared so insuperable, that it was imagined the question would have been carried by acclamation. Eighty-five persons were only found to vote against the total abolition. But by a skilful manœuvre of Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, the word "gradual" was introduced into the motion before it was passed. Mr. Wilberforce, after enumerating the evils attached to the slave-trade, and describing the interest which the subject had excited in several parts of Europe, combated the arguments of those individuals who condemned the inhuman traffic on the score of religion, justice, and humanity, but vindicated it as consistent with the national interest. "I trust," said he, "that no such argument will be used this night, for what is it but to establish a competition between God and mammon, and to adjudge the preference to the lat-

ter? What but to dethrone the Moral Governor of the world, and to fall down and worship the idol of interest? What a manifesto to surrounding nations! What a lesson to our own people! Come, then, ye nations of the earth, and learn a new code of morality from the Parliament of Great Britain. We have discarded an old prejudice; we have discovered that religion and justice and humanity are mere rant and rhapsody! Why, these are principles which Epicurus would have rejected for impiety, and Machiavel and Borgia would have disclaimed as too infamous for avowal, and too injurious for the general happiness of mankind. If God, in His anger, would punish us for this formal renunciation of His authority, what severer vengeance could He inflict than a successful propagation of these accursed maxims? Consider what effects would follow from their universal prevalence; what scenes should we soon behold around us. In public affairs, breach of faith, and anarchy and bloodshed; in private life, fraud, distrust, and perfidy, and whatever can degrade the public character, and poison the comforts of social life and domestic intercourse. Men must then retire to caves and deserts, and withdraw from a world become too bad to be endured." The exertions of Mr. Wilberforce in the cause of humanity endeared him to the public, and particularly to his constituents, the freeholders of Yorkshire, whom he represented for nearly thirty years; and in the great contest which took place in 1807, a contest which is said to have cost upwards of £800,000, his whole expenses were defrayed by public subscription. Nay, such was the public zeal manifested in his favour, that more than double the sum necessary for the purpose of supporting his election, immense as it was, was raised in a few days, and one moiety was afterwards returned to the subscribers. A similar instance of

popular favour in behalf of a candidate has never occurred in the history of contested elections.

612. Wounded Soldiers.—It is on record that when the Archduke Charles was on his way from Bohemia to take the command of his army, as he drew near the scene of action, he met a number of wounded men abandoned by their comrades on the road for want of horses to draw the carriages in their re-

treat. The Prince immediately ordered the horses to be taken from several pieces of cannon that were already retreating, saying that these brave men were better worth saving than a few cannon. When General Moreau, into whose hands the cannon of course fell, heard of this benevolent trait, he ordered them to be restored to the Austrian army, observing that he would take no cannon that were abandoned from such humane motives.

LIFE.

Job viii. 9; Psalm ciii. 15; John v. 40; 1 John v. 12.

613. Admonitory Inscription.—It was customary in former times often to put inscriptions on the front of houses. On a house still standing between Walsall and Tretsey, in Cheshire, built in 1686, of thick oak framework filled in with brick, was this inscription, over a window in the tap-room:—"Fleres si scires unum tua tempora mensem; ridis cum non scis si sit forsitan una dies." (You would weep if you knew that your life was limited to one month; yet you laugh while you know not but that it may be restricted to a day.)

614. Ancient Simplicity.—Latimer's sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his days, and in one of them he gives the following picture of the comfort, happiness, and industry of his father's family. "My father," says he, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pound by year, at the uttermost, and here-upon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the King a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the King's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else

I had not been able to have preached before the King's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles, a-piece, while he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his Prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

615. Avarice Defeated.—A ship freighted at Alexandria by some Turks, to bring them and their merchandise to Constantinople, met with a violent storm in the passage. The master told these freighters who were on board, that he could not save the ship nor their lives but by throwing overboard all the goods on the deck. They consented to the sacrifice, as well for themselves as for other freighters at Constantinople; but when the ship arrived there, they united to prosecute the master for the value of the goods. The Moulah of Galata, before whom he was summoned, had the case fully represented to him, and his deputy as usual had the promise of a reward. When the parties appeared, and the witnesses were examined, the Moulah reflected some time,

took down his book, and, gravely opening it, told them that the book declared that the master should pay the true value of those very goods; that is, what the freighters could prove by witnesses any one would give for them, or what they were really worth on board the ship, at the very moment the master was constrained to throw them into the sea, as the only means by which he could save the lives of his passengers, amongst whom were the persons who now sued him. The freighters ran out of court to seek witnesses, but the judge, who knew none could be procured, without farther hesitation gave his written decree in favour of the master.

616. Calumny Inevitable.—

When Solon undertook the arduous task of reforming the political condition of the Athenians, he resolved, among other things, to put an end to the slavery and oppression of a number of poor citizens, who, overwhelmed with debt, had sold themselves slaves to their richer neighbours. He accordingly framed a law, declaring all debtors discharged and acquitted of their debts. When he first determined on this edict, he foresaw that to many it would be extremely offensive; and he was at great pains, therefore, to draw it up in as plausible and conciliatory terms as possible. When completed, he submitted it confidentially to some particular friends whom he used to consult on all important occasions, and from them it met with the most decided approval. More interested however than faithful, these friends took care, before the law was published, to borrow large sums of money from their rich acquaintance, and to lay it out in the purchase of land, knowing that the forthcoming edict would relieve them from all necessity of payment. When the law accordingly made its appearance, and it was seen how Solon's particular friends had benefited by their privy to the measure, he was himself suspected of a corrupt con-

nivance at their gains, and loud and general was the indignation expressed against him, though he was, in fact, perfectly innocent of all participation in the fraud—a striking example that it is not enough for a man in office to be disinterested and upright in himself; all that surround and approach him ought to be so too—wife, relations, friends, secretaries, and servants. The faults of others are charged to his account; all the wrongs that are committed through his negligence are imputed to him, and not unjustly, because it is his business, and one of the principal designs of his being put into such a trust, to prevent such corruptions and abuses.

617. Ourious Eccentricity.—Mr. L. was a gentleman of an independent fortune, which he exhausted in the course of a few years in gratifying one of the oddest whims that could ever enter the mind of a rational being. His sole enjoyment was the attending of funerals. When he heard of the death of any great man through the channel of the papers, he immediately made the circuit of the whole town to know who had the job, and then prepared to accompany it. He has often been to York and the borders of Scotland to be present at the interment of a nobleman or gentleman; and in this respect he was no way biassed by party or religion; it was the same to him if he was Whig or Tory, out or in; whether a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Presbyterian; all equally commanded his respect and attention, provided the funeral was magnificent. His highest ambition was to obtain one of the little escutcheons, which he considered as so many trophies of his glory, and being known to most of the undertakers, and their constant companion in their peregrinations, they seldom or ever refused him this request. Being entirely inattentive to his own affairs, he found himself in a state of distress when

he did not expect it; yet, though reduced to almost the want of the common necessities of life, his passion for death-hunting still prevailed, and when he could not ride he walked on foot. But whenever the journey was of any length, he bribed the hearse-driver to let him be an inside passenger with the corpse. In this doleful state he traversed England more than once, but unfortunately fell a martyr at length to his strange whim. Being an inside passenger on one of these solemn occasions, in very hot weather, and there being no air hole as there usually is in the hearse, when they took out the corpse they found poor Mr. L. dead from suffocation.

618. Dreaming and Awake.—A candidate for admission to church membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill, being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin and the need of the Gospel, related a dream by which he had been affected and led to serious inquiry, to the hearing of sermons, &c. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, "We do not wish to despise a good man's dreams by any means, but we will tell you what we think of the dream after we have seen how you go on when you are awake."

619. Dress of a Coxcomb.—The Dublin printer, George Faulkner, once called on Dean Swift on his return from London, dressed in a rich coat of silk brocade and gold lace, and, seeming not a little proud of the adorning of his person, the Dean determined to humble him. When he entered the room, and saluted the Dean with all the respectful familiarity of an old acquaintance, the Dean affected not to know him; in vain did he declare himself as George Faulkner, the Dublin printer; the Dean declared him an impostor, and at last abruptly bade him begone. Faulkner, perceiving the error he had committed, instantly returned home, and, resuming his usual

dress, again went to the Dean, when he was very cordially received. "Ah, George," said he, "I am so glad to see you, for here has been an impudent coxcomb, bedizened in silks and gold lace, who wanted to pass himself for you; but I soon sent the fellow about his business, for I knew you to be always a plain dressed and honest man, just as you now appear before me."

620. Duellist Answered.—Two friends, many years ago, happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of hasty disposition, insisted on the other's fighting him next morning. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together, previous to their going to the field, at the house of the person challenged. When the challenger arrived next morning according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend, his wife and children, all ready to receive him. Their repast being over, and the family withdrawn, without the slightest hint of their fatal purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, sir," replied he, "not until we are upon a par; that amiable woman and those six innocent children, who have just breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence; and until you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than my right hand or my right eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand; and they became from this time firmer friends than before.

621. Economy in Small Things.—Dr. Warner happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand when a member of the House of Commons came in and purchased a hundred quills, for which he paid six shillings. When he was gone the Doctor exclaimed,

"Oh, the luxury of the age! six shillings for a hundred quills! Why it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, Doctor," observed the gentleman of the shop, "for your writings are very voluminous." "I assure you," said the Doctor, "that I wrote my 'Ecclesiastical History,' two volumes in folio, and my 'Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer,' a large folio, both the first and corrected copies, with one single pen; it was an old one before I began, and it is not worn out now that I have finished." This circumstance was spread about, and the merits of this pen were esteemed so highly that a celebrated Countess begged the Doctor to make her a present of it. He did so; and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen engraved upon it, and these were placed in her cabinet of curiosities.

622. Equality in a Future World.

—A pious man, of rank and influence in society, was in the habit of entertaining and admitting to a degree of intimacy persons of very humble circumstances in life, if they only gave evidence of true religion. A friend of his, who was accustomed to measure everything according to the standard of this world, pleasantly rallied him on the subject of his associates, intimating his surprise that he should admit to his hospitality and friendship persons of obscure origin and of little estimation among men. He replied, in a tone of unaffected humility, that as he could scarcely hope to enjoy so elevated a rank as they in a future world, he knew not why he should despise them in the present. The reproof came home to the feelings of the proud man, and he was silent; conscience whispering, meanwhile, how dim were his prospects of rising in the future world to an equality with the pious poor, if his Christian friend was in danger of falling below them.

623. Example for Youth.—

Cicero, when he set out upon his travels to Greece and Asia—the usual tour for men of fashion among the Romans—was in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He did not think of quitting his native country until he had finished his education in it; he then went abroad, that he might, by repairing to those places in which the arts and sciences had arrived at the greatest perfection, give a high polish to all his literary acquisitions. To Athens, which was at that time particularly distinguished as the seat of the arts and sciences, he first directed his course; there he resided in the house of Antiochus, the chief philosopher of the old Academy, and with the assistance of his admirable instructions, renewed those studies for which he had ever felt, from his earliest youth, the strongest predilection. At Athens, too, he found his fellow student, T. Pomponius, who, from his uncommon attachment to that city, and from his long residence in it, was surnamed Atticus. By this meeting between them, the memorable friendship which had subsisted from their boyish days with an unremitting constancy and unwavering affection, was revived and consolidated. Cicero, however, though he had often friendly debates with Atticus upon philosophical subjects, did not give himself wholly up to them: his rhetorical exercises engaged a proper share of his attention, and he performed them punctually every day with Demetrius the Syrian, much celebrated for his oratorical knowledge. From Athens, Cicero proceeded to Asia, where he found himself attended by all the most celebrated orators of the country; they accompanied him during the remainder of his voyage, and he regularly performed his exercises with them, wherever he took up his temporary quarters. As Cicero while he resided at Athens did not suffer his philosophical pursuits to make him negligent of his rhetorical studies,

neither did he at Rhodes permit the latter to render him neglectful of the former. He dedicated part of his time to philosophy, with Posidonius, the most accomplished and respected Stoic of that age; and often names him in terms greatly to his honour, calling him not only his master, but his friend. Whichever he stopped his stay was not determined by the mere pleasures which presented themselves; in a place from which he could draw no profit, there was no inducement for him to remain. Previously and intimately acquainted with the laws of Rome, he was enabled to make comparisons between them and the laws of other cities, and to bring with him at his return whatever he thought beneficial to his country or advantageous to himself. In every town through which he passed he was hospitably entertained by men eminent for their virtues, knowledge, and learning; by men honoured and rewarded as the principal patriots, orators, and philosophers of the age. Constantly attended by these, he had opportunities, even while travelling from one city to another, to gain new lights from their experience and admonitions. From such a tour, it is not at all surprising that he came back to Rome adorned with every accomplishment which taste and learning could bestow, to make him shine the first figure in the Forum.

624. Following Christ Fully.—Two persons were walking together one very dark night, when one said to the other, who knew the road well, "I shall follow you, so as to be right." He soon fell into the ditch, and accused the other with his fall. The other replied, "Then you did not follow me exactly; for I have kept free." A side-step had caused the fall. There is like danger in not following Christ fully.

625. Genius in Low Estate.—When Marmontel was a schoolboy, his master chastised him for some youthful offence, which he resented by so fearful a lampoon that he

was under the necessity of running away. Being afraid of returning to his parents, he entered himself as a private soldier in a regiment commanded by the Prince of Condé; and in the year that he obtained a halbert, this celebrated poet wrote his charming history of Belshazzar. Many applications were made for his discharge, which the Prince always withstood, declaring it to be the most flattering honour he could possibly receive, to have such a man as Marmontel a sergeant in his regiment. Once a year, at the general review, this distinguished individual appeared in his station, and multitudes always crowded to see him. After the review was over, Marmontel had invariably the honour to dine with his illustrious colonel and the principal officers of the army, by whom he was esteemed to admiration.

626. George III. and his Servants.—The following anecdote was introduced by a very popular Scottish minister on a Sunday, near the end of his discourse, whilst inculcating the duty of masters to their servants; it was communicated to him, as he said, from a near relation of one of the parties mentioned. His Majesty, having observed one of his domestic servants to be unusually dejected for some time, one day said to him, "Thomas, what is the matter with you? I have observed you very melancholy of late. Are you happy in my family, or has anything occurred to vex you?" To all these questions he answered that he was pleased with his service, and lived at peace with all his fellow servants. His Majesty desisted for the present; but some days afterwards, still observing him dejected, he said to him, "Thomas, it is the state of your soul that troubles you!" The man acknowledged that it was a deep sense of sin on his conscience which grieved him. His Majesty then said, "Can you find no comfort from the gospel in St. George's (the Chapel at Windsor)?" The

man answered that he could find no comfort in what he heard there. His Majesty then feelingly advised him to attend a worthy Independent minister in Datchet (a small village on the other side of the Thames), observing that he would not be angry if he never saw him at chapel (St. George's) again.

627. Good and Evil Member.—

Æsop was once ordered by his master, Xanthus, who was about to entertain a large party, to go and purchase for him the best thing he could find in the market. He went accordingly and bought a large supply of tongues, which he desired the cook to serve up with different sauces. When dinner came, the first and second course, the last service, and all the made-dishes were tongues! "Did I not order you," said Xanthus, in a violent passion, "to buy the best provisions that the market afforded?" "And have I not obeyed your orders? Is there anything better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of science, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, and governments established and administered; with that men instruct, persuade, and preside in assemblies. It is the instrument by which we discharge the chief of all our duties, praising and adoring the gods." "Well, then," replied Xanthus, thinking to catch him, "go to market again to-morrow and buy me the worst things you can find. This same company will dine with me, and I have a mind to diversify my entertainment." Æsop the next day provided nothing but the very same dishes, telling his master that the tongue was the worst thing in the world. "It is," said he, "the instrument of all strife and contention, the inventor of law-suits, and the source of division and wars; it is the organ of error, of lies, calumny, and blasphemies."

628. Good Heart.—There was a great master among the Jews

who bid his scholars consider and tell him what was the best way wherein a man should always keep. One came and said that there was nothing better than to have a good eye; which is, in their language, a liberal and contented disposition. Another said a good companion is the best thing in the world. A third said a good neighbour was the best thing he could desire; and a fourth preferred a man who could foresee things; that is, a wise person. But at last there came in one Eleazer, and he said a good heart was better than them all. "True," said the master; "thou hast comprehended in two words all that the rest have said; for he that hath a good heart will be both contented and a good companion, a good neighbour, and easily see what is fit to be done by him."

629. Hospitable Recluse.—Some years ago, there lived in the highest farm of Glenorchay a singular character of the name of Angus Roy Fletcher. At a distance from social life, he had his residence in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains which separate the district of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. The dog was his sole, though faithful attendant; the gun and dirk his constant companions. He made his livelihood by hunting and fishing. A few goats, the dog, the gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid, hose and brogs, constituted the whole of his property. These were all he seemed to desire. While his goats fed among the rocks and wide-extended heaths, he would range the hill and the forest in pursuit of game. He would return to his little flock in the evening, lead them to his solitary hut, milk them with his own hand, and after making a comfortable meal of what game he had caught, and of the milk of his goats, he would lay himself down in the midst of them. He desired not to associate with any of his own species, either man or woman; and yet if the step of a

wandering stranger happened to approach his little hut, Angus Roy was humane and hospitable to a high degree. Whatever he possessed, even to the last morsel, he would cheerfully bestow on his guest; at a time too when he knew not where to purchase or procure the next meal for himself. Strange that a man who apparently had no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its noblest virtues!

630. Idleness.—Wise politicians have been so sensible of the dangers of idleness, that they have always been vigilant to find work for their people. When Pisistratus had the supreme command, he sent for those who were idle about the streets, and asked why they loitered about, doing nothing. "If your cattle be dead," said he, "take others from me and work; if you want seed, that also will I give you." So fearful was he of the injurious effects that would result from habits of idleness.

631. Imitation.—In the Court of Alexander the Great, every one affected to carry his head awry, because the mighty hero had a twist in his neck, which made it with him a grace of necessity. Dionysius was extremely short-sighted; and his flatterers, as Montaigne tells us, "ran against one another in his presence, stumbled at and overturned whatever was under foot to show that they were as purblind as their sovereign." Don John of Austria, son of Charles V., had a large patch of hair on one side of his head, which grew upright like bristles; and to conceal the peculiarity, he used to comb back the whole of the hair from his forehead. When he went as Governor into the Low Countries, all the people of fashion there immediately fell into the same mode, and from them it would seem to have descended to our own times. Ruffs, once so fashionable in England that even bishops and judges condescended to adopt them, and were the last to

lay them aside, are said to have been introduced by Queen Anne, wife of James I., who wore them to conceal a wen in her neck. But what are all these instances to that of the Ethiopians, as recorded by Diodorus Siculus? "It was a custom among them," says he, "that when they had a lame or one-eyed sovereign, they would voluntarily break a limb, or pluck out an eye; for they thought it exceedingly uncomely in them to walk upright, when their Prince was forced to halt; or to see with two eyes, when their gracious master could see only with one."

632. Incorruptible Senator.—A Roman Emperor laid his peremptory commands on a senator to give his vote against the interest of his country, and threatened him with immediate death in case he spoke the least word in favour of the other party. The intrepid patriot, conscious that through his prevailing influence there was a chance of saving the people of Rome from utter ruin, answered with a smile, "Did I ever tell you I was immortal? My virtue is at my own disposal; my life I know is at yours. Do then what you will, I shall do what I ought: and if I fall in the service of my country, I shall have more triumph in my death than in all your laurels."

633. Ingenious Petition.—When Queen Elizabeth first proposed to Dr. Dale, the famous civilian, to employ him on a diplomatic mission to Flanders, she told him, among other things, that he should have twenty shillings a day for his expenses, which at the time was thought a liberal allowance. "Then, your Highness," said the Doctor, "I will spend nineteen shillings a day in your Majesty's service." "What will you do with the odd shilling?" said the Queen. "Oh, I will reserve that for my wife and my two children." This answer had the effect intended, and a considerable increase was immediately made in his allowance. During

Dr. Dale's stay in Flanders, he was, notwithstanding, pressed for money, and thought of a novel plan to get a supply; he sent in a packet to the Secretary of State, two letters—one to the Queen, and the other to his wife, which he misdirected, so that the letter to his wife was addressed, "To her most excellent Majesty;" and that to the Queen inscribed "To his dear wife." The Queen, having opened the letter, was surprised to find it beginning with "Sweetheart," and afterwards interlarded with "my dear," "my love," and other affectionate expressions. It concluded with requesting her to be very economical, for he could send her nothing, as he was very short of money, and could not think of trespassing on the bounty of her Majesty any further. Whether the Queen suspected the trick, or believed in his necessities, is not certain; but an immediate supply of money was sent both to the Doctor and his family.

634. Julius Drusus and his House.

—Julius Drusus, a Roman tribune, had a house that in many places lay exposed to the eyes of the neighbourhood. A man came, and offered for five talents so to alter it as to remove that inconvenience. "I will give thee ten talents," said Julius, "if thou canst make my house conspicuous in every room of it, that all the city may see after what manner I live."

635. Lady's Dress.—The following guide for a lady's dress is taken from Tertullian:—"Let simplicity be your white, chastity your vermilion; dress your eyebrows with modesty, and your lips with reservedness. Let instruction be your earrings, and a ruby cross the front pin in your head. Submission to your husband is your best ornament. Employ your hands in wifery, and keep your feet within your own doors. Let your garments be made of the silk of probity, the fine linen of sanctity, and the purple of chastity."

636. Learned Folly.—Sir Kenelm Digby, having read the works of Descartes, resolved to go to Holland to see him. He found Descartes in his solitude at Egmont, where he conversed with him, without making himself known. Descartes, who had read some of his works, said, "I have not the least doubt that you are Digby;" to which Sir Kenelm replied, "And were you not, sir, the illustrious Descartes, I should not have come from England to visit you." These compliments over, they conversed on different subjects; and Digby told Descartes that he would do much better to seek after the discovery of some means to prolong life, than to attach himself to the simple speculations of philosophy. Descartes assured him that he had long reflected on the subject, and that to render man immortal was more than he dared promise, but he was certain that he had the power of enabling men to attain the age of the patriarchs. It is well known in Holland that Descartes had flattered himself that he had made this very discovery, and the Abbé Picot, his disciple, confident of his being in possession of such powers, would not believe the news of his death.

637. Living to God.—Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, once wrote to Lord Burleigh:—"We have lived long enough to our country, to our fortunes, and to our sovereign; it is high time that we began to live for ourselves and to God."

638. Love of Music.—"Music," says Luther, "is one of the fairest and most glorious gifts of God, to which Satan is a bitter enemy; for it removes from the heart the weight of sorrows and the fascination of evil thoughts. Music is a kind and gentle sort of discipline; it refines the passions, and improves the understanding. Even the dissonance of unskilful fiddlers serves to set off the charms of true melody, as white is made more

conspicuous by the opposition of black. Those who love music are gentle and honest in their tempers. I always loved music," adds Luther, "and would not for a great matter be without the little skill which I possess in the art."

639. Memory.—Porson, when a boy at Eton School, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up for a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form, "Porson, what have you got there?" "Horace." "Let me look at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed *Carm. i. x.* very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page while I am looking at the other; pray whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master; who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on, which he did easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the ode.

640. Modesty of Dress.—

William III. one day asked Peter the Great how he liked London. "Extremely well," said the Czar. "I have been particularly pleased to see a simplicity, meekness, and modesty of dress in the richest nation of Europe." The Czar was always very plain in his dress. On all solemn festivals he only wore the uniform of his Preobajenskoï Guards, and a Diplomatic agent, who resided many years at his Court, says, "I saw him in 1721 give a public audience to the ambassadors of Persia, when he entered the hall of audience in nothing more than a surtout of coarse brown cloth. When he was seated on the throne, the attendants brought him a coat of blue *gros de Naples*, embroidered with silver, which he put on with great precipitation, because

the ambassadors were waiting for admittance. Catherine, who was present, was heard repeatedly to laugh, as the Czar seemed to her to be quite astonished at seeing himself so finely dressed; nor could Peter himself suppress a smile, when he looked at the spangled silk vest which he had carelessly thrown over him. As soon as the ambassadors were gone, Peter threw off his embroidered coat, and put on his surtout."

641. Painter's Sensibility.—

When West, the painter, once President of the Royal Academy, was very young, he had attained great skill in the use of the bow and arrow, and was one day unfortunately successful in bringing down a dove, at which he aimed rather in the thoughtlessness of play than design. The mournings of its widowed mate made an impression on his mind which was never erased, and caused him frequently to introduce the dove in his pictures. This was a sensibility quite unaffected, and closely allied to the highest energies of intellect. An anonymous writer in some tributary verses to the memory of West thus alludes to the circumstance:—

— "Age had not chill'd
Thy genuine sensibility, nor care,
That upas of the soul, impair'd its powers;
Still could'st thou mourn the fluttering dove's
distress,
Which struck thy heart in boyhood's ardent
hour,
And on thy latest canvas claims a sigh."

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

643. Refraining from Vengeance.

—A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman, and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor,

happened to be in the garden, and was addressed by the Spaniard on his knees, who acquainted him with his case, and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, giving him half a peach; "you know now that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of greater safety. The Moor then went into his house, where he had scarcely seated himself, when a great crowd with loud lamentations came to the gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by a Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learnt from the description given that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one; but, as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said, "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said, "Fly far, while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood; but God is just and good, and I thank Him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved."

644. Scholar's Infatuation.—

Magliabechi, the celebrated librarian of Florence, lived, ate, drank, and slept among his books; he lived in the most sequestered and philosophical manner, scarcely ever leaving the city. His house was but one continued pile of books; his lower rooms were crowded with them, not only along the wainscot, but in piles to a considerable height, and so spread on the floor, that there

was not the least place for sitting down, much less for walking, except a long narrow passage leading from one room to the other. The porch of his house was, in the same manner, everywhere stuffed with books, as far as the projecting awning would secure them from rain. The staircase was lined all the way up with this library furniture, as were all the upper rooms. Magliabechi generally shut himself up all the day, and opened his doors in the evening to the men of letters who came to converse with him. His attention was so absorbed with his studies that he often forgot the calls of nature. He was negligent in his person, and was usually dressed in black, with a waistcoat reaching to his knees. His cloak, which was also black, served him for a morning gown in the day and for bedclothes at night; it was generally much patched, in consequence of the holes he burnt in it. He wore a large hat and a Florentine band round his neck. On one arm he carried a pan, in which was a constant fire for warming his hands, and his clothes bore evidence of their being often too nearly connected with it. His linen he usually wore until it fell to pieces. He always slept on his books; bound volumes served him for a mattress, those in boards for a pillow, and he covered himself with such as were merely stitched, throwing his cloak over all. His sole diet was eggs, bread, and water. The Grand Duke of Florence, Cosmo II., to whom Magliabechi was librarian, once prevailed on him to take up his residence in the Ducal Palace; but he quitted it four months afterwards, and returned to his own house; indeed, though he rarely stirred out, yet he had such an aversion to everything that looked like restraint, that the Grand Duke dispensed with his personal attendance and always sent him his orders in writing.

645. Self-Reliance Illustrated.

—A poor and infirm carter in the

stewartry of Kircudbright had the misfortune to lose his only horse, which took some complaint, and died—a misfortune which was to him the greater, as he had no means of replacing the animal. Being thus thrown out of employment, the neighbours, after the lapse of a week or two, became apprehensive that he might be in want, and ventured to mention his case to the minister. Accordingly, the minister waited on him, and endeavoured, in a general and indirect way, to ascertain his exact circumstances; but his parishioner's answers were equally general, and led to no satisfactory explanation. A few days more elapsed, when the minister again waited on the carter, and told him bluntly his fears, at the same time offering to procure for him parochial aid. "Thank you, thank you, sir," said the carter, "for your kind intentions," his heart swelling as he spoke; "but, if you please, I'll not apply just yet, till we see how things turn about; the times, I hear, are beginning to mend, and by-and-by I'll may be get a little work; at any rate, sir, I have yet twenty pence, and the skin of the horse!"

646. Serious Aspect of Life.—When Walsingham, Secretary of State in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, arrived at old age, he retired to the country to end his days in privacy. Some of his former gay companions came one day to see him, and rallied him as being melancholy. His answer well deserves the deepest consideration. "No, I am not melancholy, but I am serious; and it is very proper that we should be so. Ah! my friends, while we laugh everything is serious about us. God is serious, who exercises patience towards us. Christ is serious, who shed His atoning blood for us. The Holy Ghost is serious, in striving against the obstinacy of our hearts. The Holy Scriptures are serious books; they present to our thoughts the most serious concerns in all the

world. The holy sacraments represent very serious and awful matters. The whole creation is serious. All in heaven are serious. All who are in hell are serious. How then can we be gay and trifling?"

647. Servants.—The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield left, by his will, legacies to all his menial servants, equal to two years' wages each, considering them "as his unfortunate friends, equal by birth, and only inferior by fortune." John Claude, when on his dying bed, thus addressed his son, who, with an old servant, was kneeling before him: "Be mindful of this domestic: as you value my blessing, take care that she wants nothing as long as she lives."

648. Slave to Indolence.—Thomas Rennell, the Devonshire artist, was a man of most extensive acquirements; he was not only an excellent painter, but a good chemist, and prepared most of his own colours; a tasteful performer and a fine composer of music; an ingenious mechanic, and no mean poet; but withal, excessively indolent. When settled at Plymouth, the Duke and Duchess of Kingston were so much struck with some of his paintings, that they endeavoured to draw him from his obscurity by a promise of a residence in their house in London and the exertion of their interest in his favour; but he refused their offer. From Plymouth he went to Portsmouth, where he lived, or rather existed, for nearly twenty years, in great poverty. He sometimes lay in bed for a whole week, in very cold weather, without any other subsistence than a cake and water, being in want of almost every necessary of life. Although at times Rennell would paint, yet he was generally negligent and improvident; his art had only its turn with his other amusements, and if a picture was completed in twelve months, it was thought very expeditious. Rennell,

like many other great geniuses, was an entire stranger to frugality; no sooner was he in possession of a few pounds, but every strange object that presented itself, and was within the compass of his pocket, was bought immediately.

649. Strange Miser.—M. Osterwald, the son of the celebrated minister of that name at Neufchâtel, went in his youth to Hamburg, where he was at first employed merely as a clerk in a banking-house. His habits, however, were parsimonious, and he soon began to save money. His first great acquisition, indeed, was not wholly the fruits of savings. He used to go every evening to an obscure ale-house to drink his beer, which was the only supper he allowed himself, and never failed to carry away the cork of the bottle, as well as every cork which he could lay hold of. These, when he came home, he threw into a large cask. At the end of seven or eight years, these corks produced him a hundred crowns, which formed the foundation of his future wealth. M. Osterwald afterwards went to Paris, where he accumulated a large fortune, but lived for five-and-twenty years in a furnished lodging, in order to avoid contributing to the public taxes. His meals, or rather his only meal, which he took constantly at an obscure tavern, never cost him more than a shilling. In his last illness, it was the greatest torment to him to be obliged to reimburse and give up the pawns and contracts upon which he had lent money; and his anxiety on this subject suggested a thousand precautions, which he continued to practise when he was unable to read, or even to support himself. When just expiring, he refused to pay a livre for soup for his support, and yet under his pillow were found eight hundred thousand livres of assignats; and to relations whom he had probably never seen, he left in all about two millions and a half of livres (livre = a shilling).

650. Talents and Vices.—When the Duke of Sully in 1608 set out on an embassy for the Court of England, he was attended by a numerous retinue of the principal men in France; among the rest, M. Servin presented his young son to him, at the same time earnestly begging the Duke that he would use his best endeavours to make him an honest man. This request gave Sully a great curiosity to search into his character, and he gives the following striking account of him. "His genius," says he, "was so lively that nothing could escape his penetration; his apprehension was so quick that he understood everything in an instant; and his memory so prodigious that he never forgot anything. He was master of all the branches of philosophy, the mathematics, particularly fortification and designing; nay, he was so thoroughly acquainted with divinity, that he was an excellent preacher when he pleased, and could manage the controversy for or against the Protestant religion with the greatest ability. He not only understood the Greek, Hebrew, and other learned languages, but all the jargons of the moderns. He entered so exactly into their pronunciation and accent, to which he joined such a perfect imitation of their air and manner, that not only the people of the different nations in Europe, but the several provinces of France, would have taken him for a native of the country. He applied his talent to imitate all sorts of persons, which he performed with wonderful dexterity, and was accounted the best comedian in the world. He was a good poet, an excellent musician, and sang with equal art and sweetness. His body was perfectly proportioned to his mind. He was well made, vigorous, and agile; formed for all sorts of exercises. He rode a horse well, and was admired for dancing, leaping, and wrestling. He was acquainted with all kinds of sports and diversions, and could practise in most of the mathematical arts.

Reverse the medal," says Sully, "he was a liar, false, treacherous, cruel, and cowardly; a sharper, drunkard, and glutton. He was a gamester, a blasphemer, and atheist; in a word, he was possessed of every vice contrary to nature, to honour, to religion, and society; he persisted in his vices to the last, and fell a sacrifice to his debaucheries, in the flower of his age."

651. Taste.—In Lord Bacon's style of living there was something which struck his contemporaries as peculiarly magnificent. The secret was that he did everything in a high and natural taste. In compartments of his rooms he had pictures painted on the walls from the stories of Grecian mythology. His garden was laid out, after the ideal pattern in his essays, with evergreens and other shrubs to suit every month in the year. His feeling indeed for nature was the main side on which his great philosophy ran into poetry, and vented itself in a very graceful as well as grand enthusiasm, befitting one of the high priests of wisdom. He was fond of meditating in groves, after the custom of his predecessors of antiquity; and when he sat down to his studies in the house, he would often have music in the next room. He had the flowers and sweet herbs in season regularly set upon his table, "to refresh his spirits," and took such a delight in being abroad among the elements, that, riding in an open carriage during the rain, he would take off his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him.

652. Three Rules for Life.—"Gain all you can, save all you can, give all you can." So advises John Wesley. He says, "Permit me to speak of myself as freely as I would of any other man. I gain all I can without hurting my body or soul. I save all I can; not wasting anything, not a sheet of paper, nor a cup of water. I do

not lay out anything, not a shilling, unless a sacrifice for God; yet by giving all I can I am effectually secured from laying up treasures upon earth. Yea, and that I do this, I call upon both friends and foes to testify."

653. Uncovered Heads.—The privilege of the family of De Courcy, Barons of Kinsale, to wear their hat in the Royal presence, was not always exercised. Soon after the accession of George II. to the throne, the then Lord Kinsale, who had just come to his title, was introduced at Court with the usual ceremonies. Whether from mistake in etiquette, or from pride, instead of just putting on his hat and immediately taking it off again, Lord Kinsale walked about the drawing-room for a considerable time with his hat on. The courtiers all stared, and the whole assembly was thrown into some embarrassment, when the King, noticing the circumstance, very politely went up to his lordship, and told him that he believed he was under some trivial mistake, for although he had an undoubted right to wear his hat before him, yet his lordship appeared to have forgotten that there were ladies in the room. Lord Kinsale instantly felt the rebuke, bowed, and took off his hat. A rebuke not less happy nor less good-natured was given by Charles II. to William Penn, when the sturdy Quaker kept on his hat on being presented to him. "Friend Penn," said the King, "it is the custom of this Court for only one person to be covered at a time," and then his Majesty took off his own hat.

654. Vicissitudes of Greatness.—When the affairs of James II. became so critical as to render it necessary to provide for the safety of his family, it was with the utmost difficulty that his wife could be prevailed upon to quit the country and leave her husband. She was at length prevailed upon, and on the 8th of December, 1688,

in the evening, her Majesty, with the nurse carrying the Prince, then only five months old, in her arms, and accompanied by the Count Lauzun, so famous for his own misfortunes, and by a few attendants, went privately away from Whitehall. She crossed the Thames in an open boat in a dark night, in a heavy rain, in a high wind, when the river was much swollen, and at the coldest period of the year. A common coach had been ordered to wait for her upon the opposite side, but by some accident it had been delayed for an hour. During this time the Queen took shelter under the walls of an old church at Lambeth; turning her eyes, streaming with tears, sometimes on the Prince, who, unconscious of the miseries which attend royalty, excited, on that account, the greatest compassion in her breast, and sometimes to the innumerable lights of the city, amidst the glimmering of which she tried to discern the palace in which her husband was left, and started at every sound she heard. Happily, however, she escaped all danger, and reached Calais in safety.

655. Wayward Conduct.—The talents and services of the French writer Nicholas Lenglet du Fresnoy acquired him many powerful patrons, who were well disposed to serve him in every possible way; yet, from a waywardness in his conduct, his life was one continued series of adventures and misfortunes. His ruling passion was to live, think, act, and write with a kind of cynical freedom, and though badly lodged, clothed, and fed, he was still satisfied while at liberty to say and write what he pleased. This liberty, however, he carried to so great an extreme, and, in fact, so much abused, that he was sent to the Bastille no less than ten or twelve times. Lenglet bore all this, nevertheless, without murmuring, and no sooner found himself out of prison than he set to work to get in again. At last,

the Bastille became so familiar to him that, whenever Tapin, one of the life guards, who was usually commissioned to conduct him thither, entered his chamber, he would instantly hail him with an "Ah! M. Tapin, good morning;" and then turning to the woman who waited upon him, he would tell her "to bring his little bundle of linen and snuff directly." When these were brought him, "Now, M. Tapin," he would say, with the gayest air imaginable, "let us march." This spirit of freedom and indifference never left him, and to the last he chose rather to live in a mean garret, than with a rich sister, at whose house he might have commanded every accommodation and luxury.

656. Word in Season.—The prodigal Duke of Warton, being one day in company with Swift, recounted several extravagances he had run through. Swift kindly observed to him, "You have had your frolics, my lord; let me recommend one more to you. Take a frolic to be virtuous; take my word for it, that one will do you more honour than all the other frolics of your whole life."

657. Worthy Life.—The celebrated writer of the "Letters from the Dead to the Living" is said to have possessed a command over her passions and a constant serenity and sweetness of temper which neither age nor misfortune could sour or ruffle. It is questioned whether she had ever been angry in her life. On all occasions she expressed an aversion to satire, so rarely free from malice or personality, and fortified her resolution against it by particular and solemn vows. "I can appeal to you," said she, in a letter to an old and intimate friend, "whether you ever knew me to make an envious or ill-natured reflection on any person upon earth? Indeed, the follies of mankind would afford a wide and various scene, but charity would draw a veil of darkness here, and

choose to be for ever silent rather than expatiate upon the melancholy theme." Detraction appeared to her an inhuman vice, for which no wit could atone. She loved to praise, and took a pleasure on all occasions in doing justice to merit. She was ever the advocate for the absent, and extenuated where she could not excuse. If compelled to reprove, gentleness and delicacy softened her reprehension. She never dictated to others, or arrogated to her own sentiments any deference or respect. Indifferent to fame, and fond of solitude, she shunned rather than sought applause. Her modesty followed her to the tomb, and even appeared afterwards in the order she left respecting her interment. Having desired that her funeral might be by night, and attended only by a small number of friends, she added, "Charge Mr. Bowden not to say one word of me in the sermon. I would lie in my father's grave, and have no stone or inscription over my dust, which I gladly leave to corruption and oblivion till it rise to a glorious immortality." Her charities, considering the mediocrity of her fortune, bordered on excess; she consecrated by a solemn vow the half of her income to benevolent purposes. To enable herself to fulfil this engagement, she re-

trenched all superfluous expenses, and practised a rigid economy. The first time she accepted any acknowledgment from her bookseller for her writings, she bestowed the whole sum on a distressed family; another time, on a similar occasion, she sold a piece of plate to relieve an exigency for which she was not sufficiently provided. It was her custom, on going out, to furnish herself with pieces of money of different value to relieve such objects of compassion as might fall in her way. Her munificence was not confined to the place in which she lived, nor to any sect or party. "I never," said she, "grudge my money but when it is laid out upon myself, for I consider how much it would buy for the poor." Nor did she confine her charities to money; she gave to the distressed her time, her labour, her sympathy, often of infinitely greater value. She caused the children of the neighbouring poor to be instructed, and herself assisted in framing their minds and principles. Nor was her beneficence limited to the lower ranks. Her sphere was considerably wider. "It was one of the greatest benefits," she was accustomed to say, "that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attended a narrow fortune."

LOVE.

1 Sam. xx. 17; Cant. viii. 6; John xv. 17; Rom. xiii. 8, 10; 1 John iii. 11.

658. Beautiful Reply.—A little boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarrelling," was the answer. "No," replied the child, "that cannot be; they are brothers."

659. Berkeley and his Neighbours.—Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, was so entirely contented with his diocese, that when offered by the Earl of Chesterfield (then Lord Lieutenant) a bishopric much more lucrative than that he possessed, he

declined it with these words: "I love my neighbours, and they love me; why then should I begin, in my old days, to form new connexions, and tear myself from those friends whose kindness is to me the greatest happiness I enjoy?" Acting in this instance like the celebrated Plutarch, who, being asked why he resided in his native city, so obscure and so little, "I stay," said he, "lest it should grow less."

660. Christians and Heathen.—In the great plague that raged in

Alexandria during the reign of Gallienus, at the first appearance of the symptoms the heathen drove the infected man from their sight; they tore themselves from their dearest connexions; they throw their friends half dead into the streets, and left their dead unburied. But, in contrast with this cruel selfishness, "the Christians, in the abundance of their brotherly love," as their Bishop Dionysius says, "did not spare themselves, but mutually attending to each other, they would visit the sick without fear, and ministering to each other for the sake of Christ, cheerfully gave up their lives with them. Many died after their care had restored others to health. Many who took the bodies of their Christian brethren in their hands and bosoms, and closed their eyes, and buried them with every mark of attention, soon followed them in death."

661. Double Reasons from Death.—A recent writer narrates the following:—"A traveller was crossing a mountain height alone, over almost untrodden snow. Warning had been given him that if slumber pressed down his weary eyelids, they would inevitably be sealed in death. For a time he went bravely along his dreary path. But with the deepening shade and freezing blast of night, there fell a weight upon his brain and eyes which seemed to be irresistible. In vain he tried to reason with himself, in vain he strained his utmost energies to shake off that fatal heaviness. At this crisis of his fate his foot struck against a heap that lay across his path. No stone was that, although no stone could be colder or more lifeless. He stooped to touch it, and found a human body, half buried beneath a fresh drift of snow. The next moment the traveller had taken a brother in his arms, and was chafing his hands and chest and brow, breathing upon his stiff cold lips the warm breath of a living soul, pressing

the silent heart to the beating pulses of his own generous bosom. The effort to save another had brought back to himself life and warmth and energy. He was a man again, instead of a weak creature succumbing to a depressing helplessness, dropping down in a dreamless sleep to die. 'He saved a brother, and was saved himself.'

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

663. Faithful to the End.—A Duke of Savoy, who made some pretensions to the city of Geneva, sought to gain it by surprise. He scaled the walls in the night, but his success was not equal to his wishes. The alarm being given that a great number of the besiegers had mounted the walls, the citizens ran to arms and repulsed their enemies, who were too weak to resist them. Those who fell into their hands were led to an ignominious death. Among the number of the prisoners was an officer who had particularly distinguished himself for his valour. The news of his misfortune being carried to his wife, she flew to the place where her husband was to perish, and demanded to embrace him for the last time. They refused her this favour, and the officer was hung without her being permitted to approach him. She nevertheless followed the body of her husband to the place where it was exposed. She there seated herself by the melancholy spectacle, and remained, without taking

any nourishment or suffering her eyes to be abstracted for a moment from the object of her affection. Death, which she waited for with impatience, came at last, and closed her eyes while she was stretched over the dead body of her husband.

684. Father and Sons.—A father once went to the agents of a tyrant to endeavour to redeem his two sons, military men, who were, with some other captives of war, appointed to die. He offered as a ransom to surrender his own life and a large sum of money. The soldiers who had it in charge to put them to death, informed him that this equivalent would be accepted for one of his sons, and for one only, because they should be accountable for the execution of two persons; he might therefore choose which he would redeem. Anxious to save even one of them thus at the expense of his own life, he yet was utterly unable to decide which should die, and remained in the agony of his dilemma so long that his sons were both slain.

685. Generous Deed.—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps followed by a speedy thaw, the river Adige carried off a bridge near Verona, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, who thus, with his whole family, remained imprisoned by the waves and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the bank stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of the only remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman who was present, a Count of Pulverini, held out a purse of one hundred sequins as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat and deliver this unhappy family. But the danger

was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the current, of

the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that no one in the vast number of spectators had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant passing along was informed of the circumstance, and of the promised reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he, by strength of arm, gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage," said he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow!" exclaimed the Count, handing the purse to him, "here is your recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant; "my labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

686. Going Home.—"I remember," says Dr. Pierre, "on my return to France, after a long voyage to India, as soon as the sailors had discerned the shores of their native country, they became in a great measure incapable of attending to the duties of the ship; some looked at it wistfully, others dressed themselves in their best clothes; some talked, others wept. As we approached their joy became greater, and still more intense was it when we came into port and saw on the quay their parents and children; so that we had to get, according to the custom of the port, another set of sailors to bring us into the harbour."

687. Indian's Kindness.—At the battle of Freehold, during the first American war, a young English officer, closely pressed by two Abenakis Indians, with upraised hatchets, no longer hoped for life, and only resolved to sell it dearly. At the moment when he expected to sink beneath them, an old Indian armed with a bow approached him, and prepared to aim

an arrow; but having adjusted it, in an instant he dropped his bow, and ran to throw himself between the young officer and his assailants, who immediately retired with respect. The old man took his prisoner by the hand, encouraged him by caresses, and conducted him to his cabin. It was winter, and the Indians were retiring home. Here he kept him for some time, treated him with undiminished softness, and making him less his slave than his companion. At length he taught him the Abenakis language, and the rude arts in use among that people. They became perfectly satisfied with each other, and the young officer was comparatively happy, except at times when his heart was wrung to perceive the old man intently fix his eyes on him and shed tears. At the return of spring the Indians returned to arms, and prepared for the campaign. The old man, yet sufficiently strong to support the fatigues of war, set out with them, accompanied by his prisoner. The Abenakis made a march of more than two hundred leagues across the desert, till at length they arrived within sight of an English camp. The old Indian pointed it out to the young officer, at the same time contemplating him wistfully. "Behold thy brothers," said he to him; "behold where they wait to give us battle! Hear me; I have saved thy life, I have taught thee to make a canoe, bows and arrows; to obtain the means to make them from the forest, to manage the hatchet, and to take off the scalp of an enemy. What wert thou when I took thee to my cabin? Thy hands were those of a child; they neither served to nourish nor defend thee; thy soul was in night; thou knewest nothing; thou owest me all! Wilt thou, then, be ungrateful enough to join thy brothers, and raise the hatchet against us?" The young Englishman vowed he would rather lose a thousand lives than spill the blood of one Abenakis. The Indian

looked on his prisoner with earnestness, and in a mingled tone of tenderness and sorrow inquired, "Hast thou a father?" "He was alive," answered the young man, "when I left my country." "Oh, how miserable he must be!" cried the Indian; and after a moment of silence, he added, "Knowest thou that I have been a father? I am so no more! I saw my child fall in the battle; he was at my side. I saw him die like a warrior; he was covered with wounds, my child, when he fell. But I have avenged him! Yes, I have avenged him." The Indian at pronouncing these words was much agitated; then turning to the east, where the sun was just rising, he said to the young Englishman, "Seest thou that beauteous sun, resplendent of brightness? Hast thou pleasure in seeing it?" "Yes," answered he, "I have pleasure in seeing that beautiful sky." "Ah, well! I have it no more," said the Indian, shedding a torrent of tears. A moment after he showed the young officer a flowering shrub. "Seest thou that fine tree?" said he to him, "and hast thou pleasure in looking upon it?" "Yes, I have," he answered. "I have it no more," returned the Indian, with precipitation; "but as for thee, go, return to thy country, that thy father may again with pleasure mark the rising sun, and behold the springing flower."

668. Joyful Recognition. — M. Labat, a merchant of Bayonne, ill in health, had retired to a country house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading, in his robe-de-chambre, on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse from the opposite bank into the midst of the torrent. M. Labat was a good swimmer. He did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but ill as he was, he threw off his robe-de-chambre, leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at

the moment when, having lost all sensation, he otherwise must inevitably have perished. "Oh, God!" exclaimed M. Labat, clasping him in his arms, and recognising with a transport of joy the individual he had saved; "sacred humanity! what do I not owe thee? I have saved my son!"

669. Knowledge and Love.—

"Father," asked the son of Bishop Berkeley, "what is the meaning of the words cherubim and seraphim, which we meet with in the Holy Scriptures?" "Cherubim," replied his father, "is a Hebrew word, signifying knowledge; seraphim is another word of the same language, and signifies flame. Whence it is supposed that the cherubim are angels who excel in knowledge; and that the seraphim are angels likewise who excel in loving God." "I hope, then," said the little boy, "when I die, I shall be a seraph, for I would rather love God than know all things."

670. Little One's Kindness.—

Madame de Genlis relates the following anecdote in her admirable work of the "Little Emigrants:" "One morning, when we came to the mill, we did not find Lolotte, who was in the fields; while we were waiting for her, my father and I conversed with the miller's wife. I had brought several playthings for Lolotte; and the miller's wife, laughing, told me that they would not please her so well as a little flour. 'How?' said I. She replied, 'For three weeks Lolotte has cared for nothing but heaping up flour; every morning she comes to beg some of my husband, who gives her a handful: besides this she invents a thousand little schemes to get some from me; and when she sees me in a good humour, or when I caress her, I am sure she is going to say, 'Give me a little flour.' The other day we had made some muffins, and I carried one to her; her first movement was to take it, and then she considered, and said, 'Keep your

muffin, and give a little flour.' 'This is odd,' said my father; 'and what does she do with all this flour?' 'She has asked us for a large sack,' replied the miller's wife, 'and there she puts it: the sack is by her bedside, and it must now be almost full.' During this conversation I said nothing; but reflecting upon it, and perfectly knowing Lolotte, I guessed the cause. I remembered that I had often come to see her with Monsieur and Madame d'Ermont; that we had frequently spoken of France before her; that Monsieur d'Ermont had mentioned the scarcity of bread, and had said that the counter-revolution would be effected by famine. I doubted not but Lolotte's store of flour had some connexion with this, but lest I might be deceived, I kept silence. At last Lolotte returned from her walk; after having embraced us, she sat upon the knee of my father, who did not fail to question her with regard to the flour. Lolotte blushed, and evaded answering by saying we would laugh at her; but when she was closely pressed to explain herself, I saw her countenance take that moving expression which it always has when she is going to cry; and then she said, with a broken voice, 'It is because I knew that very soon there would be no more bread in France, and I want to send a provision of flour to my nurse Caillett.'"

671. Love One Another.—A Welsh parson, preaching from this text, "Love one another," told his congregation that in kind and respectful treatment to our fellow creatures we were inferior to the brute creation. As an illustration of the truth of this remark, he quoted an instance of two goats in his own parish: that once met upon a bridge so very narrow, that they could not pass by without one thrusting the other off into the river. "And," continued he, "how do you think they acted? Why, I will tell you. One goat

laid himself down, and let the other leap over him. Ah! beloved, let us live like goats."

672. Master and Servant.—

Some English gentlemen visiting the Count of Toulouse's gallery, the servant in attendance said, "My lord is the best of masters, but alas! he grows very old, and I fear he can't last long. I would with all my heart give ten years out of my own life to prolong his, if it could be done." Upon seeing the party affected to whom he made the declaration, he added that this was no great merit in him; that most of his fellow-servants, he believed, would willingly do the same; that the goodness of their master to them, and the greatness of their affection for him, were so remarkable and so well known, that a friend of the Count once said to him, "I don't know what it is you do to charm all the people about you; but though you have two hundred servants, I believe there is scarcely any one of them that would not die to save your life." "That may be," replied the Count, "but I would rather lose two hundred lives than that one of them should suffer on my account."

673. One Way to Win Love.—

Dr. Doddridge buried a most interesting child at nine years of age. The dear little creature was a general favourite. One day he asked her how it was everybody loved her. "I do not know," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

674. Poet at Home.—Racine, the French poet, having one day just returned from Versailles, where he had been on a visit, was waited upon by a gentleman with an invitation to dine at the Hôtel de Condé. "I cannot possibly have the honour to go there," said the poet; "it is a week since I have seen my wife and children; they are overjoyed to see me again, and I have provided a fine carp, so that I must dine with those dear relatives." "But, my good sir," replied the gentleman, "several of the most

distinguished characters in the kingdom expect your company, and will be glad to see you." On this Racine brought out the carp, and showed it to his visitor, saying, "Here, sir, is the little meal; then say, having provided such a treat for them, what apology could I make for not dining with my poor children? Neither they nor my wife could have any pleasure in eating a bit of it without me; then pray be so obliging as to mention my excuse to the Prince of Condé and my other illustrious friends." The gentleman did so; and not only his serene Highness, but all the company present, professed themselves infinitely more charmed with this proof of the poet's faithful tenderness as a husband and a father, than they possibly could have been with his delightful conversation.

675. Test of Affection.—When a statute was made in the reign of Elizabeth that all the people should attend the church, the Papists sent to Rome to know the pleasure of his Holiness. He returned for answer, "Tell the Catholics in England to give me their hearts, and the Queen may take the rest." We cannot but applaud this shrewd reply of the Pope, which should teach the important lesson that, without the heart, all profession is vain and unstable.

676. Waiting.—"Some years ago," says a lady, "I made the acquaintance of an old peasant in a little German village, where I for some time resided. He was called Gottlieb, a name which has the very beautiful signification, 'The love of God.' The old man was well worthy of it, for if ever heart was filled with love to God and to all God's creatures, it was his. Like most of the villagers, he possessed one or two apple and pear trees, and used to amuse himself in the summer by picking up the fallen fruit and heaping it up in a corner of the shed. Once when walking I came upon him as he was stooping

to pick up a fallen apple. 'Don't you weary, Gottlieb,' I asked, 'stooping so often, and then lying all alone by the road-side?' 'No, no, miss,' he answered, smiling, and offering me a handful of ripe pears. 'I don't weary; I'm just waiting—waiting. I think I'm about ripe now, and I must soon fall to the ground; and then, just think, the Lord will pick me up! Oh, miss, you are young yet, and perhaps just in blossom: turn well round to the Sun of Righteousness, that you may ripen sweet for His service.'"

677. Washington's Mother.—General George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay oppo-

site his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that his mother would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He turned round to the servant and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away to break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with his decision, and she said to him, her voice full of new-found joy, "George, God has promised to bless the children that honour their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

MARTYRS.

Psalm xxxvii. 32, cxix. 157; Dan. iii. 17; Luke xvii. 33; 2 Tim. ii. 12.

678. Christian Courage.—When the executioner went behind Jerome of Prague to set fire to the pile, "Come here," said the martyr, "and kindle it before my eyes; for if I dreaded such a sight, I should never have come to this place when I had a free opportunity to escape." The fire was kindled, and he then sang a hymn, which was soon finished by the encircling flames. Algerius, an Italian martyr, thus wrote from his prison a little before his death: "Who would believe that in this dungeon I should find a paradise so pleasant; in a place of sorrow and death, tranquillity, and hope, and life; where others weep, I rejoice." Wishart, when in the fire which removed him from the world, exclaimed, "The flame doth torment my body, but no whit abates my spirits."

679. Cranmer's Unworthy Hand.—In the bloody reign of Queen Mary of England, Archbishop Cranmer became obnoxious to her persecuting spirit. She was determined to bring him to the stake,

but previously employed emissaries to persuade him, by means of flattery and false promises, to renounce his faith. The good man was overcome, and subscribed to the errors of the Church of Rome. His conscience smote him; he returned to his former persuasion, and, when brought to the stake, he stretched forth the hand that had made the unhappy signature, and held it in the flames till it was entirely consumed, frequently exclaiming, "That unworthy hand!" after which he patiently suffered martyrdom, and ascended to receive its reward.

680. Death's Sting Banished.—About two centuries since, one Margaret Wilson, a girl of eighteen, along with an aged widow of sixty-three, was adjudged to die because they refused to acknowledge the supremacy of any other than Christ in the Church. The sentence pronounced against them was, that they should be fastened to stakes driven into the oozy sand that covers the beach, and left to perish

in the rising tide. The stake to which the aged female was fastened was further down the beach than that of the young woman, in order that, being soonest destroyed, her expiring sufferings might shake the firmness of faith of Margaret Wilson. The tide began to flow—the waters swelled; they mounted from the knee to the waist, and from the waist to the chin, and from the chin to the lip of the venerable matron, and when she was almost stifled by the rising tide, when the bubbling groan of her last agony was reaching her fellow-sufferer further up the beach, one heartless ruffian put to Margaret Wilson the question, "What think you of your friend now?" "What do I see," she answered, "but Christ in one of His members wrestling there? Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us—He who sendeth us not a warfare upon our own charges."

681. "Fear not them who can Destroy the Body."—When Polycarp, an ancient Bishop of the Church at Smyrna, was brought to the tribunal, the Proconsul asked him if he was Polycarp, to which he assented. The Proconsul then began to exhort him, saying, "Have pity on thine own great age, swear by the fortune of Cæsar, repent; say, 'Take away the atheists,' meaning the Christians. Polycarp, casting his eyes solemnly over the multitude, waving his hand to them, and looking up to heaven, said, "Take away these atheists;" meaning the idolaters around him. The Proconsul still urging him, he said, "Swear, and I will spare thee—reproach Christ," Polycarp said, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has never wronged me; and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me?" "I have wild beasts," said the Proconsul, "and will expose you to them unless you repent." "Call them," said the martyr. "I will tame your spirit by fire," said the Roman. "You

threaten me," said Polycarp, "with the fire which burns only for a moment, but are yourself ignorant of the fire of eternal punishment reserved for the ungodly." Soon after, being about to be put to death, he exclaimed, "O Father of Thy beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ! O God of all principalities and of all creation! I bless Thee that Thou hast counted me worthy of this day and this hour, to receive my portion in the number of the martyrs, in the cup of Christ. I praise Thee for all these things. I bless Thee, I glorify Thee by the eternal High Priest, Jesus Christ, Thy well-beloved Son; through whom, and with whom, in the Holy Spirit, be glory to Thee, both now and for ever. Amen."

682. Life Eternal.—Bishop Burnet relates that when Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was cruelly condemned to be beheaded by Henry VIII., came out of the Tower of London, and saw the scaffold, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and, looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene." He opened the book, and his eye glanced on the text, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." The Bishop instantly closed the book, and said, "Praised be the Lord! this is sufficient both for me and for eternity."

683. Ministry of Angels.—In the ecclesiastical history of Socrates there is mention made of one Theodorus, a martyr put to extreme torments by Julian the Apostate, and dismissed again by him when he saw him unconquerable. Rufinus, in his history, says that he met with this martyr a long time after his trial, and asked him whether the pains he felt were not insufferable. He answered that at first it was somewhat grievous, but after awhile

there seemed to stand by him a young man in white, who, with a soft and comfortable handkerchief, wiped off the sweat from his body (which through extreme anguish was little less than blood), and bade him be of good cheer, insomuch as then it was rather a punishment than a pleasure to him to be taken off the rack; when the tormentors had done, the angel was gone.

684. Noble Army.—When the officers of justice threatened to kill Basil, he answered, "If that be all, I fear not; yea, your master cannot please me more than in sending me to my heavenly Father, to whom I now live, and to whom I desire to hasten." Foxe relates, in his "Acts and Monuments," that a Dutch martyr, feeling the flames, said, "Ah, what a small pain is this compared with the glory to come!" The same author tells us that John Noyes took up a fagot at the fire, and kissing it, said, "Blessed be the time that ever I was born to come to this preferment." When an ancient martyr was severely threatened by his persecutors, he replied, "There is nothing visible or invisible that I fear. I will stand to my profession of the name and faith of Christ, come of it what will."

685. Refusing to Fight.—A primitive Christian named Maximilian, having been brought before the tribunal to be enrolled as a soldier, Dion, the Proconsul, asked him his name. Maximilian, turning to him, replied, "Why wouldst thou know my name? I am a Christian, and cannot fight." Then

Dion ordered him to be enrolled, and bade the officer mark him; but Maximilian refused to be marked, still asserting that he was a Christian; upon which Dion instantly replied, "Bear arms, or thou shalt die." To this Maximilian answered, "I cannot fight, if I die; I am not a soldier of this world, but a soldier of God." He refused the expostulations of Dion, and was accordingly executed.

686. Suffering for Christ.—One Richard Denton, a blacksmith, residing in Cambridgeshire, was a professor of religion in Queen Mary's reign, and the means of converting the martyr William Woolsey. When told by that holy man that he wondered he had not followed him to prison, Denton replied that he could not burn in the cause of Christ. Not long after, his house being on fire, he ran to save some of his goods, and was burnt to death.

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

MEEKNESS.

Prov. xv. 1; Eccles. vii. 8; Matt. v. 5; Gal. v. 22; Titus iii. 2.

688. Conspirators put to Shame.—M. Oberlin was appointed minister of the Ban de la Roche, France, in the year 1767; he was then twenty-seven years of age.

His parish was a very rude and ignorant district, secluded from the rest of the province. His predecessor, an excellent individual, had commenced the execution of

several plans which were likely to improve the moral and religious state of his parish. M. Oberlin determined to carry on and extend these measures as far as he could, to the great satisfaction of those who had approved them; but the greater part of the inhabitants were resolved to oppose the designs of their excellent pastor, and laid a plan to waylay him, and treat him with such severity as might effectually deter him from continuing his admonitions. Their pastor was informed of this intention, and that an approaching Lord's-day was fixed for the perpetration of their wicked design. On that day he took for his text the words of our Lord, Matt. v. 39, "Resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also." In the course of his sermon he spoke of the Christian patience with which we ought to suffer injuries. After service the conspirators assembled at the house of one of their number, and were probably amusing themselves with the idea that their minister would himself soon have to put in practice the lesson he had just given. While conferring upon the execution of their plan, the door suddenly opened, and to their great astonishment M. Oberlin himself stood in the midst of the assembly. "Here am I, my friends," said he, with a calmness which inspired even the most violent with respect; "I am aware of your intentions with regard to me. You intend to beat me and to chastise me for acting in a manner which you disapprove. If I have broken the rules of conduct which I have laid down for you to follow, then punish me. I would much rather give myself up to you than to have you guilty of the baseness of lying in wait for me." This simple address produced an immediate effect. The peasants, ashamed of themselves, entreated his pardon, and promised that they would not again doubt his affection for them. From that period he

was enabled to pursue his benevolent designs, and eventually a most pleasing change was effected.

689. Forgiveness and Love.—A Kaffir young woman had renounced her Kaffir dress and customs, and put on European dress, as befitting a Christian convert. Her brother, still a heathen, wanted her to accompany him to a heathen dance. She refused. He fetched a stick and beat her till the stick broke. She never winced nor uttered a cry nor a word of reproach. He went to procure another stick, but native women interposed and rescued her. He then covered her with some heathen dress, when she wept bitterly. "Why didn't you cry before?" he demanded. Some time rolled by, and the brother came again to visit her. He would not enter the hut; perhaps, ashamed of his former conduct, he might have met with reproach. No; he mistook her; he had not yet learned Christianity. When she saw him she went out and met him at the entrance, gave him her hand, and with it a sister's kiss. That subdued him.

690. "Meek and Quiet Spirit."—It is said that the Rev. Robert Hall, in the earlier part of his ministry, was impetuous and sometimes overbearing in argument; but if he lost his temper he was deeply humbled, and would often acknowledge himself to blame. On one of these occasions, when a discussion had become warm and he had evinced unusual agitation, he suddenly closed the debate, quitted his seat, and, retiring to a remote part of the room, was overheard by a lady who was just entering to ejaculate with deep feeling, "Lamb of God, Lamb of God, calm my perturbed spirit!"

691. Overcoming Evil with Good.—A Puritan minister named Deering being at a public dinner, a young man, who sat on the opposite side of the table, indulged in profane swearing, for which Mr.

Deering reproved him. The young man, taking this as an affront, threw a glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering took no notice of the insult, but wiped his face and continued his dinner. The young gentleman presently renewed his profane conversation, and Mr. Deering reproved him as before; upon which, but with increased violence, he threw another glass of beer in his face. Mr. Deering continued unmoved, bearing the insult with Christian meekness. This so astonished the young gentleman that he rose from the table, fell on his knees, and, asking Mr. Deering's pardon, declared that if any of the company had offered him similar insults, he would have stabbed them with his sword.

692. Power of Gentleness.—A woman who had derived spiritual benefit from the discourses of Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, was often threatened by her wicked husband for going to St. Mary's Church, in which Mr. Robinson officiated. His feelings were at length wrought up to such a pitch that he declared, with an awful oath, that if ever she went to St. Mary's again, he would break her limbs. Having sought direction in prayer, she was strengthened to go to the place where oft she had been made joyful in the Lord. On her return from church, she found her husband waiting her arrival, and as soon as she had shut the door, he said in an angry tone, "Where have you been?" She replied, "At St. Mary's." He instantly struck her a violent blow on the face, and she fell to the ground; but rising from the floor, she turned the other side of her face, and in a mild and affectionate manner said, "My dear, if you serve this side the same, I hope I shall bear it with patience." Struck with this meek answer—for she had been a very passionate woman—he said, "Where did you learn that?" She replied, in a gentle manner, "At St. Mary's

Church, my dear." "Well," said he, "if that is what you learn at St. Mary's, you may go as often as you like; I will never hinder you again." This good woman enjoyed her privileges undisturbed, and also had the pleasure a short time afterwards of having her husband to accompany her.

693. Soft Answer.—Mr. Marsh, of Mosul, relates of an Armenian, named John, that when living at Constantinople, he was hired by persecuting Armenians to strike a watchmaker. The latter, upon receiving the blow, nobly prayed, "May God bless you." This remarkable answer was effectual; "for," said John, in allusion to the affair, "I could not strike again, and at night I said to the money, 'Instead of my eating you, you will eat me?'"

694. Violence and Gentleness.—Robert Barclay, the celebrated apologist of the Quakers, and Leonard Fell, a member of the same society, were severally attacked by highwaymen, in England, at different times. Both faithfully adhered to their non-resistance principles, and both signally triumphed. The pistol was levelled at Barclay, and a determined demand made for his purse. Calm and self-possessed, he looked the robber in the face, with a firm but meek benignity, assured him he was his and every man's friend, that he was willing and ready to relieve his wants, that he was free from the fear of death through a divine hope in immortality, and therefore was not to be intimidated by a deadly weapon; and then appealed to him, whether he could have the heart to shed the blood of one who had no other feeling or purpose but to do him good. The robber was confounded; his eye melted, his brawny arm trembled, his pistol fell to his side, and he fled from the presence of the non-resistant hero whom he could no longer confront.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES.

Isa. xxxii. 20, lili. 7; Matt. ix. 38, x. 16, xxviii. 19; 2 Cor. viii. 23.

895. Bitter Remorse.—At Raiatea, one of the Society Islands, six hundred children were assembled at a feast. They marched through the settlement in procession, dressed in European garments, with little hats and bonnets made by those very parents who would have destroyed them, as was their cruel custom, had not the Gospel come to their rescue. They and their parents occupied the chapel. The appearance of the parents was most affecting. The eyes of some were beaming with delight, as the father said to the mother, "What a mercy it is that we spared our dear girl!" Bitter tears rolling down the saddened countenances of others, told the painful tale that all their children were destroyed. A venerable chief, gray with age, could bear the scene no longer; he arose, and with an impassioned look and manner exclaimed, "Let me speak; I must speak. Oh that I had known that the Gospel was coming! my children would have been among this happy group; but alas! I destroyed them all. I have not one left. I shall die childless, though I have been the father of nineteen children." Sitting down, he gave vent to his agonised feelings in a flood of tears.

896. Blind Girl's Gift.—A clergyman relates that a girl deprived of sight brought him thirty shillings for the missionary cause. He objected, "You are a poor blind girl, and cannot afford to give so much." "I am indeed blind," said she, "but can afford to give these thirty shillings better, perhaps, than you suppose." "How so?" "I am, sir, by trade a basket-maker, and can work as well in the dark as in the light. Now, I am sure in the last winter it must

have cost those girls who have eyes more than thirty shillings for candles to work by, which I have saved, and therefore hope you will take it for the missionaries."

897. Cheerful Giving.—Associations have been formed among the converted islanders of the South Seas to aid the London Missionary Society. The contributions consist of oil, cotton, arrow-root, and swine. Such articles are subscribed "to buy money." When an auxiliary association was formed at Huahine, the people were cautioned against making donations merely from a sense of constraint. Still, a native brought a pig to the treasurer, Hautia, and, throwing the animal down at his feet, said, in an angry tone, "Here is a pig for your society." "Take it back again," replied Hautia, calmly; "God does not accept angry pigs." He then explained the objects of the society, and urged upon the consideration of the native the fact that "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver." The man was deeply chagrined at the unyielding refusal of the treasurer. In Tahiti, on a similar occasion, a person brought a quantity of cocoa-nut oil to Pomare, in a like bad spirit, exclaiming, "Here are five bamboos of oil; take them for your society." "No," said the King, "I will not mix your angry bamboos with the missionary oil; take them away."

898. Christ among Sinners.—A City missionary was one day visiting one of the lowest and most degraded courts in London, and a woman said something like this to him: "You say you care for us, and are anxious about us; but it is a very easy thing for you to come from your clean quiet home

just to visit us. Would you come and bring your family, and live in this court, expose yourself to all these evils day by day, in order to lift us up?" The missionary felt he had hardly enough love for that; but Jesus dwelt with sinners, ate and drank with them, as well as died to save them.

699. Good Doctrine.—A West Indian planter, walking on the estate of a friend, where the slaves were instructed by the missionaries, saw some peas growing among the sugar-canes. Knowing that the slaves were short of provisions, he called to one of them who was near, and asked why he did not take those peas, as they were ripe. "They are not mine," answered the black. "How is this?" said the gentleman: "you negroes are always ready to take everything you can lay your hands on." "No, massa," replied the slave, "negro who pray never thief." The planter was struck with astonishment. "What have I been about," exclaimed he, "not to let the missionaries come to my estate?" As soon as he returned home, he sent to them, desiring they would come and teach his slaves whenever they pleased.

700. Loving Theme.—A convert at a certain mission-station, when at the point of death, was visited by a missionary, who inquired what had been the means of his conversion. "Master missionary," said the dying man, "do you remember a sermon you preached here upon the glories of heaven?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "Master missionary, do you remember," he added, "a sermon you preached upon the terrors of hell?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "Master missionary, do you remember once more," asked the expiring saint, "a sermon you preached upon the words of Jesus, 'I am the way'?" "I remember it well," said the minister. "And so do I," said the heir of glory; "and that which

you said was the means of my conversion." A blessed testimony to Gospel preaching!

701. Marvellous Change.—Rev. Mr. Williams, of the London Missionary Society, first bore the Gospel to the Navigator's Islands in 1880. The war-whoop was one of the first sounds that fell upon his ear. Burning villages, marking the warrior's track, met his eye. The mass of the people were debased and vicious, and met together only to pollute and destroy each other. In March, 1840, a pious gentleman visited these islands, and gives the following account:—"As we approached and sailed up the harbour, we were gradually surrounded by many canoes, and before we anchored the deck was covered by natives, all anxiously and affectionately greeting the new missionaries who arrived with us. As we passed up to the house of the resident missionary, we observed the large erection, formerly used for holding their savage dances, crowded with women, who were holding a prayer-meeting, and filling the air with notes of praise, in place of their ferocious and abominable war-songs. The chapel is 100 feet by 27 feet, capable of containing about one thousand people, for they fill every corner, passages and all, besides standing at the windows outside. You may imagine my feelings when standing in the midst of reclaimed savages, hearing them sing the praises of Jehovah, seeing them bow the head, and reverently cover the face during prayer, and during sermon seeming to devour the word as it drops from the preacher's lips; while a woman would sob out in spite of her efforts to repress it, and a man would wipe the unbidden tear from his swarthy cheek, so lately marked by all that could express a ferocious heart, but now meek, humble, and subdued. In these islands forty thousand have renounced heathenism—more than twenty thousand have learned to read!"

702. Objector Answered.—A gentleman who had been at a missionary collection was met the next day by a man of opposite habits, who began to chide him with the folly of sending out such sums abroad, when there was so much to be done at home. The gentleman calmly replied, "I will give five dollars for our poor at home if you will give the same." "Oh, I didn't mean that," said the objector; "but if you must go from home, why so far? Think of the poor in Ireland." "I will give five dollars for the poor in Ireland," said the gentleman, "if you will give the same." "No, I don't mean that either," said the man.

703. Obstinate Heathen.—When a missionary was preaching at one of the South Sea Islands, where he had recently introduced the Gospel, an old man stood up and exclaimed, "My forefathers worshipped Oro, the god of war, and so have I, nor shall anything that you can say persuade me to forsake this way. And," continued he, addressing the missionary, "what do you want more than you have already? Have you not won over such a chief, and such a chief; ay, and you have Pomare himself! What want you more?" "All—the people of Raiatea, and you yourself I want!" replied Mr. Wilson. "No, no," cried the old man; "me—you shall never have me! I will do as my fathers have done; I will worship Oro. You shall never have me, I assure you." Little, however, did this man understand the power and love of God. Such was the effect of the Gospel on his heart that, within six months from that time, this inveterate adherent of Oro, the Moloch of the Pacific, abandoned his idol, and became a worshipper of the true God.

704. Poor Colporteur.—At a time when everything seemed to threaten that the light of the Gospel would be completely removed from Norway, God raised up a poor peasant, who lived near Indencki-

hill, on the confines of Sweden. He had received but a mean education, but he was filled with zeal to communicate Divine truth to his countrymen, who were perishing for lack of knowledge. This good man, with his knapsack on his back, set out on the road, went through the length and breadth of Norway, proclaiming the Gospel to thousands and tens of thousands, and the Lord gave testimony to the word spoken in a most remarkable manner, for hundreds were in a short time, by his instrumentality, made to see and embrace the truth. He was not allowed to go on in peace; the unenlightened clergy would not endure him; they stirred up the magistrates against him, and he was cast into prison. As soon, however, as he got out, he was again at his work, but at length, having come to Christiania, the capital, a most bigoted place in regard to religion, he was apprehended and cast into a dungeon, and kept eleven years, from 1800 to 1811. But he was not idle there, for, like Bunyan, he was writing treatises, and sending them forth into every part of the country, contriving, in the space of a very short time, to have one hundred and twenty-two tracts published at Cassel. The effect of this peasant's labours is, that at this day there are not fewer than ten thousand followers of the Lord Jesus in that country.

705. "Preach the Gospel to every Creature."—Francis Xavier, usually called "the Apostle of the Indies," being about to undertake a mission which appeared extremely hazardous, his friends strongly expostulated with him on the dangers he would have to encounter, from the malignity of the climate, the sterility of the land, the barbarism of the inhabitants, and so forth. This representation, though just, could not deter him, but rather renewed his ardour for the enterprise. "The most tractable and opulent nations," said he,

"will not want preachers; but this is for me, because others will not undertake it. If the country abounded in odoriferous woods and mines of gold, all dangers would be braved in order to procure them. Should merchants, then, be more intrepid than missionaries? Shall these unfortunate people be excluded from the blessings of redemption? It is true they are very barbarous and brutal, but even were they more so, He who can convert even stones into children of Abraham, cannot He soften their hearts? Should I be instrumental in the salvation of but one of them, I should think myself well recompensed for all the labours and dangers by which you endeavour to affright me."

706. "Thy Kingdom Come."—A little girl sent about ten shillings to a gentleman for the purchase of some missionary tracts, and in her letter she said: "She who takes this freedom to ask so much of a stranger, began this letter with a trembling hand. She is, indeed, young in years and in knowledge too, and is not able to talk much with a gentleman on religion; but her mother has taught her, almost eleven years, to say, 'Thy kingdom come,' and she believes she cannot be saying it sincerely if she does nothing to help it on among

the heathen. This thought emboldens her to write to a stranger, almost as though he were a friend."

707. Widow's Sacrifice.—An association being formed for missionary purposes in a provincial town, among the other contributors a youth of sixteen years of age came forward to enrol his name. When he was requested to state how much he wished to subscribe, he replied with some diffidence, "Myself." He was the eldest son of a widow, to whom seven other children looked for support. The proffer of the young man could not be received without the mother's consent. It was scarcely to be expected that her eldest son would be yielded up for the missionary service, when his exertions might soon prove useful to his widowed parent in her indigent circumstances. The inquiry was made whether the son could be allowed to give himself to the missionary cause. "Let him go," was the prompt reply of the devoted mother. "God will provide for me and my babes; and who am I that I should be thus honoured to have a son a missionary to the heathen?" The young man, after obtaining preparatory education, repaired to India, where he laboured with great zeal and success.

MODERATION AND TEMPERANCE.

Luke ix. 23; Rom. xiii. 14; 1 Cor. ix. 25; Phil. iv. 5; 2 Tim. i. 6;
1 Peter ii. 11.

708. Bishop's Dinner.—A gentleman of fortune once dined with Dr. Butler, then Bishop of Durham, and though the interview was by appointment, the provision was no more than a joint of meat and a pudding. The Bishop apologised for his plain fare by saying that it was his manner of living, and that being disgusted with the fashionable expense of time and money in entertainments, he was determined it should receive no countenance

from his example. Nor was this conduct the result of covetousness, for, large as were his revenues, such was his liberality to the poor, that he left at his death little more than enough to discharge his debts and pay for his funeral.

709. Cautious Coachman.—An old gentleman in the county of Herts advertised for a coachman. The first who applied was asked how near he could drive to the edge of a road when a sloping

bank presented danger. He replied, "To an inch." The old gentleman desired him to leave his address, adding that if he wished for his services he should hear from him in a day or two, but that he thought it unlikely he would answer. Shortly afterwards, a second applied, who underwent the same examination as the former, and replied to the same question which was put to the other that "he could drive to within half an inch," and often had done it; he also received the same dismissal. A third applied, and, on being asked how near he could drive to the edge of a sharp declivity, coolly replied, "Really I do not know, sir, having never tried, for it has always been my maxim to get as far as possible from such danger, and I have my reward in my safety and that of my employers." With this reply the old gentleman expressed his entire satisfaction, and informed the man that if he could procure a proper recommendation, he would engage his services.

710. Cheerfulness and Health.—Of Cambridge, an ingenious English author, Lord Chesterfield said: "He drinks nothing but water, and rides more miles in a year than the keenest sportsman. The former preserves his head clear, and the other his body in health. Internally safe, he seeks no sanctuary from himself, no intoxication for his mind. His penetration makes him discover and divert himself with the follies of mankind, which his wit enables him to expose with the truest ridicule, though always without personal offence. Cheerful abroad, because happy at home; and thus happy, because virtuous."

711. Cyrus's Frugality.—Cyrus, King of Persia, having condescended at the entreaty of one of his friends to take a dinner with him, was desired to name his viands and where he would have his table spread. Cyrus replied,

"It is my pleasure that you prepare this banquet on the side of the river, and that one loaf of bread be the only dish."

712. Decision Urged.—Webb, the celebrated walker, who was remarkable for vigour both of body and mind, drank nothing but water. He was one day recommending his regimen to a friend who loved wine, and urging him with great earnestness to quit a course of luxury by which his health and intellects would be equally destroyed. The gentleman appeared convinced, and told him that he would conform to his counsel, though he thought he could not change his course of life at once, but would leave off strong liquors by degrees. "By degrees!" exclaimed Webb: "if you should unhappily fall into the fire, would you caution your servants to pull you out only by degrees?"

713. Examples from the Ancients.—The early sobriety of the ancient Romans formed a striking contrast to their subsequent excesses. In the first ages of the Commonwealth no one was permitted to drink wine until he had attained his thirtieth year. Whether it was the scantiness of the liquor, or the more probable motive of attention to the morals of the people, which gave rise to this severe prohibition, does not appear; but from whatever cause it proceeded, it is certain that the ancient sobriety of the Romans ceased as soon as the grape became abundant, and excess in wine became so prevalent in Rome, that Pliny speaks of men in polite society who, after drinking to repletion, have sought to create new means of continuing their revelry. Of this number was Marc Antony, who published an account of drunken revels, and the younger Cicero, who acquired great celebrity by the quantity he could drink at a draught, "as if," says Pliny, "he wished to deprive Antony, the murderer of his father, of the glory

of being the greatest drunkard of the age." It is recorded of the Emperor Tiberius, that he passed two whole days and nights at table with Pomponius Flaccus and Lucius Piso, whose convivial qualities he afterwards rewarded, the one with the government of Syria, the other with the prefecture of the city; and so far was he from concealing the motive for their advancement, that the patents of their appointments expressed it. So dissipated, indeed, was Tiberius, that Seneca says he was only drunk once in his life—that was from the moment he became intoxicated to the day of his death. Cossus, Prefect of the city under Tiberius, was in the constant habit of going in a state of intoxication to the Senate, whence he was frequently carried in so sound a sleep as not to be awakened by the motion of his removal. It does not appear that the Romans were acquainted with the distillation of ardent spirits; but Pliny speaks of a kind of beer that was made by fermenting several species of grain with water, and mentions it as an instance of the depravity of the times, that men, not satisfied with wine, contrived that even water should contribute to inebriate them.

714. Infatuated Epicure.—Mr. Rogerson, the son of a gentleman of large fortune in Gloucestershire, after receiving an excellent education, was sent abroad to make the grand tour. In this journey young Rogerson attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery and the methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, when he entered into the possession of a very large fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes were to be had, and the best cooks to be procured. He had no other servants in his house but men cooks, for his footman, butler, housekeeper, coachman,

and grooms were all cooks. Amongst those that were more professionally so were three cooks from Italy, one from Florence, another from Siena, and another from Viterbo, who was employed for the special purpose of dressing one particular dish only, the *docce picante* of Florence. He had also a German cook for dressing the livers of turkeys, and the rest were all French. Mr. Rogerson had a messenger constantly travelling between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover near St. Malo; and so extravagant was he that he once ate a single dinner which, though consisting of two dishes only, cost him upwards of fifty guineas. He counted the minutes between his meals, and was wholly absorbed in devising means to indulge his appetite. In the course of nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and he was verging fast to poverty. When he had spent a fortune of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and was totally ruined, a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; but a short time after he was found dressing an ortolan for himself. A few days afterwards he died by his own hand.

715. Johnson on Self-control.—Dr. Johnson observes: "No man whose appetites are his masters can perform his duties with strictness and regularity. He that would be superior to external influences must first become superior to his own passions. When the Roman General, sitting at supper with a plate of turnips before him, was solicited by a large promise to betray his trust, he asked the messengers whether he that could sup on turnips was a man likely to sell his country."

716. Only a Little.—The Rev. Mr. Towel, when stationed in the city of Bath, was introduced into the company of an aged man whom he understood to have been inti-

mate with John Wesley, and once a useful local preacher. They entered into conversation about Wesley's times, when, among other things, the old gentleman observed: "On one occasion, when Mr. Wesley dined with me, after dinner, as usual, I prepared a little brandy and water. On perceiving this, with an air of surprise he cried, 'What! my brother, what's that?' 'It's brandy,' said I; 'my digestion is so bad, I am obliged to take a little after dinner.' 'How much do you take?' said he; 'let me see.' 'Only about a table-spoonful.' 'Truly,' said he, 'that is not much; but one table-spoonful will soon lose its effect, then you will take two; from two you will get to a full glass; and that, in like manner, by habituating yourself to take it, will lose its effect, and then you will take two glasses, and so on, till in the end perhaps you will become a drunkard. O, my brother, take care what you do!'"

717. Passion Mastered.—A London merchant had a dispute with a Quaker respecting the settlement of an account. The merchant was determined to bring the account into court, a proceeding which the Quaker earnestly deprecated, using every argument in his power to convince the merchant of his error; but the latter was inflexible. Desirous to make a last effort, the Quaker called at his house one morning, and inquired of the servant if his master was at home. The merchant, hearing the inquiry, and knowing the voice, called out from the stairs, "Tell that rascal I am not at home." The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said, "Well, friend, God put thee in a better mind." The merchant, struck afterwards with the meekness of the reply, and having more deliberately investigated the matter, became convinced that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He requested to see him, and after acknowledging his error, he said, "I have one question to ask you.

How were you able, with such patience, on various occasions, to bear my abuse?" "Friend," replied the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I was naturally as hot and violent as thou art. I knew that to indulge this temper was sinful, and I found that it was imprudent. I observed that men in a passion always spake aloud, and I thought, if I could control my voice, I should repress my passion. I have therefore made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by a careful observance of this rule I have, by the blessing of God, entirely mastered my natural temper."

718. Poison in the Cup.—Cyrus, when quite a youth, at the court of his grandfather Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of cup-bearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted the usual custom of first tasting it himself. The King reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten the practice. "No, sir," replied Cyrus; "but I was afraid there might be poison in it; for I have observed that the lords of your court, after drinking, become noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and that even you, sire, seem to have forgotten that you are a King." "Does not the same thing," replied Astyages, "happen to your father?" "Never," answered Cyrus. "How then?" "Why, when he has taken what wine he chooses, he is no longer thirsty—that is all."

719. Self-control.—During the reign of Peter the Great he made a law that if any nobleman beat or ill-treated his slaves, he should be looked upon as insane, and a guardian appointed to take care of his person and of his estate. This great monarch once struck his gardener, who, being a man of great sensibility, took to his bed, and died in a few days. Peter, hearing of this, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Alas! I have civilised my own subjects, I have conquered

other nations, yet I have not been able to civilise or to conquer myself."

720. Self-restraint. — Philip, King of Macedon, discovered great moderation even when he was spoken to in injurious terms. At the close of an audience which he gave to some Athenian ambassadors, who were come to complain of an act of hostility, he asked whether he could do them any service. "The greatest service thou couldst do us," said Demochares, "would be to hang thyself." Philip, though he perceived all the persons present were highly offended at these words, made the following answer, with the utmost calmness of temper: "Go, tell your superiors that those who dare make use of such insolent language are more haughty and less peaceably inclined than those who can forgive them."

721. Singular Punishment. — It appears from Gardiner's "England's Grievance in relation to the Coal Trade," that in the time of the Commonwealth, the magistrates of Newcastle-upon-Tyne punished drunkards by making them put a tub over their heads, with holes in the sides for the arms to pass through, called the Drunkard's Cloak, and thus walk through the streets of the town.

722. Sir Isaac Newton's Equanimity of Temper. — Sir Isaac had a favourite little dog, which he called Diamond. Being one evening drawn out of his study into the next room, Diamond was left behind. When Sir Isaac returned, having been absent but a few minutes, he

had the mortification to find that Diamond had overturned a lighted candle upon some papers, the nearly finished labour of many years, which were soon in flames, and almost consumed to ashes. This loss, from Newton's advanced age, was irreparable; but, without at all punishing the dog, he exclaimed, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done!"

723. Virtue of Silence. — John Wesley one day remarked to Dr. Adam Clarke, "As I was walking through St. Paul's Churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to one another. One was speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbour, exclaimed, 'Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say.' Adam," said Wesley, "that was a lesson to me; silence is often the best answer to abuse."

724. Wise Counsel. — Anachoritis, the philosopher, being asked by what means a man might best guard against the vice of drunkenness, answered, "By bearing constantly in his view the loathsome, indecent behaviour of such as are intoxicated." Upon this principle was founded the custom of the Lacedæmonians, of exposing their drunken slaves to their children, who by that means conceived an early aversion to a vice which makes men appear so monstrous and irrational.

OBEDIENCE.

Deut. xi. 27; Jer. vii. 23; Luke ii. 51; Acts v. 29; Ephes. vi. 1; Heb. xiii. 17.

725. Bravery in a Child. — A little boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to

touch. "You need not be afraid," said his evil companion, "for if your father should find out that you have taken them, he is too

kind to hurt you." "Ah," said the brave little fellow, "that is the very reason why I would not touch them; for though my father would not hurt me, yet I should hurt him by my disobedience."

726. Conscience-stricken Son.—

Dr. Adam Clarke, when but a little boy, one day disobeyed his mother, and the disobedience was accompanied with some look or gesture that indicated an undervaluing of her authority. This was a high affront; she immediately took up the Bible, and opened on these words, Prov. xxx. 17, which she read and commented on in a most solemn manner:—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The poor culprit was cut to the heart, believing the words had been sent immediately from heaven; he went out into the fields with a troubled spirit, and was musing on this terrible denunciation of Divine displeasure, when the hoarse croak of a raven sounded to his conscience an alarm more dreadful than the cry of fire at midnight. He looked up, and soon perceived this most ominous bird, and actually supposing it to be the raven of which the text spoke, coming to pick out his eyes, he clapped his hands on them, and with the utmost speed and trepidation ran towards the house, as fast as his alarm and perturbation would admit, that he might escape the impending vengeance.

727. Counting the Cost.—A soldier was once condemned to die for plucking a bunch of grapes against the General's command, and on his way to execution he went eating the grapes. One of his comrades remarked, with surprise, "What! are you eating your grapes now?" The poor doomed man replied, "I prithee, friend, do not envy me these grapes, for they cost me dear."

728. First Downward Step.—

At a meeting of the American Prison Discipline Society it was stated, as the result of the examinations made by that institution into the history and career of the various criminals confined in the prisons of the United States, that in almost all cases their course of ruin began in disobedience to parents. This was followed by intemperance, and that made way for all other crimes. The statement was made by the secretary of the society, the Rev. Louis Dwight, whose opportunity for observation had certainly been very great.

729. Good Resolve.—

The Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of the Rev. John Wesley, when a youth, acted very disobediently, and grieved his friends by withdrawing from the school in which they had placed him. He was soon, however, convinced that he had done wrong, and resolved to act very differently. He walked to Oxford, entered himself as a poor scholar at Exeter College, and commenced his studies without possessing more money than two pounds sixteen shillings. He received scarcely any help from his friends; but by assisting his fellow-students in their acquisition of learning, and by the greatest frugality, he finished his studies, and possessed, when he went to London for ordination, upwards of ten pounds.

730. Honest Self-denial.—

A boy about seven years old was on a visit to a lady who was very fond of him. One day, at breakfast, there was some hot bread upon the table, and it was handed to him, but he would not take it. "Do you not like hot bread?" asked the lady. "Yes," said he, "I like it very much, ma'am." "Then, my dear, why do you not take some?" "Because," said he, "my father does not wish me to eat hot bread." "But your father is a great way off," said the lady, "and will not know

whether you eat it or not. You may take it for once; there will be no harm in that." "No, ma'am, I will not disobey my father and mother. I must do what they have told me to do, although they are a great way off. I would not touch it if I were sure nobody would see me. I myself should know it, and that would be enough to make me unhappy."

731. Lesson to a Servant.—Dean Swift, though a good master, was very rigid with his servants. The task of hiring them was always entrusted to his house-keeper, but the only two positive commands he had for them he generally delivered himself. These were, to shut the door whenever they came into, or went out of, a room. One of his maid-servants one day asked permission to go to her sister's wedding, at a place about ten miles distant. Swift not only consented, but lent her one of his own horses, and ordered his servant to ride before her. The girl, in the ardour of her joy for this favour, forgot to shut the door after her when she left the room. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards the Dean sent a servant after her, to order her immediate return. The poor girl complied, and entering his presence, begged to know in what she offended or what her master wished. "Only shut the door," said the Dean, "and then resume your journey."

732. Obedience better than Sacrifice.—A story is told of a great captain who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them

who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," he said, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day was a soldier who was just lifting up his arm to strike an enemy, but when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself, and dropped his arm without striking the blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general is the noblest thing that has been done to-day."

733. Taught by Savages.—

Among the American Indians, one of the first lessons they inculcate on their children is duty to their parents and respect for old age, and there is not among the most civilised nations any people who more strictly observe the duty of filial obedience. A father need only to say, in the presence of his children, "I want such a thing done; I want one of my children to go on such an errand; let me see who is the good child that will do it." This word "good" operates as it were by magic, and the children immediately vie with each other to comply with the wishes of their parent. If a father sees an old decrepit man or woman pass by, led along by a child, he will draw the attention of his own children to the object by saying, "What a good child that must be which pays such attention to the aged! That child indeed looks forward to the time when it will likewise be old." Or he will say, "May the Great Spirit, who looks upon him, grant this good child a long life!"

PARABLES AND SIMILITUDES.

Hosea xii. 10; Matt. xi. 16, xii. 3, 10-15, 34, 35; Mark iv. 30.

734. Careful Husbandman.—Roberts, the traveller, furnishes this apt illustration of the invited guest's reply in our Saviour's parable—"I have bought five yoke of

oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused:"—"This was not such a trifling affair as some have supposed, for it should be remembered it is with oxen

only that the Orientals perform all agricultural labour. Such a thing as a horse attached to a plough or cart, amongst the natives, I never saw. A bullock unaccustomed to the yoke is of no use; they therefore take the greatest precaution in making purchases of this kind, and will never close the bargain till they have proved the cattle in the field. Nor will the good man trust to his own judgment, he will have his neighbours and friends to assist him. The animals will be tried in ploughing softly, deeply, strongly, and they will be put on all the required paces, and then sent home. When he who wishes to purchase is fully satisfied, he will fix a day for settling the amount and for fetching the animals away."

735. Discontent.—An Oriental fable is told about a certain man who had a nice little garden of leeks, but he was discontented at having to toil for his daily bread. His good genius came to his aid, and made him owner of a villa with two slaves to wait on him. He was delighted with the gift, and promised to crave nothing more. It was not long before he coveted the neighbouring garden, with its statues and fountains. The garden was given him, and then he took a fancy to the meadow beyond. The meadow was granted him, and then he wanted the park on the farther side of it. The park was bestowed on him, and then, like Ahab, he wanted to rob a poor man of his little vineyard. Open the door to one discontented wish, and how many will follow!

736. Dream of Life.—"An old man," says Richter, "stood by the window, on a New Year's night, and gazed upward, with a look of pensive despair, at the immovable, ever-glowing heavens, and upon the still, pure, white earth, upon which no one was now so friendless and sleepless as himself. For his grave lay hard by him; it was covered only with the snow of age, and not with the green foliage of youth.

A whole richly-gifted life had produced nothing but errors, sins, and diseases; a wasted body and a desolate soul; a bosom full of poison, and an old age full of remorse. The beautiful days of his youth now came thronging back upon his memory like spectres, and again transported him to that lovely morning when his father set him upon the crossway of life, which leads, on the right, by the sunny path of virtue, into a wide, peaceful land, full of light and harvests; and, on the other, down into the mole-walks of vice, into a black cavern, full of distilling poison, and dark, sultry vapours. Ah! the snakes were now hanging about his neck, and the poison dripping on his tongue, and he knew where he was. Distracted, and with unutterable grief, he cried to Heaven, 'Give me back my youth! O father, set me again on the crossway, that I may make a different choice!' But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw *ignes fatui* dancing over the marshes, and disappearing upon the cemetery, and he said, 'These are my foolish days.' He saw a star dart down from heaven, and, glittering in its fall, vanish upon the earth. 'That is myself,' said his bleeding heart; and the snake-teeth of repentance struck deeper into his wounds. In the midst of this conflict the music of the new year suddenly came flowing down from the steeple, like far-off melodies. His emotions were softened. He looked around the horizon, and over the earth, and thought of the friends of his youth, who were now better and happier than he, teachers of the people, fathers of happy children, and blessed men; and he said, 'Oh, I could have slumbered this first night of the year, with dry eyes like you, had I desired. Dear parents, I too might have been happy, had I obeyed your precepts!' In the midst of these feverish remembrances of his youth, a skull, reinvested with its features, seemed to rise up in the dead-house

until it became a youth. But again it was gone; he could see it no more; he covered his eyes; a thousand hot tears streamed down hissing into the snow. Disconsolate and wandering, he softly sighed, 'Return, O my youth, return.' And it *did* return; for it had been only a fearful dream. He was still a young man: his errors only had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, yet a youth, might turn away from the foul walks of vice, and regain the sunny path which leads to the land of harvests."

737. Forgotten Prescription.—

The following is taken from an excellent little book entitled "Parables and Similitudes of the Christian Life:"—"Day by day the disorder went on increasing. At first the fever spread gradually, and many who were attacked by it scarcely thought themselves ill. They were able to work, and felt much as usual, except that at times a faintness crept over them, and life, instead of being a pleasure, became a burden. With others the disease was very manifest; every pulse beat with a feverish excitement, the spirits sank, and a deep gloom rested upon the mind; the future seemed filled with terror, and over all brooded the shadow of death. Various remedies were tried, and physicians and nurses gave their advice. And very various was the advice given. Some recommended a course of pleasure, and others a course of abstinence. Many said that the only thing needed was for those who supposed themselves ill to forget all about the illness and act as though they were perfectly well. Many more declared that they were in possession of certain infallible remedies, which, if they were but fairly tried, would banish the disease from the town before the summer waned into the autumn. But, strange to say, the sufferers could not forget their sufferings, and each and all of the nostrums failed to work the cures

their possessors had so confidently predicted. What was to be done? The church-bell was heard to toll for funerals every day, and an air, first of sorrow and then of despair, settled upon the town. When things had been for a length of time in this state of gloom, some of the old townspeople remembered that this was not the only time the disorder had raged in the country. At first this recollection only caused greater sorrow to the diseased. But before long it began to be rumoured that there was an old remedy which had often been tried, and always, it was said, with success. The question next arose, where was the prescription containing it to be found? It was suggested by some that perhaps the public-library might contain it in one of its books; others thought that probably, as it had been so useful in former times, it might be found amongst the documents of the corporation. These surmises ended in a diligent search being made; and at length the volume of prescriptions was discovered, in a good state of preservation, as though it had been highly valued at some former period in the history of the town. Very great, as may be supposed, was the rejoicing both amongst the healthful and the sick. The former were glad that their friends should have a chance of recovery, and the latter hoped that their time of suffering was nearly ended. At first a little doubt as to the efficacy of the remedy was felt. But this was soon at an end. Whoever fairly used it was restored to perfect health; and it was believed that before many weeks were past the disease would be completely subdued. But, strange as it may seem, a new difficulty arose. The very sick were restored by the use of the remedy, even though they appeared to be in the last stage of the disease; and those who were beginning to be attacked found that if they tried it the disorder was prevented from making any

further progress. After this success one would have thought that all the people would be glad to use the remedy. But no; some persons set to work to prove that the prescription, which did not profess to be in the handwriting of the author, was not really the composition of the physician whose name was affixed to it. Many said it was far more clever than anything he could have made; and many others, on the contrary, said it was far too simple; they felt sure that if such a great doctor had set to work to write an infallible recipe, he would have made it more complex and wonderful. Other people, again, were found who liked half the remedy, but objected to the whole, and so, before they used it, they got their dispenser to omit certain drugs from the compound, and add a few ingredients that they imagined would make it more palatable. It was a somewhat remarkable thing, however, that two classes of persons—the very poor and trustful, and the really thoughtful—were willing to receive it as they found it. The one class knew no better, and so they took it in simple faith; and the other class thought that if the physician was skilful enough to be right at all, he was probably right altogether, and so they too accepted it as it was. The persons who altered it to suit their own fancies were generally a set of conceited sciolists, who wished to appear different from all their neighbours, supposing that singularity implied wisdom. ‘I’m thankful to say I’m cured,’ said an old man, whose case at one time had seemed to be desperate; ‘and now people want to persuade me that I was never ill.’ ‘So they tried with me,’ replied his companion, a woman who had suffered from a very violent though short attack of the disorder; ‘but I remember the pain too well ever to believe that. And what’s more, whatever they may say about the doctor’s medicine, I am sure it is pure and good, for it raised me up from the

very brink of the grave, and made me quite a new person. I am certain of one thing, that it has saved my life.’ ”

738. God's Panoply.—It is reported by the poets of Achilles, the Grecian captain (says an old divine), that his mother, being warned by the oracle, dipped him—being a child—in the river Lethe, to prevent any danger that might ensue by reason of the Trojan war; but Paris, his inveterate enemy, understanding also by the oracle that he was impenetrable all over his body, except the heel or small part of his leg, which his mother held him by when she dipped him, took his advantage, shot him in the heel, and killed him. Thus every man is, or ought to be, armed *cap-a-pie* with that panoply—the whole armour of God. For the devil will be sure to hit the least part that he finds unarmed; if it be the eye, he will dart in at that casement by the presentation of one lewd object or other; if it be the ear, he will force that door open by bad counsel; if the tongue, that shall be made a world of mischief; if the feet, they shall be swift to shed blood.

739. Hypocrisy and its Hopes.—“To what shall we liken the hopes of the hypocrite?” asks the Rev. Mr. Bower. “A certain person, who lived in a country town, desired, although he was only a poor man, to make as great a show as his rich neighbours. Accordingly he went on a journey to a distant city, and succeeded, by means of various false representations, in borrowing a little money. As soon as he had it he returned home, determined to produce an impression on his fellow-townsmen. He then dressed his wife and himself in handsome clothes, and bought horses for his children to ride. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I shall be respected. People only look at the outside, and doubtless after a time I shall be put into the offices of the greatest trust.’ But he was deceiving himself, and all his hopes was doomed to dis-

appointment. 'What a show our old neighbour is making!' said the other inhabitants of the town. 'No doubt he has had a legacy left him,' said one. 'Or his wife has come into a fortune,' said another. 'Or it may be his lands have yielded more abundantly this year than last,' said a third. But at length one little old man, who had lived for some time in a distant part of the country, returned to his home in the town; and when he saw the show made by the would-be great man, he told, as a secret which he had learned in some roundabout manner, that he had been borrowing money at a high rate of interest, just to make a display before his neighbours for a little while. Upon this, one of his enemies—for there were many who became jealous of him as soon as he appeared to be in prosperity—wrote and told the person of whom he had obtained the money all the bad things he could collect together. And before long the creditor sent officers to seize his client, who sold his house and all his possessions, and cast him into prison. Thus was he ruined, with the whole of his family, through desiring to fill a conspicuous position by deceitful means. In like manner also are the hopes of the hypocrite doomed to be overthrown, and he himself destroyed, by means of his own deception."

740. Lights True and False.—In illustration of Matthew xiii. 48, a writer gives the following similitude:—"I saw a world of darkness, with some few lights as guides in it, but they were very feeble, even the best of them. I noticed, however, that some of them got brighter and brighter, but never reached to great brilliancy; some stood like fixed stars, others became gradually more dim, and some went suddenly out. But I looked again, and saw that some lights were of a reddish colour—these were false lights; at a distance they were very like the true lights, thus they misled. There

were other bodies in this world which gave no light at all, but went in and out amongst the lights and loitered by them. Some of the latter shone on as brightly, and even set the dark bodies themselves into a glow, but others, where these dark bodies came, grew dim and gradually went out: some went out suddenly, directly one of these bodies came near them. But by-and-by the whole were separated: the dark bodies and false lights went to the left-hand side, and all disappeared in total blackness, while the lights which were burning true went to the right hand, and were all suddenly kindled into such a glow, each like the sun, that I could not look upon them."

741. Living Stones.—We read in a recent work:—"The Stones from the wall said, 'We come from the mountains far away, from the sides of the craggy hills. Fire and water worked on us for ages, but only made us crags. Human hands have made us into a dwelling, where the children of your immortal race were born, and suffer, and rejoice, and find rest and shelter, and learn the lessons set them by our Maker and yours. But we have passed through much to fit us for this. Gunpowder has rent our very heart; pickaxes have cleaved and broken us; it seemed to us often without design or meaning, as we lay misshapen stones in the quarry; but gradually we were cut into blocks, and some of us were chiselled with finer instruments to a sharper edge. But we are complete now, and are in our places, and are of service. You are in the quarry still, and not complete, and therefore to you, as once to us, much is inexplicable. But you are destined for a higher building, and one day you will be placed in it by hands not human—a living stone in a heavenly temple.'"

742. Quiet and Safe.—The following is from a modern author:—"We travel far and travel fast," said the Coach one day to his Wheels, stopping near an old Mile-

stone by the side of the road; to which, calling, it said with a laugh, 'Aren't you tired of always standing in one place?' 'If you are not tired with running, why should I be of staying?' answered the old Milestone, gravely. 'Ah, but I am on wheels, and my duties require nimbleness,' remarked the Coach. 'Granted,' replied the Milestone; 'but I don't see there is so great a difference between us, after all. You would be as motionless as myself without your horses; and, as to usefulness, Milestones have their duties as well as have Stage Coaches. If yours are to carry passengers from place to place, mine are to afford travellers information on their way; besides, boast as you may, I have sometimes heard of Coaches upsetting, and breaking down, and wearing out, and being stopped and robbed; but I never heard of such things happening unto Milestones. Therefore, friend, taking all into consideration, I fancy I am the safer if the quieter of the two, and if you are happy in running, I am contented in staying humbly to do the duties of my station, and perhaps as honourably as yourself, although you are a Fast Coach, and myself am but a poor Milestone on the road.' All have their places in the world, and duties to perform; and—

'They also serve that only stand and wait.'

743. Rebellious Servants.—A certain nobleman (we quote again from "Parables and Similitudes of the Christian Life") named Helion had a number of servants, who were so much attached to him that they desired to do whatever was most for his interest. They felt that their own prosperity was bound up with his, and if they neglected his business, not only would he suffer, but they themselves should soon feel the ill effects of idleness. Each day brought its appointed task, and every evening closed with a feeling of satisfaction produced by the accomplishment of some useful work. Thus several years

passed by, and the longer the people served their master the more they learned to appreciate his service. Nor was he a friend only in prosperity, but when any sorrow or adversity came upon them they learned to trust his kindness, and found that this trust was never misplaced. But this peace was not to last for ever. Helion the noble had some enemies who envied his prosperity, and determined if possible to destroy it. The question with them was, how could they best accomplish their design? To attack him openly was useless; he was so much beloved by his servants that they would have shed their last drop of blood to secure his safety. It was equally in vain to attempt to strike at his happiness through his own family; his children were devoted to his interests, and in the calm enjoyments of home they found their greatest pleasure. There was only one way open: that was to attempt to corrupt his servants, and incite them to rebellion; and if they could accomplish this they thought they might succeed in their base design. Accordingly one of their number, named Phosphoro, a subtle man, who had once been employed by Helion, but dismissed on account of his imperious temper, was appointed to undertake the task of sowing the seeds of sedition. Before many days were passed away he began his work. As he was strolling over the possessions of his former lord, he met with several persons who had at one time been his fellow-servants. He knew he must proceed by degrees, and he determined to begin with flattery. "How well you keep this land in order!" said he. "I don't know any estate in the neighbourhood that is better looked after." "No wonder," replied one of the servants. "Every person is devoted to the service of the Lord Helion; they would do anything for him." "Would they indeed?" answered Phosphoro. "Then I suppose he gives them an interest in the estate?" "They

have an interest," said the other, "in its being well kept." "Yes, of course," replied Phosphoro; "but how much greater it would be if he gave them a share! Why should he keep it all to himself? You have as much right to it as he, and I should like to see you all in possession." He said no more at that time, but went away, as though the only thing he had at heart was the interest of Helion's servants. He had, however, said enough; he had scattered the first seeds of discontent, and no long time passed before they began to germinate, and ere many days some ears of dissension had appeared above the soil. "There is much truth in what Phosphoro said to-day," observed Aster, a young workman, to Philemon, a fellow-servant. "I don't see it," replied Philemon. "The estate has always been the Lord Helion's, and as long as he pays us our wages and treats us with kindness we have nothing to complain of." When, however, Aster talked with some other of the workmen he was more successful. They saw the justness of Phosphoro's reasoning, and looked upon Aster as the most promising of his disciples. Before long he had instituted a society and drawn up an address, embodying a series of resolutions, in which he asserted the workmen's rights to a share in Helion's possessions, and demanded that no one should be forced to labour except when and where he pleased. A great number of the workmen signed it, and it was agreed that a meeting should be called, which Helion was to be asked to attend, when it should be presented to him. "But if he should refuse?" suggested one. "He won't dare to refuse," said another. "If he does," replied a third, "we shall cease to work for him, and that will ruin him." "But it will ruin us also," remarked a fourth. "And besides, with his wealth, he can get other workmen; but after our rebellion I am afraid no one will give us employment.

It seems to me that we have everything to lose and little to gain, and I think if we were wise we should not take any further steps in the matter." "Coward!" muttered several voices; "he is afraid already." So he said no more, for he was one of those persons—and there are many such—who cannot bear to be laughed at, but who will venture to do wrong. As most of his servants supposed he would do, the Lord Helion refused to attend the meeting called by his workmen. In consequence of this the address drawn up by Aster was forwarded to him, and he was requested immediately to inform his vassals whether or not he would accede to their demands. His answer was not long in coming. It reminded them of the comfortable time they had spent in his service, expressed regret at the spirit of insubordination which had appeared among them, and concluded by dismissing from his employment all who were discontented with the conditions on which they had been engaged at first. When they received his reply they were thunderstruck. A few, more wise than their fellows, returned to their occupation without delay. But the remainder sought for work from other masters; yet none of them found any person who would receive them except as absolute dependants. And if for a little time they preferred their new master, they soon found that his only object was to get as much work from them as they were able to give, and then to leave them to shift for themselves when they were worn out and useless. In the meantime all went well with Helion and those who still adhered to his service. And what was more, when any of his former workmen, aged and useless, expressed regret for their past folly and asked for his protection, he received them back and treated them as kindly as though they had never forsaken his employment. In this way the plans of Phosphoro were defeated; and although for

many years the rebellion brought forth bitter fruit, it was ultimately destroyed, and the Lord Helion became more loved and trusted than ever before. And what is the meaning of this parable? It shows us how Satan, as an angel of light, strives to draw us from our allegiance to our heavenly Master. But just as the suffering fell on the revolted servants without injuring their lord, so do our acts of evil rebound on us, until through punishment we remember the path of repentance, and return once more to our Sovereign's service.

744. Sinner's Sole Dependence.

—Dr. Hamilton has the following:

—"Just at the time the plague was raging worst, a stranger appeared and told them there was a cure. He said that there was a plant which healed this disorder, and he described it. He mentioned that it was a lowly plant, not conspicuous nor very arresting to the eye—that it had a red blossom and sweet-scented leaves, and a bruised-looking stem, and that it was evergreen. He told a number of other particulars regarding it, and as he could not tarry longer at that time, he left a paper in which, he said, they would find a full description of it, and directions how to find it. The tidings diffused considerable activity through the sickly colony. A plant of such efficacy deserved the most diligent search. Almost all agreed that it must be far away; but a discussion arose whether it lay beyond the cliffs or across the sea. Most thought the latter, and some set to work and built a ship, and when they had launched her, they named her *Ecclesia*, and hoisted a red-cross flag, and sent round word that the fine ship *Ecclesia* was about to set sail in search of the famous plant, and all who wished to escape the plague were invited to take passages in this good ship. A few others, however, thought the ship was going the wrong way, and that they would have better success by trying to get over the cliffs. This

was an arduous enterprise, for the precipices were beetling, steep, and extremely high. A few attempts were made to climb by ravines and gullies, which, however, ended in walls of glassy smoothness; and after many weariful efforts, the climbers either grew dizzy and fell back, or allowed themselves to slide down again to the crumbling *debris* at the bottom. But others, more inventive, busied themselves constructing artificial wings and aerial engines of various kinds (*Imitatio Christi*, asceticism, penitential prayers, and such like), and some of them answered exceedingly well for a little, and rose so high that their neighbours really thought they would reach the top; but after reaching a certain height, whether it was owing to the weakness of the materials, or a powerful current which they always met at a certain elevation, and which by a sort of down-draught blew them back from the brow of the mountain, they uniformly found themselves again on the spot from which they first ascended. A long time had now passed on, and multitudes had died of the plague without clearer views of the specific plant, when a poor sufferer, who had already gone a fruitless expedition in the ship, and from the severity of his anguish was eager in trying every scheme, lay tossing on his bed. He got hold of a large paper roll which lay on a shelf beside him. It was very dirty, and the ink was faded, but to while away the time he began to unfold it, and found from the beginning that it was the Book of the Balm of Gilead. He at once suspected that it was the book which the stranger had left so long ago, and wondered how they had suffered it to fall aside; and he had not read far when it told him that if he would only read on, it would put him on the way of finding the Plant of Renown. It gave a full description—many particulars of which he had never heard before,—and as he advanced in his feverish earnestness, unrolling it fold by fold, and reading rapidly as he went

along, hoping that it would tell him the very spot where he should look for it, he found the plant itself! There it lay in the heart of the long-neglected volume; and Luther's eye glistened as he read, 'Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' 'But where is Christ to be found? Must I ascend the height or descend into the deep? Must I climb those cliffs or cross that sea? Oh, no. Christ is here—nigh me—God's present gift to me conveyed in the volume of this book. I see Him. I accept Him. I believe.' From that moment Christ was Luther's righteousness, and in the flash of sudden joy with which he discovered the Lord his righteousness, though it did not strike him at the moment, Luther's eternal life began."

745. Stewards in the East.—Roberts furnishes this interesting illustration of the Saviour's parable of the unjust steward:—"Nearly all respectable families in the East have a steward, whose name in Tamul is Kanikapulle. He is sometimes one who has been a master himself, or he is a relation, or has been selected on account of former services. His pay is often a mere trifle, and sometimes he has not any stipulated salary, but derives perquisites according to the extent of his master's dealings. Should there be money to give out on loan, he always demands from the borrower a certain percentage, and the least demur will cause him to say, 'You cannot have the money; I have many other applications.' Is the produce of the lands to be disposed of? he again squeezes something out of the purchaser, and, if possible, out of his master into the bargain. Has he anything to buy for the house? he grinds the face of the dealer, and demands a handsome present for the custom. Does he pay the servants or labourers? they must each dole out a trifle for their monthly or daily stipend; he never gives out goods or money without taking a

bond or a 'bill,' which is sometimes written by the debtor, and always has his signature. Sometimes he brings false bonds and counterfeit jewels, and gives out large sums of money; and when his accomplices have decamped, he pretends to be, of all men, the most astonished at their villany! When detected, he has generally a good store of his own filthy lucre, but should he not have succeeded, he would sooner starve than work, for the latter would be a mortal disgrace to a man of his rank! Even common beggars sometimes remind us of the passage, 'I cannot dig.' Religious mendicants swarm in every part of the East, and when you advise them to work, they cast upon you a contemptuous scowl, and walk off in great dudgeon, exclaiming, 'We work! We have never done such a thing: we are not able. You are joking, my lord!'"

746. Trimmed Lamps.—"Twelve o'clock already—is it possible?" exclaimed a young girl, as she threw herself with an air of weariness into a chair in her own room. "What is there to show for a morning's work? Yet I have not been one moment idle, nor have I before sat down to rest." The speaker happened to be that one member of a household so often to be met with, especially in large families, who has no specific work to occupy a whole or even a portion of the day, but to whose share, in consequence, fall all the minor duties—small, indefinite pieces of work left undone by the other members of the household. These, small and apparently of no account in themselves, are yet necessary in their fulfilment for the good and comfort of all. Like many others, she yearned for more definite work—work that would show; she sought for result in her labours. Such, however, she could not have, and without it she often, as on this day, fancied herself of no use, and became too frequently depressed without cause. This was a mistake.

As she lay back in her chair, with the cry, "What is there to show?" the thought struck her, "I will recall all I have done this morning, it will be a little satisfaction. Let me see: first, I trimmed the lamps." Something at this moment checked her, and, repeating the words aloud, "trimmed the lamps," she paused, for her mind was recalling Matt. xxv. (the parable of the ten virgins). Whilst pausing, conscience spoke, and she fancied she heard the words repeated, "trimmed *the* lamps," with the question, "But hast thou trimmed *thy* lamp? The lamps of the household have been duly cared for, but what of thine own—that lamp which God has entrusted to thee, and which He expects thee to keep ready for Him?" Startled by the voice within, she took her Bible and opened it at the chapter named, determined to examine *self* by its light. As she read in humility and prayer, the Holy Spirit convinced her that she had allowed the oil of her own lamp to run out, in thus yielding to a spirit of discontent and depression because the work marked out for her was "scrap" work, not that of her own choice nor to her natural taste. She saw now that her lamp, if not extinguished, had yet become dim—that she was failing to let her "light so shine before men" that they might see her "good works" and glorify God. Humbled under a sense of her sin, she knelt at the throne of grace, confessed her fault, and besought pardon with renewed grace—*i. e.*, fresh oil for her lamp—from the Giver of all good, and descended from her room, determined to let her lamp burn before men, content that her work, with its results, should be in God's hands alone.

747. Vain Curiosity.—"What a vain question!" says an old writer, "was that of 'Lord, are there few that be saved?' For in the parable of the four sorts of ground whereon the seed was sown the last alone proved fruitful. There

the bad were more than the good. But amongst the servants two improved their talents or pounds, and one only buried them. There the good were more than the bad. Again, amongst the ten virgins five were wise and five foolish. There the good and bad were equal. No certainty as to numbers can be collected from these parables. It is not their purpose to meddle with that point."

748. Wayfarers' Lamp.—"Once upon a time," writes Dr. Green, "a band of travellers were setting out upon a journey. The way was very long, the road was very wild, but at the end there was a glorious home. Their Master stood by them at their setting out. 'You will find the journey dark and dangerous,' he said; 'take a light from Me.' But the travellers were proud and foolish. 'We know the way well enough,' they said; 'besides, it is all light now; who talks of darkness?' They did not see that the light came from the lamp in the Master's hand. And so they set out. For a little while they went on very well. The light of that lamp still shone around them and made the way plain. Then when that light grew dim, one and another of the company remembered what they had seen of the road, and so managed pretty well to keep the right course. But after a while the darkness became thick and heavy. Scarce one little ray was left of the Master's glorious lamp. No one recollected or knew the way any longer. It was all guess-work for the anxious and unhappy pilgrims. By-and-by, from one and another of the company the cry was heard, 'Lost! lost! lost!' They had wandered into thick woods, or fallen into pits of mire, or tumbled headlong over rocks. What could they do? Some of the travellers now tried to strike a light. There was great noise of flint and steel, and here and there sparks flew out. But these were soon quenched again; or if a

lantern was kindled, it showed lights of strange colours, pink and yellow and blue, making things seem often very different from what they really were, and deceiving the pilgrims with the appearance of a road where there was only a pitfall or a precipice. And so they wandered up mountain sides, and through tangled forests, down into deep valleys, and along the banks of mighty rivers. They knew no longer whither they were going; they had almost forgotten their home. Afar off they sometimes caught sight of a little band who had found the true light again, and who were marching on beneath its faint yet growing brightness. But they scarcely looked on these travellers, or asked how they came by the light, so busy were they now with their own matches, and tinderboxes, and lanterns. 'I have found the light,' said one; 'the way is here.' 'No,' cried another, 'my lantern shows the road, and it is there.' A very favourite employment was blowing out each other's candles, and as soon as one struck a spark, fifty were trying to quench it. All were lost. And even those afar off, who had the true light, became careless about it, and wandered so far from its shinings, that their road too became dim. So that at last, from hill and valley, from forest and riverside, there rose one sad, wailing cry, 'We cannot find the way! we cannot find the way! Who will tell us that we have a home, and show us the road to it? for we are sure that we can never discover it ourselves.' Then suddenly a faint but glorious light was seen shining far and wide, and every eye was fixed upon it as it grew nearer, brighter, brighter still. Then a sound as of distant music was heard. Softly, sweetly it swelled around them, until the place was filled with melody, and the travellers knew it was the Master's voice. Then they lifted up their eyes, and saw Him standing there. The lamp was in His hand. 'My children,' said He, 'I left you to yourselves that you might learn your weakness. You will believe me now, when I say that you cannot, by your own powers, find the way to truth and peace. See, I set the lamp on high. Walk in its brightness, and yonder you will reach your home.'"

PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

Gen. xviii. 19; Prov. xxii. 6; Luke xi. 11; Col. iii. 20, 21; 1 Tim. iii. 4.

749. Blessing of a Dying Father.

—A few days previous to his death, the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, of Falkirk, hearing his infant son's voice in an adjoining room, desired that he should be brought to him. When the child was lifted into the bed, the dying father placed his hands upon his head, and said, in the language of Jacob, "The God before whom my fathers did walk, the God who fed me all my life long to this day, the Angel who redeemed me from all evil, bless the lad." When the boy was removed he added, "Remember and tell John Henry of this; tell him of those prayers, and how

earnest I was that he might become early acquainted with his father's God."

750. Confucius and his Grandfather.—Confucius, the celebrated Chinese philosopher, was early distinguished for the honour he paid to his relations. One day, while he was a child, he heard his grandfather fetch a deep sigh, and going up to him with much reverence, said, "May I presume, without losing the respect I owe you, to inquire into the occasion of your grief? Perhaps you fear that your posterity will degenerate from your virtue and dishonour you by their vices." "What put this

thought into your head?" said the old man to him; "and where have you learned to speak after this manner?" "From yourself," replied Confucius; "I attend diligently to you every time you speak, and I have often heard you say, that a son who does not by his virtues support the glory of his ancestors, does not deserve to bear their name."

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

752. Dissolute Parent.—The child of a drunken sailor asked him for bread. Irritated by his request, the dissolute father spurned him from him with his foot, and the child fell in the sea from the beach. Nothing could be done from the shore, and the child soon disappeared; but the arm of Providence was extended over him, and, by clinging to an oar or raft that he came near, he floated till picked up by a vessel then under way. The child could only tell them his name was Jack, but the humanity of the crew led them to take care of him. Poor Jack, as he grew up, was promoted to wait on the officers, received instruction easily, was quick and steady, and served in some actions. In the last, he had obtained so much promotion that he was appointed to the care of the wounded seamen. He observed one with a Bible under his head, and showed him so much attention that the man, when he was near dying, requested Jack to accept this Bible, which had been the means of re-

claiming him from the ways of sin. By some circumstances, poor Jack recognised in the penitent sailor his once cruel father. Such was the affecting story as related at a meeting of the Brighton Bible Society by a stranger who requested permission to address the company. It made a powerful impression on all present, which was not lessened when the speaker added, with a modest bow, "And, ladies and gentlemen, I am poor Jack."

753. Dwelling in Unity.—A Roman named Pomponius Atticus, who pronounced a funeral oration on the death of his mother, protested that though he had resided with her sixty-seven years, he was never once reconciled to her, "because," said he, "there never happened the least discord between us, and consequently there was no need of reconciliation."

754. Exemplary Children.—Sir Anthony Cooke, the celebrated preceptor to Edward VI., was peculiarly happy in four daughters, all of whom made a distinguished figure among the females of the period in which they lived. Mildred, the eldest of these daughters, was married to the great Lord Burleigh, and is said to have been not much inferior to him in political talent. She was particularly learned in the Greek tongue, her reading having embraced not only all the classic writers of Greece, but the most eminent of the Christian fathers, such as Cyril, Chrysostom, and others. Anne, the second daughter, who became the wife of Sir Nicholas Bacon, and was the mother of the immortal Lord Bacon, rivalled her sister in the knowledge of the dead languages. She gave an early specimen of her industry, piety, and learning, by translating out of Italian into English, twenty-five sermons written by Bernard Ochinus, concerning "The Predestination and Election of God." When the learned Bishop Jewel wrote his "Apology

for the Church of England," this lady undertook to translate it from the Latin into English, that it might be accessible to the common people, and, considering the style of the age, her translation is both faithful and elegant. Strype informs us that after she had finished the translation she sent the copy to the author, accompanied with an epistle to him in Greek, which he answered in the same language, and was so satisfied with the translation that he did not alter a single word. Archbishop Parker, to whom she had also submitted her work, bestowed the highest praise on it, which he confirmed by a compliment of much elegance. He returned it to her printed, knowing, as he said in his letter to her, that he had "thereby done for the best, and in this point used a reasonable policy, that is, to prevent such excuses as her modesty would make in stay of publishing it." Elizabeth, the third daughter, having enjoyed the same liberal education which was bestowed on her sisters, was equally happy in improving it, and gained the applause of the most eminent scholars of the age. She was married first to Sir Thomas Hoby, and afterwards to John, Lord Russell. Katherine, the fourth daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, was also famous for her knowledge in the Greek and Latin tongues, and for her skill in poetry. A short piece from her pen has been preserved by Sir John Harrington and Thomas Fuller. Sir John says that her design in writing it was to get a kinsman of hers sent to Cornwall, where she resided, and to prevent his going beyond sea. Phillips, in his "*Theatrum Poetarum*," asserts that it was Sir Henry Killigrew, to whom she was afterwards married.

755. Family Altar.—Philip Henry was most exemplary in his practice of family devotion. Besides the regular plan of reading and expounding the Scriptures

morning and evening, he used strongly to recommend singing, saying that it was a way of exhibiting godliness, like Rahab's scarlet thread, to such as pass by your windows. (Josh. ii. 18; Ps. cxviii. 15.) His children and servants used to take notes of his expositions, and the foundation of Matthew Henry's Commentary was laid from these notes. Besides this, on Thursday evening, instead of reading, he used to catechise his children and servants upon the Assembly's Catechism, with the Proofs, or sometimes in a smaller catechism; or else they read, and he examined them, in some other useful book, as Mr. Poole's "*Dialogues against the Papists*;" and on Saturday evening they gave him an account of what they could remember of the chapters they had read through during the week, each a several part in order. Besides this, he had also days of humiliation with his family. The consequence was that, in addition to the blessings resulting to his own children, many who came to live with them dated their first impressions from these services, and gave God thanks that they ever came under his roof.

756. Godly Child.—Some time since, the mother of a rosy, restless, affectionate little boy, remarkable for his filial love, was dangerously ill. The bustle awaking the dear child, on hearing the cause he rushed into his mother's room, and, without respect to physician or any one present, fell on his knees, and in the most simple and pathetic terms pleaded with God for her recovery, adding, "Oh, do not take away my mother! What shall I do if I lose my mother?" Soon after he came to her bedside, saying, "Are you better, mother?" "Yes, Freddy." Expressing great joy, he replied, "God does hear a little boy's prayer, don't He, mother?"

757. Gratitude to God.—Lady Stormont, mother of the Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, being compli-

mented by another lady on having the three finest sons in Scotland to be proud of, made answer, "No, madam, I have much to be thankful for, but nothing to be proud of."

758. Happy Recognition.—General Mina, when compelled to quit Spain, took with him a boy whom he had brought up. This boy was the son of a French subaltern who, in a sudden retreat from the Spaniards, had left the child behind. Mina, passing by immediately afterwards with his staff, heard the cries of a child sitting on a rock by the side of the road; he went up to him, and finding that the boy was forsaken by his father, he felt compassion for him, promised to supply the place of a parent, took him along with him, and provided for his education. When Mina reached Paris—for he was obliged to seek refuge among the very people against whom he had valiantly contended—he was accompanied by this boy and four aides-de-camp. As soon as his name was known, he was placed under the superintendence of an adjutant-general of the National Guard. While he remained here he related the manner in which he had found the boy whom he had brought with him. The adjutant-general interrogated the boy; his father was found out, and sent for. The boy recognised him, and exclaiming, "Oh, that's my father!" rushed into his arms. The father now became sensible that it was his long-lost child. The whole company were deeply affected by this scene, and testified their sympathy in the raptures of the father and the youth. Mina sat for some time in silence; but when the French officer had somewhat recovered from the first tumult of his joy, he rose, and turning towards him, addressed him in an unpressive manner on the duties of a parent, and at the same time delineated in such glowing colours his misconduct towards his helpless child, that the old soldier testified the severest sorrow for his hard-hearted behaviour, and

promised, with tears, to atone for his cruelty by his future paternal attention, provided his son was given up to him again. "You left him," replied Mina, "in the hands of an enemy, but I brought him up like my own child; I give him back to you; now complete what I have begun." He thereupon delivered the boy to his father, while all present were moved by his dignity and humanity.

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

760. Hooker's Filial Piety.—Hooker used to say, "If I had no other reason and motive for being religious, I would earnestly strive to be so for the sake of my aged mother, that I might requite her care of me, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy."

761. Infidel Father.—The Rev. R. Ainslie relates the following fact:—"An infidel, the disciple of a man whose name I shall not mention, allowed his wife to send their two children to a Sunday-school. One of them, not long after, was seized with illness, and it soon appeared, from the nature of the disease, he could not recover. The father came home, on the last evening of the child's life, from an infidel meeting, under the influence of the sentiments and principles usually taught in such society, when his wife said to him, 'James is dying.' The father went upstairs, approached the bedside of his dying child, and while the father was looking upon him,

the child said, 'Father, I am very happy: I am going to heaven! Will you meet me there, father?' and immediately expired. This appeal was too much for him. Uttered with so much simplicity, and dictated by the Eternal Spirit, it was engraven upon the tablet of his heart as with a pen of iron upon lead, and sculptured there for ever. He made many efforts to efface the impression from his mind, but without effect. He went to church. One of the lessons for the day was 2 Sam. xiii., containing the reflections of David on the death of his child. When he heard the words, 'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,' he thought, 'It is impossible.' His past life and infidel ridicule of Heaven forbade the hope that he should ever meet his child in that happy world. These words, with the words of his dying child, led, however, to his conversion."

762. Johnson and his Mother.—

The mother of Dr. Johnson was a woman of great good sense and piety, and she was the means of early impressing religious principles on the mind of her son. He used to say that he distinctly remembered having had the first notion of heaven, "a place to which good people go," and hell, "a place to which bad people go," communicated to him by her when a little child in bed with her; and that it might be the better fixed in his memory, she sent him to repeat it to her manservant. The servant being out of the way, this was not done; but there was no occasion for any artificial aid for its preservation. When the Doctor related this circumstance, he added, "that children should be always encouraged to tell what they hear, that is particularly striking, to some brother, sister, or servant, immediately, before the impression is erased by the intervention of new occurrences."

763. Learning from Tiles.—Mrs. Doddridge, when her son Philip was quite a little boy, used to teach him Scripture history from the Dutch tiles of the fire-place, on which there were pictures of subjects taken from the Bible. Philip never forgot those early instructions, and probably to them, under God, his future usefulness may be traced.

764. Maternal Solicitude.—Many examples are afforded by history of mothers led away by the seductive attractions of honour, riches, and grandeur, to sacrifice the true happiness of their children in the hope of securing the future fortune and rank of their posterity. Russia, however, furnishes one instance of a mother who opposed the elevation of her child to the highest dignity with the utmost anxiety. During the interregnum that succeeded the unfortunate reign of Chowski, in 1610, the Russian nobles agreed to give the crown to a near relation on the maternal side of the Czar Fedor Iwanovitch. They accordingly invited young Michael Romanof and his mother to Moscow, but they both refused to attend. The mother even went farther; she wrote to her brother Cheremetef to beg of him to oppose the elevation of his nephew to a throne, since his extreme youth rendered him incapable of undertaking so important a charge. The election, however, proceeded, and Michael Romanof was chosen Emperor. When the deputies repaired to Kostroma to announce to the new sovereign the choice they had made of him, his mother begged a private interview with the plenipotentiaries before she introduced them to her son. They consented, and met her in the church, where, with tears, she renewed her entreaties, and begged of them to choose some person more able to govern the people than her son. She was informed that having decided, the nobles would not revoke

their choice. "Well, then," said she, "I must content myself with soliciting you to take my child under your guardianship; he has not been educated in the difficult art of governing mankind; but you have elected him, you insist on him for your monarch, and if he does not fulfil your expectations, you alone will be answerable to God for the events of which your choice may be the cause; but as for me, I have done my duty to my God, my country, and my child."

765. Minister's Family.—We read in the memoir of the Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, that at the close of a Sabbath evening, when the public duties of the sanctuary were finished, it might be emphatically said, "he returned to bless his household;" then those domestic scenes occurred which will be engraven on the memory of each one of the family as long as remembrance shall last. After preaching to three large and exciting congregations, having recruited his wasted energies by the evening meal, and his spirits revived from the pressure of anticipated or actual labour, his whole soul seemed to concentrate its happiest elements of gratitude and tenderness, in order to pour them forth into the bosom of his affectionate family. His very countenance would change; the brow contracted with thought, the eye indifferent to outward things, the lips indicating by their motion the intense occupation of the mind, the whole manner reserved and deeply serious, now wore an aspect delightfully manifesting the serenity and gratitude of the inward spirit. The happy family, participating in their father's cheerfulness, would naturally recur to the services of the day; the congregation, the interest apparently excited, or the effects produced by the discourses, would be touched on; the engagements of the Sabbath-school, the general state of the people and of the

town as to religious matters, would pass in review, until the time of rehearsal of sermons. This was always a pleasing exercise. Beginning with the youngest, and proceeding in regular order to the eldest, "Now, my dear boy, or girl, it is your turn," the father would say. "What can you remember about any of the sermons?" Each one had his quota to furnish, sometimes, it is true, strangely mixing up one sermon with another, putting the last head of an evening discourse with the first of a morning; but what with the elder prompting the younger, and by mutual helps and corrections, the substance of the three sermons was tolerably well made out. It was never a task; for, if less than usual could be remembered, some affectionate excuse was always ready. "You were tired, my dear, to-day; you were at the early prayer-meeting, I suppose, and then at the Sunday-school; I don't wonder you are too fatigued to remember much." Or, "I was not so clear to-day in noticing the division of the sermons, and the subjects were not so interesting to your minds." The conversation would at length glide into a wider channel, and elicit remarks on the value of religious principles and privileges, when those wise and holy sentiments with which his enlightened mind was so well stored would flow forth in rich profusion. At these times he would often refer to his own history, and say, "The grace of God, my children, has done everything for your father: he was a poor, hard-working boy, but his religious principles kept him from sin, and brought him into connection with good people, enabled him to improve his capacities, and made him at length one of the happiest of ministers and of fathers."

766. Motherly Love.—Some people admire the fortitude of the Spartan mothers, who could bear the news of the death of their

children slain in battle, not only without tears, but even with a kind of joy and satisfaction. "For my part," says Rollin—and most persons will agree with him—"I should think it much better that nature should show herself more on such an occasion, and that the love of one's country should not utterly extinguish the sentiments of maternal tenderness." The Roman mothers, though of as warlike a race as the Spartans, did not affect any such stoicism. When the Romans were overcome by Hannibal at the battle of Thrasymene, and the news of that calamity was brought to Rome, the anxious multitude, men as well as women, flocked to the gates to learn the first tidings of their respective friends, and we are assured by Valerius Maximus that both the sorrow and joy of the women far exceeded that of the men. "Here it was," says he, "that one woman meeting at the gate with her son in safety, whom she had given up for dead, died of joy in his arms, as she embraced him. Another, having been erroneously informed that her son was slain, retired to her home overwhelmed with sorrow, and when, unexpectedly, she saw him come in, such was the transition of her feelings to excessive joy that she fell down and died."

767. Mother's Prayers.—Some gentlemen in America, who were associated in preparing for the Christian ministry, felt interested in ascertaining what proportion of their number had pious mothers. They were greatly surprised and delighted in finding that, out of one hundred and twenty students, more than a hundred had been blessed by a mother's prayers and directed by a mother's counsels to the Saviour.

768. "Noblest Work of God."—A boy of three years of age, hearing a visitor of his father make use of the familiar saying that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," made this innocent

annotation upon it, "No, sir, my mamma is the noblest work of God."

769. Parental Affection.—

Among the cases of suffering by the wreck in 1686 of the vessel in which the Siamese Embassy to Portugal was embarked, few have stronger claims to pity than that of the captain. He was a man of rank, sprung from one of the first families in Portugal; he was rich and honourable, and had long commanded a ship in which he rendered great service to the King his master, and had given many marks of his valour and fidelity. The captain had carried his only son out to India along with him; he was a youth possessed of every amiable quality, well instructed for his years, gentle, docile, and most fondly attached to his father. The captain watched with the most intense anxiety over his safety. On the wreck of the ship, and during the march to the Cape, he caused him to be carried by his slaves. At length, all the slaves having perished, or being so weak that they could not drag themselves along, this poor youth was obliged to trust to his own strength, but became so reduced and feeble that, having laid him down to rest on a rock, he was unable to rise again. His limbs were stiff and swollen, and he lay stretched at length unable to bend a joint. The sight struck like a dagger to his father's heart; he tried repeatedly to recover him, and, by assisting him to advance a few steps, supposed that the numbness might be removed; but his limbs refused to serve him, he was only dragged along, and those whose aid his father implored, seeing they could do no more, frankly declared that if they carried him they must themselves perish. The unfortunate captain was driven to despair. Lifting his son on his shoulders, he tried to carry him. He could make but a single step, when he fell to the ground with his son, who seemed more dis-

tressed with his father's grief than with his own sufferings. The heroic boy besought him to leave him to die; the sight, he said, of his father's tears and affliction were infinitely more severe than the bodily pain he endured. These words, far from inducing the captain to depart, melted him more and more, until he at last resolved to die with his son. The youth, astonished at his father's determination, and satisfied that his persuasions were unavailing, entreated the Portuguese in the most impressive manner to carry away his father. Two priests who were of the party endeavoured to represent to the captain the sinfulness of persisting in his resolution, but the Portuguese were obliged finally to carry him away by force, after having removed his son a little apart. So cruel, however, was the separation that the captain never recovered it. The violence of his grief was unabating, and he actually died of a broken heart after reaching the Cape.

770. Power of Superstition.—Blanco White remarks: "Believe a man who has spent the best years of his life where Roman Catholicism is professed without the check of dissenting opinions, where it luxuriates on the soil which fire and sword have cleared of whatever might stint its natural and genuine growth—a growth incessantly watched over by the 'head' of the church, and his authorised representatives, the Inquisitors." He then states: "I had a mother remarkable for the powers of her mind and the goodness of her heart. No woman could love her children more ardently, and none of those children was more vehemently loved than myself. But the Roman Catholic creed had poisoned in her the purest source of affection. I saw her during a long period unable to restrain her tears in my presence. I perceived that she shunned my conversation, especially when my university friends

drew me into topics above those of domestic talk. I loved her, and this behaviour cut me to my heart. In my distress I applied to a friend to whom she used to communicate all her sorrows, and, to my utter horror, I learned that, suspecting me of anti-catholic principles, my mother was distracted by the fear that she might be obliged to accuse me to the Inquisition, if I incautiously uttered some condemned proposition in her presence. To avoid the barbarous necessity of being the instrument of my ruin, she could find no other means but that of shunning my presence. Did this unfortunate mother overrate or mistake the nature of her Roman Catholic duties? By no means. The Inquisition was established by the supreme authority of her church, and under that authority she was enjoined to accuse any person whatever whom she might overhear uttering heretical opinions. No exception was made in favour of fathers, children, husbands, wives; to conceal was to abet their errors and thus doom two souls to eternal perdition. A sentence of excommunication, to be incurred by the fact of having thus acted, was annually published against all persons who, having heard a proposition directly or indirectly contrary to the Roman Catholic faith, omitted to inform the Inquisitors of it. Could any sincere Roman Catholic slight such a command?"

771. Praying Mother.—"I have a vivid recollection," says the Rev. R. Knill, in his "Memoir of Mrs. Loveless," "of the effects of maternal influence. My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her admonitions, but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village.

Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last, the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught a sight of the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before, took my hand and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me. I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother."

772. Prodigal Reproached.—

Admiral W——, when a young man, was so addicted to expensive pleasures that no remonstrances could reclaim him. When his father died, he met the rest of the family to hear the will read. His name did not occur among the other children, and he supposed the omission was a mark of his father's resentment against him. At the close of it, however, he found that he was mentioned as residuary legatee in these words, "All the rest of my estate and effects I leave to my son Peere W——, knowing that he will spend it all." On hearing this, he burst into tears. "My father," said he, "has touched the right string, and his reproach shall not be thrown away." His conduct from that time was altered, and he became a consistent Christian.

773. Sabbath Scholar's Bible.—

The boys of a Sunday-school in London, with which was connected a Bible Society, all agreed to become subscribers for the Scriptures, except one, whose father was a

reprobate, and would not allow his son a halfpenny for the Bible, though he had no objection to give him sixpence at a time to go to the neighbouring fairs. The boy, however, was assisted by a companion whose mother was a poor washer-woman, and by his means was enabled to pay up his weekly pence till he had procured a Bible. Having obtained it, he concealed it in his bed lest his father should discover it. One day, however, on his return from school, to his amazement, he found his father, who as he thought was at the ale-house, at home, reading his Bible. His father inquired of him where he had got that book, and on being informed, he started from his seat, exclaiming, "Yes, I was bringing you up to perdition!" The father then proceeded to tell his boy that he came home to clean himself in order to go to the accursed alehouse, when, looking into the bed, he found the Bible, which was hid there, and which providentially he had been led to look into; and he should never again frequent the place which had nearly destroyed both his body and soul.

774. Samuel and John Wesley.—

When John was at Oxford he was in great need of money. His father sent him some, and wrote this playful letter, full of characteristic humour, in January, 1724: "Since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I will take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as often as I am able; but then it shall be of my own mere motion, as the last five pounds was, for I will bear no rival in my kingdom." He concludes with, "Work and write while you can. You see Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is but a little behind him. My eyes and heart are now almost all I have left, and I bless God for them." Again he wrote, "I will write to the Bishop of Lincoln again. You shall not want a black coat as soon as I have any white."

775. Sunday Scholar's Influence.

—"One day," says Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday-schools, "as I was going to church, I overtook a soldier just entering the door. This was on a week-day. As I passed him, I said that it gave me pleasure to see that he was going to a place of worship. 'Ah! sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for that.' 'Me!' said I; 'why, I do not know that I ever saw you before.' 'Sir,' said he, 'when I was a little boy I was indebted to you for my first instruction in my duty. I used to meet you at the morning service in this cathedral, and was one of your Sunday scholars. My father, when he left this city, took me into Berkshire, and put me apprentice to a shoemaker. I used often to think of you. At length I went to London, and was there drawn to serve in the Westminster militia. I came to Gloucester last night with a deserter, and took the opportunity of coming this morning to visit the old spot, and in hopes of once more seeing you.' He then told me his name, and brought himself to my recollection by a curious circumstance which happened whilst he was at school. His father was a journeyman currier, a most vile, profligate man. After the boy had been some time at school, he came one day and told me that his father was wonderfully changed, and that he had left off going to the ale-house on the Sundays. It happened soon after that I met the man in the street, and said to him, 'My dear friend, it gives me great pleasure to hear that you have left off going to the alehouse on the Sunday: your boy tells me that you now stay at home, and never get tipsy.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I may thank you for it.' 'Nay,' said I, 'that is impossible; I do not recollect that I ever spoke to you before.' 'No, sir,' said he, 'but the good instruction you give my boy he brings home to me, and it is that, sir, which has induced me to reform my life.'"

776. Rebellious Will.—Mr. Kilpin, of Exeter, writes: "I knew a case in which the minister, praying over a child apparently dying, said, 'If it be Thy will, spare ——.' The poor mother's soul, yearning for her beloved, exclaimed, 'It must be His will! I cannot bear *ifs*.' The minister stopped. To the surprise of many, the child recovered, and the mother, after almost suffering martyrdom by him while a stripling, lived to see him hanged before he was two-and-twenty."

777. Thankful Hearts.—As a poor pious man was sitting by his little fire one cold evening, with his wife and children, he said to them, "I have been thinking a great deal to-day about that part of Scripture, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay His head.' How wonderful it is!" "It is wonderful, indeed, father," said the eldest girl; "for though our house is mean, and our victuals scanty, yet it seems that Jesus Christ was not so well provided for as we are." "I am right glad to hear you speak in that way, Sarah," said the wife. "How happy we all are in our little dwelling this cold night, and as soon as we wish, we have beds to rest ourselves upon. Oh that this thought may make us thankful for our many mercies!" "Tommy," said the father, "reach that hymn which our dear minister gave you last Sabbath at the Sabbath-school; and, as our hearts are in a good frame, let us try to keep them so by singing it." The whole company, father, mother, and children, then, with a glow of sacred ardour and pleasure, sang the hymn entitled "The Son of man had not where to lay His head."

778. "The Roman Charity."—Who can read, without admiration, the story of that justly celebrated female Xantippe, who nourished her imprisoned father—condemned to death by starvation—with that breast of milk with which Providence had furnished her for the

use of her darling infant? This action was so striking that it obtained the honourable appellation of "The Roman Charity." The Senate decreed that the father should be restored to his child, and that on the spot where the prison stood a temple should be erected to filial piety.

779. Truthfulness with Children.

—Some females had met at the house of a friend for an evening visit, when the following scene and conversation occurred:—The child of one of the females, about five years old, was guilty of rude, noisy conduct, very improper on all occasions, and particularly so at a stranger's house. The mother kindly reproved her. "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot the reproof, and became as noisy as ever. The mother firmly said, "Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you." But not long after Sarah "did so again." When the company were about to separate, the mother stepped into a neighbour's house, intending to return for the child. During her absence, the thought of going home recalled to the mind of Sarah the punishment which her mother told her she might expect. The recollection turned her rudeness and thoughtlessness to sorrow. A young lady present observing it, and learning the cause, in order to pacify her said, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to whip you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good. My mother never tells lies."

780. Unable to Pray.—Mr. G., an American gentleman, was in easy circumstances of property, and held a respectable station in life. His character for probity and honour was high. In his domestic relations he was courteous, kind, and dignified. But all his high morality was of this world, and not of the Gospel. Except when visited by the minister of a neighbouring church, or some other pious friend, his house knew not the sound of

prayer. Religious conversation was almost as rare, though usually on the Sabbath he would read the Bible or some religious work, the merits of which would call forth a casual remark. At the time to which these words refer his eldest son was about eighteen years of age, and till then remarkably healthy, but now was visited by a severe attack of typhus fever. The progress of the disease was rapid, and in a comparatively short time fatal symptoms were very evident. This information was in the evening communicated to Mr. G., and in the course of the night to his son. He received it with surprise, but entire composure. He inquired for his father, but, hearing he was asleep, chose not to wake him. Before day, however, the father was at the side of the sick-bed, when the conversation commenced in nearly the following words:—"Father," said the young man, "the doctors tell me I must die; they say they can do no more for me." "I know it." "Well, father, I have one, and but one, favour to ask you; will you grant it?" "I will, my son, if it is possible. Ask me anything I can do; it shall be done." "Father, I want you to kneel down by my bed-side, and pray for me." "I cannot, my son; I cannot." "Do, father, pray for me! You never prayed for me; pray for me while I can yet hear!" "I cannot, my son; oh, I cannot!" "Dear father, you never taught me to pray to the Lord Jesus, and now I die: you never prayed for me;—this once! Oh, do not let me die without my father's prayers." In an agony of weeping, the father rushed out of the room. The otherwise kind and indulgent parent had thus long neglected his own soul, and also the soul of that beloved son, and now could not find a heart to grant this dying request for one prayer to the Father of mercies.

781. Youthful Influence.—Mr. Wilderspin, in his evidence before

the Parliamentary Education Committee, relates the following:—"One woman came to me, and told me that her child had remonstrated with her. She had taken it out on Sunday morning to pick up some sticks; the woman was not exactly contented with picking up the loose sticks, but pulled a few out of the hedge; and the child was with her as she was returning with the sticks, and said, 'Mother, you have broken two of the Commandments; you have been stealing the sticks, and you have been stealing them on the Sabbath-day;' and the child repeated the two Commandments. It so affected the woman that she came to me and told me she hoped she would discontinue the practice. I can state also," says Mr. Wilderspin, "that a man discontinued drunkenness from the simple prattle of his infant. He was in the habit of frequently getting drunk; there were two or three children under seven years of age, and they all slept in the same room, though not

in the same bed. The man came home one night drunk; his wife remonstrated with him, when he struck her. The woman cried very much, and continued to cry after she got into bed, but a little creature, two or three years old, got up and said, 'Pray, father, do not beat poor mother.' The father ordered it to get into bed again: the little creature got up again, and knelt down by the side of the bed, and repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then concluded in this simple language: 'Pray God bless dear father and mother, and make father a good father. Amen.' This went to the heart of the drunkard; the man told me he covered his face over with the bed-clothes, and that the first thoughts he awoke with in the morning were thoughts of regret that he should stand in need of such a remonstrance from so young a child, and it produced in him self-examination and amendment of life.

PASTORS AND FLOCKS.

1 Sam. ii. 35; Jer. iii. 15, xxiii. 21; Ezek. xxxiii. 7; Acts xx. 28; Rom. xii. 7; Ephes. iv. 11.

782. Bigotry.—Mr. Jay, in one of his sermons at Surrey Chapel, thus illustrates bigotry:—"Some time ago a countryman said to me, 'I was exceedingly alarmed this morning, sir. I was going down in a lonely place, and I thought I saw a strange monster. It seemed in motion, but I could not discern its form. I didn't like to turn back, but my heart beat, and the more I looked the more I was afraid. But as we approached, I saw it was a man; and who do you think it was?' 'I know not.' 'Oh, it was my brother John!' 'Ah,' said I to myself, as he added that it was early in the morning, and very foggy, 'how often do we thus mistake our Christian brethren!'"

783. Careless Hearers.—A celebrated preacher of the seventeenth

century, in a sermon to a crowded audience, described the terrors of the last judgment with such eloquence, pathos, and force of action, that some of his audience not only burst into tears, but sent forth piercing cries, as if the Judge Himself had been present, and was about to pass upon them their final sentence. In the height of this commotion, the preacher called upon them to dry their tears and cease their cries, as he was about to add something still more awful and astonishing than anything he had yet brought before them. Silence being obtained, he, with an agitated countenance and solemn voice, addressed them thus: "In one quarter of an hour from this time the emotions which you have just now exhibited will be stifled, the remembrance of the fearful truths which excited them

will vanish; you will return to your carnal occupations or sinful pleasures with your usual avidity, and you will treat all you have heard 'as a tale that is told.' "

784. Deaf to the Gospel.—A nobleman skilled in music, who had often observed the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cadogan's inattention to his performance, said to him one day, "Come, I am determined to make you feel the force of music; pay particular attention to this piece." It accordingly was played. "Well, what do you say now?" "Why, just what I said before." "What! can you hear this and not be charmed? Well, I am quite surprised at your insensibility. Where are your ears?" "Bear with me, my lord," replied Mr. Cadogan, "since I too have had my surprise. I have often from the pulpit set before you the most striking and affecting truths; I have sounded notes that might have raised the dead; I have said, 'Surely he will feel now,' but you never seemed to be charmed with my music, though infinitely more interesting than yours. I too have been ready to say, with astonishment, 'Where are his ears?'"

785. Dr. Johnson's Opinion of Clergymen.—To a person who regretted, to the celebrated Dr. Johnson, that he had not become a clergyman, because he considered the life of a clergyman an easy and comfortable one, the Doctor made this memorable reply:—"The life of a conscientious clergyman is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life."

786. Faithful Minister.—Dr. Ritchie, of the University of Edinburgh, was one day preaching in Tarbolton Church against profane swearing in common conversation, while one of his principal heritors,

who was addicted to that sin, was present. This gentleman thought the sermon was designedly addressed to him, and that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon him. Though he felt indignant, he kept his place till the service was concluded, and then waited on the preacher, and asked him to dine with him, as he was quite alone. The invitation being accepted, the gentleman after dinner thus addressed the minister:—"Sir, you have insulted me to-day in the church. I have been three times in church lately, and on every one of them you have been holding me up to the derision of the audience; so I tell you plainly, sir, I shall never enter the church of Tarbolton again, unless you give me your promise that you will abstain from such topics in future, as I am resolved I shall no more furnish you with the theme of your discourse." Mr. Ritchie heard this speech with calmness, and then, looking him steadfastly in the face, thus replied: "Very well, sir; if you took to yourself what I said to-day against swearing, does not your conscience bear witness to its truth? You say you will not enter the church till I cease to reprove your sins; if such is your determination, it is impossible you can enter it again, for which of the Commandments have you not broken?" On observing his firmness, and feeling that he was wrong, the gentleman held out his hand to Mr. Ritchie; a mutual explanation took place; and while the minister would abate none of his faithfulness, the heritor endeavoured to overcome his evil habits.

787. Going to the Root.—A young minister, addressing a rather fashionable audience, attacked their pride and extravagance, as seen in their dresses, ribands, ruffles, chains and jewels. In the afternoon, an old minister preached powerfully on the corruption of human nature, the enmity of the soul towards God, and the necessity for

a new heart. In the evening, as they sat together in private, the young minister said, "Sir, why do you not preach against the vanity and pride of the people for dressing so extravagantly?" "Ah, my son," replied the venerable man, "while you are trimming off the top branches of the tree, I am endeavouring to cut it up by the roots, and then the whole top must die!"

788. Honest Minister.—The town of Nyekoebing, doomed to the flames by Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, in consequence of the inhabitants being unable to pay the heavy contributions levied upon them, was preserved by the bold and patriotic conduct of the rector, the Rev. Mr. Jessen. Sunday was the day appointed by the enemy for carrying into execution their dreadful purpose, and the impending danger naturally afforded a most affecting subject for the clergyman's discourse. He expatiated on the miserable fate to which he and his fellow-citizens were doomed, and pointed out the only source of consolation in religion. Perceiving some Swedes of rank in the lower part of the church, he raised his voice, and eloquently animadverted on cruelty and oppression. The worthy minister had scarcely entered his house after the service of the morning, when he received a message from Charles Gustavus, who had been at church, signifying his Swedish Majesty's intention of dining with him. The clergyman, still retaining sparks of that warmth with which he had pleaded the cause of his countrymen, instantly returned the following answer: "Sire, my dinner consists of pea-soup and pork—it is all your Majesty's soldiers have left me; and such fare being too mean for a King, I most humbly beg to decline the honour your Majesty most graciously intended me." The King, however, would not be refused, and sent another messenger, announcing his approach. At table, Mr. Jessen turned the conversation on

the distressed inhabitants, and exerted all his eloquence to move the Swedish monarch in their behalf, until at last the King assured him that he would spare the town. Orders were issued accordingly, and the more effectually to prevent the inhabitants from sustaining injury, Charles Gustavus ordered a guard for their protection. This act of the patriotic Jessen is recorded by a portrait placed in the town-hall at Nyekoebing. It represents a venerable man, whose expressive features give assurance of the eloquent and persevering zeal with which he succeeded in personally assuaging the anger of a warlike King, and averting a general calamity.

789. Kindness and Tact.—"Many years ago," says a writer in a religious magazine, "a certain minister was going one Sunday morning to his school-room. He walked through a number of streets, and as he turned a corner he saw assembled round a pump a party of little boys playing marbles. On seeing him approach they began to pick up their marbles and run away as fast as they could. One little fellow not having seen him as soon as the rest, before he could succeed in gathering up his marbles, the minister had come up to him and placed his hand upon his shoulder. They were face to face—the minister of God and the poor little ragged boy, who had been caught in the act of playing marbles on Sunday morning. And how did the minister deal with the boy? That is what I want you to notice. He might have said to him, 'What are you doing there? You are breaking the Sabbath. Don't you deserve to be punished?' But he did nothing of the kind. He simply said, 'Have you found all your marbles?' 'No,' said the boy, 'I haven't.' 'Then,' said the minister, 'I'll help you.' Whereupon he stooped down, and began to look for the marbles, and as he did so he remarked, 'I liked to play marbles when I was a

little boy very much, and I think I could beat you; but," he added, "I never played marbles on Sunday." The little boy's attention was now arrested. He liked his friend's face, and began to wonder who he was. The minister said, "I'm going to a place where I think you would like to be. Will you come with me?" Said the boy, "Where do you live?" "In such a place," was the answer. "Why, that's the minister's house!" exclaimed the boy, as if he did not suppose that a kind man and a minister of the Gospel could be the same person. "Yes," said the man; "I am the minister myself; and if you'll come with me I think I can do you some good." Said the boy, "My hands are dirty, I can't go." "But," said the minister, "here's a pump—why not wash them?" Said the boy, "I'm so little I can't wash and pump at the same time." "Well," said the minister, "if you'll wash, I'll pump." He at once set to work, and pumped and pumped, and the boy washed his hands and face till they were quite clean. Said the boy, "My hands are wringing wet, and I don't know how to dry 'em." The minister pulled out a clean handkerchief, and offered it to the boy. Said the boy, "But it is clean." "Yes," was the reply; "but it was made to be dirtied." The boy dried his hands and face with the handkerchief, and then accompanied the minister to the door of the Sunday-school. Twenty years after the minister was walking in a street of a large city, when a tall man tapped him on the shoulder, and, looking into his face, said, "You don't remember me?" "No," said the minister, "I don't." "Do you remember, twenty years ago, finding a little boy playing marbles round a pump? Do you remember that boy's being too dirty to go to school, and pumping for him, and speaking kindly to him, and taking him to school?" "Oh!" said the minister, "I do remember." "Sir," said the gentleman, "I was that boy. I rose in business and

became a leading man. I have attained a position in society, and on seeing you to-day in the street I felt bound to come to you and say that it is to your kindness and wisdom and Christian discretion—to your having dealt with me persuasively—that I owe, under God, all that I have attained and what I am at the present day."

790. Minister and Hearer.—"I am past usefulness," said an old lady to her minister; "the Lord spares my days, but I do no good now." "You are doing a great deal of good," said the minister; "you help me to preach every Sabbath." Of course she was very much surprised. Help her minister to preach! "Why, how?" "In the first place," said he, "you are always in your seat at church, and that helps me. In the second place, you are always wide-awake, looking right up into my face, and that helps me. In the third place, I often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me very much."

791. Peter the Great and the Clergyman.—As Peter the Great of Russia was travelling through a village in France, he saw, in a garden belonging to a parsonage, a man in a cassock with a spade in his hand, digging hard at some beds of vegetables. The Czar, much pleased with the sight, alighted and asked him who he was. "Sir," answered the man, "I am the clergyman of the village." "I took you for a gardener; why are you employed in that manner?" "The revenues of my living being but very moderate, I do not choose to be an expense to my parishioners, but wish rather to have it in my power to assist them; they respect me the more when they see that, to procure myself some of the conveniences of life, I improve this garden, and in this humble occupation spend as much of my time as the duties of my ministry will allow." "You are an honest man," replied the Czar; "and I esteem you the

more for thinking and acting in this manner: tell me your name." He drew out his tablets, and wrote down the name of the worthy clergyman; and, after telling him who he himself was, and giving him many proofs of kindness, he took leave of him and returned to his carriage. When he went back to Moscow, he did not forget this scene, and endeavoured to induce the priests in his empire to imitate so virtuous an example.

792. Plain Speaking.—A want of punctual attention to the hour of commencing Divine service is a fault but too prevalent in worshipping assemblies. A worthy clergyman, whose congregation had given him much vexation in this respect, began his discourse one Sunday in these terms: "When I came here to begin to worship last Sabbath morning, I believe there were not twenty people in the chapel; at the weekly lecture it was the same, and again this morning; my heart is pained. What can you mean by this conduct? Do you mean to worship God? Then I must tell you plainly, and with the authority of a Christian minister, that this is no worship. Deceive not yourselves, God will not accept it at your hands." He proceeded to enforce this point with great earnestness and feeling, and produced such an impression on the minds of his hearers, that next Sabbath almost every person had assembled by the time he ascended the pulpit. A very common cause of late attendance is the time employed in dressing. Herbert has some lines so applicable to this sort of apology, that every one would do well to have them written in letters of gold and suspended where they might be ever present to the eyes.

"——— To be dressed!
Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast
lost
A Jew for it worth worlds!"

793. Preacher's Requirements.—Luther was particularly severe against and denounced all preachers that aimed "at sublimity, difficulty,

and eloquence; and, neglecting the care of the souls of the poor, seek their own praise and honour, and to please one or two persons of consequence." "When a man comes into the pulpit for the first time," says he, "he is much perplexed at the number of heads that are before him. When I stand in the pulpit, I see no heads, but imagine those that are before me to be all blocks. When I preach I sink myself deeply down; I regard neither doctors nor masters, of which there are in the church about forty. But I have an eye to the multitude of young people, children, and servants, of which there are more than two thousand. I preach to them, and direct my discourse to those that have need of it. A preacher should be a logician and a rhetorician; that is, he must be able to teach and to admonish. When he preaches upon any article, he must first distinguish it, then define, describe, and show what it is; thirdly, he must produce sentences from the Scripture to prove and strengthen it; fourthly, he must explain it by examples; fifthly, he must adorn it with similitudes; and lastly, he must admonish and rouse the indolent, correct the disobedient, and reprove the authors of false doctrine."

794. Searching Word.—During Cromwell's Protectorate a certain knight in Surrey had a lawsuit with the minister of his parish, and, whilst the dispute was pending, Sir John imagined that the sermons delivered at church were preached at him. He therefore complained against the minister to Cromwell, who inquired of the preacher concerning the fact, and having found that his sermons were aimed at the common good, he dismissed the complaining knight, saying, "Go home, Sir John, and hereafter live in good friendship with your minister; the Word of the Lord is a searching word, and I am afraid it has found you out."

795. Self Ignored.—The Rev. W. Mompesson was rector of Eyam

in Derbyshire in the time of the plague that nearly depopulated the town in the year 1666. During the whole time of the calamity he performed the functions of the physician, the legislator, and the priest of his afflicted parish, assisting the sick with his medicines, his advice, and his prayers. Tradition still shows a cavern near Eyam where this worthy pastor used to preach to such of his parishioners as had not caught the distemper. Mr. Mompesson entreated his wife to quit Eyam at the time of the plague, and to take her two children with her; but, although she suffered the children to be sent away, she would not quit her husband, and remaining, caught the infection and died. Mr. Mompesson, in a letter to his children, says, "She never valued anything she had when the necessity of her poor neighbours did require it, but had a bountiful heart to all indigent and distressed persons."

798. Solemn Appeal. —Dr. Bogue had one evening been preaching for the Rev. J. Weston, of Corsham, on the inquiry, "Will ye also be His disciples?" and when he sat down that minister rose from his seat near the pulpit, and thus addressed the audience.—"The last time I stood in that pulpit, my dear friends, I discoursed to you on the same solemn question, and now my brother, without knowing what I had been doing, has come to ask you again, 'Will ye also be His disciples?' Surely there is some important meaning in this. The gracious Redeemer seems determined you shall be His disciples, for He is sending to you message after message to the same intent. And can you resist? Where can you find a better master? Who are so happy as His disciples? How will you answer to Him when He shall come to judge you, if, after all His entreaties, you refuse to be His disciples? And for what do you refuse? Have you no need of His instructions? What! not to learn the way of salvation, the road to

heaven? And who teacheth like Him? Oh! surely, if at first you refused, you will comply on this second message, and you also will be His disciples."

797. Untiring Pastor.—Howe, the Nonconformist minister, previous to his becoming chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, was minister of Great Torrington in Devonshire. His labours here were characteristic of the times. On the public fasts, it was his common way to begin about nine in the morning with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour, in which he begged a blessing on the work of the day, and afterwards read or expounded a chapter or psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters of an hour, then prayed an hour, preached another hour, and prayed again for half an hour. After this he retired and took a little refreshment for a quarter of an hour or more, the people singing all the while. He then returned to the pulpit, prayed for another hour, gave them another sermon of about an hour's length, and concluded the service of the day, about four o'clock in the evening, with half an hour or more of prayer.

798. Winnowing the Grain.—The genius and eloquence of Dr. Chalmers during his stay in Glasgow attracted immense crowds to his church, and the feeling of disappointment, when a stranger entered his pulpit, was but too visible for any one to mistake it. On one occasion the Rev. Dr. Love, of Anderston, having made an exchange with Dr. Chalmers, was so struck and irritated, on entering the pulpit, with the reluctant advance of the assembling auditory, and quick retreat of many from the pews, that he stood up, and, addressing the congregation, said, "We will not begin public worship of God till the chaff blows off." It can be imagined that these words had the desired effect, and that the audience became stationary under this severe rebuke.

PATIENCE.

Psalms xxxvii. 7; Eccles. vii. 8; Luke viii. 15, xxi. 19; Rom. xii. 12; James i. 2; Rev. xiv. 12.

799. Advantages of Repetition.—“I once asked Mrs. Wesley,” said one, “how she could have patience to teach the same thing twenty times over to one of her children. ‘Why,’ said she, ‘if I had said it only nineteen times, and given over, I should have lost all my labour. It was the twentieth time that fixed it.’”

800. Cruel Enemies.—When the Vendean General, M. d’Elbée, was taken prisoner by the Republicans, he was at death’s door from his wounds. They entered his chamber saying, “So this is D’Elbée!” “Yes,” replied he, “you see your greatest enemy, and had I strength to fight, you would not have taken Noirmontier; or at least you should have purchased it dearly.” They kept him five days, and loaded him with insults; but he submitted to their examinations with great moderation, until at length, exhausted by suffering, he said, “Gentlemen, it is time to conclude; let me die.” As he was unable to stand, they placed this brave and virtuous General in an arm-chair, where he was shot.

801. Dull Scholars.—Dr. Arnold, when at Laleham, once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up in his face, and said, “Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed I am doing the best I can.” Years after, he used to tell the story to his children, and say, “I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten.”

802. Enduring the Cross.—In the sixteenth century, Negrino and Paschali exercised their ministry in Calabria in comforting the persecuted Waldensians among the

woods and mountains. But when the sufferers were closely hunted, the preachers were not likely to escape. At the instance of the Inquisitor, they were both apprehended. Negrino was starved to death in prison at Cosenza. At this place Paschali was detained in confinement eight months, whence he was sent to Naples, with a view of being conducted to Rome. The patience with which he endured the cross appears from the sensible and ardent letters which he addressed to the persecuted Church of Calabria, to his afflicted spouse Camilla, and to the Church of Geneva. In one of these he thus describes his journey from Cosenza to Naples:—“Two of our companions had been prevailed on to recant, but they were no better treated on that account, and we know not what they will suffer at Rome, whither they are to be conveyed, as well as Marquet and myself. The Spaniard, our conductor, wished us to give him money to be relieved from the chain by which we were bound to one another, yet, in addition to this, he put on me a pair of handcuffs, so strait that they entered into the flesh, and deprived me of all sleep, and I found that, if at all, he would not remove them until he had drawn from me all the money I had, amounting only to two ducats, which I needed for my support. At night, the beasts were better treated than we, for their litter was spread for them, while we were obliged to lie on the hard ground, without any covering, and in this condition we remained for nine nights. On our arrival at Naples we were thrust into a cell, noisome in the highest degree from the damp and the putrid breath of the prisoners.” He was next sent in bonds to Rome, at which place his brother arrived from Coni, with

letters of recommendation, to ask his liberty. With difficulty this brother obtained an interview with him, in the presence of a judge of the Inquisition. He gives the following description of this first interview:—"It was hideous to see him, with his bare head, and his hands and arms lacerated with the small cords with which he was bound, like one to be led to the gibbet. On advancing to embrace him, I sank to the ground. 'My brother,' said he, 'if you are a Christian, why do you distress yourself thus? Do you know that a leaf cannot fall to the ground without the will of God? Comfort yourself in Christ Jesus, for the present troubles are not to be compared with the glory to come.'" At last, on the 8th of September, 1560, he was led to the conventual church of Minerva, to hear his process publicly read, and the next day, the 9th September, he appeared, with the greatest fortitude, in the court adjoining the Castle of St. Angelo, where he was burnt in the presence of the Pope and a party of cardinals.

803. Misapplied Ingenuity.—

The Rev. William Davy, curate of Lustleigh, in Devonshire, finished, in the year 1807, a work called "A System of Divinity: in a course of sermons on the first institutions of religion; on the being and attributes of God; on some of the most important articles of the Christian religion in connexion; and on the several virtues and vices of mankind, with occasional discourses: being a compilation from the best sentiments of the polite writers and eminent sound divines, both ancient and modern, on the same subjects, properly connected, with improvements; particularly adapted for the use of chief families, and students in divinity, for churches, and for the benefit of mankind in general." The history of this work, which extends to twenty-six volumes, is a *surprising and mournful case of*

wasted perseverance. Mr. Davy attempted to publish his collection by subscription; this he found did not answer, so he stopped short, and resolved to print it himself, that is, with his own hands. He was poor, and for a reason which is sufficiently apparent, his theological labours could obtain no patronage; but his ardour and invincible patience overcame all difficulties. He purchased as many worn-out and cast-off types from a country printing-office as sufficed him to set up two pages; the outlay could not be more than the value of the metal, and he made a press for himself. With these materials he went to work in the year 1795, performing every operation himself, and, working off page by page, he struck off forty copies of the first three hundred pages, twenty-six of which he distributed among the Universities, the Bishops, the Royal Society, and the Reviews, hoping, no doubt, to receive from some of those quarters the encouragement to which he thought himself entitled. Disappointed in this, he resolved to spare himself any further expense of paper upon those before whom he had thrown his pearls in vain; and as he had reserved only fourteen copies of the forty with which he commenced, fourteen he continued to print; and at the end of twelve years of unremitting toil, finished the whole six-and-twenty volumes. This is a tale which excites respect for the amazing perseverance of the patient labourer as well as compassion for its misdirection.

804. Regal Impatience.—

The Persians relate of one of their kings, that being one day on a hunting party with his hawk upon his hand, a bird started up before him; he let the hawk fly, and followed it with great eagerness, till at length the prey was taken. The courtiers were all left behind in the chase. The King, thirsty, rode about in quest of water, till, having reached the foot of a mountain, he

discovered some trickling down in drops from a rock. He took a little cup out of his quiver, and held it to catch the water. Just when the cup was filled and he was going to drink, the hawk shook his pinions and upset the cup. The King was vexed at the accident, and again applied his cup to the crevice in the rock. When the cup was replenished, and he was lifting it to his mouth, the hawk clapped his wings and threw it down a second time. The King, enraged, flung the bird with such force against the ground that it expired. At this moment the table-decker came up. The King having still a great mind to taste the water that trickled down the rock, but being too impatient to wait till it was again collected by drops, he ordered the table-decker to go to the top of the rock, and fill the cup at the fountain-head. The table-decker, on reaching the top of the rock, found an immense serpent lying dead, and his poisonous foam mixing with the water that fell over. He descended, related the fact to the King, and presented him with a

cup of cold water out of his own flagon. As the King lifted the cup to his lips the tears gushed from his eyes. He related to the table-decker the adventure of the hawk, and reproached himself deeply for the fatal consequences of his anger and precipitancy. During the remainder of his life, say the Persians in their figurative style, "the arrow of regret continually rankled in his breast."

805. Railer Forgiven. — The celebrated Grecian Pericles was of so patient a spirit that he was hardly ever troubled with anything that crossed him. There was a man who did nothing all the day but rail at him in the market-place before all the people, notwithstanding Pericles was a magistrate. Pericles, however, took no notice of it, but, despatching sundry cases of importance till night came, went home with a sober pace. The man followed him all the way, defaming him as he went. Pericles, when he came home, it being dark, called his man, and desired him to get a torch and light the fellow home.

PEACE AND PEACEMAKERS.

Psalm xxix. 11; Isa. xlviii. 22; Nahum i. 15; Matt. v. 9; Rom. xii. 18;
1 Tim. ii. 2.

806. Committing the Issue to God. — A Duke of Saxony once declared war unnecessarily upon a Bishop of Germany. At that period ecclesiastics could command military resources as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of this good Bishop were not carnal. The Duke thought proper to send a spy into the company of the Bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return, the spy was eagerly interrogated by the Duke. "Oh, sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear; he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that?" asked the Duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will

feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick; and that, as for this war, he should commit the weight of it to God Himself." "Is it so?" said the Duke; "then let who will wage war against him; I will not."

807. Dickinson the Peacemaker. — John Dickinson, of Birmingham, was often called, by way of distinction, "The Peacemaker;" and such was his anxiety to keep the bonds of peace from being broken, such was his solicitude to heal the breach when made, that he would stoop to any act but that of meanness, make any sacrifices but that of principle, and endure any mode of treatment, not excepting even insult and reproach. From the high

estimate in which his character was held, he was often called upon to act as umpire in cases of arbitration, and it was but rarely if ever that the equity of his decisions was impeached. On one occasion, two men were disputing in a public-house about the result of an arbitration, when a third said, "Had John Dickinson anything to do with it?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then all is right, I am sure;" and in this opinion the whole party concurred, and the disputation ceased.

808. Peace of God.—The Rev. Mr. Monteith, of Alnwick, on his way from London called on the Rev. James Hervey. Being asked by him, "What news in the city?" he replied, "Everything is preparing for war." Mr. Hervey remarked, with much sweetness and composure, "Well, God will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Him, because he trusteth in Him."

809. Preaching the Word of Peace.—George Wishart, one of the first Scottish martyrs at the time of the Reformation, being desired to preach on the Lord's-day in the church of Mauchline, went thither with that design, but the Sheriff of Ayr had in the night-time put a garrison of soldiers into the church to keep him out. Hugh Campbell, of Kinzeancleugh, and others in the parish, were exceedingly offended at this impiety, and would have entered the church by force, but Wishart would not suffer it, saying, "Brethren, it is the word of peace which I preach unto you; the blood of no man shall be shed for it this day. Jesus Christ is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and He Himself, while He lived in the flesh, preached oftener in the desert and on the sea-side than in the Temple of Jerusalem." Upon this the people were appeased, and went with him to the edge of a moor on the south-west of Mauchline, where, having placed himself upon a mound of earth, he preached

to a great multitude. He continued speaking for more than three hours, God working wondrously by him, insomuch that Laurence Ranken, the Laird of Shield, a very profane person, was converted by his discourse. The tears ran from his eyes, to the astonishment of all present, and the whole of his after life witnessed that his profession was without hypocrisy.

810. Prince of Peace.—One of Cæsar's captains solicited for him, of the senators of Rome, an extension of his government, but was denied. Grasping his sword, Cæsar said, "Since you will not grant it to me, this shall give it me." Pompey's answer to the citizens of Messana was, "What! do you prattle to us of your law that have swords by our sides?" Mahomet dissolved all arguments by the sword; but the sceptre of Christ's kingdom is not a sword of steel, but of the Spirit.

811. Quaker's Home.—A party of Indians, panting for blood, once started on one of their terrible excursions against the whites in Pennsylvania, and passed in the direction of a Quaker's abode; but, though disposed at first to assail him and his family as enemies, they were received with such open-hearted confidence, and treated with such cordiality and kindness, as completely disarmed them of their purpose. They came forth, not against such persons, but against their enemies. They thirsted for the blood of those who had injured them, but these children of peace, unarmed, and entirely defenceless, met them only with accents of love and deeds of kindness. On leaving the Quaker's house, the Indians took a white feather and stuck it over the door to designate the place as a sanctuary not to be harmed by their brethren in arms. Nor was it harmed. The war raged all round it; the forest echoed often to the Indian's yell, and many a white man's hearth was drenched in his own blood; but

in the Quaker's humble abode his family slept without harm and but little fear.

812. Quaker's Principles.—During the war with France, Mr. Fox, a merchant of Falmouth, had a share in a ship which the other owners determined to fit out as a letter of marque, very much against the wishes of Mr. Fox, who was a Quaker. The ship had the good fortune to take two French merchantmen, and the share of the prize-money which fell to Mr. Fox was £1,500. At the close of the war Mr. Fox sent his son, who was soon afterwards elected physician to the Bristol Infirmary, to Paris, with

the £1,500, which he faithfully refunded to the owners of the vessels captured. The young gentleman, to discover the owners, was obliged to advertise for them in the Paris papers. In consequence of this advertisement, he received a letter from a small village near Nismes, in the province of Languedoc, acquainting him that a Society of Quakers was established in that remote part of France, consisting of about one hundred families; that they were so much struck with this rare instance of generosity in one of their sect, that they were desirous to open a correspondence with him in England, which immediately commenced.

PERSECUTION.

Psalm cxix. 157; Dan. iii. 17; Matt. x. 10; Rom. xii. 14; 2 Tim. ii. 12; Hebrews xi. 25.

813. Bernard de Palissy and King Henry III. of France.—Bernard de Palissy, a native of Agen, in France, was a maker of earthenware at Saintes, and distinguished himself by his knowledge and talents. He was a Calvinist, and the French King, Henry III., said to him one day that he should be compelled to give him up to his enemies, unless he changed his religion. "You have often said to me, sire," was the undaunted reply of De Palissy, "that you pitied me, but as for me, I pity you, who have given utterance to such words as 'I shall be compelled.' These are unkingly words, and I say to you, in royal phrase, that neither the Guises, nor all your people, nor yourself, are able to compel an humble manufacturer of earthenware to bend his knee before statues."

814. "Bird in the Bosom."—The Rev. Matthew Henry was the object of much persecution in his time, but when maligned and reproached, he showed great meekness and patience, and instead of rendering evil for evil, requited it

with good, ever seeking to improve such occurrences for his own advancement in Christian virtue. "How pleasant is it," he would say, "to have the bird in the bosom sing sweetly!"

815. "Bless Them which Persecute You."—"What great matter," said a heathen tyrant to a Christian, while he was beating him almost to death—"what great matter did Christ ever do for you?" "Even this," answered the Christian, "that I can forgive you, though you use me so cruelly."

816. Divinely Spared.—In an account of the trials and mercies he experienced, the Rev. Vavasour Powell tells us that two of the enemies of religion on one occasion severely beat him, one of whom with a cudgel greatly wounded him, but his life was preserved. At another time four armed men waylaid him, intending to kill him, but were unexpectedly discovered by two strangers, who dispersed them. One of these persecutors that very day became, under Mr. Powell's preaching, convinced of

his sin, and refrained ever after from persecution. At another period, a poor man took an oath to kill him, but after several ineffectual attempts to accomplish his purpose, he went to hear Mr. Powell deliver a sermon, in which the mercy of Christ as the Saviour of sinners was so powerfully exhibited that his heart was melted; he entreated Mr. Powell to pray for him, and became his friend. On another occasion Mr. Powell was apprehended while preaching, and on his way to the justice of peace he so preached as to be the instrument of causing one of his greatest enemies to weep. When he arrived at the house of the magistrate, who was not at home, he preached even there, and the impression on the minds of his two daughters was such that they became his intercessors, and he was released.

817. Ever-present God.—“I have read,” says an old divine, “of a company of poor Christians who were banished into some remote part, and one standing by, seeing them pass along, said that it was a very sad condition those poor people were in, to be thus hurried from the society of men and made companions with the beasts of the field. ‘True,’ said another, ‘it were a sad condition indeed if they were carried to a place where they should not find their God; but let them be of good cheer, God goes along with them, and will exhibit the comforts of His presence whithersoever they go.’ God’s presence with His people is a spring that never fails.”

818. Intrepid Virtue.—A Chinese, justly irritated at the oppression of the Government, gained access to the Emperor with his complaints. “I come,” said he, “to present myself to the punishment to which similar remonstrances have brought six hundred of my fellow-creatures; and I give you notice to prepare for new executions, since China possesses ten thousand patriots who, for the same cause, will follow each other to ask the same re-

ward.” The Emperor was not proof against such intrepid virtue; he granted the Chinese the reward that pleased him best—the punishment of the guilty, and the suppression of the obnoxious impost.

819. Prisoner for Christ.—In Queen Mary’s persecution of the Church, an imprisoned Protestant is said to have thus written to a friend: “A prisoner for Christ! What is this for a poor worm? Such honour have not all the saints. Both the degrees which I took in the University have not set me so high as the honour of becoming a prisoner for the Lord.”

820. Profane Prelate.—Among the prosecutions for conscience’s sake which disgraced the reign of Henry IV., none is more interesting than that of Mr. William Thorpe, a follower of Wycliffe, of which an account, written by himself, is preserved in Foxe’s “Acts and Monuments.” It is not only interesting as an apparently authentic record of the proceedings, but as a specimen of the language and manners of the times. The trial took place before Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1407. In the pious exhortations of the Archbishop to this heretic, there is a mixture of argument and scolding and swearing which is anything but edifying. After a long conference, in which the Archbishop seldom condescended to address him by any other appellation than that of “lewde lossel,” he asked him definitely to submit to the ordinances of the Church, but received only a conditional answer. “Than the Archbishop, striking with his honde ferseylye upon a cupborde, spake to me with a greate spyrite, saying, ‘But yf thou leave soche additions, obliging the now here without any excepcion to mine ordinance, or that I go out of this place, I shall make the as sure as ony thefe that is in the pryson of Lantern. Advyse the now what thou wilt do.’” And in the same spirit of Christian meekness his

Grace concluded by telling Thorpe, with an oath, "I shall settle upon thy shyness a pair of perils, that thou shalt be gladder to change thy voice." Thorpe, resolute in his nonconformity, was committed to prison, and there is no record of what became of him, though it is probable that the worthy Archbishop took the humane advice of the bystanders, some of whom mercifully advised his Grace to burn him, and others to drown him in the sea.

821. Providentially Fed.—A Christian woman in the days of persecution used to say she should never want, because her God would supply her every need. She was taken before an unjust Judge for attending the worship of God. The Judge, on seeing her, tauntingly said, "I have often wished to have you in my power, and now I shall send you to prison, and then how will you be fed?" She replied, "If it be my Heavenly Father's pleasure, I shall be fed from your table." And that was literally the case; for the Judge's wife, being present at her examination, was greatly surprised with the good woman's firmness, and took care to send her food from her table, so that she was comfortably supplied all the time she was in confinement, and the other found her reward, for the Lord was pleased to convert her soul and give her the blessings of His salvation.

822. Recantation Regretted.—Queen Mary declared at her accession that she would force no man's conscience nor make any change in religion. These specious promises inclined, among others, the celebrated Jewell, who was then orator to the University of Oxford, to think more favourably of Popery than before. In this state of mind he went to Clive, to consult his old tutor, Dr. Parkhurst, who was rector of that parish; but Parkhurst, upon the re-establishment of Popery, having fled to London,

Jewell returned to Oxford, where he lingered, and waited until, being called upon in St. Mary's Church to subscribe to some of the Popish doctrines, under the several penalties, he took his pen and subscribed with great reluctance. Yet this compliance, of which his conscience severely accused him, was of no avail, for the Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Martial, alleging his subscription to be insincere, laid a plot to deliver him into the hands of Bishop Bonner, and would certainly have caught him in the snare had he not set out the very night in which he was sent for by a by-way to London. He walked till he was forced to lay himself on the ground quite spent and almost breathless, where, being found by one Augustus Bemer, a Swiss, first a servant of Bishop Latimer, and afterwards a minister, this person provided him with a horse and conveyed him to Lady Warcup, by whom he was entertained some time, and then sent safely to the metropolis. Here he lay concealed, changing his lodgings twice or thrice for that purpose, till a ship was provided for him to go abroad, together with money for the journey, by Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, a person of great distinction, and at that time in considerable office. His escape was managed by one Giles Lawrence, who had been his fellow collegian, and was at this time tutor to Sir Arthur Darcy's children, living near the Tower of London. Upon his arrival at Frankfort, in 1554, he made a public confession of his sorrow for his late subscription to Popery, and soon afterwards went to Strasburg, at the invitation of Peter Martyr, who kept a kind of college for learned men in his own house, of which he made Jewell his vicemaster. He likewise attended this friend to Zurich, and assisted him in his theological lectures. It was probably about this time that he made an excursion to Padua, where he contracted a friendship with Sig. Scipio, a Venetian gentleman,

to whom he afterwards addressed his Epistle concerning the Council of Trent. During all the time of his exile, which was about four years, he studied hard, and spent the rest of his time in consoling and confirming his friends, frequently telling them, "that when their brethren endured such bitter tortures and horrible martyrdoms at home, it was not reasonable they should expect to fare deliciously in banishment," always concluding with, "These things will not last an age;" a saying which he repeated so often, as to impress their minds with a firm belief that their deliverance was not far off. This, however, was not peculiar to Jewell. Foxe was likewise remarked for using the same language; and there was among these exiles in general a very firm persuasion that the dominion of Popery and cruelty under Queen Mary would not be of long duration. The much wished-for event at length was made known; and upon the accession of the new Queen, or rather the year after (1559), Jewell returned to England, and we find his name soon after among the sixteen divines appointed by Queen Elizabeth to hold a disputation in Westminster Abbey against the Papists.

823. Scriptures Forbidden.—In the reign of Henry V. a law was passed against the perusal of the Scriptures in England. It was enacted, "That whosoever they were that should read the Scriptures in the mother tongue, they should forfeit land, catel, lif, and goods from theyre heyres, for ever; and so be condemned for heretykes to God, enemies to the crowne, and most errant traitors to the lande." On contrasting the above statute with the indefatigable exertions that are now making to print and circulate the Bible, what a happy revolution in public sentiment appears to have taken place!

824. Soft Answer.—Madame de Genlis relates the following anecdote concerning a circumstance

which happened to her during her residence in Berlin:—"My saloon had two doors, one opening into my chamber, and the other conducting to a private staircase descending into the court. On the platform of this staircase was a door opposite to mine, belonging to the apartments of an emigrant. This man was of a savage disposition, and never saw any one in the house. Some one had given me two pots of beautiful hyacinths; at night I placed them on this platform, between my neighbour's door and my own. In the morning, I went to take them again, and had the disagreeable surprise to see my beautiful hyacinths cut into pieces, and scattered round the pots which held them. I easily guessed that my neighbour was the author of this deed, who had been excited to it, doubtless, notwithstanding his French politeness, by the libels which were published against me. Not wishing the affair to be known, I did not ask more flowers of the persons who had given me these, but directed a servant to buy me some. Having placed these in the pots, I attached to them a slip of paper, on which I wrote these words: 'Destroy my works, if you will, but respect the works of God.' At night, I placed them on the platform; in the morning I went with eagerness to see what had been their fate, and saw with great pleasure that some one had been content with simply watering them. I carried them immediately into the saloon, and, placing them on the table, perceived that there were attached to them two silk strings, each suspending a cornelian ring."

825. Striking Conversion.—Many years ago, the Rev. J. Underhill, a zealous minister of Christ in Staffordshire, met with much persecution in his work. At one time appointed for public worship, an infuriated mob of more than five hundred, mostly colliers, collected,

some armed with clubs, staves, and stones, others had horns and noisy instruments, determined, as they declared, to drive out the Methodists, or to destroy them. While the people and some ministers were pursued by the rabble, a seeming gentleman called out fiercely to the riotors, pointing to Mr. Underhill, "There is one of the Methodist dogs; take notice of him; do your work well, and I will give you a barrel of ale at the end of it." Two of the ministers narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Underhill and a brother minister were dragged to a public-house; the latter received such a violent blow with a poker from the landlord, that he never entirely recovered from its effects. Some time afterwards these very ministers met the landlord at a house where they supped together; and talking over former scenes of tribulation through which they had together passed, the minister said, "No part appeared so heinous as the conduct of the man who struck me when in quiet custody." He was desired to look on the company, and try to recognise the person. Time had effaced any recollection of his features. Mr. Underhill then said, "Behold, he dippeth with thee in the dish." Here an interesting scene took place. They wept on each other's necks, the landlord bewailing his crime and entreating forgiveness, and the minister assuring him that even the loss of life would have been richly repaid by the salvation of one soul.

826. *Tender Mercies of the Wicked.*—Among the persons liberated by Lord Exmouth, on his triumph over the Algerines, was a Frenchman of the name of Pierre Joseph Dumont, who had endured a slavery of thirty-four years in Africa. He was one of the crew of the *Lievre*, which was wrecked by a storm on the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers. Sixty individuals perished

in the waves, eighty escaped to land; out of these about fifty were almost instantly massacred by the Koubals, a ferocious race, who were watching the effects of the tempest, and in the dead of the night rushed down on the helpless mariners, armed with sabre, lance, pistol, and musket. All who escaped death from the first assault of the savages were seized by them next morning, while vainly endeavouring to find a place of shelter along the sandy beach; each prisoner had his arms bound across, and was then attached with a long cord to the tail of one of the Arabs' horses. In this manner the unfortunate captives were dragged along for eight days, without being allowed any other subsistence than bread and water. At length they reached the mountain Felix, and were brought before the Sheik Osman. He inquired what country they were of, and being told France, exclaimed, "France, without faith; lawless, spiteful, malignant wretches! Let them be chained." The order was put into immediate execution. They were first stripped of their clothes, and supplied with nothing more than a sort of petticoat or trousers. They were then bound together, two and two, to a large chain ten feet in length and weighing about sixty pounds; and thus, half naked and in irons, they were taken to the prison appropriated for slaves. "A little straw," says Dumont, "was allowed us to lie on, with a stone for a pillow, and permission to sleep, if we could. Although I felt my wounds extremely painful, particularly one inflicted by a lance, I was compelled to labour with the rest at six every morning, dragging along my chain. Our food for the day was three ears of Indian corn, which were thrown to us as if we were dogs." All the time the slaves were at work the Koubals formed a circle around them, not so much to prevent their running away as to protect them from the lions and tigers who would

otherwise devour them. "There are always," says Dumont, "a hundred and fifty armed men to watch over the safety of an hundred slaves. But though the Kou-bals are incessantly on the lookout, it will not prevent the lion from sometimes carrying off its prey, if greatly pressed by hunger. One remarkable circumstance is that the shouts and outcries of men will drive the wild beasts back into the woods, whereas peals of musketry draw numbers of them out of the forest, as if curiosity formed some part of their instinct. But nothing," continues Dumont, "could exceed the horrors of what we endured one day from the prison taking fire, with all the slaves shut up in it. Though no lives were lost, our beards and hair were partly consumed. The water intended for our use was turned off to extinguish the flames. The heat and the torrents of smoke were suffocating, so that we foamed at the mouth, and at one time we were in apprehension of being burnt alive. No one thought of unloosing us, probably from a dread of some confusion and disorder, and only the usual quantities of water were dealt out to us at the usual times. Nor was this all; for a liberal distribution of the bamboo ensued, applied to some for setting fire to the place from negligence, to others for not foreseeing the accident, and to others for an imputed criminal intention, as if they would take an advantage of such an opportunity to effect their escape." After being thirty-three years in slavery, Dumont was one of five hundred Christians who were exchanged for the two sons of Osman, taken prisoners by the Bey Titre. Dumont now became the slave of a new master, but received much better treatment; his irons were struck off, he was clothed, and had two black loaves, of five ounces each, and seven or eight olives allowed him daily. At Algiers he remained eight months. At length, Lord

Exmouth appeared before Algiers and obtained the surrender of all the Christian slaves of every nation. Dumont adds: "We were taken in by a number of English boats, and there it was that our last chains fell off, not without the deep sighs and regrets of three thousand renegadoes, who despaired of obtaining deliverance, and cursed the day wherein they apostatised from the Christian faith."

827. Tolerant King. — The habitual piety of George III. was perhaps the most striking feature of his character. It was manifested at a very early period of his life, and continued with him to the last. Although more particularly attached to the Established Church, he was still the zealous friend and advocate of genuine religious toleration. All classes of his religious subjects were equally objects of his tenderness and love. Mr. Cobbin, in his "French Preacher," relates that his Majesty happening one day to pass in his carriage through a place near one of the royal palaces, where a rabble had gathered together to interrupt the worship at a dissenting meeting-house, he stopped to know the cause of the tumult; and being answered that it was only some affair between the townspeople and the Methodists, he replied, loud enough to be heard by many, "The Methodists are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody; and if I can learn that any persons in my employment disturb them, they shall be immediately dismissed." "The King's sentiments," adds Mr. Cobbin, "soon spread through the town, and persecution has not dared to lift its hand there since that period."

828. Vanity Fair. — An interesting circumstance transpired as fourteen Christians in Madagascar were on their way to the capital after being apprehended. On reaching the town of Beferona, a guard was set upon them. They were

told that their manner of travelling was suspicious and not like that of other people, having lanterns at night, and striking into unusual paths. Three days successively they underwent examination, and on the third they resolved to witness the good confession, and therefore made the following declaration, through Andriamanana, one of their number, whom they had appointed as their spokesman: "Since you ask us again and again, we will tell you. We are not banditti nor murderers; we are *impivavaka* (praying people); and if this makes us guilty in the kingdom of the Queen, then whatever the Queen decrees, we submit to suffer." "Is this, then," said the interrogator, "your final reply, whether for life or death?" "It is our final reply," they said, "whether for life or death." "Who," asked the examiner, "sent you from Tananarivo?" "No one," they replied; "we went forth of our own free will." After the Christians made these declarations, it is said that they felt inexpressible peace and joy. They had prayed, they had confessed Christ, and now that concealment was at an end, and they could freely open their overburdened hearts, they said to each other, "Now we are in the situation of Christian and Faithful when they were led to the city of Vanity Fair." And so it proved when a majority of them underwent the martyr's death after the example of Faithful.

829. Vindictive Malice.—Persecution for religious opinions assumed the most terrific form in the reign of the sanguinary Mary. Among the proceedings of the furious Bonner, there is none more affecting than the trial of Archbishop Cranmer for treason and heresy. The following extract from the "State Trials" exhibits a lively portrait of the degradation of Cranmer, and the exulting pride of his enemy:—"Then they invested him (Cranmer) in all manner of robes of a Bishop and Archbishop,

as he is at his installing, saving that as everything then is most rich and costly, so everything in this is of canvas and old clouts, with a mitre and a pall of the same suit, done upon him in mockery, and then the crosier-staff was put in his hand. This done, after the Pope's pontifical form and manner, Bonner, who, by the space of many years, had borne, as it seemeth, no great good will towards him, and now rejoiced to see this day wherein he might triumph over him, and take his pleasure at full, began to stretch out his eloquence, making his oration to the assembly after this manner of sort: 'This is the man that hath ever despised the Pope's holiness, and now is to be judged by him. This is the man who hath pulled down so many churches, and now is come to be judged by the church. This is the man that condemned the blessed sacrament of the altar, and now is come to be condemned before that blessed sacrament hanging over the altar. This is the man that, like Lucifer, sat in the place of Christ upon an altar to judge others, and now is come before an altar to be judged himself.' "The story of Cranmer's recantation, signed by him on a promise of life, which was afterwards violated, is known to most readers. After he had signed it, Dr. Cole received secret orders from the court to preach in Cranmer's presence, in one of the churches at Oxford, an anticipation of his funeral sermon. On the day appointed, the Archbishop was placed upon a stage in front of the pulpit in a ragged gown, with an old square cap, to hear the sermon, which was performed by Dr. Cole to admiration. After expatiating on the justice of his sentence, the preacher addressed the audience, and bade them take warning by the fate of so great a man; then, directing himself personally to Cranmer, he lauded him for his conversion, and exhorted him to imitate the "rejoicing" of St. Andrew on the cross, and the

"patience" of St. Lawrence in the fire. The account of Cranmer's shame and remorse during this edifying harangue is very pathetic and striking. It is a powerful specimen of old English writing. "Cranmer in all this meantime, with what grief of mind he stood hearing the sermon, the outward show of his body did better express than any man can declare; one while lifting up his hands and eyes unto heaven, and then again for shame letting them down to the earth. A man might have seen the very image and shape of perfect sorrow

lively in him expressed. More than twenty several times the tears gushed out abundantly, dropping down his fatherly face. They which were present do testify that they never saw in any child more tears than burst out from him at that time, all the sermon while, but especially when they recited his prayers before the people. It is marvellous what commiseration and pity moved all men's hearts, that beheld so heavy a countenance and such abundance of tears in an old man, and of so reverend a dignity."

PERSEVERANCE.

1 Sam. xii. 20; Prov. iv. 18, 25-27; Matt. xxiv. 13; Luke xxi. 19;
1 Cor. xvi. 13; Phil. iv. 1; 2 Thess. iii. 13.

830. Bruce and the Spider.—Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitring the enemy, lay at night in a barn belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who with regret saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success—it gained the summit of the barn; when the King, starting from his couch, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example; have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's superior force? On one fight more hangs the independence of my country." In a few days his anticipations were fully realised by the glorious result to Scotland of the battle of Bannockburn.

831. Discovery of India.—The discovery of India, to which such great advances had been made by Prince Henry of Portugal, was, thirty-four years after his death, accomplished through the heroic intrepidity of the illustrious Vasco de Gama. The voyage of Gama has been called merely a coasting one, and therefore much less dangerous and heroical than that of Columbus or Magellan. But this, it is presumed, is an opinion hastily taken up and founded on ignorance. Columbus and Magellan undertook to navigate unknown oceans, and so did Gama, who stood out to sea for upwards of three months' tempestuous weather in order to double the Cape of Good Hope, hitherto deemed impassable. The tempests which afflicted Columbus and Magellan are described by their different historians as far less tremendous than those which attacked Gama. From every circumstance, it is evident that Gama had determined not to return unless he discovered India. Nothing less than such a resolution to perish, or attain his point, could have led him on. It was this resolution which inspired

him when, on the general mutiny of his crew, he put the chief conspirators and all the pilots in irons, while he himself, with his faithful brother Coello, and a few others, stood night and day to the helm, until they doubled the Cape and beheld the road to India before them. It was this which made him still persevere when he fell into the strong current off Ethiopia, that drove him for a time he knew not whither. How different the conduct of Columbus! When steering southward in search of a continent, he met great currents, which he imagined were the rising of the sea towards the canopy of heaven, which, for aught he knew, he might touch towards the South; he therefore turned his course, and steered to the West, from which, after all, he returned, without being certain whether the land he discovered at the mouth of the Oronoko was an island or a continent!

832. Early Struggles.—Dr. Isaac Milner, who rose to be Dean of Carlisle and Master of Queen's College, Cambridge, was the son of a poor weaver at Leeds, who died while he was a boy. The support of a mother depended on Isaac and his brother Joseph, who redoubled their industry in cotton-spinning, and employed their vacant time in the study of a few books which chance had thrown in their way. This singularity attracted much notice among the neighbours; a subscription was at length set on foot, to educate and send to college one of these young men, and Joseph, as the elder and one who, as yet, they thought displayed the most talent, was fixed upon as the object of their patronage. Isaac was after this for some time thrown into the background, though destined at last to come forward and to exceed even the fortunes of his brother. Joseph was sent to the grammar-school at Leeds, and the lessons he learnt in the day, on his return home at night, he taught Isaac, who dis-

covered not only a liking for this novel study of the classics, but great quickness of parts, memory, and judgment. Joseph was sent to Cambridge, when, after finishing his studies, he was appointed to a curacy and the mastership of the Free Grammar-school in Hull. In the meantime, Isaac was bound apprentice to a weaver, but having gained a tolerable knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, it may be supposed that the loom did not better agree with his disposition than the distaff with that of Hercules; he had, however, like the old Theban, the soft influence of attendant charms to reconcile him to his temporary captivity; for the Muses, both in the hour of labour and recreation, were his constant companions. When his brother had got the appointment at Hull, Isaac, who had long compared, with no high degree of satisfaction to himself, the inglorious toils of a mechanic-life with the splendid honours of a literary one, thought this a good opportunity to attempt an emancipation from a trade no way congenial to his disposition, and wrote therefore to his brother, stating his progress in literature, at the same time requesting to become an assistant in his school. Joseph resolved to proceed on sure grounds, and wrote to a clergyman of Leeds, requesting that he would examine his brother, and if he found his attainments considerable or his genius at all promising, to send him to Hull. The clergyman waited upon young Isaac, whom he found at the loom, with a "Tacitus" lying by his side. He was now nineteen years of age; and after undergoing an examination of some length, in the course of which he displayed much general knowledge, and a great command of language, he was thought perfectly eligible to be sent to Hull, and in a few days he bade a final adieu to the humble occupation of weaving. He soon rose from the obscurest rank in life, and in addition to all his other literary distinctions,

filled the chair of the immortal Newton, as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics.

833. Economy, Industry, and Perseverance.—There once lived, in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, a bricklayer named Joseph Austin, who had often looked with a longing eye upon a bit of ground by the roadside, part of what is called—by a term which reflects little credit upon manorial rights, or parochial management—the lord's waste. Whenever he looked at this spot, he used to think what a nice place it would be for a house; and being a house-builder by trade, and something of a castle-builder by nature, he used, as soon as he fell asleep at night, to dream that he was at work there with his brickbats and trowel. At length he applied to the manor court, and got a verbal leave to build on the spot. Two of his neighbours, moved by envy, as he says, threatened that if he began his house, they would pull it down; upon this he applied a second time to the court, and obtained a legal permission, with the consent of all the copyholders, paying for the entry of his name on the court rolls, and sixpence a year quit-rent. Austin was at this time about forty-two years of age; he had a wife and four children, and his whole stock of worldly riches amounted to fourteen shillings; but men who really deserve friends are seldom long without them; and a master with whom he usually worked at harvest, sold him an old cottage for nine guineas, which he was to work out. Austin had for some time, in his leisure hours, been preparing "bats," a sort of bricks made of clay and straw, well beaten together, eighteen inches long, twelve wide, and four thick, not burnt, but dried in the sun. With these, and the materials of the old cottage, he went to work. As he had to live and support his family by his daily labour, this building could only be

work was done; he often continued it by moonlight, and heard the clock strike twelve before he withdrew from an occupation in which his heart was engaged; this, too, when he had to rise at four the next morning, walk to Cambridge (nearly four miles distant) to his work, and return in the evening. If his constitution had not been unusually strong, it must have sunk under these extraordinary exertions, a fate more frequent than is generally supposed among the industrious poor; but he seems to have possessed an unweariable frame of body, as well as invincible spirit. When the building was one storey high, and the beams were to be laid on, the carpenter discovered that the timber from the old cottage would not serve for so large a place. This was a severe disappointment; nothing, however, discouraged him; he covered it over with a few loads of *haum*, and immediately began a small place in the same manner at the end, working at this with such perseverance, that he got his family in within four months after the foundations were laid. This great object being accomplished, he went on leisurely with the rest, as he could save money for what he was wanting; after five years he raised the second storey, and in ten it was tiled and coated. There was house room in it for himself and his family, and another apartment was let for a guinea a year. In this manner did Joseph Austin, with singular industry and economy, build himself a house, which he began with only fourteen shillings in his pocket. During that time his wife had four children, and buried as many more. The money which it cost him was about fifty pounds, the whole of which was saved from the earnings of daily labour. The house and garden occupied about twenty poles of ground, and the garden was as creditable as the house to the industry and good sense of the owner. One of the fences was

made of sweet-briar and roses, mixed with woodbine, and the other of dwarf plum-trees; and against the back of the house he had planted a vine, a nectarine, and a peach-tree.

834. Eddystone Lighthouse and its Engineer.—The celebrated engineer John Smeaton discovered great strength of understanding and originality of genius at a very early age. His playthings were not the baubles of children, but the tools with which men work; and he appeared to have greater pleasure in seeing the men in the neighbourhood work, and asking them questions, than in anything else. One day he was seen, to the distress of his family, on the top of his father's barn, fixing up something like a windmill. Another time he attended some men who were fixing a pump at a neighbouring village; and, observing them cut off a piece of broad pipe, he procured it, and actually made with it a working pump that raised water. All this was done while he was in petticoats, and before he had reached his sixth year. About his fourteenth or fifteenth year, he had made for himself an engine to turn rose work, and presented several of his friends with boxes of ivory or wood, turned by him in that way. He made a lathe, by which he cut a perpetual screw in brass—a thing little known at that day, and which is supposed to have been the invention of Henry Hindley, of York, a great lover of mechanics, and a man of the most fertile genius. Smeaton soon became acquainted with him, and they frequently spent whole nights together, conversing on such subjects until daylight. Smeaton had thus, by the strength of his genius and indefatigable industry, acquired at the age of eighteen an extensive set of tools, and the art of working in most of the mechanical trades, without the assistance of any master. Of his talents as an engineer in after life, the Eddystone Light-

house will, we trust, long remain a splendid monument.

835. Good Son.—James Hopwood, the engraver, possessed but slender talents as an artist. Unacquainted with the principles of the art, he might be said to work in the dark, and every gleam of light which he obtained served but to show some deviations from the right path. His struggle to advance was thus in some measure actually impeded by accessories of partial knowledge. It was principally by the exertions of his eldest son, who was called William Hopwood, that the name of the father became identified with so many works before the public, and nothing could exceed the exemplary perseverance and patient industry with which he seconded the efforts of his father. One morning, at a time when William was only fifteen years of age, Mr. Hopwood was induced by some unaccountable circumstance to rise at two o'clock and proceed to the engraving-room, where he surprised his son hard at work; and he then learnt, that although he was in the habit of poring over the copper for thirteen or fourteen hours in the day, yet it was his uniform practice at night, as soon as he conceived all the family was asleep, cautiously to get up, to relight his lamp, and in silence and secrecy to continue his drudgery for three or four hours, in order to expedite plates, the early completion of which he knew to be essential to the comfort of those to whom he thus proved the ardency of his filial and fraternal affection.

836. Inventor of Ship's Time-keeper.—John Harrison, the inventor of the time-keeper which procured him the reward of the Board of Longitude, was the son of a carpenter in Yorkshire, and assisted his father in the business until he was twenty years of age. Occasionally, however, he was employed in measuring land, and mending clocks and watches. He was from his childhood attached to

any wheel machinery; and when he lay ill in his sixth year, he had a watch placed open upon his pillow, that he might amuse himself by contemplating the movement. Though his opportunities of acquiring knowledge were very few, he eagerly improved every incident for information. He frequently passed whole nights in drawing or writing; and he always acknowledged his obligations to a neighbouring clergyman for lending him a manuscript copy of Professor Sanderson's Lectures, which he carefully and neatly transcribed, with all the diagrams. On the reward being offered in the 14th of Queen Anne for discovering the longitude, Harrison's attention was drawn to the subject, and he began to consider how he could alter a clock, which he had previously made, so that it might not be subject to any irregularities occasioned by the difference of climates and the motions of a ship. These difficulties he surmounted, and his clock having answered his expectations in a trial attended with very bad weather, upon the River Humber, he was advised to carry it to London, in order to apply for the Parliamentary reward. He first showed it to several members of the Royal Society, who gave him a certificate that his machine for measuring time promised a very great and sufficient degree of exactness. In consequence of this certificate, the machine, at the recommendation of Sir Charles Wager, was put on board a man-of-war in 1736, and carried with Harrison to Lisbon and back again, when its accuracy was such that the Commissioners of the Board of Longitude gave him £500, and recommended him to proceed. He made two others afterwards, each of which were improvements on the preceding; and he now thought he had reached the *ne plus ultra* of his attempts; but in an endeavour to improve pocket watches, he found the principles he applied to surpass his

expectations so much as to encourage him to make his fourth time-keeper, which was in the form of a pocket-watch, about sixteen inches in diameter, and was finished in 1759. With this time-keeper his son made two voyages, the one to Jamaica, and the other to Barbadoes, in both which experiments it corrected the longitude within the nearest limits required by the Act of Parliament; and the inventor, at different times, though not without considerable trouble, received the promised reward of £20,000.

837. Overcoming Difficulties.—

Professor Lee received the first rudiments of learning at a charity school at Longnor, in Shropshire, where he was born. Here he remained till he was twelve years old, when he was placed apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, in which situation he endured great hardships. About the age of seventeen he formed a determination to learn the Latin language, to which he was instigated by the following circumstances. He had been in the habit of reading such books as happened to be in the house where he lodged; but, meeting with Latin quotations, he found himself unable to comprehend them. Being employed about this time in the building of a Roman Catholic chapel for Sir Edward Smith, of Actonburnel, where he saw many Latin books and frequently heard that language read, his resolution was confirmed. He immediately bought Ruddiman's Latin Grammar at a book-stall, and learned it by heart throughout. He next purchased Corderius's Colloquies, by Logan, which he found a very great assistance to him, and afterwards obtained Entick's Latin Dictionary; also, soon after, Beza's Testament and Clark's Exercises. There was one circumstance, however, which, as it had some effect on his progress, we shall mention in this place. He one day asked a priest, who came frequently to them, to give him

some information of which he was then in want, who replied that "Charity begins at home." This was very mortifying, but it only served as a stimulus to his endeavours; for, from this time, he resolved, if possible, to excel even the priest. There was another evil, however, more powerful in opposing him, and that was poverty. He had at that time but six shillings a week to subsist on and to pay the expenses of washing and lodging; out of this small sum he spared something to gratify his desire for learning, which he did, though not without curtailing himself of proper support. His wages were soon afterwards raised one shilling a week, and the next year a shilling more; during which time he read the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Cæsar's Commentaries, Justin, Salust, Virgil, Horace's Odes, and Ovid's Epistles. He never had all these books at once, but generally read one, and sold it; the price of which, with a little added to it, enabled him to buy another, and this being read, was sold to procure the next. He was now out of his apprenticeship, and determined to learn Greek. He bought therefore a Westminster Greek Grammar, and soon afterwards procured a Greek Testament, which he found not very difficult, with the assistance of Schrevelius's Lexicon. He bought next Huntingford's Greek Exercises, which he wrote throughout; and then, in pursuance of the advice laid down in the Exercises, read Xenophon's Cyropædia, and soon after Plato's Dialogues, some part of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, Pythagoras's Golden Verses, with the Commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and some of the Poetæ Minores, with the Antigone of Sophocles. He now thought he might attempt the Hebrew, and accordingly procured Bythner's Grammar, with his Lyra Prophetica; and soon after obtained a Psalter, which he read by the help of the Lyra. He

next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, with a Hebrew Bible; and now he seemed to be drawing fast towards the summit of his wishes, but was far from being uninterrupted in these pursuits. A frequent inflammation in his eyes, with every possible discouragement from those about him, were certainly powerful opponents; but habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study his greatest happiness, and he every day returned to it as a source of rest from manual labour; and though he felt many privations in consequence, it amply repaid him in that solitary satisfaction which none but a mind actuated as his was could feel. Chance had thrown in his way the Targum of Onkelos, and he had a Chaldaic Grammar in Bythner's Lyra, with the assistance of which, and of Schindler's Lexicon, he soon read it. He next proceeded to the Syriac, and read some of Gutbir's Testament, by the help of Otho's Synopsis and Schindler's Lexicon. He had also occasionally looked over the Samaritan; but as the Samaritan Pentateuch differs little from the Hebrew, except in a change of letter, he found no difficulty in reading it in quotations wherever he found it; and only in quotations could he read it, as books in that language were then entirely out of his reach. After many difficulties and changes, he became a schoolmaster, and was ultimately called to fill a very important station in the University of Cambridge.

838. Patient Traveller.—Frederick Hasselquist, the Swedish traveller and naturalist, having, when very young, heard Linnæus say that we were still very ignorant of the natural history of Palestine, felt the most ardent desire of visiting that country. The indigence which is so peculiarly the lot of learning in Sweden, threw obstacles in his way which nothing but the most persevering zeal could surmount. He went to Stockholm,

and saved a little money by giving botanical lectures. He obtained a few inadequate contributions from the friends to his design, and being offered a free passage to Smyrna by the Levant Company, he commenced his voyage in August, 1749. He resided some time in Smyrna, made a tour towards the inland parts of Natolia, and then sailed to Alexandria. After a survey of the chief places in Lower Egypt, he visited the Holy Land, whence he took a voyage to Cyprus, Rhodes, and Chios. In these countries he attended with unremitting assiduity to the purpose of his travels, and occasionally sent to Sweden such proofs of the value of his observations as procured him fresh subscriptions. At length, exhausted with fatigue and the unhealthiness of the climate, he fell a victim to his researches, and died at Smyrna, in 1752, before he had completed his thirty-second year.

839. Pertinacious Suitor.—A young Neapolitan noble, having a passion for military service, and despairing of an opportunity of acquiring distinction in his own country, resolved to seek employment in the Austrian army. With this view he set out for Vienna, furnished with some letters of recommendation. On the road thither, he came to an inn in the Austrian territory, where he found himself with three strangers, with whom he desired permission to sup; and as travellers are commonly glad of having company, he was readily enough admitted. The strangers were Germans. At the table, the Neapolitan related his story, and told them what his views were. One of the strangers, after having very composedly heard him, told him he thought he was on a bad plan, for that after so long a peace, and as such a prodigious number of the Austrian nobility wanted employment, he saw little likelihood of a stranger obtaining a post in the army. The young gentleman answered that he was

determined to continue his journey; that he felt all the justness of the reasons opposed to him; that in truth there was but little chance of his succeeding; but that it was, however, not quite impossible, that on observing his thorough goodwill for the service, something might be done to procure him an introduction into it. To this he added a fair account of himself, named the respectable person by whom he was recommended, and, still allowing that there was hardly any prospect of realising his hopes, he confessed he could not prevail upon himself to give them wholly up. The Austrian traveller, who had been the first to dissuade him, then said, "Well, since nothing can put you off your project, I will give you a letter for General Lacy that may be of use to you." The Neapolitan pursued his journey. On his arrival at Vienna, he waited on General Lacy, and delivered him all his letters of recommendation excepting that of the traveller, which he happened to have mislaid. The General read them, and told him he was very sorry he could not serve him, there being an absolute impossibility just then of procuring any appointment for him. The Italian had laid his account with some such answer, but did not absolutely give the point up; and, accordingly, for several days he continued to present himself at the General's levee. At length, he laid his hands upon the letter which he had mislaid, and carried it to the General, to whom he made an excuse for having forgotten it, giving him to understand, as he related in what manner he came by it, that he had not annexed to it much importance. The General opened it, appeared surprised, and after having read it, "Do you know," said he, "who it was that gave you this letter?" "No." "It was the Emperor himself (Joseph II.). You asked me for a lieutenant's commission, and he orders me to give you a captain's. The latter is at your service."

840. Poet's Struggles.—John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, whose poems have attracted the attention of the literary world, and been by some, though rather injudiciously, classed with the productions of Burns and Bloomfield, was the son of a farmer's labourer near Peterborough. He lived with his father, and often saw and felt that poverty of which he speaks in his "Address to Plenty:"

"Oh, sad sons of poverty!
Victims doomed to misery,
Who can paint what pain prevails
O'er that heart which want assails?
Modest shame the pain conceals;
No one knows but he who feels."

Such was the destitute condition of Clare's parents that it may seem extraordinary that he should have found means to acquire any learning whatever; but, by extra work as a plough-boy, and by helping his father morning and evening at threshing, he earned the money which paid for his education. From the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as would pay for a month's schooling, and thus, in the course of three years, he received at different times so much instruction that he could read the Bible very well. His master sometimes gave him threepence a week in rewards, and once sixpence for repeating from memory the third chapter of Job. With these little sums he bought a few books. The first expression of Clare's fondness for poetry was before he had learned to read. He was tired one day with looking at the pictures in a volume of poems, when his father read him one piece in the book to amuse him. The delight he felt at hearing this read was immense. Twice or thrice in the winter weeks it was his office to fetch a bag of flour from the village of Maxey, and darkness often came on before he could return. The state of his nerves corresponded with his slender frame. The tales of terror with which his mother's memory shortened the long nights returned freshly to his fancy the next day, and to beguile

the way, and dissipate his fears, he used to walk back with his eyes fixed immovably on the ground, revolving in his mind some adventure, "without a ghost in it," which he turned into verse, and thus reached the village often before he was aware of his approach. When he had learned to read tolerably well, he borrowed from one of his companions that universal favourite, "Robinson Crusoe," with which he was much delighted. He was thirteen years of age when another boy showed him Thomson's "Seasons." They were out in the fields together, and during the day Clare had a good opportunity of looking at the book. It called forth all the passion of his soul for poetry. He was determined to possess the book himself, and as soon as he had saved a shilling to buy it with, he set off for Stamford at so early an hour that none of the shops were open when he got there. It was a fine spring morning, and when he had made his purchase, and was returning through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called "The Morning Walk." This was soon followed by "The Evening Walk," and some other little pieces. Clare published a volume of poems, some of which have a terseness of expression, and a nervous freedom of versification, not unworthy of Drummond or of Cowley. He found a patron in Earl Fitzwilliam, who made provision for his father, now a cripple, and rewarded his own genius.

841. Preaching the Crusade.—It is difficult to fix limits to human achievements, when superstition or enthusiasm is aided by the power of eloquence. The celebrated Peter the Hermit, having made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, towards the close of the eleventh century, was deeply impressed with the oppression sustained by the Christians from the Turks, and resolved to make an effort to rouse the Western nations to arms in their behalf. The

appearance of Peter was mean, his stature small, his body meagre, and his countenance shrivelled; but, with these disadvantages, he had a keen and lively eye, and a ready eloquence. Being encouraged by Pope Urban II., he travelled as a missionary through the provinces of Italy and France. He rode on an ass, his head and feet were naked, and he bore a weighty crucifix. He prayed frequently, fed on bread and water, gave away in alms all that he received, and by his saintly demeanour and fervid address drew innumerable crowds of all ranks to listen to his preaching. When he painted the indignities offered to the true believers at the birth-place and sepulchre of the Saviour, every heart was melted and animated. His success was such as might be expected from the rude enthusiasm and martial spirit of the age; and Peter soon collected an army of 60,000 followers, with which he proceeded towards Jerusalem.

842. Romish Idolatry.—Becerra, the Spanish sculptor, was commissioned by Isabella of Valois to carve a wooden image for the convent of San Francisco de Paulo. He applied himself with diligence to the work, and after the labour of a year, completed an image to his entire satisfaction. He presented it to the Queen with an assurance of success; but unfortunately his image did not realise the ideas of the Queen; the expression did not please her, and she commanded him not only to make a better, but to do it in less time. Becerra executed his order a second time, and produced an image which gained general admiration; even the fathers of the convent acknowledged it to be an exact representation of nature. It was submitted to the Queen, who condemned it as falling short of her conceptions. The unhappy artist was threatened to be superseded in the commission by some abler master; but, anxious to maintain his pre-eminence, and fulfil her

Majesty's wishes, he again applied with ardour to the task. He racked his imagination without ceasing to form some visage, and to devise some form, which Isabella might confess bore a resemblance to the image in her mind. Wearied with the tormenting investigation, the exhausted artist one day fell into a profound sleep, and thought he saw a female figure present herself. The lady, addressing him in the most courteous style, desired him to open his eyes, get out of bed, and take the log which he would find burning on his hearth, and set to work upon it, and he would find an image to his mind. Becerra awoke overjoyed, and lost no time in following the advice which had been given him. He found the log, and quenched it: it was a convenient piece of timber, and from it he completed a figure to the entire satisfaction of Isabella.

843. Trials of a Traveller.—Bruce, the celebrated African traveller, after having remained about two years in Abyssinia, became desirous of leaving it; but this he found a still more difficult matter than getting into it, for he had become of importance to the King, who therefore seemed resolved not to part with him. One day, the King, when in more than ordinary good humour, told Bruce that he would grant him anything that he should ask. Bruce seized this favourable opportunity, and told the King that as he did not keep his health in that climate, and was anxious to return to his native country, he hoped he should obtain permission to depart. The King seemed astonished at the request, and was at first in a furious rage; but recollecting himself, he, for his oath's sake, like Herod of old, determined to give up his own inclination. Bruce had by this time collected a good number of drawings, and a number of Abyssinian MSS. Having packed up his books and papers, and provided camels and servants to attend him on

his journey, he departed from the capital of Abyssinia, giving out that he was to travel back to Egypt the way he came; but being justly apprehensive that the King would change his mind after he had gone, and, indeed, having received intelligence that there was a design to seize him and bring him back, he took quite a different course. Instead of travelling a great way in Abyssinia, he struck off directly for the deserts of Nubia, after getting to which, it was easy to escape from the King of Abyssinia's dominions. He had a dreadful journey during thirty days, through sandy deserts, &c., scorched with the intense heat of a glowing sun, and swept by winds of so pestiferous a quality as to kill both man and beast, if their lungs are assailed by the noxious blast. In the course of his journey, Bruce lost all his attendants, and all his camels, except one man. During the whole peregrination they did not meet with any wandering tribe. Bruce and his remaining attendant being unable to carry the baggage, and reduced to an almost desperate state, he left his curiosities in the desert, and with his faithful attendant walked on, they knew not whither, only keeping towards the west, and hoping that they should fall in with some inhabited place. His shoes very soon went to pieces, and he was then obliged to struggle along upon his naked feet, through burning sands and over rocky places, until his feet were prodigiously swelled, blistered, and lacerated. At the termination of ten days they reached the city of Siana, in the dominion of the Sultan of Turkey. There the Aga, or the officer of the Janissaries, treated them with a good deal of humanity, although he often reproached Bruce very roughly on account of his being an infidel. Bruce begged that he might have camels and attendants to go with him into the desert that he might recover his books and papers. "Of what value are any books and papers that you can have, you

infidel?" cried the Aga. Bruce then told him that he had several recipes for curing diseases among his papers, which it was a pity should be lost. The Aga was interested by this, and allowed him camels and attendants. With these he set off, and as fortunately no wanderers had been at the place, he found his baggage just where he left it. He went and came in the space of four days, upon a camel, that journey which it had cost him eight days to come upon foot when worn out with distress and fatigue.

844. Twenty-four Letters of the Alphabet.—Edmund Stone, the mathematician, presents one of the most extraordinary examples upon record of a man, untutored and self-taught, rising by mere dint of genius to the sublimest heights of science. The celebrated Chevalier Ramsay, in a letter to Father Castel, published in the *Journal de Trévoux*, gives the following interesting account of Stone, and the progress of his acquisitions:—"Born," he says, "a son of the gardener of the Duke of Argyll, he arrived at eight years of age before he learnt to read. By chance, a servant having taught young Stone the letters of the alphabet, there seemed nothing more to discover and expand his genius. He applied himself to study, and he arrived at the knowledge of the most sublime geometry and analysis, without a master, without a conductor, without any other guide than pure genius. At eighteen years of age he had made these considerable advances without being known, and without knowing himself the prodigiousness of his acquisitions. The Duke of Argyll, who joined to his military talents a general knowledge of every science that adorns the mind of a man of his rank, walking one day in his garden, saw lying on the grass a Latin copy of Sir Isaac Newton's celebrated '*Principia*.' He called some one to him to take it and carry it back to his library.

Our young gardener told him that the book belonged to him. 'To you!' replied the Duke; 'do you understand geometry, Latin, Newton?' 'I know a little of them,' replied the young man, with an air of simplicity arising from a profound ignorance of his own knowledge and talents. The Duke was surprised, and having a taste for the sciences, he entered into conversation with the young mathematician; he asked him several questions, and was astonished at the force, the accuracy, and the candour of his answers. 'But how,' said the Duke, 'came you by the knowledge of all these things?' Stone replied, 'A servant taught me ten years since; does any one need to know anything more than the twenty-four letters, in order to learn everything else that one wishes?' The Duke's curiosity was redoubled; he sat down upon a bench, and requested a detail of his proceedings in becoming so learned. 'I first learned to read,' said Stone; 'the masons were then at work upon your house; I went near them one day, and saw the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. I inquired what might be the meaning and use of these things, and I was informed that there was a science called arithmetic; I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry; I bought the books, and I learned geometry. By reading, I found that there were good books of these sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary, and I learned Latin; I understood, likewise, that there were good books of the same kind in French. I bought a dictionary, and I learned French. And this, my lord, is what I have done; it seems to me that we may learn everything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet.' This account charmed the Duke. He drew this wonderful genius out of his obscurity, and provided him with an employment which left

him plenty of time to cultivate the sciences. He discovered in him, also, the same genius for music, for painting, for architecture, for all the sciences which depend on calculations and proportions."

845. Wonderful Journey.—"Old men," says the amiable but eccentric antiquary, Mr. William Hutton, "are much inclined to accuse youth of their follies; but on this head silence will become me, lest I should be asked, 'What can exceed the folly of that man, who, at seventy-eight, walked six hundred miles to see a shattered wall?' Yet such a journey did Mr. Hutton actually undertake and perform, in order to inspect the Roman wall in England, the wonderful and united work of Agricola, Hadrian, and Severus. Mr. Hutton had long contemplated the journey, but was dissuaded from it until his family agreed to visit the Lakes. "I procured for myself," says Mr. Hutton, "the exclusive privilege of walking, which, of all modes of travelling, I prefer. My daughter rode behind her servant, and we agreed not to impede each other on the way, but meet at certain inns for refreshment and rest. I was dressed in black, a kind of religious travelling warrant, but divested of assuming airs, and had a budget of the same colour and materials, much like a dragoon's cartouche-box, or postman's letter-pouch, in which were deposited the maps of Cumberland, Northumberland, and the wall, with its appendages; all three taken out of Gough's edition of the 'Britannia.' To this little pocket I fastened, with a strap, an umbrella in a green case, for I was not likely to have a six weeks' tour without wet, and slung it over that shoulder which was the least tired." Mr. Hutton began his journey from Birmingham, July 14, 1801, and returned to that town after a lapse of thirty-five days, during which he had performed a journey of six hundred and one miles, with an expenditure of forty guineas. "As

so long and solitary a journey on foot," says Mr. Hutton, "was never perhaps performed by a man of seventy-eight, it excited the curiosity of the town, which caused me frequently to be stopped in the street to ascertain the fact."

POOR.

Deut. xv. 7-11; Job xxix. 11-16; Prov. xix. 17; Matt. xxv. 35, 36; Luke xiv. 13, 14; 1 John iii. 17-19.

846. Blessedness of Giving.—"Passing through one of the most public streets in London," says a writer, "I observed a well-dressed girl, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, just entering a pastrycook's shop; at that very moment a wretched old woman solicited charity. The young lady no sooner cast her eyes on her than, giving her the money she had in her hand to spend, she exclaimed, 'That is better!' and darted out of sight in an instant."

847. Ohurlish Servant.—Dean Swift, standing one morning at the window of his study, observed a decent old woman offer a paper to one of his servants, which the fellow at first refused, in an insolent and surly manner. The woman, however, pressed her suit with all the energy of distress, and in the end prevailed. The Dean, whose very soul was compassion, saw, felt, and was determined to alleviate her misery. He waited most anxiously for the servant to bring the paper; but to his surprise and indignation, an hour elapsed, and the man did not present it. The Dean again looked out. The day was cold and wet, and the wretched petitioner still retained her situation, with many an eloquent and anxious look at the house. The benevolent divine lost all patience, and was going to ring the bell, when he observed the servant cross the street, and return the paper with the utmost indifference. The Dean could bear it no longer; he threw up the sash, and loudly demanded what the paper contained. "It is a petition, please your reverence," replied the

woman. "Bring it up, rascal!" cried the Dean. The servant, surprised and petrified, obeyed. With Swift, to know distress was to pity it; to pity, to relieve. The poor woman was instantly made happy, and the servant almost as instantly turned out of doors, with the following written testimonial of his conduct:—"The bearer lived two years in my service, in which time he was frequently drunk and negligent of his duty, which, conceiving him to be honest, I excused; but at last, detecting him in a flagrant instance of cruelty, I discharge him."

848. "Condescend to Men of Low Estate."—One day, while the Queen was taking a drive in her carriage, she noticed a man on the road with a pretty large bundle, apparently very much fatigued. With her usual condescension she entered into conversation with him by inquiring where he came from and whither he was going; in answer to which he told her that he had come from Cromarty and was on his way to Dundee, intending to cross the Capel as being the nearest road. Her Majesty then remarked that as he appeared to be much fatigued, and his bundle was apparently heavy, if he would put it in the carriage, perhaps her coachman, who was also a Highlander, would take him up. The weary wanderer was thus taken a few miles on his way, and, as was to be expected, was greatly affected by the considerate kindness and condescension shown him by her Majesty.

849. Consideration for the Poor.—A fire, some time back, broke out at Potsdam in an old wooden

building, the property of a poor day labourer. The grandmother, though old and infirm, rushed into the shed in the hope of saving some of the goods, and had really succeeded in dragging out part of a bed, when a piece of burning wood fell on her clothes and set them on fire. Though assistance was immediately rendered, her back was severely burned. Just at this moment their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess (the Princess Royal of England) arrived at the scene of the misfortune. The old woman was carried to a place of safety, where the Princess, who had accompanied her, dressed her wounds with her own hands, and attended her with the greatest care and gentleness till a medical man arrived. By her command the children were then taken to the palace, cared for, and furnished with new clothes.

850. Hoarding Food.—During the great scarcity or rather high price of provisions in 1800, the Earl of Warwick distinguished himself for his humane interposition between the farmers under his immediate influence and the starving poor. Finding his injunctions disregarded, he sent the following circular-letter to his tenants:—“This is to acquaint you that I view your past and present conduct with abhorrence. After the total disregard which you have already shown to my particular request, it would not become me to renew it, if I had not been compelled by the miserably distressed condition of the poor, actually starving. I therefore hereby declare it to be my unalterable resolution to provide another tenant for the farm you now occupy as soon as I can legally do so, unless you will directly engage to bring your grain to market, and to sell it there at such reasonable price as may enable your fellow-creatures to exist, while it leaves you more profit than you have any title to claim as a tenant.—WARWICK.”

851. Imperial Generosity.—Joseph II., walking one day on the Prater at Vienna, met a young woman who seemed in great distress. He inquired the cause, and found that she was the daughter of an officer who had been killed in the Imperial service, and that she and her mother had supported themselves by their industry, but were now unemployed. “Have you received no assistance from the Government?” said the Emperor. “None,” was the reply. “But why not apply to the Emperor? he is easy of access.” “They say he is avaricious, and such a step would then be useless.” The monarch immediately gave the young woman some ducats and a ring, telling her that he was in the Emperor’s service, and would serve her, if with her mother she would come to the palace on a certain day. The appointment was kept, and the young woman recognised her benefactor in the person of the Emperor, who bade her not to be alarmed, as he had settled a pension on her and her mother, adding, “At another time, I hope you will not despair of a heart that is just.”

852. Oppression of the Poor.—One of the Moorish kings of Spain wished to build a pavilion on a field near his garden, and offered to purchase it of the woman to whom it belonged; but she would not consent to part with the inheritance of her fathers. The field, however, was seized, and the building was erected. The poor woman complained to a Cadi, who promised to do all in his power to serve her. One day, while the King was in the field, the Cadi came with an empty sack, and asked permission to fill it with the earth on which he was treading. He obtained leave, and when the sack was filled he requested the King to complete his kindness by assisting him to load his ass with it. The monarch laughed, and tried to lift it, but soon let it fall, complaining of its enormous weight. “It is, however,”

said the Cadi, "only a small part of the ground which thou hast wrested from one of thy subjects; how then wilt thou bear the weight of the whole field, when thou shalt appear before the great Judge laden with this iniquity?" The King thanked him for his reproof, and not only restored the field to its owner, but gave her the building which he had erected and all the wealth which it contained.

853. Piety and Obedience.—

Of a good man, who died a few years ago, and who, from his love to the sacred volume and his extensive knowledge of its contents, was called "The Walking Bible," it is recorded, that when he was very young, he was, with his parents, oppressed with great poverty. In the garden in which their cottage, or rather hovel, stood, there was a large pear-tree, more venerated for its age than valued for its fruitfulness. The mother requested him to cut it down for firewood. He heard the request in silence; she repeated it, and he still hesitated. At length he said, "Mother, I ought to obey you, but I must first obey God. The tree is not ours. It belongs to our landlord: and you know that God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.' I therefore hope you will not make me cut it down." She desisted; for a day or two longer they endured the cold, when she peremptorily renewed her command that the tree should be cut down. He then said, "Mother, the good Being has often helped us, and

supplied our wants when we have been in trouble. Let us wait till this time to-morrow. Then, if we do not find some relief, though I am sure it will be wrong, yet if you make me do it, I will cut down the tree in obedience to your command." She yielded, and he, in his simple manner, retired, and in secret earnestly prayed to God to interfere, and prevent them from displeasing Him by a transgression of His holy law. He sallied forth the next morning, and, wandering about, found a man whose cartwheel had broken under a heavy load of coal. He told his distress to the man, who was induced to leave the coals for him to carry away, with the understanding that whenever he called for the money, if the family were able, they should pay it. He never, however, made his appearance.

854. Remembering the Poor.—

James Bundy, of Bristol, was in the habit, on Saturday evenings, of visiting the markets, to do good to the poor. If he beheld a poor person at a butcher's stall inquiring the price of a piece of meat, and then turning away for the want of more money, he would call him back, saying, "What can you afford to give?" On being told how much, he would produce the additional sum, and enable the poor man to make the purchase. Besides this, he regularly distributed large quantities of provisions to the poor of his acquaintance.

PRAYER.

Psalm xxxiv. 15, cxlv. 18, 19; Matt. vi. 5-18; John xvi. 23; Heb. iv. 16
James iv. 2; 1 John v. 14.

855. Afflicted Preacher.—A

French preacher, whose memory was very deficient, stopped in the middle of his sermon, and was unable to proceed with the subject. This awkward pause was, however, very ingeniously got over.

"Friends," said he to his auditors, "I had forgotten to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers; let us therefore say one brief prayer." He immediately fell on his knees, and before he got up again had

recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without any one perceiving his want of memory.

856. Answer to Prayer.—A lady was travelling with her young family and their governess to the sea. They used post-horses with their own carriage. They had not gone many miles before she discovered that the cook, contrary to her orders, had filled all the pockets and every spare nook of the coach with provisions. She was displeased, and the first time they stopped to change horses had everything turned into a hamper, and told the servant to give it away. The governess asked permission to go with the servant, while the carriage was detained, to see it properly given. A reluctant consent was obtained, and she hastened into the poorest part of the town that lay near the inn. She had little time for any choice, so turning down a street she resolved to leave the hamper at the first clean-looking house she came to. Passing several, she stopped at one with a snow-white curtain in a bright window. She knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, she raised the latch and went in. A woman, reduced by starvation or sickness to a mere skeleton, was kneeling at a bedstead, which was the only article of furniture in the room. She looked languidly at the lady, who without delay emptied the hamper on the floor—ham, pork-pie, tongue, &c. "I was told to give this away," said she, "and as I knew no one here, I determined to leave it at the first clean house I came to." Instead of thanking or answering her, the woman, still on her knees, raised her hands and said, "I thank Thee, O my Father; Thou knowest my need." A few words told her story. She had lost her husband after twenty weeks of fever. Nursing him reduced her strength and devoured her substance. She was too weak to work, and had been compelled

to part with all her goods, piece by piece, to pay her rent and obtain bread. "I knew I could work if I had meat to nourish me," she said; "but where could I get it? where?" she continued—"why, from Him who sent by you just as I was asking Him to let me have some, unless it was His blessed will that I should go to the workhouse."

857. Ask and Receive.—Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favour from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he answered, "When your Majesty leaves off giving." Ask great things of God. Expect great things from God. Let His past goodness make us "instant in prayer."

858. Bountiful Giver.—Alexander the Great had a famous but indigent philosopher in his court. This adept in science was once particularly straitened in his circumstances. To whom alone should he apply but to his patron, the conqueror of the world? His request was no sooner made than granted. Alexander gave him a commission to receive of his treasurer whatever he wanted. He immediately demanded, in his sovereign's name, ten thousand pounds. The treasurer, surprised at so large a demand, refused to comply, but waited upon the King and represented to him the affair, adding withal how unreasonable he thought the petition, and how exorbitant the sum. Alexander heard him with patience, but, as soon as he had ended his remonstrances, replied, "Let the money be instantly paid. I am delighted with this philosopher's way of thinking; he has done me a singular honour; by the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived both of my superior wealth and my royal munificence."

859. Child's Rebuke.—A little child, a short time ago, when he

had finished his evening prayer, rose quietly, and turned to his father—a godless man—with the unexpected question, “Now, father, I’ve said my prayers: have you said yours? Are you too big to pray?”

860. Child’s Supplication.—A minister, preaching from Psalm vi. 9, “The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer,” in the course of his sermon observed that it would be a great encouragement to ministers to believe that their people prayed for them, and, particularly addressing himself to children, he said, “My dear children, the youngest of you may aid in bringing down a blessing on your minister and his labours, and it would greatly comfort his heart to know that before you came hither your little hands were lifted up to Heaven on his behalf.” The following Lord’s-day morning, a little boy about six years old, who had been present, when kneeling down beside his mother, said to her, “Mother, I want you to teach me another prayer.” “What do you wish to pray for?” asked his parent. “For Mr. —: you know, mother, he desired that all the children should pray for him.” “Well, my dear, what blessings do you think he needs, and that he would wish you to implore for him?” The child thought a moment, and then proceeded to ask, “Should I say Mr. — in my prayer?” His mother replied, “It is not usual to name particular persons in our prayers. We address Him who knows them all; we speak of our ministers as the servants of God to us for good.” The child then repeated his usual prayer, adding, with great solemnity, “Lord, bless Thy dear servant, our minister; please to give him strength, and help him to speak what is right, and let me mind what he says; and let the poor heathen hear about Jesus Christ; and let us all meet in heaven, for Christ’s sake. Amen.”

861. Dying Prayer.—When Dr. Bacchus, the President of Hamilton College, was upon his death-bed, the doctor called to see him, and after examining the symptoms left the room without speaking, but as he opened the door to go out, was observed to whisper something to the servant. “What did the physician say to you?” asked Dr. B. “He said, sir, that you cannot live to exceed half an hour.” “Is it so?” said the good man; “then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees; let me spend that time in calling upon God for the salvation of the world.” His request was complied with, and his last moments were spent in breathing forth his prayers for the salvation of his fellow-sinners. He died upon his knees.

862. Efficacy of Earnest Prayer.—Heine, the well-known physician of Berlin, lost once very heavily by the bankruptcy of a mercantile house. Hufeland met him a few days after, and expressed his sympathy. “I had rather that you had not reminded me of it,” he replied; “thank God, I have got over it.” “How have you managed that?” “Well, I was unable to forget it: I thought upon it night and day. All my money, won so painfully, and lost in a moment! Even my poor innocent patients suffered, for my thoughts were wandering. My domestic pleasures vanished; my good wife, otherwise so cheerful, hung her head; we sat opposite each other at table, dumb and sad; our children, that had been so full of joy, looked on with timid fear. I felt that this could not and must not continue. The money was gone, and with it we had lost our peace. I, poor worm of the earth, unable to come out of this distress, took refuge with the Almighty. I hurried to my bedroom, closed the door behind, and fell on my knees to pray with my whole heart that strength and courage and joy and rest might be restored to me.

Then I felt as if God appeared to me and said, 'Thou art a poor minister's son, and I have blessed thee in thy calling, so that thou art now a famous man. For years I have suffered thee to sport with the money thou hast lost. Have I not the keys of all treasures? and can I not far more than replace thy loss? Be again of good courage, and promise that thou wilt go joyfully back to thy calling!' And I promised, and wife and children were again cheerful, and I forgot the heaviness. I have got over it, and am once more happy with my God. And prayer has done all this."

863. Effortless Prayer.—A girl at a London boarding-school was remarked for repeating her lessons well. A schoolfellow, rather idly inclined, said to her one day, "How is it that you always say your lessons so perfectly?" She replied, "I always pray that I may say my lessons well." "Do you?" said the other; "well, then, I will pray too." But, alas! the next morning she could not even repeat a word of her usual task. Very much confounded, she ran to her friend, and reproached her as deceitful. "I prayed," said she, "but I could not say a single word of my lesson." "Perhaps," rejoined the other, "you took no pains to learn it." "Learn it, learn it!" answered the first. "I did not learn it at all. I thought I had no occasion to learn it, when I prayed that I might say it."

864. God in the Heart.—A little girl, about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him." "But how do you know He hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something here that tells me so."

865. Gustavus Adolphus's Prayerfulness.—Of all the virtues which

united in the character of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, that which crowned the whole was his exemplary piety. The following fact is related of him when he was once in his camp before Werben. He had been alone in the cabinet of his pavilion for some hours, and none of his attendants at these seasons were allowed to interrupt him. At length, however, a favourite of his, having some important matter to tell him, came softly to the door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his knees at prayer. Fearing to molest him in that exercise, he was about to withdraw, when the King saw him, and bidding him come in, said, "Thou wonderest to see me in this posture, since I have so many thousands of subjects to pray for me; but I tell thee that no man has more need to pray for himself than he who, having to render an account of his actions to none but God, is for that reason more closely assaulted by the devil than all other men besides."

866. Infidel Saved.—An eminent clergyman of New York was once requested to visit a lady in dying circumstances, who, together with her husband, openly avowed infidel principles, though they attended on his ministry. On approaching her bedside, he asked her if she felt herself a sinner and perceived the need of a Saviour. She frankly told him she did not, and that she wholly disbelieved the doctrine of a Mediator. "Then," said the doctor, "I have no consolation for you, not one word of comfort. There is not a single passage in the Bible that warrants me to speak peace to any one who rejects the Mediator provided for lost sinners. You must abide the consequences of your infidelity." Saying that, he was on the point of leaving the room, when some one said, "Well but, doctor, if you cannot speak consolation to her, you can pray for her." To this he assented, and kneeling down by

the bedside, prayed for her as a guilty sinner just sinking into hell, and then arising from his knees he left the house. A day or two after, he received a letter from the lady herself, earnestly desiring that he would come and see her without delay. He immediately obeyed the summons, but what was his amazement when, on entering the room, she held out her hand to him and said, with a benignant smile, "It is all true, all that you said on Sunday is true! I have seen myself the wretched sinner which you described me to be in prayer. I have seen Christ that all-sufficient Saviour you said He was; and God has mercifully snatched me from the abyss of infidelity in which I was sunk, and placed me on the Rock of Ages. There I am secure: there I shall remain. I know in whom I have believed."

867. Light out of Darkness.—Dr. Judson, the famous missionary, was once a captive at Rangoon, the capital of Burmah, and was most cruelly treated by the hard-hearted Burmans. His heroic wife contrived to lengthen his life by getting food and drink to his cell, until the English army took the city and set the poor prisoners free. Havelock was then a lieutenant in that English army, and a praying lieutenant, as he was afterwards a praying General. No sooner was the city taken than he sought out a fit place for a prayer-meeting. Where did he find one? There was a famous heathen temple in a retired grove, devoted to the service of Boodh. He secured one of the chambers in it, a large room filled with images of idol gods sitting all round, with their legs crossed and arms folded on their laps. One day an officer, strolling round the temple, thought he heard the sound of English singing. He stopped and hearkened. "A strange sound here!" he thought; but it certainly was the sound of psalm-singing, in good old English style. What did it mean—how accounted

for? He determined to follow the sound, and behold, it led him to an upper chamber, where Havelock, with his Bible and hymn-book before him, surrounded by more than a hundred of his soldiers, was holding a prayer-meeting. The room was dark, but every idol had a lamp in his lap, shedding more light than any idols had ever done before. "I wonder," says the narrator, "if he read the 115th Psalm!"

868. Long and Short Prayers.—The Princess Anne, daughter of Charles I., died when she was very young. On her dying bed she was requested by one of her attendants to pray. She said she was not able to say her long prayer, meaning the Lord's Prayer, but she would say her short one, "Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death." She had no sooner pronounced these few words than her gentle spirit entered that bright and happy world where prayer is exchanged for praise.

869. Lord's Prayer.—Mr. Hay, in his "Western Barbary," relates:—"I remember on one occasion travelling in the country with a companion who possessed some knowledge of medicine; we had arrived at a door, near which we were to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic, turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we are disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer, and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed—'May God curse me, if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more, that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'"

870. "Lord, Save Me!"—A minister asked the maid at an inn in the Netherlands if she prayed to God. She replied, "She had scarce time to eat, how should she have time to pray?" He promised to give her a little money, if on his return she could assure him she had meanwhile said three words of prayer night and morning. Only three words and a reward caught her promise. He solemnly added, "Lord, save me!" For a fortnight she said the words unmeaningly, but one night she wondered what they meant, and why he bade her repeat them. God put it into her heart to look at the Bible, and see if it would tell her. She liked some verses, where she opened it, so well that next morning she looked again, and so on. When the good man went back he asked the landlord for her, as a stranger served him. "Oh, sir, she's got too good for my place, and lives with the minister." So soon as she saw the minister at the door, she cried, "Is it you, you blessed man? I shall thank God through all eternity that I ever saw you; I want not the money, I have reward enough for saying those words." She then described how salvation by Jesus Christ was taught her by the Bible, in answer to this prayer.

871. Means of Reconciliation.—Mr. Johnston, of West Africa, in one of his journals, relates the following very pleasing and instructive incident:—"In visiting a sick communicant, his wife, who was formerly in the school, was present. I asked several questions, viz., if they prayed together, read a part of the Scriptures (the woman can read), constantly attended public worship, and lived in peace with their neighbours. All these questions were answered in the affirmative. I then asked if they lived in peace together. The man answered, 'Sometimes I say a word my wife no like, or my wife talk or do what I no like; but when we want to quarrel we shake hands to-

gether, shut the door, and go to prayer, and so we get peace again.' This method of keeping peace quite delighted me."

872. Persevering Prayer.—The wife of a Wiltshire labourer being converted, her husband became a bitter persecutor, and because his wife would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, and during the winter season. The wife did not expose this cruelty to her neighbours, but, on the contrary, to avoid observation, she went into the adjacent fields and betook herself to prayer. Her only encouragement was that with God all things are possible; she therefore resolved to set apart one hour every day to pray for the conversion of her husband. This she was enabled to do, without missing a single day for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired at about twelve o'clock as usual, and as she thought for the last time. Fearing that her wishes might be contrary to the will of God, she resolved to call no more upon Him; her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labour in a state of deep dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife followed, and heard to her grateful astonishment that he who used to mock, had returned to pray. He went back again to his labour until the evening, and when he came home his wife affectionately asked him, "What is the matter?" "About twelve o'clock this morning," said he, "a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed upon my mind, which I cannot get rid of, and I am sure I am lost." His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "It is of no use, there is no forgiveness for me!" Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he

said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "Oh yes." "Will you pray for me?" "Oh yes." "Will you pray for me now?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees, and wept and made supplication. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy.

873. Power of United Prayer.—

Some time ago three Christians fixed by agreement on a merchant of Philadelphia, doing a large business, but who had no interest in Christ, to make him a subject of special prayer. They agreed to meet at the same hour each day to pray for his conversion. Having done so for two or three days, they said to a fourth, a merchant, "We want you to go and talk to that man about his soul." "I will go," he said. He went, found the merchant in his counting-house in the midst of business, and asked him for an interview. It was granted. He told him at once the object of his visit. "I have come to speak to you about Jesus." The man's head fell upon his breast; he was silent. "If you feel that you need a Saviour, I have come to tell you that His salvation is free, and that you may have it if you will." "Do you say that?" he asked. "I repeat it; I have the highest authority for it," said the visitor. "Will you go with me to see my pastor to-night?" "I will go to-night," he replied. That evening the merchant and his friend came to the minister, the former anxiously inquiring for Jesus, and sitting with the simple earnestness of a little child, begging to know the way of life.

874. Prayer Answered.—Many years ago a few Moravian missionaries sailed from London to the Island of St. Thomas, where they were to preach to the slaves. The name of the ship in which they sailed was the *Britannia*. At first their voyage was pleasant and prosperous, and in their hearts, as well as with their voices, the missionaries often thanked God for His

goodness to them. But one day a serious danger threatened them. In the distance they saw a pirate-ship. What could those who saw it do, all alone there on the wide ocean? Each did what he thought wisest and best. The captain thought it best to put the ship into a state of defence; so he arranged his men, told them to load their pistols, and "sell their lives as dearly as they could;" which meant, they were to try to kill as many of the enemy as they could. The sailors, whatever they thought best, were of course obliged to obey their captain. But the missionaries thought it best to pray. They went down into the cabin; there they knelt and prayed very earnestly to God. They remembered God's promises, and they thought, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 31.) When the pirate-ship came within gunshot of the *Britannia*, it began to pour out a heavy fire from the cannon ranged along its deck. At the same time it tried to get nearer, in order to throw its grappling-irons on board and hold the *Britannia* fast, while the crew jumped from the one vessel to the other, to do their work of destruction. It seemed as if there were little chance of escape from such an enemy. The captain had no cannon, and very few sailors, and these not trained as fighting men. His heart was sinking in the fearful prospect before him. He had powerful helpers on board, however, though he did not know it. Those powerful helpers were the Moravian missionaries, on their knees in the cabin, praying. Through the noise of the fight their fervent prayers were ascending to Heaven. Their prayers were a better defence for the ship than if the vessel had carried a hundred guns and a thousand armed men. See what their prayers did. The moment the pirates tried to throw their grappling-irons, their ship was tossed violently by the waves, so that not only did the irons fail to catch hold, but the men that held them were thrown into the sea.

The pirate-captain was vexed at this disaster, but he told more men to come and throw the grappling-irons again. They shared the same fate. Seeing he could not succeed in this manner, he ordered his men to keep on firing at the *Britannia* till she should sink. But this plan also strangely failed. The balls missed their aim and fell into the sea. But as they kept on firing, the smoke became very thick, and hung about the vessels for some minutes, hiding them from each other's view. The pirates hoped they were doing great mischief, and that the ship would soon sink. But what was the astonishment of the pirate-captain, when a sudden gust of wind cleared the smoke away, and he saw the *Britannia* at a distance, with all her sails spread to the wind, speeding swiftly away from the attack! Thus wonderfully did God answer prayer, and save the vessel. (Psalm cvii. 28, 31.)

875. Praying before Strangers.

—A clergyman says: "My grandfather once solicited a very excellent but modest minister to pray in his family when there were several others present. He desired to be excused, alleging that he had not thought of it, and there were so many other ministers present. My grandfather replied, 'Sir, you are to speak to your Master, and not to them, and my Bible tells me He is not so critical and censorious as men are.'"

876. Pray On.—"I had a brother once," says a Christian writer, "now more than a brother. He was wild, wayward, reckless. Elder brother as he was, and the natural guide of a younger, I could not look to him for an example of good. He loved the wine-cup, he loved the paths of folly and sensual pleasure. When a boy—for God showed His great mercy to me in calling me early to a knowledge of Himself—I used to pray for him often, with agony of soul. But on he went in his career of folly and sin, a burden and a

grief to his parents. We grew up to manhood. Still prayer seemed unavailing. He had intelligence, ability; he might have been a useful, a happy, and a distinguished man. But he clung to his idols. At times indeed there was reflection, remorse, and a feeble effort to break away from his chains; but this soon passed, and he was as before. Prayer followed him still—the prayers and tears of a believing mother, whose heart swelled well-nigh unto breaking. But apparently there was no answer. He became a wanderer, went to sea, and roamed in foreign lands. What he suffered we never knew. He returned destitute, wretched, a mere wreck of his former self; returned to a widowed mother, for our father had passed away. For a time he reformed, and hope again sprang up, alas! too soon to be dashed. His old habits resumed their wonted power. Once more he goes forth, now to the distant West. Years pass, years of anxiety. Our mother, whose prayers and patience and hope never ceased, in a ripe old age goes to her gracious reward, her prayers unanswered, her hopes unrealised; but they are all laid up before God. Time in its ceaseless course rolls on. More than sixty winters whiten the head of that brother. Increasing infirmities warn him of the approaching end, yet he lives on without God, he turns in anger from every Gospel appeal. The ocean rolls between us, but on a foreign shore, to which God in His providence has called me, my heart anxiously turns to the loved ones in my native land. Shall that brother descend to the grave, having no interest in the great Redeemer? Shall he in the Great Day be the only one of this family circle who has no crown to cast at His feet? It seems like hoping against hope, yet prayer in his behalf ceases not. Letters come, the seals are eagerly broken. What do I read? Is it possible? Is prayer, after so many years of patient waiting, indeed answered? Yes; that brother, so

long, so very long a wanderer, sits at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind."

877. Preaching and Praying.—"The end of preaching," says George Herbert, "is praying." A minister, observing a poor man by the roadside breaking stones with a pick-axe, and kneeling, to get at his work the better, said to him, "Ah, John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones!" The man replied, "Perhaps, master, you don't work on your knees."

878. Resignation to God's Will.—A sceptical nobleman once asked Lady Huntingdon how she reconciled prayer to God for particular blessings with absolute resignation to the Divine will. "Very easily," answered her ladyship; "just as if I were to offer a petition to a monarch, of whose kindness and wisdom I had the highest opinion. In such a case my language would be, 'I wish you to bestow on me such or such a favour; but your Majesty knows better than I how far it would be agreeable to you, or right in itself to grant my desire. I therefore content myself with humbly presenting my petition, and leave the event of it entirely to you.'"

879. Selfish Prayer.—A man once complained to his minister that he had prayed for a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayers. The minister replied, "Go home now and pray, 'Father, glorify Thyself.'"

880. Trouble and Prayer.—When Melancthon was entreated by his friends to lay aside the natural anxiety and timidity of his temper, he replied, "If I had no anxieties, I should lose a powerful incentive to prayer; but when the cares of life impel to devotion—the best means of consolation—a religious mind cannot do without them. Thus trouble compels me to pray, and prayer drives away trouble."

881. Unexpected Answer to Prayer.—Dr. Lathrop, of America, illustrating in a sermon the sentiment that "God often answers prayer in a way we do not expect," relates:—"A poor African negro was led, while in his own country, by the consideration of the works of nature, to a conviction of the existence and benevolence of a Supreme Being. Impressed with this fact, he used daily to pray to this Great Being that by some means or other he might more distinctly know Him. About this time he was taken, with many others, and sold for a slave. For a while he hesitated as to the view he had taken of God, and thought that if there did indeed exist a just and good Being, as he had supposed, He would not allow fraud and iniquity to prevail against innocence and integrity. But after a while this poor slave was introduced into a pious family in New England, where he was instructed in Christianity, and enabled to rejoice in God as his Friend. He was now persuaded of the fact that adverse providences are often the means of answering our prayers and conducting us to the greatest happiness."

882. Vow in Prayer.—The captain of a Greek vessel and his crew once astonished the inhabitants of Marseilles, by carrying the cargo of their small vessel, consisting of rice, to the market-place, and distributing it gratis to the poor. It may easily be supposed that their customers increased rapidly when the circumstances were made known, and several other cargoes might have been speedily disposed of on the same terms. This act of charity and munificence on the part of these humble but worthy individuals, while it does them great honour, exhibits in a striking manner the influence of the Christian religion. These poor men were caught in a dreadful storm in the Mediterranean, and having betaken themselves to prayer, according to the

forms of the Greek Church, they made a vow to give their cargo to the poor if Providence should be pleased to spare their lives for the sake of their wives and families. The storm abated, and they gained Marseilles in safety, where they rigidly performed their vow.

PREACHERS AND SERMONS.

Deut. vi. 6, 9; Psalm cxix. 11, 24; Isaiah v. 20, xxxii. 20, xxxiv. 16; 1 Tim. iv. 6; Heb. iv. 12; 1 Peter v. 2, 4; Rev. xix. 10.

883. Advantage of Simplicity.—Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, having once to travel from home, wrote to a poor congregation to say that he should have occasion to stay a night in their village, and that if it were agreeable to them he would give them a sermon. The poor people hesitated for some time, but at length permitted him to preach. After the sermon, he found them in a far happier mood than when he first came among them, and could not forbear inquiring into the reason of all this. "Why, sir, to tell you the truth," said one of them, "knowing that you were a very learned man, and that you were a teacher of young ministers, we were much afraid we should not understand you; but you have been quite as plain as any minister we ever heard." "Ay, ay," the Doctor replied; "you entirely misunderstood the nature of learning, my friend: its design is to make things so plain that they cannot be misunderstood." Similar was the view of Archbishop Leighton, who says in one of his charges to the clergy, "How much learning, my brethren, is required to make these things plain!"

884. Aylmer and his Congregation.—When Bishop Aylmer observed his congregation inattentive, he used to repeat some verses of the Hebrew Bible, at which the people naturally stared with astonishment. He then addressed them on the folly of eagerly listening to what they did not understand, while they neglected instructions which were readily comprehended.

885. Best Aid.—In the early part of the ministerial labours of the Rev. S. Kilpin, of Exeter,

several trivial circumstances gave an entire change to his style of preaching. He was in the habit of studying closely, and writing nearly the whole of, his sermons, to which he made reference during the time of their delivery. Thus furnished, he visited some part of Wales. Immense congregations assembled. He was told that they did not like any but extemporaneous preaching. For this he was not prepared, but by condensing his subject he lessened the appearance of his notes. With a trembling hand he placed his remarks in the Bible so neatly that his fears vanished. This, however, was followed by a hard cough, which, to his dismay, released the concealed paper, and sent it into a current of air, where it floated as a kite over the heads of the people. He breathed a momentary prayer for aid, when with good-humour he said, "So let Dagon fall; we will endeavour to seek higher assistance." This pleased the congregation; he was enabled calmly to collect his thoughts, and the sermon was followed by good results.

886. Best Sermon.—A friend calling on the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, during his last illness, said to him, "Sir, you have given us much good advice; pray what are you now doing with your own soul?" "I am doing with it," said he, "what I did forty years ago; I am resting on that word, 'I am the Lord thy God;' and on this I mean to die." The night on which he died, his eldest daughter was reading in the room where he was, to whom he said, "What book is that you are reading, my dear?" "It is one of your sermons, father."

"What one is it?" "It is the sermon on that text, 'I am the Lord thy God.'" "That," said he, "is the best sermon I ever preached."

887. Bishop's Last Sermon.—When Bishop Jewell, by his laborious course of life, had much impaired his health, his friends, who could not but observe a sensible alteration in his appearance, endeavoured to prevail on him to relax from his incessant application, and to desist for a time at least from pulpit services. He only replied to their friendly remonstrances by saying that "a bishop should die preaching." These words were almost literally fulfilled in his own case, for a short time before his death, having promised to preach at some place in Wiltshire, he would go, although a friend who met him on the way strongly urged him to return home, telling him that the people had better lose one sermon than be altogether deprived of such a pastor. The Bishop, however, could not be prevailed upon to return, but proceeded to the place appointed, and there preached his last sermon, which he was not able to finish without great difficulty. He died a few days afterwards.

888. Blind Preacher.—Dr. Guyse was blind in the latter part of his life, but he still determined to preach. After the morning service of the first day, an old lady of his congregation, enraptured with his discourse, followed him into the vestry after the service was over, and exclaimed, "Doctor, I wish you had been blind these twenty years, for you never preached so good a sermon in your life as you have done to-day." The remark was not wholly without foundation, for the Doctor had been accustomed to read his sermons, but when he preached extemporaneously, his delivery was more animated and more natural.

889. Composition of Sermons.—Few persons ever devoted themselves so completely to the service of

the pulpit as Mr. Duchal, an eminent Irish Nonconformist divine of the beginning of the eighteenth century. From his first engaging in the work of the ministry, he applied himself very diligently to the preparation of pulpit compositions, so that he was soon furnished with such a quantity as might have warranted his devoting a considerable portion of his time to other pursuits. But, notwithstanding this, he continued the same practice, and in the last twenty years of his life composed more than seven hundred sermons; a fact which, considering that they were not ordinary compositions, but generally contained a rich variety of instructive and interesting matter, exhibits an instance of industry and zeal which deserves to be recorded. Great as the industry of Duchal was, it was exceeded by that of the Rev. John Lewis, Vicar of Mynstre, who is said to have composed more than a thousand sermons. Mr. Lewis was so strongly of opinion that every clergyman should compose his own sermons, that in his will he gave orders to his executor to destroy the whole of his stock, lest they should contribute to the indolence of others. Surely, however, this was carrying a praiseworthy resolution to excess. Why should any sermon worth remembering be suppressed?

890. Conscientious Chaplain.—The Rev. John Howe, when minister of Great Torrington, in Devonshire, having occasion to make a journey to London, went as a hearer to the chapel at Whitehall. Cromwell was present, and, struck with his demeanour and person, sent a messenger to inform him that he wished to speak with him when the service was over. In the course of the interview the Protector desired him to preach before him the following Sunday. Mr. Howe requested to be excused, but Cromwell was not to be denied. Mr. Howe preached accordingly, and the Protector was so pleased

with him that he immediately appointed him his domestic chaplain. To some of the peculiar notions of Cromwell Mr. Howe could not however assent, and in one particular instance he had the boldness to preach against them in his presence, believing that they might lead to practical ill consequences. The friends of the preacher were alarmed for him, and one of them predicted that he would find it difficult, if not impossible, to regain his favour. "I have," said the worthy man, "discharged my conscience, and the event must be left to God." From this period the friendship of Cromwell was less ardent, and his manner cool and reserved, but he never took any notice of the subject.

891. Drunkard and his Wife.—

In a regiment stationed at Edinburgh in the last century, there was a sergeant named Forbes, a very abandoned man, who got in debt for liquor wherever he could. His wife washed for the regiment, and thus obtained a little money. She was a pious woman, but all her attempts to reclaim him were long unsuccessful. During one of Whitefield's visits to that city, she offered her husband a sum of money if he would for once go and hear him. This was a strong inducement, and he engaged to go. The sermon was in a field, as no building could have contained the audience. The sergeant was rather early, and placed himself in the middle of the field, that he might file off after Whitefield ascended the pulpit, as he only wished to be able to say that he had heard him. The crowd, however, increased, and when Whitefield appeared, they pressed forward, and he found it impossible to get away. The prayer produced some impression on his mind, but the sermon most deeply convinced him of his sinfulness and danger. He became an altered man, and proved the reality of his conversion by living for many years with the

strictest economy, in order to liquidate the claims of every one of his creditors.

892. Effective Appeal.—An orator appeared in Ireland many years ago, who, to use the emphatical expression of Grattan, "broke in upon the slumbers of the pulpit." We allude to Dr. Kirwan, Dean of Killaloe. That he was a great orator, the manner in which he was attended sufficiently evinced. Persons crowded to hear who on no other occasion appeared within the walls of a church—men of the world who had other pursuits, and men of profession—physicians, lawyers, in short, all to whom eloquence of the highest order had any charms. The pressure of the crowd was immense; guards were obliged to be stationed without to keep off from the larger churches the overflowing curiosity which could not contribute adequately to the great charities for which he generally preached. The sums collected on these occasions exceeded anything ever before known. In one instance such was the magical impression he produced, that many persons, ladies particularly, after contributing all the money they had upon them, threw their watches, rings, and other valuable ornaments into the plate, which next day they redeemed with money. The produce of this unequalled triumph of oratory was indeed munificent—no less a sum than twelve hundred pounds.

893. Eloquent Appeal.—An intimate friend having asked Hume what he thought of Whitefield's preaching, "He is, sir," said Hume, "the most ingenious preacher I ever heard; it is worth while to go twenty miles to hear him." He then repeated the following passage, which occurred towards the close of the discourse he had been hearing:—"After a solemn pause Mr. Whitefield thus addressed his numerous audience:—'The attendant angel is just

about to leave the threshold and ascend to heaven. And shall he ascend, and not bear with him the news of one sinner, among all this multitude, reclaimed from the error of his ways?" To give the greater effect to this exclamation, he stamped with his foot, lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and with gushing tears cried aloud, "Stop, Gabriel! Stop, Gabriel! Stop, ere you enter the sacred portals, and yet carry with you the news of one sinner converted to God." He then, in the most simple but energetic language, described what he called 'a Saviour's dying love to sinful man,' so that almost the whole assembly melted into tears. This address was accompanied with such animated yet natural action, that it surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher."

894. Everybody's Doctrine.—The first sermon preached by the Rev. Robert Hall at Cambridge, after he had become the pastor of the congregation there, was on the doctrine of the Atonement and its practical tendencies. One of the congregation, who had embraced very erroneous views of the Gospel, said to him, "Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us: it will only suit a congregation of old women." "Do you mean my sermon, sir, or the doctrine?" "Your doctrine." "Why is it that the doctrine is fit only for old women?" "Because it may suit the musings of people tottering upon the brink of the grave, and who are eagerly seeking comfort." "Thank you, sir, for your concession. The doctrine will not suit people of any age unless it be true, and if it be true, it is not fitted for old women alone, but is equally important at every age."

895. Extemporaneous Preaching.—When John Wesley first began to preach, he came to a church once without a sermon. Going up the pulpit-stairs he hesitated, and returned into the vestry under

much mental confusion and agitation. A woman who was there noticed that he was deeply agitated, and inquired, "Pray, sir, what is the matter with you?" He replied, "I have not brought a sermon with me." Putting her hand upon his shoulder, she said, "Is that all? Cannot you trust God for a sermon?" That question had such an effect upon him that he ascended the pulpit and preached extempore, with great freedom to himself and acceptance to the people, and he never afterwards took a written sermon into the pulpit.

896. Extempore Sermon.—Frederick the Great being informed of the death of one of his chaplains, a man of considerable learning and piety, determined to select a successor with the same qualifications, and took the following method of ascertaining the merit of one of the numerous candidates for the appointment. He told the applicant that he would furnish him with a text the following Sunday, when he was to preach at the Royal Chapel. The morning came, and the chapel was crowded to excess. The King arrived at the end of the prayers, and on the candidate ascending the pulpit, he was presented with a sealed paper by one of his Majesty's aides-de-camp. The preacher opened it, and found nothing written. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind, but turning the paper on both sides, he said, "My brethren, here is nothing, and there is nothing: out of nothing God created all things;" and proceeded to deliver a most eloquent discourse on the wonders of the creation.

897. Faithful Preaching.—Massillon's eloquence shone conspicuously in the introduction of a sermon before Louis XIV., King of France, upon the words of the Redeemer, Matt. v. 4, "Blessed are they that mourn." The preacher began: "If the world addressed your Majesty from this place, the

world would not say, 'Blessed are they that mourn.' The world would say, 'Blessed is the Prince who has never fought but to conquer; who has filled the universe with his name; who, through the whole course of a long and flourishing reign, enjoys in splendour all that men admire—extent of conquest, the esteem of his enemies, the love of his people, the wisdom of his laws.' But, Sire, the language of the Gospel is not the language of the world."

898. Farewell Sermon.—An eminent London minister some years ago stepped into a dissecting-room and touched one of the dead bodies, forgetting that he had just before accidentally cut his finger. He became diseased, and the doctors who were called in pronounced the accident fatal. At that time worship was held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on a Friday evening. Conscious of his approaching death, the good man ascended the pulpit, and preached in so powerful a strain as to make many of his audience weep. At the conclusion he told the audience that it was his farewell sermon,—“not like the ordinary farewell sermons of the world, but more impressive, from the circumstances, than any preached before. My hearers shall long bear it in mind, when this frail earth is mouldering in its kindred dust.” The congregation could not conjecture his meaning, but on the following Sabbath an unknown preacher ascended the pulpit, and informed them that their pious minister had breathed his last on the preceding evening.

899. Fine Sermons.—Samuel Wesley wrote an admirable letter to his curate, which is a very able production, abounding in wise hints and suggestions. It was of great service to his son John in after years, and to the celebrated Whitefield. In the letter he says: “I sincerely hate what some people call a fine sermon, with just nothing in it. I cannot help thinking that

it is very like our fashionable poetry, a polite nothing.”

900. Flattery's Reward.—One of the first acts performed by George III., after his accession to the throne, was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should be called to preach before him from paying him any compliment in their discourses. His Majesty was led to this from the fulsome adulation which Dr. Thomas Wilson, Prebendary of Westminster, thought proper to deliver in the Chapel Royal, and for which, instead of thanks, he received from his royal auditor a pointed reprimand. His Majesty observing “that he came to the chapel to hear the praises of God, and not his own.” This circumstance operated wonderfully on the reverend orator, as from that moment he became a flaming patriot. The Doctor took part with Wilkes, was made liveryman of the Joiners' Company, and lavished large sums upon Mrs. Macaulay, the Republican historian, in whose honour he caused a marble statue to be erected in his church at Walbrook, though before he died he caused it to be removed, not indeed so much from a sense of the impropriety of the thing, as out of resentment to the lady, who had displeased him by her marriage.

901. Forgotten Sermon.—We have read of a clergyman who one Sabbath morning opened his Bible to mark the passage he had been studying throughout the week, and from which he intended to deliver a discourse that day; but, to his great surprise, he could not find it, for neither words nor text could he recollect. He endeavoured to recall the subject to memory, and made it a matter of prayer, but all to no effect. While thinking how he should be confounded before the congregation, another passage darted into his mind with peculiar energy. He accordingly preached from it, and during the discourse he observed a person,

apparently in a clerical habit, enter the place, who, after having heard a little, seemed bathed in tears, and never raised his head through the whole of the sermon. In the evening this person called on the preacher, and after expressing his obligations for the sermon he had heard, he added, "Two or three years ago I heard you preach in such a place, and ever since I have been under the spirit of conviction and bondage. This day I took my horse and rode to hear you, and, blessed be God, He has now given me to see Him as my reconciled God and Father in Christ Jesus, and to enjoy that liberty wherewith He makes His people free."

902. Fruit after Many Days.—John Flavel, the Puritan divine, was at one time settled at Dartmouth, where his labours were greatly blessed. His manner was remarkably affectionate and serious, often exciting powerful emotions in his hearers. On one occasion he preached from these words, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." The discourse was unusually solemn, particularly the explanation of the words Anathema Maran-atha,—“cursed with a curse, cursed of God with a bitter and grievous curse.” At the conclusion of the service, when Flavel arose to pronounce the benediction, he paused and said, "How shall I bless this whole assembly, when every person in it who loveth not the Lord Jesus Christ is Anathema Maran-atha?" The solemnity of this address deeply affected the audience, and one gentleman was so overcome by his feelings that he fell senseless to the floor. In the congregation was a lad named Luke Short, then about fifteen years old, and a native of Dartmouth. Shortly after the event just narrated he entered into the seafaring line, and sailed to America, where he passed the rest of his life. Short's existence was lengthened much beyond the usual

term. When a hundred years old, he had sufficient strength to work on his farm, and his mental faculties were very little impaired. Hitherto he had lived in carelessness and sin; he was now a "sinner a hundred years old," and apparently ready to "die accursed." But one day, as he sat in his field, he busied himself in reflecting on his past life. Recurring to the events of his youth, his memory fixed upon Flavel's discourse above alluded to, a considerable part of which he was able to recollect. The affectionate earnestness of the preacher's manner, the important truths which he delivered, and the effects produced on the congregation, were brought fresh to his mind. The blessing of God accompanied his meditations; conviction was followed by repentance, and at length this aged sinner obtained peace and found "the way of righteousness."

903. Fruitful Sermon.—The late Rev. S. Marsden was some years ago appointed colonial chaplain to New South Wales. The vessel in which he sailed to his appointment was detained by contrary winds over a Sabbath at the Isle of Wight. The chaplain was invited to preach in one of the churches. His text was, "Be clothed with humility." Among his hearers was a thoughtless girl who had come to show her fine dress rather than to be instructed. The sermon was the means of her conversion. Her name was Elizabeth Walbridge, the celebrated "Dairyman's Daughter," whose interesting history, by the Reverend Legh Richmond, has been printed in various languages and widely circulated, to the spiritual benefit of thousands. What a reward was this for a single sermon preached "out of season"!

904. Fuller and his Flock.—One Sabbath afternoon, soon after he had begun his sermon, Mr. Fuller observed several of his congregation asleep. Grieved with their improper conduct, he disturbed them

by a smart rap with his hand on the pulpit, and said, "I have often been afraid of preaching you to sleep, but it cannot be my fault to-day, for you are asleep almost before I have begun."

905. Good Arrangement.—"I don't know," said a gentleman to the late Rev. Andrew Fuller, "how it is that I can remember your sermons better than those of any other minister, but such is the fact." "I cannot tell," replied Mr. Fuller, "unless it be owing to simplicity of arrangement; I pay particular attention to this part of composition, always placing things together that are related to each other, and that naturally follow each other in succession. For instance," added he, "suppose I were to say to my servant, 'Betty, you must go and buy some butter and starch and cream and soap and tea and blue and sugar and cakes,' Betty would be very apt to say, 'Master, I shall never be able to remember all these.' But suppose I were to say, 'Betty, you know that your mistress is going to have some friends to tea to-morrow, and that you are going to wash the day following, and that for the tea-party you will want tea and sugar and cream and cakes and butter, and for the washing you will want soap and starch and blue,'—Betty would instantly reply, 'Yes, master, I can now remember them all very well.'"

906. Graceless Pastor.—The Rev. Alexander Henderson, who lived in Scotland in the seventeenth century, being a young man of talent, by the use of improper means became a minister in that country, without having felt in his own heart the grace of God. The Rev. Robert Bruce was once called to preach in the neighbourhood, and being a very popular minister, Mr. H. determined to hear him. Mr. Bruce entered the pulpit, and after a solemn pause, in his usual manner, which fixed Mr. Henderson's attention, he read

with emphasis these words as his text, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber." These words went to Mr. Henderson's heart, he felt himself in the Divine presence, his conscience became greatly troubled, and he yielded to the force of Divine truth. He afterwards rose to eminent usefulness in the Church of Christ.

907. Hard Words.—A young clergyman, who had delivered a discourse in the place of an aged brother minister, requested the opinion of the latter respecting it. "Oh," said he, plainly, "many of the words you used were beyond the comprehension of your hearers: thus, for instance, the word 'inference,' perhaps not half of my parishioners understand its meaning." "Inference, inference!" exclaimed the other, "why every one must understand that." "I think you will find it not so; there's my clerk now, he prides himself upon his learning, and in truth is very intelligent; we will try him. Zechariah, come hither, Zechariah: my brother here wishes you to draw an inference; can you do it?" "Why, I'm pretty strong, but John the coachman is stronger than I; I'll ask him." Zechariah went out a few moments to look after the coachman, and returned. "John says he has never tried to draw an inference, sir, but he reckons his horses can draw anything that the traces will hold!"

908. Hearing Christ Preached.—At the dispensation of the Lord's Supper, where the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine was assisting, a lady who was present was much impressed by his discourse. Having been informed who he was, she went on the next Sabbath to his own place of worship to hear him. But she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced on the former occasion. Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and stating

the case, asked what might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings. He replied, "Madam, the reason is this: last Sabbath you went to hear Jesus Christ preached, but to-day you have come to hear Ebenezer Erskine preach."

909. In Face of Death.—Dr. Payson was at one time taken suddenly ill, and, as every one thought, was about to die. Concerning this event, he thus writes: "What gave most concern was, that notice had been given of my being about to preach. Whilst the doctor was preparing my medicine, feeling my pains abated, I on a sudden cried out, 'Doctor, my pains are suspended; by the help of God, I will go and preach, and then come home and die.' In my apprehension, and in appearance to others, I was a dying man; the people heard me as such. The invisible realities of another world lay open to my view. Expecting to stretch into eternity, and to be with my Master before the morning, I spoke with peculiar energy. Such effects followed the word, that I thought it was worth dying for a thousand times."

910. King of Kings.—Latimer, preaching one day before Henry VIII., stood up in the pulpit, and seeing the King, addressed himself in a kind of soliloquy, thus, "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say, for the great King Henry VIII. is here." Then he paused, and proceeded, "Latimer, Latimer, Latimer, take care what you say, for the great King of kings is here."

911. "Nail Fastened by the Master of Assemblies."—"About twenty years ago," says Dr. Wisner, "I was called in the providence of God to preach a sermon in a village a little more than twenty miles from where I was then settled. I preached from Rev. iii. 20: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and

he with Me.' After pointing out some of the ways in which Christ knocked at the doors of sinners, I remarked that He was then knocking at the door of that young man who had recently been bereaved of a beloved parent, and inquired whether he would then listen to the Saviour, and open the door. I did not at that time know that there had been any recent bereavement in the congregation, but twenty years afterwards, at a meeting of Synod, one of the elders from that church came to me, and with deep emotion informed me that the remark to which I have alluded was to his soul 'a nail in a sure place, fixed by the Master of assemblies.' He was at the time of my preaching mourning the loss of a beloved mother, and when I unwittingly alluded to his case, and inquired whether he would listen to Christ's voice and open the door, his heart responded 'I will;' and there, in his seat in the house of God, the Saviour came 'in unto him,' and filled his soul with joy and peace, according to His gracious promise."

912. Nervous Preacher.—Dr. Westfield, the Bishop of Bristol in the reign of Charles I., was so excellent a preacher that Bishop King said he was "born an orator," and yet he was of such extreme modesty that he never ascended the pulpit, even when he had been fifty years a preacher, but he trembled. Preaching once before the King at Oxford, he fainted away; but his Majesty awaited his recovery, and then had from him such a sermon as abundantly rewarded the Royal condescension.

913. New Notions.—In an early period of the ministry of the Rev. John Wesley, he visited Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his father had formerly been minister, but found the people greatly opposed to what they considered his "new notions." He tells us in his journal that many persons were convinced of the importance of the

truths he delivered from the tombstone of his father, some of whom were conveyed in a waggon to a neighbouring justice of the peace, to answer for the heresy with which they were charged. Mr. Wesley rode over also. When the magistrate asked what these persons had done, there was a deep silence, for that was a point their conductors had forgotten. At length one of them said, "Why, they pretend to be better than other people, and besides, they pray from morning to night." He asked, "But have they done anything besides?" "Yes," said an old man, "an't please your Worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the Justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

914. No Sermon Good without Christ in it.—Bishop F——, of Salisbury, having procured a young clergyman of promising abilities to preach before George III., and the young man having in his Lordship's opinion acquitted himself well, the Bishop, in conversation with the King afterwards, wishing to get his Sovereign's opinion, took the liberty to say, "Does not your Majesty think that the young man who had the honour to preach before your Majesty is likely to make a good clergyman, and has this morning delivered a very good sermon?" To which the King, in his blunt manner, hastily replied, "It might have been a good sermon, my Lord, but I consider no sermon good that has nothing of Christ in it."

915. Open-air Preaching.—It is well known that Sir Richard Hill, the brother of the distinguished minister, was originally greatly opposed to what he considered the irregularity of his brother preaching in the open air. He little supposed that he himself would soon engage in the same practice. The circumstances under

which he was prevailed on to preach are as remarkable as the fact itself. Sir Rowland Hill, their father, gratified by his cessation from his once favourite pursuit, sent him to Bristol to prevail on his brother Rowland to follow his example and return home. On his arrival at Bristol, Mr. Richard Hill heard that Rowland was gone to Kingswood to preach to the colliers. He immediately followed him, and found him surrounded by an immense multitude of these long-neglected people, listening with the greatest interest to the solemn appeal he was making to their consciences. Mr. Rowland Hill saw his brother, and guessing his errand, only proceeded with increased earnestness; and such was the power of his address, that the black faces of the poor colliers soon exhibited innumerable channels of tears, which the sermon had caused them to shed. Mr. Richard Hill was much affected by the unusual scene, and his brother Rowland, taking advantage of his emotion, announced at the conclusion of the service, "My brother, Richard Hill, Esq., will preach here at this time to-morrow." Taken by surprise under the impression produced by what he had just witnessed, Mr. Richard Hill consented to preach to the colliers, and instead of returning with his brother to Hawkstone, became his coadjutor in the very work he designed to persuade him to relinquish. This is one of the remarkable instances of the tact and persuasive power possessed by Mr. Rowland Hill.

916. Perplexity of a Preacher.—The Rev. John Clark, of Trowbridge, had been engaged in the ministry for a few years, when his mind became greatly depressed with a view of its responsibility, a sense of his own inability, and the want of more success. At length these discouragements were so oppressive, that he assured some Christian friends, one Sabbath afternoon, that he could preach no

longer. In vain did they try to remove his difficulties, or to persuade him at least to address the congregation that evening, as no substitute could be obtained. He declared his positive inability to preach any more. At this moment a pious woman applied to speak to the minister. Being admitted, she requested him to preach from that text, "Then I said, I will not make mention of Him, nor speak any more in His name. But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." She stated that she did not know where the words were, but that her mind was so much impressed with them, that she could not forbear to request him to preach from them that evening. Being satisfied that she was entirely unacquainted with the circumstances which had just transpired, Mr. Clark was assured that Providence had thus interposed that he should continue his ministry. He preached that evening from the text thus given, and never afterwards was similarly distressed.

917. Plainness of Speech.—Constant use of the most plain and easy words which our language affords was one of John Wesley's strongest recommendations. He writes to one whose style was very fine, "When I had been a member of the University about ten years I wrote and talked much as you do now, but when I talked to plain people in the Castle or the town I observed they gaped and stared. This quickly obliged me to alter my style, and adopt the language of those I spoke to; and yet there is a dignity in this simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank."

918. "Prating Tinker."—A student of Cambridge, observing a multitude flock to a village church on a working day, inquired what was the cause. On being informed that one Bunyan, a tinker, was to preach there, he gave a boy a few

halfpence to hold his horse, resolved, as he said, to hear the tinker prate. The tinker "prated" to such effect, that for some time the scholar wished to hear no other preacher, and through his future life gave proofs of the advantages he had received from the humble ministry of the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Bunyan, with rude, but irresistible zeal, preached throughout the country, and formed the greater part of the Baptist Churches in Bedfordshire; until, on the Restoration, he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement he preached to all to whom he could gain access, and when liberty was offered to him, on condition of promising to abstain from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow." Bunyan, on being liberated, became pastor of the Baptist Church at Bedford, and when the kingdom enjoyed a portion of religious liberty, he enlarged the sphere of his usefulness by preaching every year in London, where he excited great attention. On one day's notice, such multitudes would assemble that the places of worship could not hold them. "At a lecture at seven o'clock in the dark mornings of winter," says one of Bunyan's contemporaries, "I have seen about twelve hundred, and I computed about three thousand that came to hear him on a Lord's-day, so that one half of them were obliged to return for want of room."

919. Preacher's Device.—Mr. Doolittle, a Nonconformist minister who lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, once discovered among his congregation a young man, who, being shut out of the pews, discovered much uneasiness, and seemed anxious to quit the chapel. Mr. Doolittle, feeling a peculiar desire to detain him, effected it by the following expedient:—Turning towards one of the members of his church who sat in

the gallery, he asked him aloud, "Brother, do you repent of your coming to Christ?" "No, sir," he replied, "I never was happy till then; I only regret that I did not come to Him sooner." Mr. Doolittle then turned towards the opposite gallery, and addressed himself to an aged member in the same manner, "Brother, do you repent that you came to Christ?" "No, sir," said he, "I have known the Lord from my youth up." He then looked down upon the young man, whose attention was fully roused, and fixing his eyes upon him, said, "Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" This unexpected address from the pulpit, exciting the observation of all the people, so affected him, that he sat down and hid his face. Mr. Doolittle repeated his question, "Young man, are you willing to come to Christ?" Being urged by a person near him to answer, he replied, with a tremulous voice, "Yes, sir." "But when, sir?" added the minister in a solemn and loud tone. He mildly answered, "Now, sir." "Then stay," said Mr. Doolittle, "and hear the word of God, which you will find in 2 Cor. vi. 2: 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'" He then made so unpressive a discourse that the young man dissolved in tears, and from that time became a member of his congregation.

920. Preacher's Reward. The Rev. Henry Davies began his ministerial labours in Pembrokeshire, but being unjustly dismissed from the station, he frequently preached in the open air. As he was walking early one Sabbath morning to a place where he intended to preach, he was overtaken by a clergyman on horseback, who complained that he could never get above half-a-guinea for a discourse. "Oh, sir," said Mr. Davies, "I preach for a crown." "Do you?" replied the stranger; "then you are a disgrace to the cloth." To this observation

he meekly replied, "Perhaps I shall be held in greater disgrace in your estimation when I inform you that I am going nine miles to preach, and have but sevenpence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in, and do not expect to bring home the poor pittance that I am now in possession of; but I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will freely bestow upon me, when He appears before an assembled world."

921. Preacher's Three R's.—The Rev. Rowland Hill used to like Dr. Ryland's advice to his young academicians: "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's in it—Run by the Fall; Redemption by Christ; Regeneration by the Holy Spirit." Of himself he (the Rev. R. Hill) remarked: "My aim in every sermon is, a stout and lusty call to sinners, to quicken the saints, and to be made a universal blessing to all."

922. Preaching Christ.—The Rev. Mr. Venn, an Evangelical minister, was one day addressed by a neighbouring clergyman in the following words: "Mr. Venn, I don't know how it is, but I should really think your doctrines of grace and faith were calculated to make all your hearers live in sin, and yet I must own that there is an astonishing reformation wrought in your parish, whereas I don't believe I ever made one soul the better, though I have been telling them their duty for many years." Mr. Venn was pleased at the clergyman's honest confession, and frankly told him he would do well to burn all his old sermons, and try what preaching Christ would do.

923. Preaching to a King.—Louis the Fourteenth sent for the famous Bourdaloue to preach the Advent sermon in 1670, which he did with such success that he was many years retained at Court. He was called the king of preachers,

and the preacher to kings; and Louis himself said that he would rather hear the repetitions of Bourdaloue, than the novelties of another. With a collected air, Bourdaloue had little action; he generally kept his eyes half closed, and penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. On one occasion he turned the peculiarity of his external aspect to a very memorable advantage. After depicting, in soul-awakening terms, a sinner of the first magnitude, he suddenly opened his eyes, and casting them full on the King, who sat opposite to him, he added in a voice of thunder, "Thou art the man." The effect was confounding. When he had finished his discourse, he went and threw himself at the feet of his Sovereign, and said, "Sire, behold at your feet one who is the most devoted of your servants, but punish him not that in the pulpit he can own no other master but the King of kings."

924. Prolix Preaching.—Charles II. was wont to say of Dr. Barrow that "he was the most unfair preacher in England, because he exhausted every subject, and left no room for others to come after him." It was indeed too much the Doctor's way; when he got hold of a topic, he never knew how to leave anything unsaid upon it. One of his discourses actually took him three hours and a half in delivering!

925. Rebuke of Whitefield.—Whitefield, being informed that some lawyers had come to hear him by way of sport, took for his text these words: "And there came a certain lawyer to our Lord." Designedly he read, "And there came certain lawyers to our—I am wrong, 'a certain lawyer,' I was almost certain that I was wrong. It is a wonder to see one lawyer, but what a wonder if there had been more than one!" The theme of the sermon corresponded with its commencement, and those who came to laugh, went away edified.

926. Royal Clemency.—At the York Assizes, in 1808, the clerk to a mercantile house in Leeds was tried on a charge of forgery, found guilty, and condemned to death. His family in Halifax was very respectable, and his father, in particular, bore an excellent character. Immediately after the sentence was passed upon the unfortunate young man, a Dissenting minister of the Baptist persuasion, who had long been intimate with the father, presumed to address the King, George III., in a petition, soliciting the pardon of the son of his friend. Fully aware that it had been almost an invariable rule with the Government to grant no pardons in cases of forgery, he had little hopes of success; but, contrary to his expectations, his petition prevailed, and the reprieve was granted. That the solicitation of a private individual should have succeeded, when similar applications, urged by numbers and supported by great interest, have uniformly failed, may excite surprise, and deserves particular observation. The following circumstances, the veracity of which may be depended upon, fully explain the singularity of the fact:—In the year 1802 a dignified divine, preaching before the Royal Family, happened to quote a passage illustrative of his subject from a living author, whose name he did not mention. The King, who was always remarkably attentive, was struck with the quotation, and immediately noted the passage for an inquiry. At the conclusion of the service he asked the preacher from whom that extract had been taken, and being informed that the author was a Dissenting minister in Yorkshire, he expressed a wish to have a copy of the original discourse. The Royal mandate was accordingly imparted to the author, who lost no time in complying with it, accompanying the work with a very modest letter, expressive of the high sense he entertained of the honour conferred upon him. His Majesty was so well pleased with

the production, as to signify his readiness to serve the author. The case of the above young man soon after afforded this amiable and disinterested minister an opportunity of supplicating at the hands of the Monarch the exercise of his prerogative of mercy in favour of the son of his friend, as the greatest favour his Majesty could confer.

927. School for Divines.—Lord Bacon, in his "Enquiry on the Pacification of the Church," asks whether it was not requisite to renew that good service which was practised in the Church of England some years, and afterwards put down, against the advice and opinion of one of the greatest and gravest prelates of the land, which was commonly called prophesying, and was this: "The ministers within a precinct did meet upon a week-day in some principal town, where there was some ancient grave minister that was president, and an auditory admitted of gentlemen, or other persons of leisure. Then every minister successively, beginning with the youngest, did handle one and the same part of Scripture, spending severally some quarter of an hour or better, and in the whole some two hours; and so the exercise being begun and concluded with prayer, and the president giving a text for the next meeting, the assembly was dissolved, and this was, as I take it, a fortnight's exercise, which, in my opinion, was the best way to frame and train up preachers to handle the Word of God as it ought to be handled, that hath been practised. For we see orators have their declamations, lawyers have their merits, logicians their sophisms, and every practice of science hath an exercise of erudition and imitation before men to the life; only preaching, which is the worthiest, and wherein it is more dangerous to do amiss, wanteth an introduction, and is ventured and rushed upon at first."

928. Sermon for Cardinals.—*Whiston* relates that a learned

friar in Italy, famous for his learning and preaching, was commanded to preach before the Pope at a year of jubilee; and in order to suit his sermon better, he repaired to Rome a good while before, to see the fashion of the Conclave. When the day that he was to preach arrived, after ending his prayer, he looked for some time silently about, and at last cried out with a loud voice, three times, "St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool! St. Peter was a fool!" and without saying a word more, descended from the pulpit. Being afterwards summoned before the Pope, and asked why he had so conducted himself, he answered, "Surely, holy father, if a priest may go to heaven abounding in wealth, honour, and preferment, and live at ease, seldom or never preaching, then surely St. Peter was a fool, who took such a hard way in travelling, in fasting, in preaching, to go thither."

929. Silent Sermon.—The Rev. William Tennant once took much pains to prepare a sermon to convince an infidel of the truth of Christianity. But, in attempting to deliver this laboured discourse, he was so confused as to be compelled to stop and close the service by prayer. This unexpected failure in one who had so often astonished the unbeliever with the force of his eloquence, led the infidel to reflect that Mr. T. had been at other times aided by a Divine Power. This reflection proved the means of his conversion. Thus God accomplished by silence what his servant wished to effect by persuasive preaching. Mr. Tennant used afterwards to say his dumb sermon was one of the most profitable sermons that he had ever delivered.

930. Slave's Sermon.—A worthy Bishop of the Episcopal Church in America was in early life an immoral and dissipated man. During one evening with a party of gentlemen, they sat late over their

wine, and with a view to promote merriment, this young man sent for one of his slaves, who was in the habit of preaching to his companions in slavery, and ordered him to preach a sermon to the company. The good man hesitated for a time, but at length began to address them. Instead of the mirth, however, which they anticipated from the negro's ignorance and simplicity, the piety and fervour of his discourse produced a contrary effect. The solemn truths he delivered sank deeply into the hearts of some of the company, and, through the Divine blessing, carried conviction to the heart of his master, who now seriously inquired after the way of salvation; which having learned, he began from a sense of duty to publish the grace of Christ, and became an ornament to the Christian ministry.

931. Style.—The model the famous John Wesley proposed to himself was the Epistles of John. He says: "Here are sublimity and simplicity together, the strongest sense and the plainest language." Some one inquired, "What is it that constitutes a good style?" He replied, "Perspicuity, purity, propriety, strength, and easiness joined together." He said he could no more write in a fine style than he could weave a fine coat.

932. Too Much Learning.—A lady who went to hear an eminent minister preach, agreeably to her usual custom took with her a pocket Bible, to refer to the passages of Scripture he might quote. When she came away she said to a friend, "I should have left my Bible at home to-day, and brought my dictionary; for the Doctor does not deal so much in Scripture as in such learned words and phrases as require the help of an interpreter to make them intelligible."

933. Way to Christ.—"Don't you know, young man," said a Welsh minister, "that from every town and every village and every

little hamlet in England, wherever it may be, there is a road to London?" "Yes." "Ah!" said the old divine, "and so from every text in Scripture there is a road to the Metropolis of the Scriptures, that is, Christ. And, my dear brother, your business is, when you get to a text, to say, 'Now, what is the road to Christ?' and then preach a sermon, running along the road to the great Metropolis—Christ. And," continued he, "I have never yet found a text that had not got a road to Christ in it, and if I ever do find one that has not, I will make one. I will go over a hedge and ditch, but I would get at my Master, for the sermon cannot do any good unless there is a savour of Christ in it."

934. "Who is Paul?"—A man meeting a friend who had been to hear a sermon, said, "Well, I hope you have been gratified." "Indeed I have," replied the other; "I wish I could have prevailed on you to have heard him. I am sure you would never afterwards have liked any other preacher." "Then," replied the wiser man, "I never will hear him, for I only wish to hear ministers who show so high an esteem for the Word of God, that their hearers shall love it, hear it from whom they may. For 'who is Paul, or who is Apollos, but ministers by whom ye believed?'"

935. Word Fitly Spoken.—A young woman in London, who had been disappointed in marriage, came to the awful determination to commit suicide. About to exchange temporal for eternal woe, she was asked by a friend to go to Surrey Chapel. She complied with the invitation. The Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, was the preacher, and the text he selected was, "O that they were wise, that they would consider their latter end!" (Deut. xxxii. 29.) At the close of the discourse, quite unconscious who were his auditors in so large and crowded a congregation, Mr. Griffin was led to address himself

particularly to any one who might have resolved to rush into the presence of the Judge of quick and dead,

"And dare Him to do His worst."

His words had such an effect that this young woman could not fulfil her awful purpose. The week rolled on, and the next Sabbath she again repaired to Surrey Chapel,

where a discourse by Mr. Griffin, from Nahum i. 8, "The Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet," led her to see that God, in His providence, was always acting for the accomplishment of His purposes of love and grace. The result was deliverance from an awful death and separation from God.

PRIDE.

1 Kings xx. 11; Psalm ix. 20, ci. 5; Prov. xvi. 5, 18, 19; Matt. xxiii. 12; Rom. xi. 20; James iv. 6.

936. Absurd Self-Importance.—A petty African Prince who was visited by an English traveller folded his arms with an air of imperial consequence, as he sat upon the floor, and demanded of his guest, "What do they think of me in Europe?"

937. Countess Reproved.—Howard, the philanthropist, neither wanted courage nor talent to administer reproof where he thought it was needed. A German Count, governor of Upper Austria, with his Countess, called one day on the man who had excited so large a share of the public attention. The Count asked him the state of the prisons within his department. Mr. Howard replied, "The worst in all Germany;" and advised that the Countess should visit the female prisoners. "I!" said she, haughtily—"I go into prisons!" and rapidly hastened down stairs in great anger. Howard, indignant at her proud and unfeeling disposition, loudly called after her, "Madame, remember that you are a woman yourself, and you must soon, like the most miserable female prisoner in a dungeon, inhabit but a small space of that earth from which you equally originated."

938. Cræsus's Pride.—Cræsus, King of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splen-

dour of apparel and royal ornaments, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the substance and sum of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer; "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court-yard, nor a cock on our dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory!"

939. Extremes in Dress.—An ancient philosopher, being at Olympia, saw at the celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedæmonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, "And this is also pride."

940. Fall of Pride.—There was once a rich man of Tarentum who took it into his head to distinguish himself at the Pythian games. Not having strength enough to shine as wrestler, nor agility enough for running, he chose to be considered a musical candidate. He made his appearance at Delphos dressed in cloth of gold, with a crown in the shape of a laurel, the leaves of which were of gold, adorned with the finest emeralds. His harp exhibited a proportionable grandeur; it was loaded with jewels, and decorated with figures of Orpheus,

Apollo, and the Muses. The splendour of his appearance drew all eyes upon him, and every one expected something wonderful from one who had taken such pains to attract their notice. How great was their disappointment, when, on the magnificent harper's attempting to exert his powers, his voice and instrument both equally failed him, and all his efforts produced only the most jarring discords! Shouts of laughter rent the assembly, and the judges of the game whipped him out of the theatre, covered with confusion. The next candidate was one Eupolus of Elis. Although he was meanly dressed, and his harp was but of homely fabric, he drew forth sounds from it which charmed and delighted the whole assembly, and he was universally pronounced worthy of the prize. After receiving the laurel, Eupolus is said to have thus addressed his Tarentine competitor: "You came crowned with gold and jewels, because you were rich; I, because I am poor, am only rewarded with laurel. But I am well satisfied. With that laurel I have the applause of all Greece, while your crown serves only to make you ridiculed and despised."

941. False Humility.—Thomas à Becket, who was afterwards Primate of England, was a strange compound of affected humility and real pride. While he performed the lowly office of washing the feet of thirteen beggars every morning, his supercilious, obstinate, and turbulent spirit assumed a proud, overbearing, spiritual authority over his Sovereign, whom he was in the habit of treating with all the insolence of a licensed censor.

942. Haughty Spirit Bent.—King Edward the Elder, lying at Aust Clive, invited Leolin, Prince of Wales, then at Beachley, on the opposite shore, to a conference about matters of dispute between them; but Leolin, distrustful of the English monarch, refused. Edward on this passed over to him,

which so affected Leolin, that he leaped into the water, and embraced the boat King Edward was in, saying, "Most wise King, your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly; mount on my neck, which I have exalted against you, and enter into that country which your goodness this day has made your own." And taking him on his shoulders, he made him sit on his robes, and did him homage.

943. Pride of a Conqueror.—Tigranes, an ancient monarch of Pontus, furnishes a striking instance of the uncertainty of worldly possessions. At the beginning of his reign his dominions were small; but he overthrew many cities of Parthia and Greece, conquered the whole of Syria and Palestine, and gave laws to the Scenites of Arabia. He acquired an authority which was respected by all the princes of Asia, and was honoured by the people almost with adoration. His pride was inflamed and supported by the immense riches he possessed, by the excessive and continual praises of his flatterers, and by a prosperity which had never known an interruption. He knew no law but his own will, and assumed the title of king of kings. So far did he carry his pride as to be waited on by crowned heads. He never appeared in public without the attendance of four kings on foot, two on each side of his horse; these persons performed for him the meanest services, especially when he gave audience to foreign ambassadors. On such occasions they were compelled to appear in the habits and postures of slaves. Such pride is universally hateful, and is sure to be ultimately punished. Tigranes was compelled to resign his dominions to Pompey, who only restored to him a small part of his power.

944. Pride Rebuked.—Mencrates, the physician, having been wonderfully successful in the cure of various diseases, was looked

upon as another Jupiter; nor was he himself ashamed to take that name upon him. A letter which he wrote to King Agesilaus ran thus: "Menecrates Jupiter to King Agesilaus health." The King, to reprove his intolerable pride and vanity, returned, "King Agesilaus wisheth to Menecrates soundness." The Greek writers affirm of him that he exacted an oath from such as he cured of the falling sickness that they should follow and attend upon him as his servants; and many did follow him, some in the habit of Hercules, and others in that of Mercury. Philip of Macedon, desirous of shaming the man after his own fashion, invited him to supper. When he came, Menecrates was placed alone at a sumptuous table, elevated above all the rest of the company; an altar was raised on this table, and while good and substantial dishes of the rarest kind were served up to the other tables, nothing but incense and smoke were offered up on the altar devoted to Menecrates Jupiter. The new god, perceiving in what manner he was derided and abused, rose in a great passion and went away, amidst the laughter and jeers of all present.

945. Proud Resisted.—Staupitz, Luther's friend, and a godly man, once made a vain display of his memory by repeating Christ's genealogy by heart in his sermon. His memory failed him at the eleventh verse. "I see," said he, "God resisteth the proud." On this circumstance Thomas Fuller observes, "Let no man abuse his memory to be sin's register, nor make advantage thereof for wickedness, but let men be thankful to God for the continuance of their memories, whereas some proud people have been visited with such oblivion that they have forgotten their own names."

946. True Pride.—William de Wykeham, appointed by King Edward III. to build a stately church, wrote in the windows, "This

work made William Wickham." When charged by the King for assuming the honour of that work to himself as the author, whereas he was only the overseer, he answered that he meant not that he made the work, but that the work made him, having before been very poor, and then attained great credit.

947. Vanity of Learning.—Among men of learning, the pride of the two Scaligers, father and son, has been scarcely ever equalled. A friend to the elder Scaliger wrote to acquaint him that he intended to make mention of him in a work which he meant to publish, and wished to know what he should say of him. The answer is such, that were it not perfectly authenticated, it could scarcely be credited. "Endeavour," said he, "to collect your best ideas of what Masanissa, what Xenophon, and what Plato were, and your portrait will bear some, although an imperfect, resemblance of me." The vanity of the younger Scaliger fully equalled that of his parent. The story of the fancied principality of Verona, from which he was dethroned by his quarrel with Scioppius, is perhaps known; yet notwithstanding, he never ceased complaining in his works of the hardship of that destiny which had prevented his being born a sovereign prince, and of the blindness of the age in which he lived in not sufficiently recognising and rewarding his merit. In spite of this obvious foible, which shows itself in almost every page written by either of the Scaligers, it was yet the opinion of Justus Lipsius, and that opinion was confirmed by the Bishop of Avranches, that "if the father and son were not princes, they deserved incontestably that high rank, from the brightness of their genius and the excellence of their knowledge."

948. Whitefield's Rebuke.—A conceited professor of religion, very liberal in his reflections on John Wesley and his followers, being once in company with White-

field, expressed his doubt to him concerning Wesley's salvation, and said, "Sir, do you think when we get to heaven, we shall see Mr. Wesley?" "No, sir," replied Whitefield, "I fear not, for he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that it is very probable we shall hardly get sight of him."

PROFANITY.

Exod. xx. 7; Psalm lix. 12; Prov. xxvi. 2; Matt. v. 34-37, xii. 31; Col. iii. 8.

949. Characteristic of Charles I.—The Rev. John Howe being at dinner with some persons of fashion, a gentleman expatiated largely in praise of King Charles I., introducing some harsh reflections upon others. Howe, observing that the gentleman mixed many oaths with his discourse, told him that in his humble opinion he had omitted a singular excellence in the character of that Prince. The gentleman eagerly desired him to mention it, and seemed all impatience to know what it was. "It was this, sir," said Howe; "he was never heard to swear an oath in common conversation."

950. Christopher Wren's Action against Swearing.—When Sir Christopher Wren was building St. Paul's Cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—"Whereas, among labourers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonour of God and contempt of His authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God and the honour of religion,—it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any labourer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon a sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly: and that if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and labourers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the Commissioners."

951. Fashionable Profanity.—Among the vices which fashion had too great a share in encouraging, none was worse in example, or less excusable, than that of profane swearing, or the practice of interlarding one's conversation on all occasions, even the most trifling, with appeals to the Deity. A general officer, who was a living and illustrious example of the perfect compatibility of the most gentlemanly manners with the strictest purity of language, but who was in early life much addicted to this fashionable sin, dated his reformation from a memorable reproof which he accidentally received when a young man, from an eccentric Scottish clergyman settled in the North of England. While stationed with his regiment at Newcastle, he had the misfortune one evening to get involved in a street brawl with some persons of the lower order; and the dispute, as is too usual in such cases, was carried on with an abundance of audacious oaths on both sides. The clergyman alluded to, passing by at the moment, and being much shocked at the imprecations which assailed his ears, stepped into the midst of the crowd, and with his cane uplifted, thus gravely addressed one of the principal leaders of the rabble: "Oh, John, John, what's this now I hear? You only a poor collier body, and swearing like any lord in a' the land. Oh, John, hae ye nae fear what will come o' you? It may do very well for this braw gentleman here," pointing to Lieutenant——, "to bang and swear as he pleases, but, John, it's no use for you, or the like o' you, to take in

vain the name o' Him by whom you live and have your being." Then turning to the Lieutenant, he continued, "Ye'll excuse the poor man, sir, for swearing; he's an ignorant body, and kens nae better." Lieut. — slunk away, covered with confusion and unable to make any answer; but next day he made it his business to find out the worthy parson, and thanked him in the sincerest manner for his well-timed admonition, which had, as he assured him, and as the result has shown, cured him for ever of a most hateful vice.

952. Folly of Swearing.—Rowland Hill says: "Once when I was returning from Ireland, I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they both swore at the wind—when I called to them with a strong voice for fair play. 'Stop! stop!' said I; 'if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play; it's my turn now.' 'At what is it your turn, pray?' said the captain. 'At swearing,' I replied. Well, they waited and waited until their patience was exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and swear at my own convenience. To this the captain replied, with a laugh, 'Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn?' 'Pardon me, captain,' I answered, 'but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so.' I did not hear another oath on the voyage."

953. God's Name.—A good old man was once in company with a gentleman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words "devil," "deuce," &c., and who at last took the name of God in vain. "Stop, sir," said the old man; "I said nothing while you only used freedoms with the name of your own master, but I insist

upon it that you shall use no freedoms with the name of mine."

954. Imprecation Answered.—In the market-place at Devizes is to be seen the following inscription:—"The Mayor and Corporation of Devizes avail themselves of the stability of this building to transmit to future times the record of an awful event which occurred in this market-place in the year 1758, hoping that such a record may serve as a salutary warning against the danger of impiously invoking the Divine vengeance, or of calling on the holy name of God to conceal the devices of falsehood and fraud. On Thursday, the 25th of January, 1758, Ruth Pierce, of Pottern, in this county, agreed with three other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each paying her due proportion towards the same. One of these women, in collecting the several quotas of money, discovered a deficiency, and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount. Ruth Pierce protested that she had paid her share, and said she wished she might drop down dead if she had not. She rashly repeated this awful wish, when, to the consternation of the surrounding multitude, she instantly fell down and expired, having the money concealed in her hand."

955. Kingly Reproof.—A God-fearing architect, having some business with his Majesty George III., attended at one of his palaces, and was shown into a room where a nobleman afterwards came, who used much impious and blasphemous language, for which the architect felt it his duty to rebuke him. The Peer became very angry, so that the King came into the room to inquire the cause of the noise, when the nobleman informed him that he had been insulted by the other person; but upon the architect explaining that he only rebuked him for profaneness and blasphemy, his Majesty said he had his approbation for what he had done, as he

did not allow blasphemy in his dwelling. He afterwards desired the architect to sit down, to forget his royalty, and freely to tell him the ground of his hope of salvation, which he stated to be the sacrifice and work of the Lord Jesus Christ. The King said that also was the ground of his dependence.

956. Pointed Retort.—The learned and pious Dr. Desaguliers being on one occasion in the company of a number of persons of the first rank, a gentleman of the party, who was unhappily addicted to swearing, at every oath he uttered kept asking the Doctor's pardon. The Doctor bore this levity for some time with great patience; at length he was obliged to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous (if possible) by your pointed apologies; now, sir, I must tell you, if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell Him."

957. Samuel Wesley and the Officer.—Soon after Samuel Wesley left Oxford University, he was engaged with two friends—John Dunton and Richard Sault—in publishing a paper called the *Athenian Gazette*. They used to meet to talk over the affairs of the publication at Smith's Coffee-House. At one of these meetings a striking incident occurred. At the other end of the room where Wesley and his two friends were met for business, there were a number of gentlemen, including an officer of the Guards, who was awfully profane. Wesley was shocked at his language, and asked the waiter to bring him a glass of water. The request attended to, in a loud tone of voice he said, "Carry it to that gentleman in the red coat, and desire him to wash his mouth after his oaths." No sooner had he uttered these words than the officer was on his feet to chastise the young clergyman. His friends, who had better manners and judgment than himself, laid hold of him, and said,

"Nay, Colonel, you gave the first offence; you know it is an affront to swear in the presence of a clergyman." Years rolled on. Wesley was in London attending Convocation. As he was going through St. James's Park a gentleman accosted him, and asked if he knew him. Answered in the negative, the gentleman brought to his mind the scene at Smith's Coffee-House, when Wesley gave him such a terrible reproof for his profanity, and added, "Since then, sir, I thank God I have feared an oath and everything that is offensive to the Divine Majesty. I rejoice at seeing you, and cannot refrain from expressing my gratitude to you and to God that we ever met."

958. Soldier's Sorrow.—A sergeant of the Guards, who once was addicted to swearing, had been enabled to vanquish this and other evil habits, and for many years had been looked up to by his comrades as a man of exemplary character. At the battle of Alma, he and his company were charging up the heights, when, being nearly surrounded by the enemy, after severe loss, they were obliged to retreat. In vain did the poor sergeant endeavour to rally his men—he was borne along with the current. Overpowered with shame and rage, he gave way to a sort of madness, and swore such fearful oaths that it was awful to hear him. But when the battle was over, and he had returned to his tent, he spent most of the night in prayer, and was often heard sobbing like a child. He never spoke of the strange outburst of that day to any of his comrades, and they had the delicacy to avoid all allusion to the subject; but it was observed that he was more humble, kind, and considerate in his bearing towards them than he had been before. He survived the war and returned to England, where he enjoyed the respect of all who knew him, and was never known to indulge in swearing again.

959. The Lady and the Officer.—A lady, on her way from Edinburgh to Glasgow in the stage-coach, was very much annoyed by a young military officer, whose conversation was interspersed with oaths. The lady sat very uneasy till she could no longer keep silence. "Sir," said she to the officer, "can you talk in the Gaelic tongue?" To this he replied in the affirmative, seemingly with great pleasure, expecting to have some conversation with the lady in that dialect. She then politely requested that if he wished to swear any more, it might be in that language, as the practice of swearing was very offensive to herself and the rest of the company. The officer was confounded at this smart reproof, and no more oaths were heard from him during the remainder of the journey.

960. Third Commandment.—As an eminent scholar was one day showing the British Museum to some strangers, he was much shocked by the profane language of

a young gentleman belonging to the party. Taking down an ancient copy of the Septuagint, he showed it to the youth, on which he exclaimed, "Oh! I can read this." "Then," said the Doctor, "read that passage," pointing to the third Commandment. The reproof went home to his conscience, and he immediately refrained from swearing.

961. "Word in due Season."—An American planter had a favourite Negro, who was ordered to stand opposite to him and to wait at table. His master was a profane person, and often took the name of God in vain. Whenever he did so, the Negro made a low and solemn bow. On being asked why he did this, he replied that he never heard this great name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. His master took the hint without offence, and was reclaimed from a very sinful and pernicious practice by his pious slave.

PROVIDENCE.

Gen. i. 20; Job v. 12; Psalm lxxv. 7; Prov. xvi. 33; Rom. viii. 28; James iv. 15.

962. Barbarity Avenged.—In Queen Anne's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment, that was quartered in the city of W——, was taken up for desertion, and being tried by a court-martial, was sentenced to be shot. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel being both in London, the command of the regiment had devolved in course to the Major, who was accounted a very cruel and obdurate man. The day of execution being come, the regiment, as usual upon those occasions, was drawn up to witness it, but when every one present, who knew the custom at these executions, expected to see the corporals cast lots for the ungracious office, they were surprised to find it fixed by the Major upon the prisoner's own brother, who

was also a soldier in the regiment, and was at the moment taking his last leave of the unfortunate culprit. On this inhuman order being announced to the brothers, they both fell down upon their knees; the one supplicated in the most affecting terms that he might be spared the horror of shedding a brother's blood, and the other brother that he might receive his doom from any other hand than his. But all their tears and supplications were in vain, the Major was not to be moved. He swore that the brother, and the brother only, should be the man, that the example might be the stronger, and the execution the more horrible. Several of the officers attempted to remonstrate with him, but to no purpose. The brother prepared

to obey. The prisoner, having gone through the usual service with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed to receive the fatal shot. The Major stood by, saw the afflicted brother load his instrument of death, and this being done, ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and at that instant to do his office, and despatch the prisoner. But behold the justice meted out! When the Major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last motion of his cane, the soldier, as if inspired by some inner power, or seized with madness, suddenly turned about his piece, and shot the tyrant in a moment through the head. Then throwing down his piece, he exclaimed, "He that can show no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit: I had rather die this hour for this death, than live a hundred years and give my brother his." At this unexpected event nobody seemed to be sorry, and some of the chief citizens, who came to see the execution and were witnesses of all that passed, prevailed with the next commanding officer to carry both the brothers back to prison, and not to execute the first prisoner until farther orders, promising to indemnify him for the consequences, as far as their whole interest could possibly go, with the Queen. This request being complied with, the city corporation that very night drew up a most pathetic and moving address to their Sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty of the deceased, and praying her Majesty's clemency towards both the prisoners. The Queen, upon the perusal of this petition, which was presented to her Majesty by one of the city representatives, was pleased to promise that she would inquire a little further into the matter. On doing so, she found the truth of the petition confirmed in all its particulars, and was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers and discharge them from her service,

"For which good mercy in the Queen," says a chronicle of that period, "she received a very grateful and most dutiful address of thanks from her loyal city."

963. Bascom and his Host.—Bishop Bascom was preaching on one occasion in a cabin which was at once church and dwelling. In the very midst of his sermon, his host, who sat near the door, suddenly rose from his seat, snatched the gun from its wooden brackets upon which it lay against the joist, went hastily out, fired it off, and, returning, put the gun in its place, and quietly seated himself to hear the remainder of the sermon. After service was ended, Bascom inquired of the man the meaning of this strange conduct. "Sir," said he, "we are entirely out of meat; and I was perplexed to know what we should give you for dinner, and it was preventing me from enjoying the sermon, when God sent a flock of wild turkeys this way. I happened to see them, took my gun, and killed two at a shot. My mind felt easy, and I enjoyed the remainder of the sermon with perfect satisfaction."

964. Blessings of Poverty.—In the last will and testament of Martin Luther occurs the following remarkable passage:—"Lord God, I thank Thee that Thou hast been pleased to make me a poor and indigent man upon earth. I have neither house, nor land, nor money, to leave behind me. Thou hast given me wife and children, whom I now restore to Thee. Lord, nourish, teach, and preserve them, as Thou hast me."

965. Christian Captive.—A writer in a religious magazine narrates the following:—"My father was an officer in the British Navy. One night as they were running close to the coast of Barbary, the officer on deck heard some person singing. A moment convinced them that he was singing the Old Hundredth psalm tune. They immediately conjectured that the

singer was a Christian captive, and determined to attempt his rescue. Twenty stout sailors, armed with pistols and cutlasses, manned the ship's boats and approached the shore. Directed by the voice of singing and prayer, they soon reached the abode of the Christian captive. It was a little hut at the bottom of his master's garden on a small river. They burst open the door, and took him from his knees, and in a few moments he was on the ship's deck, frantic with joy. The account he gave of himself was that his name was M'Donald, that he was a native of Scotland, and had been a captive eighteen years; he had obtained the confidence of his master, was his chief gardener, and had the privilege of living by himself. He said he was not at all surprised when they burst open his door, for the Turks had often done so, and whipped him when on his knees."

966. Detected Thief.—At Delft, a servant-girl was accused of being accessory to the robbery of her master's house on a Sunday, when the family were gone to church. She was condemned on circumstantial evidence, and suffered the severe punishment allotted by the laws of Holland to servants who rob their masters. Her conduct whilst confined was so exemplary, and her conduct had stood so fair previous to the imputed offence, that her master not only interceded to shorten her imprisonment, but received her again into his service. Some time had elapsed after her release, when a circumstance occurred which led to the detection of the real criminal, and consequently to the complete vindication of her innocence. It happened, as she was passing through the butchers' market at Delft, that one of them, tapping her on the shoulder, whispered in her ear some words of very remarkable import. She instantly recollected having used these very words on the fatal Sunday of the robbery for which

she had suffered, while she was surveying herself in a glass in her dressing-room, and when, as she supposed, no one was near. With a palpitating heart she hastened to her master, and told him what had occurred. He was a magistrate, and immediately instituted an inquiry into the circumstances of the suspected person, from which it appeared that he had suddenly become enriched subsequent to the robbery, nobody could tell how. This circumstance was deemed sufficient to justify a search being made, and the measures of the police were so arranged that it was made at one and the same time in his own house and that of his nearest kindred. The result was that various articles, which had been stolen from the magistrate's house at the time the maid-servant had been accused, were found and taken away. It seems that the robber had concealed himself in the turf-solder, or garret, where the turf was stowed away, adjoining which was the servant's chamber; and whilst the poor girl was dressing, the villain overheard the words which led to his detection, effected the robbery, and got off unperceived. He was condemned for the crime, and the city gave a handsome portion to the sufferer, by way of compensation for the wrongs she had suffered.

967. Drunkard Reproved.—Mr. Perkins, afterwards a very excellent and useful minister, when a student at Cambridge was much given to the indulgence of sin, from which he was reclaimed in a very remarkable manner. Passing along one of the streets of that town, he overheard a woman say to her peevish child, "Hold your tongue, or I will give you to drunken Perkins yonder." The blessing of God rested on this singular reproof; he resolved on reformation, and afterwards recognised this as one means of his conversion.

968. Drunkard Saved.—Some years ago a notoriously wicked

man resided in London, and among many other vices was much addicted to drinking to excess. On a certain occasion he had, as he termed it, "broke out," and had been in a state of intoxication for about a fortnight. When the effects of the liquor left him, and he began to come to himself, his spirits sank unusually low, and guilt and remorse preyed on his mind so much that he was driven to despair, and felt himself so miserable that he determined on the rash act of putting an end to his existence; he accordingly procured a rope to hang himself. At that very time his wife, a truly pious woman, was at Spa-fields Chapel. A thought came into his mind that he should like his wife to know his fate soon after he was dead; this induced him to go round the back of the chapel, to seek for a convenient place to commit the fatal deed, expecting that when the congregation came out he should be found dead, and that his wife would be informed. When passing the back of the chapel with the rope in his pocket, the sound of the minister's voice caught his ear, and induced him to look in at the door. The minister was preaching in a very animated manner on the efficacy of the blood of Christ to cleanse the guilty conscience, and stated that the Saviour was able and willing to save the vilest rebels, and then gave a most pressing invitation to the chief of sinners. The preacher's words so penetrated the wretched man's heart that they produced feelings which are easier conceived than described. When the service was over he went home, fell on his knees, and cried for mercy. His wife was at first astonished at the wonderful change, but on inquiry she found the Lord had answered her prayers in behalf of her husband.

969. Escape from Persecutors.—During the awful massacre at Paris, by which so many Christians met with their death, the celebrated

Moulin crept into an oven, over the mouth of which a spider instantly wove its web, so that when the enemies of the Christians inspected the premises, they passed by the oven, with the remark that no one could have been there for some days.

970. Fed as by Miracle.—In the year 1686 the Duke of Savoy was prevailed on by Louis XIV. to expel the Waldensian Christians from their native valleys. In 1689, eight or nine hundred of these persons, through great difficulties, returned. Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and Times," relates that M. Arnauld, their minister and leader, told him that when they had nearly reached their houses, pursued by a number of their enemies, they were in great danger of dying from want of provisions. Such, however, was the kindness of God to them, that a sudden thaw removed in one night a mass of snow from the fields, when they discovered a considerable quantity of wheat that had been suddenly covered with snow, and which now as unexpectedly left it, standing in the earth ready for the sickle. On this corn they lived till other sources supplied them with food.

971. Gift from Heaven.—Mr. William Law, the author of the "Serious Call to the Unconverted," and other popular works, was once standing at the door of a shop in London, when a person unknown to him stepped up and asked whether his name was William Law, and whether he was of Kingscliffe. On Mr. Law's answering in the affirmative, the stranger delivered to him a sealed packet, addressed "The Rev. William Law," and then hastily walked away. On opening the packet, Mr. Law was astonished to find that it enclosed a bank-note for £1,000. The worthy divine, having no personal occasion at the time for pecuniary assistance, looked upon this extraordinary gift as sent to him from Heaven to be employed for the good of others, and he accordingly founded with it

an almshouse at Cliffe, for the reception and maintenance of two old women, either unmarried and helpless, or widows; and also a school for the instruction and clothing of fourteen girls.

972. "God will Provide for To-morrow."—When Mr. Travers, a Nonconformist minister, had been ejected from his living of Brixham, a gentleman procured him the liberty of preaching at a little place near Brentford, in Middlesex, which he did without receiving any emolument. The gentleman, meeting him some time after, inquired what he had for supplying the cure; to which Mr. Travers readily answered that he had very much; "For," said he, "I never preached to a more attentive people in my life." "But," said the gentleman, "what do they pay you?" Mr. Travers said Sir J. Harvey thrice invited him to dinner; and being told that was no maintenance, "Sir," said Mr. Travers, "I thank God and you that I may preach the Gospel; I have dined to-day, and God will provide for to-morrow." Although Mr. Travers is described as at that time very meanly dressed, "with a few buttons to his doublet, and a blue leather point to keep the sole and the overleather of one of his shoes together," yet he was always cheerful, and displayed resignation and content both in his countenance and actions.

973. Great Results from Small Beginnings.—Great results sometimes proceed from small beginnings, and mighty causes are put into operation by trivial incidents. This was exemplified in the case of the Rev. Lewis Way. He was one day riding by the walls of a garden belonging to a certain lady in the county of Devon, when some one said to him, "That must have been a very peculiar character, for she left a request in her will that some of the trees in her garden might not be cut down till the Jews were restored to their own land." This circumstance led the excellent man

to reflect upon the subject, and to read the Scriptures with reference to the Jews, and as he read, his mind became deeply impressed with the thought that they were emphatically *the* people of God, that they were a people beloved for their father's sake, and that in the Divine purposes they were destined to exhibit the unchangeable faithfulness of Jehovah in their future restoration to their own land and in their conversion to their own Messiah. Thus was the seed lodged in that good man's mind, which took deep root, and which has already produced abundant fruit. He became the warm and devoted friend of the "seed of Abraham," and by his noble contribution of £10,000 was instrumental, in the hands of Divine Providence, in preserving from ruin and placing on a stable foundation that excellent institution, "The London Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews."

974. Hungry Fed.—While the Rev. John Cotton was minister of Boston, intelligence reached that town of the distress of the poor Christians at Sigateen, where a small Church existed, the members of which were reduced to great extremity of suffering by persecution. Mr. Cotton immediately began to collect for them, and sent the sum of £700 for their relief. It is remarkable that this relief arrived the very day after they had divided their last portion of meal, without any prospect than that of dying a lingering death, and immediately after their pastor, Mr. White, had preached to them from the text, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

975. In God's Hand.—The celebrated Dr. Gill once had a memorable escape from death in his own study. One of his friends had mentioned to him a remark of Dr. Halley, the celebrated astronomer, that close study preserves a man's life, by keeping him out of harm's way; but one day, after he had

just left his room to go to preach, a stack of chimneys was blown down, forced its way through the roof of the house, and broke his writing-table, in the very spot where a few minutes before he had been sitting. The Doctor very properly remarked afterwards to his friend, "A man may come to danger and harm in the closet as well as in the highway, if he be not protected by the special care of Divine Providence."

976. Innocent Saved.—In the reign of Charles the Second, a French refugee of the name of Du Moulin was tried for coining, and never perhaps was evidence from circumstances more conclusive of a man's guilt. It was proved beyond all doubt that he had been often detected in uttering false gold, and that he had even made a practice of returning counterfeit coins to persons from whom he had received money, pretending that they were among the pieces which had been paid him. When the officers of justice went to arrest him and search his premises, they found a great number of counterfeit coins in a drawer by themselves, others packed along with good money in different parcels, some aqua-regia, several files, a pair of moulds, and many other implements for coining. Du Moulin solemnly denied the charge. The bad money, he said, which was found in a heap he had thrown together, because he could not trace the person from whom he had received it; the other parcels of money he had kept separate, in order that he might know to whom to apply, should any of it prove bad; as to the implements of coining, he knew nothing of them, and could not possibly account for their being found where they were. A likely story truly! So thought the jury, and so whispered every person who heard it. Du Moulin was found guilty, and received sentence of death. A few days before Du Moulin was to be executed, a person

of the name of Williams, a seal-engraver, met with his death by an accident; his wife fell seriously ill from the fright, and, sensible she could not live, she sent for the wife of Du Moulin, and revealed to her that Williams, her husband, had been one of four, whom she named, who had for many years lived by counterfeiting gold coin; that one of these persons had hired himself as a servant to Du Moulin, and being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of very considerable sums of money, by opening his master's escritoire, and leaving the pieces there instead of an equal number of good ones which he took out. The wife of Williams appeared in great agony of mind while she gave the account, and as soon as it was finished, fell into convulsions and expired. The parties she had named were, on the information of Madame Du Moulin, instantly apprehended, and after a short time one of them turned king's evidence. The one who had been servant to Du Moulin persisted in asserting his innocence until some corroborating circumstances were produced, so unexpected and decisive, that he burst into tears and acknowledged his guilt. On being asked how the instruments for coining came into his master's escritoire, he replied that when the officers came to apprehend his master, he was terrified lest they should be found in his (the servant's) possession, and hastened to his box in which they were deposited, opened the escritoire with his false key, and had just time to shut it before the officers entered the apartment. Du Moulin was of course pardoned, and the servant and his associates most deservedly suffered in his stead.

977. "Jehovah-jireh."—A poor shepherd of the environs of Yvetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased in the summer, from a dealer in old clothes,

furniture, &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the ensuing winter of 1848. One Sunday evening, as he was turning over the leaves, he noticed that several of them were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves with great care, but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man when he found thus carefully enclosed a bank bill of five hundred francs (about £20). On the margin of one of the pages were written these words: "I gathered together this money with very great difficulty, but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever shalt read this Bible, my heir."

978. Jew Converted.—A Jew one day entered the house of a rich man in Paris. He saw a book handsomely bound and clasped with silver lying on the table. He stole it for the sake of the clasps, which he sold. He then offered the book itself for sale, but the price offered was so small that he refused it. Some time afterwards he became curious to know what was in the book, and began to read it. The book was the Bible, and the truth about Jesus arrested his attention. By the blessing of God the veil of unbelief was removed, and he became persuaded that Jesus was the very Christ.

979. Kindness Requited.—The Rev. John Craig, a distinguished minister and colleague of Knox, having gone to reside in Bologna in a convent of Dominicans, found a copy of Calvin's "Institutes," which God made the means of his conversion to the Reformed faith. He was seized as a heretic soon after and carried to Rome, where he was condemned to be burnt, but on the evening preceding the day of execution the reigning Pontiff died, and, according to custom, the doors of all the prisons were thrown open. All others were released, but heretics, after being

permitted to go outside the walls, were re-conducted to their cells. That night, however, a tumult was excited, and Craig and his companions escaped. They had entered a small inn at some distance from Rome, when they were overtaken by a party of soldiers, sent to apprehend them. On entering the house, the captain looked Craig steadfastly in the face, and asked him if he remembered having once relieved a poor wounded soldier in the neighbourhood of Bologna. Craig had forgotten it. "But," said the captain, "I am the man; I shall requite your kindness. You are at liberty; your companions I must take with me, but for your sake I shall treat them with all possible lenity." He gave him all the money he had, and Craig escaped. But his money soon failed him, yet God, who feeds the ravens, did not. Lying at the side of a wood, full of gloomy apprehensions, a dog came running up to him with a purse in its teeth. Suspecting some evil, he attempted to drive the animal away, but in vain. He at length took the purse, and found in it a sum of money which carried him to Vienna.

980. Liberality Rewarded.— "How is it, Betty," said an elder of a Church to a very poor woman in Wales (who was always observed to contribute something whenever a collection was taken)— "how is it that I always see you drop something in the plate? Where do you get it?" "Oh, sir, I do not know," she replied; "the Lord knows my heart and my goodwill to His cause; and, somehow or other, when a collection is to be made, I am sure to have my penny before me, and when it comes I put it in the plate." "Well," said he, "you have been faithful in a little; take this sovereign, and do what you will with it." "A sovereign, sir!" said she; "I never had so much money in my life as a sovereign; what shall I do with it?" "I dare say you

will find means of spending it," said he, "if your heart is devoted to the Lord's cause." Soon after this a man came round to solicit subscriptions for some beneyolent object. He went to one of the elders, who gave him half-a-sovereign, and another gave him five shillings, both of which were regarded as very liberal donations. Not liking to pass by any member of the Church, he asked this poor woman what she would do. "Put my name down for a sovereign." "A sovereign!" said he; "why, where did you get a sovereign?" "Oh, sir," said she, "I got it honestly; put my name down for a sovereign." She gave him the sovereign, and in about two weeks from that time she received a letter from Doctors' Commons informing her that a friend had just left her one hundred pounds!

981. Living on Providence.—Mr. Laurence, who was a sufferer for conscience' sake, if he would have consulted with flesh and blood, as was said of one of the martyrs, had eleven good arguments against suffering, viz., a wife and ten children. Being once asked how he meant to maintain them all, he cheerfully replied, "They must all live on Matt. vi. 34, 'Take therefore no thought for the morrow,' &c." Contentment and resignation, in such trying circumstances, are not only blessings to the possessors, but they fill observers with astonishment. "Hence," said a gentleman to a poor minister, "I wonder, Mr. W., how you contrive to live so comfortably; methinks, with your numerous family, you live more plentifully on the providence of God, than I can with all the benefits of my parish."

982. Memory Restored.—A singular circumstance attended the childhood of Dr. John Leland, the celebrated controversialist. In the sixth year of his age he was seized with the small-pox, which proved of so malignant a kind that his

life was despaired of; and when, contrary to all expectation, he recovered, he was found deprived of his understanding and memory, the use of which, it was much feared, would never be restored. This state of stupidity continued for near twelve months. His former ideas seemed all quite expunged, and though before the distemper he had been taught to read, all was entirely forgotten, and he was obliged to begin with the letters, as if he had never known them before. But although he could never recover the remembrance of what had happened before his sickness, he discovered now a quick apprehension and strong memory, and made the most rapid progress in his studies. His great memory never forsook him, and was so amazing that he was often called a walking library.

983. Murderer's Conversion.—Mr. Thoroughgood, a minister of the seventeenth century, was a bold reprover of sin. He had once preached so pointedly against swearing, that one of his hearers, who was addicted to this vice, thought it particularly aimed at him, and was so exasperated that he determined to kill the minister. He accordingly hid himself behind a hedge in the way which Mr. Thoroughgood usually took in going to preach his weekly lecture. When he came up to the place, the man who intended to shoot him levelled his gun and attempted to fire, but it only flashed in the pan. The next week he went to the same place to renew his attempt, but the same event again happened. The man's conscience immediately smote him; he went after Mr. Thoroughgood, fell upon his knees, and, with tears in his eyes, related his design to him and asked his forgiveness. This event was the means of the man's conversion.

984. Murderer's End.—A judge of the name of Helmanotz, in the department of Zips, sent a young

female peasant with a sum of money to Goelnitz, a small town situated among the mountains. Not far from the village a countryman joined her, and demanded where she was going. The girl replied that she was journeying with a sum of 200 florins to Goelnitz. The countryman told her that he was going there also, and proposed that they should travel together. At a wood the countryman pursued a path which he had told the girl would shorten their journey at least two leagues. At length they arrived at the mouth of an excavation, which had once been worked as a mine; the countryman stopped short, and in a loud voice said to the girl, "Behold your grave; deliver me the money instantly!" The girl, trembling with fear, complied with his demand, and then entreated him to spare her life. The villain was inflexible, and he commanded her to prepare herself for death. The poor girl fell on her knees, and while in the act of supplicating for life, the villain happened to stumble, and fell headlong into the cavity. The girl then ran and announced to the village what had happened. Several of the inhabitants, provided with ladders, returned with her to the spot. They descended into the hole, and found the countryman dead, with the money which he had taken from the girl in his possession.

985. Murmuring Merchant.—A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey. He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with levelled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the

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

986. "Passing through the Waters."—"A vessel from Stockholm," writes an eye-witness of the following scene, "was driven upon the coast of Aberdeen in a tremendous gale, and became a total wreck. Her condition was such that no human aid could possibly preserve the crew. In a short while after the vessel struck, she went to pieces. The persons on shore beheld with grief the awful state of those on board, but could render them no aid. They all perished except one lad, and he was driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, entwined among the ropes attached to the mast. Half naked and half drowned, he reached the shore. As soon as they rescued him, they saw a small parcel tied firmly round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money; others, the ship's papers; and others said it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosed, and to their surprise it was his Bible,—a Bible given to the lad's father by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account how the Bible came into the father's hands,

with expressions of gratitude to the Society from which he received it. To this was added a request to his son that he would make it the "man of his counsel," and that he could not allow him to depart from home without giving him the best pledge of his love—a Bible, although that gift deprived the other parts of the family. The Bible bore evident marks of having been often read with tears."

987. Persecutors Foiled.—The Rev. R. Parker, an Essex minister in the sixteenth century, was once concealed in a house in London, where his persecutors went to apprehend him. A person was placed at the door to prevent his escape, who boasted that he now had him secure. At this juncture, Mr. Parker resolved to dress himself in the habit of a citizen, and venture out, thinking that thus he might possibly escape, knowing that if he remained in the house he should certainly be taken. Accordingly in this dress he left the house, and Divine Providence so ordered it that just at the moment of his going out the watchman at the door saw his intended bride passing by on the other side of the street, and while he just stepped over to speak to her, the good man escaped. When the officers came with the warrant to search the house, to their great mortification he could not be found. After this deliverance, the good man retired to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood of London, where a treacherous servant gave information to his enemies of the place of his concealment. The officers came and searched the house where he was, but by the providence of God he was again most remarkably preserved, for the only room in the house which they neglected to search was that in which he was concealed. He heard them swearing and quarrelling with each other; one protesting that they had not searched that room, and another as confidently asserting

the contrary, and refusing to suffer it to be searched again.

988. Poor Minister.—A zealous minister who lived in the seventeenth century, and frequently preached in the deserted churches in London during the prevalence of the plague, removed to Exeter, where he was so greatly reduced in his circumstances as to be compelled to leave home on account of his being in debt. As he was walking along the road he met a man driving some sheep, whom he endeavoured to avoid, but the man came up to him and put a paper into his hand, which contained a sum of money. He immediately returned to his wife, who had been greatly dejected, and gave her the paper. On opening it they found nothing written but these words: "To preach Providence." The whole family, as might easily be supposed, were greatly affected on receiving such a seasonable supply in so remarkable a manner.

989. Rebels Disarmed.—In 1798 the Irish rebels had long meditated an attack on the Moravian settlement at Grace Hill, County Wexford. At length they put their threat in execution, and a large body of them marched to the town. When they arrived there they saw no one in the streets nor in the houses. The brethren had long expected this attack, but, true to their Christian profession, they would not have recourse to arms for their defence, but assembled in their chapel, and in solemn prayer besought Him in whom they trusted to be their shield in the hour of danger. The ruffian band, hitherto breathing nothing but destruction and slaughter, were struck with astonishment at this novel sight. Where they expected an armed hand, they saw it clasped in prayer—where they expected weapon to weapon, and the body armed for the fight, they saw the bended knee and humble head before the altar of the Prince of Peace. They heard the prayer for protection,

they heard the intended victims asking mercy for their murderers, they heard the song of praise and the hymn of confidence in the "sure promise of the Lord." They beheld in silence this little band of Christians; they felt unable to raise their hand against them, and after lingering in the streets, which they filled for a night and a day, with one consent they turned and marched away from the place, without having injured an individual or purloined a single loaf of bread.

990. Response to Prayer.—A widow residing at Folkestone derived support for herself and her family by selling grocery and other small articles. She was at one time much distressed for a sum of money to meet a bill, the payment of which her creditor had demanded. The day and the hour arrived when the claim would be made, which she was unable to meet. She sought the kind interposition of her Heavenly Father, and just then she heard footsteps in her little shop. She expected to meet the eye of her creditor, but, to her great surprise, about twenty sailors made their appearance, who purchased articles to the very amount she now wanted, and thus converted her prayer to praise, encouraging her more than ever to exercise confidence in Him who has said, "Let thy widows trust in Me."

991. Robbers Disconcerted.—A pious man living at Gravesend had retired to rest late on the Saturday night, having first secured the doors and windows of his house and shop. Weary, however, as he was with the labours of the week, he found it impossible to sleep, and having tossed about in his bed for an hour or two without rest, he resolved to rise and spend an hour in the perusal of his Bible, as preparatory to the engagements of the Sabbath. He went downstairs with the Bible under his arm, and, advancing towards one of the outer

doors, he found several men, who had broken into the house, and who, but for this singular interruption, would probably in a very short period have deprived him of the whole of his property.

992. Saved by a Dog.—About the 14th of August, 1652, a dog came to the house of Toxen, in the parish of Guldal, in Norway, howling and moaning and in the most famished condition. It was immediately recognised to be the faithful attendant of two brothers, named Olave and Andrew Engelbrechtsen, who had fourteen days before set out from Toxen, the place of their nativity, on a hunting excursion among the high mountains which separate Gulbrandsal from the province of Valdres. From the grief which the poor animal displayed, the friends of the Engelbrechtsens naturally concluded that some misfortune had befallen them. A man was therefore immediately despatched to the mountains in quest of the wanderers. Two days he roamed about without discovering any trace of them, but on the third, arriving at the Lake of Ref, he found an empty skiff on its banks, in which he rowed to a very small islet in the midst of it, and there he saw some garments lying, which he knew to belong to the brothers. On looking round, however, he saw no trace of any human being, and the island being so small (only sixteen paces long and eight broad) that the whole surface could be comprehended within one glance, he concluded that the young men had not been there for a considerable time, and returned to Toxen with intelligence that they were probably drowned. Shortly afterwards, however, some hunters on horseback came purposely to re-examine Lake Ref, and were surprised by the cries, faint yet distinct, of some persons on the little islet. They leapt into the skiff which lay on the beach, and on reaching the islet found the two brothers there, reduced to the

last stage of human wretchedness. They were immediately conveyed ashore, and home. When able to give an account of their adventures, the brothers related that as they were on their return home from their hunting excursion, they first rowed to the islet in Lake Ref in order to take up a net which they had set there. Whilst lingering here a sudden storm arose from the east, the violence of which caused the skiff to break loose and drive to the opposite shore. As neither could swim, they saw themselves thus exposed to the danger of perishing by hunger, for the islet was altogether barren, and they had besides to endure all the hardships of the weather, which even in the month of August is, in the climate of Norway, inclement, more especially during the night. The account they gave of the manner in which they subsisted on some herbs providentially raised up to them is so piously marvellous, that the only conclusion we can draw from it is, that they were preserved by Providence in a way which they had not sense enough left to describe. It appears that they had built a little hut of stones sufficient to lie along in, yet not of elevation enough to attract the notice of a superficial observer, and under this had escaped the vigilance of the messenger who was sent in search of them. On the twelfth day of their seclusion, both the brothers having given themselves up to despair, Andrew, the younger, with what remains of strength he possessed, cut out, on some pieces of timber most exposed to view, a concise relation of their unhappy fate, and the text from which he desired their funeral sermon might be preached—Psalm lxxiii. 23, 27: "Nevertheless I am continually with thee: Thou hast holden me by my right hand. For, lo, they that are far from Thee shall perish." After this, the brothers encouraged each other, in the hope of eternal felicity, to patience and perseverance in faith;

and, despairing of all temporal relief, as their sole support had failed, recommended themselves to God. When unexpectedly restored to hopes of life, the elder brother could eat very little of the food offered to him, and the little he did take threw him into such a state of sickness, that he was confined for eight days to his bed. He survived his perilous situation, however, thirty-seven years. The younger brother suffered less inconvenience, and in the year 1691 drew up an account of the case of both. He showed particular gratitude to God that their dog had not obeyed their call in swimming across the lake, when they used every means to entice him, that on his flesh their lives might be preserved. The poor animal, as we have seen, was ordained by God to be the means of their deliverance.

993. **Saved by a Tiger.**—A sailor named Campbell felt one evening, when near the African shore, a disposition to bathe. His companions would have dissuaded him from it, as they had recently seen several sharks, but being partly intoxicated, he would not listen to their persuasions. Nearly as soon as he was in the water, his companions saw an alligator directing its course towards him, and considered his escape from death impossible. They fired at the alligator, but in vain. Campbell became aware of his danger, and immediately made for the shore. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, and while closely pursued by the alligator, a ferocious tiger sprang towards him at the very instant he was about being devoured by his first enemy. At this moment he was preserved. The eager tiger overleaped him, fell into the grasp of the alligator, and, after a long struggle, was killed by him. Campbell was conveyed to his vessel, returned thanks to Providence which had preserved him, and from that period a marked

change was observed in his character.

994. Saved from Shipwreck.—

In the year 1709 a packet-boat, returning from Holland to England, was so damaged by a tempest that she sprang a leak, and was in the utmost extremity of danger. When all the mariners and passengers were in the last distress, and the pumps had been worked to carry off the water, but all to little purpose, by a good providence the hole filled, and was stopped seemingly of itself. This struck them all with wonder and astonishment. No sooner did they get safe into port than they examined the ship to ascertain the cause, and found a fish sticking in the hole which had been driven into it by the force of the tempest. But for this wonderful providence, they must all have perished.

995. Self-destruction Prevented.

—A young gentleman living in a country town, who had spent his fortune in riotous living, was reduced to poverty. For some time his friends supported him, but at length they all forsook him; when, wandering about as a vagabond, he determined to terminate his miserable life by drowning himself. Being in a strange place, he put lead into his pockets, and went to the side of a river for this horrid purpose. Waiting till it was dark, that he might accomplish his design unperceived, he observed at a little distance a light in a house, and felt disposed to go to it. On his arrival there, he heard persons singing psalms; he listened at the door while a chapter of the Bible was read and a prayer offered up. He then wished for admission, and knocked gently at the door, which was opened by one of the company, who inquired what he wanted. He signified his desire of being admitted, but was told that it was not customary to receive strangers into their meetings; however, if he wished, he might come in. The passage of Scripture under con-

sideration that evening was Acts xvi. 28: "Do thyself no harm." After several persons had made their remarks upon the subject, the meeting was concluded with prayer. This was no sooner done than the stranger asked those present how they came to know his thoughts, for he had not mentioned his intention to any person on earth. This surprised the whole company, who declared they had neither seen nor heard of him till that evening. He then told them of his design of taking away his life, and how he had been prevented by seeing a light in their window. His conversion to the truth and his restoration to respectable society shortly followed this singular event.

996. Sir Henry Wyat and the Cat.—Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in "Her Majesty's Tower," relates the following anecdote:—"Sir Henry Wyat, of Allington Castle, a Lancastrian in politics, spent not a little of his time under watch and ward. The Wyat papers say he was unprisoned often; once in a cold and narrow tower, where he had neither bed to lie on, nor clothes sufficient to warm him, nor meat for his mouth. He had starved there, had not God, who sent a crow to feed His prophet, sent to this His and his country's martyr a cat both to feed and to warm him. It was his own relation unto them from whom I had it. A cat came one day down into the dungeon unto him, and as it were offered her services unto him. He was glad of her, and laid her in his bosom to warm him, and by making much of her won her love. After this she would come every day unto him divers times, and when she could get one, bring him a pigeon. He complained to his keeper of his cold and short fare. The answer was, 'We durst not better it.' 'But,' said Sir Henry, 'if I can provide any, will you promise to dress it for me?' 'I may well enough,' said he, the

keeper; 'you are safe for that matter;' and being urged again, promised him, and dressed for him, from time to time, such pigeons as his accator, the cat, provided for him. Sir Henry Wyat, in his prosperity, for this would ever make much of cats, as other men will of their spaniels or hounds; and perhaps you shall not find his picture anywhere but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him."

997. "Steps of a Good Man Ordered."—"The entrance of Frederick William Robertson into the ministry," says the Rev. P. Hood, "came about by the barking of a dog. Lady Trench resided next door to Captain Robertson; she had a daughter seriously ill; the young lady was prevented from sleeping by the barking of Captain Robertson's dog. The families were strangers to each other, but Lady Trench wrote to beg that the dog might be removed; the dog was not only removed, but in so kind and acquiescent a manner, that Lady Trench called to express her thanks. She was so much struck with the bearing of the eldest son, that an intimacy sprang up between the families, which resulted in the introduction of young Robertson to some of Lady Trench's clerical friends. One of them, Mr. Daly, now Bishop of Cashel, was no sooner introduced than he struck at the question, whether it were definitely fixed that he should go into the Army, the impression of his unaffected piety convincing Mr. Daly that he ought to be in the Church. 'If,' says Frederick Robertson, in one of his papers, 'I had not met a certain person, I should not have changed my profession; if I had not known a certain lady, I should not probably have met this person; if that lady had not had a delicate daughter who was disturbed by the barking of my dog, I should not have known her; if my dog had not barked that night, I should now

have been in the Dragoons, or fertilising the soil of India. Who can say that these things were not ordered, and that, apparently, the merest trifles do not produce failure and a marred existence?"

998. Strange Helmsman.—A well-known minister of the Gospel writes: "I recollect, when a lad, that I was crossing the East River from New York to Brooklyn on a very foggy day, in a small ferry-boat. My father and several others were desirous to go to Flushing, on Long Island, to attend a meeting. It was necessary therefore to cross the river early, and when we arrived at the foot of Fulton Street, we found that the steam-boat had just left the wharf. Being unwilling to wait for its return, we made a party, with the passengers who were already on the spot, large enough to tempt the ferrymen to put off in a boat and take us across the river. At the same time, the ferrymen were not too willing to oblige us, for the thick fog rendered the passage uncertain; they could scarcely see from one end of the boat to the other, and feared they would lose their way, and row about the river for several hours to no purpose. At length we started. When first we left the wharf a stranger stepped towards the stern of the boat and took the helm. Every eye was fixed on the man who thus took the position of responsibility from which all the rest had shrunk. And now that one of their number had seen fit to take command of the boat, the passengers were ready to criticise him, since on his skill and knowledge the success of our little voyage would chiefly if not solely depend. There could be no doubt that if he failed to bring us safely to the landing-place on the opposite side of the river, he would be obliged to endure the reproaches of all who were in the boat. Indeed, one could see that some were unwilling to wait for his failure before they gave vent to their

feelings. Thinking it certain that he could not find the way to the ferry stairs during a fog so thick, they began to grumble beforehand. They cast uneasy glances at each other, muttering their fears, while one of them asked the stranger at the helm if he did not think he was going too far up the river. The stranger replied that if any present wished to take the helm he would resign it to his charge, but so long as he held his place he must be guided by his own judgment. This answer silenced complaint for a time, as no one felt fit to take such a difficult post. But the uneasiness of the passengers increased as we went on, and when we became quite surrounded by fog and there was no object in sight by which our course could be directed, the murmurs of the little company were loudly uttered. "Why does he not put the helm up?" said one. "We shall come out far enough from where we want," said another. "He had better let the helm go, and trust to the ferrymen," said a lady. As the stranger paid no attention to these remarks, his silence was set down to obstinacy, and I fear some words were added which were far from civil. The stranger evidently heard these, for he made answer again, that if any gentleman wished to take the helm he would resign it to him. Just about this time a dark object appeared on the water, and as it became more visible through the fog, it was known to be a vessel which lay at anchor between the landing-places on each side the river. This convinced every one that so far the stranger had gone as correctly as if the bright sun had shone unclouded upon the river; and silence was at once restored. All murmurs were hushed. But the vessel soon faded again in the mist, and again nothing but fog and water surrounded us. Dissatisfaction once more prevailed, and the steersman received a great many instructions in his duty, to which he paid no

heed, and only returned the answer as before, that he was willing to resign his station to any one who would accept it. After a great deal of fretting and needless complaint, the travellers perceived land dimly emerging through the dense fog of the morning. Shapeless and unusual as everything appeared, it is no wonder that some imagined that they had reached the Navy Yard, about a mile from the landing-place. But all our doubts were at an end when the prow of the boat struck the ferry stairs, and we discovered that the stranger had conveyed us straight as an arrow to our point of destination!"

999. Sudden Conversion.—The Rev. Cornelius Winter had, when young, often heard with much pleasure the celebrated Whitefield preach, without deriving any benefit from his ministry. But one night, while playing at cards with some of his fellow-servants, the thought presented itself to his mind that he might that evening hear his favourite preacher. He broke off from play in the midst of the game, which much enraged his companions, who suspected where he was going. He tells us that it was a night much to be remembered. He had reason to hope the scales of ignorance were then removed from his eyes; a sense of his misery was excited, and an earnest inquiry was made by him after the way of salvation. It is scarcely necessary to say that he never after this time played at cards.

1000. Sudden Death Averted.—When David Zeisberger was travelling with several Christian Indians, the whole company nearly lost their lives by the carelessness of a traveller who slept in the same apartment with them, at a place where they stopped in the course of their journey. In this apartment were several barrels of gunpowder, some of which were open, and grains of the powder were scattered among the loose straw

on the floor, which formed their bed. The host expostulated with the traveller on the danger of admitting a candle into the apartment, but on a promise to use the utmost caution he at length yielded to his entreaties. The missionaries repeated their exhortations about the candle, till, overcome with fatigue, they lay down and fell asleep. Being overpowered with weariness, the traveller, before he had extinguished the light, fell asleep also. In the morning, Zeisberger called one of the brethren (Moravian) out of the house took the candle from his pocket, and imparted to him what he feared it would too much shock his hospitable host to relate in his presence. "My brother," said he, "had we not had the eye of Him upon us who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, we should all have this night been precipitated into eternity, and no one would have known how it happened. I slept soundly, being extremely fatigued, and was in my first sleep, when I felt as if some one roused me. I sat up, and saw the wick of the candle hanging down on one side in a flame, and on the point of falling into the straw, which I was just in time to prevent. I could not fall asleep again, but lay awake, silently thanking the Lord for the extraordinary preservation we had experienced."

1001. Suicide Arrested.—Mr. Dod, a Puritan minister, being one evening late in his study, his mind was strongly inclined, though he could assign no reason for it, to visit a gentleman of his acquaintance at a very unreasonable hour. Not knowing the design of Providence, he obeyed and went. When he came to the house, after knocking a few times at the door, the gentleman himself came, and inquired if he wanted him upon any particular business. Mr. Dod having answered in the negative, and signified that he could not rest till he had seen him, the gentleman re-

plied, "Oh, sir, you are sent of God at this very hour, for I was just now going to destroy myself!" and immediately pulled the halter out of his pocket by which he had intended to commit the horrid deed, which was thus prevented.

1002. Table in the Wilderness.—The traveller Mungo Park, when suffering under the pangs of hunger, rode up to the Dooty's house in a Foulah village, but was denied admittance, nor could he even obtain a handful of corn either for himself or his horse. "Turning," says he, "from this inhospitable door, I rode slowly out of the town, and perceiving some low scattered huts without the walls, I directed my steps towards them, knowing that in Africa, as well as in Europe, Hospitality does not always prefer the highest dwellings. At the door of one of these huts an old motherly-looking woman sat spinning cotton. I made signs to her that I was hungry, and inquired if she had any victuals with her in the hut. She immediately laid down her distaff, and desired me in Arabic to come in. When I had seated myself upon the floor, she set before me a dish of kouskous that had been left the preceding night, of which I made a tolerable meal; and in return for this kindness I gave her one of my pocket-handkerchiefs, begging at the same time a little corn for my horse, which she readily brought me. Overcome with joy at so unexpected a deliverance, I lifted up my eyes to heaven, and whilst my heart swelled with gratitude I returned thanks to that gracious and bountiful Being whose power had supported me under so many dangers, and now spread for me a table in the wilderness."

1003. Thoughtfulness Taught by a Bird.—"One Sabbath morning in winter," writes the Rev. J. Kirk, "a man who had lived in utter neglect of God, went out after breakfast to take a walk round his garden. A quantity of worn and

fallen, and the ground was covered completely over. As he passed down one of the walks, his eye lighted upon a little bird that was cowering under a bush, apparently suffering both from cold and hunger. He merely looked at the little creature, and passed on. After a while he returned, and his attention was attracted by the loud and beautiful notes of the same little bird which he had previously seen. It was still on the snow, but now singing as if incapable of containing its exuberant delight. He turned aside to see if he could discover what was the cause of this remarkable change, and he found that the little songster, having discovered a small morsel of food among the snow, was singing its song of gratitude over it, ere it partook of the scanty meal. His heart quailed at the sight. He felt overpowered with the flood of convicting thought that rushed over his mind. He thought within himself, 'I have risen from a comfortable bed; I have enjoyed a plentiful repast; I have walked out to enjoy the refreshing air, and not one feeling of gratitude has been excited in my breast; while here is a poor famishing bird making the walks of the morning vocal with its song of thanksgiving for a morsel discovered in the snow!' Such were, in substance, his thoughts. He went into his house deeply convinced of his hateful ingratitude. He turned in heart to his God, and through the knowledge of God he became a new man."

1004. Timely Legacy.—The Rev. Peter Williams, a distinguished clergyman of Wales, about a century ago, seeing that his countrymen were almost entirely destitute of the Bible, and knowing that the work of the Lord could not prosper without it, undertook with holy confidence, though destitute of the means, to translate and publish a Welsh Bible for his countrymen. Having expended all

his living, and being deeply involved in debt, with the work unfinished, he expected every hour to be arrested and imprisoned, without the means or hope of release. One morning he had taken an affectionate leave of his family for the purpose of pursuing his pious labours, with an expectation that he should not be permitted to return, when just as he was mounting his horse, a stranger rode up and presented him a letter. He stopped and opened it, and found to his astonishment that it contained information that a lady had bequeathed him a legacy of £800 sterling. "Now," said he, "my dear wife, I can finish my Bible, pay my debts, and live in peace at home."

1005. Train of Conversion.—

When Mr. Jay, of Bath, completed fifty years of his ministry, on the 31st of January, 1841, it was observed by his people as a jubilee. On that occasion the Rev. Timothy East, of Birmingham, stated that a sermon Mr. Jay preached in London in the early part of his ministry was blessed to the conversion of a thoughtless and dissolute young man, who became a minister. A sermon preached by that minister thirty-nine years before was the arrow of the Almighty that brought Mr. East to repentance, just as he had determined to leave his native country for ever. And a sermon preached by Mr. East twenty-seven years before, in London, was the means of the conversion of a careless, gay, and dissipated young man, who was John Williams, the late missionary to the South Seas.

1006. Unexpected Gift.—An old writer narrates the following respecting Foxe, the Church historian:—"As Master Foxe one day sat in Paul's Church, spent with long fasting, his countenance thin and eyes hollow, after the ghastly manner of dying men, every one shunning a spectacle of so much horror, there came to him one whom he

never remembered to have seen before, who, sitting by him and saluting him with much familiarity, thrust an untold sum of money into his hand, bidding him be of good cheer, adding that he knew not how great were the misfortunes which oppressed him, but suspected it was no light calamity. He should, therefore, accept in good part from his countryman that small gift which courtesy enforced him to offer; he should go and make much of himself, and take all occasions to prolong his life; saying that within a few days new hopes were at hand, and a more certain condition of livelihood. Foxe never could learn to whom he was indebted for this relief, though he earnestly endeavoured to ascertain. Some believed that the bearer was sent by persons who were anxious for the welfare of Foxe. However that might be, in a few days he was invited to reside with the Duchess of Richmond, to become tutor to the grandsons of the Duke of Norfolk."

1007. Unexpected Visit.—Some years ago (we read in a popular magazine) there lived in Frankfurt, in Germany, a man who possessed worldly wealth, but was "not rich towards God." He had been several times shipwrecked, but his heart was unsubdued; and he was so far from praising "the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works," that he absolutely refused to converse on spiritual subjects, or to receive a visit from a minister of the Gospel. He however was not happy. The things of the world could not satisfy his soul, and there were seasons when he felt restless, needing something he did not possess. In this state of mind one evening he got his Bible and began to read. A passage attracted his attention, but he did not understand it. He was unwilling to pass it by, and thought, "Who can explain it to me? I do not know any of the pastors in the city, and therefore I cannot go to

any of them for an explanation." Still he wished to have the passage explained. He then thought of an eminent minister named Domaire, but said, "He does not know me; how can I get at him for an explanation?" Just then his door-bell rang, and in his agitation of mind he opened the door himself, instead of waiting for his servant to do so. Mr. Domaire stood there before him. He cried out, "Mr. Domaire, Heaven sends you to me; come, come!" Mr. Domaire went in, and, surprised, asked the cause of his speaking thus. He replied, "I was just thinking that if I could see you, you could explain this passage of Scripture to me." Mr. Domaire gave him the explanation he sought, and further improved the opportunity to set before him the things which belonged to his peace, by pointing him to Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The instructions given were applied by the Holy Spirit; he received the truth, and became a man of prayer, a Christian. But as the two were not personally acquainted, what led Mr. Domaire to the house? He was intending to call on a friend in the same street, whose house he well knew, but from absence of mind he went to the wrong door. That mistake led him just where he was needed—it led to the salvation of a soul! But who will say it was a mere accident? Who does not see in it the providence of God?

1008. Wall of Snow.—In the year 1814, troops of Swedes, Cossacks, Germans, and Russians were within half-an-hour's march of the town of Sleswick. There had been a truce up to midnight of the 5th of January, which was now drawing near. On the outskirts of the town, on the side where the enemy lay, was a house standing alone, and in it an old pious woman, who was earnestly praying, in the words of an ancient hymn, that God would raise a wall around the house, so that the enemy might fear to attack

it. With her dwelt her daughter, a widow, and her grandson, a youth of twenty years. He heard the prayer of his grandmother, and could not restrain himself from saying that he did not understand how she could ask for anything so impossible as that a wall should be built around them, which could keep the enemy away from their house. The old woman answered that she had but prayed in general for protection for themselves and their townspeople. "However," she added, "do you think that if it were the will of God to build a wall around us, it would be impossible to Him?" Now came the dreaded night of the 5th of January, and about midnight the troops began to enter. The old woman's house lay close by the road, and was larger than the dwellings near it, which were only small cottages. Its inhabitants looked out with anxious fear, as parties of the soldiers entered one after another, and even went to the neighbouring houses to demand what they wanted, but all rode past their dwelling. Throughout the whole day there had been a heavy fall of snow—the first that winter—and towards evening the storm became very violent. At length came four parties of Cossacks, who had been hindered by the snow from entering the town by another road. This part of the outskirts was at some distance from the town itself, and therefore they would not go further; so that all the houses around that where the old woman lived were filled with these soldiers, who quartered themselves in them; in several houses there were fifty or sixty of these

half-savage men. But not a single soldier came into the old woman's house, and amidst the noises and wild sounds all around, not even a knock at the door was heard, to the great wonder of the family within. The next morning, as it grew light, they saw the cause. The storm had drifted a mass of snow to such a height between the roadside and the house, that to approach it was impossible. "Do you not now see, my son," said the old grandmother, "that it was possible for God to raise a wall around us?"

1009. Well-timed Present.—

When Dr. Adam Clarke was studying for the ministry, knowing that he could not always enjoy the benefit of the Polyglott Bible in the public library, he began earnestly to wish to have a copy of his own; but three pounds per quarter and his food, which was the whole of his income, could ill supply any sum for the purchase of books. Believing it to be the will of God that he should cultivate Biblical knowledge, both on his own account and on that of the people to whom he ministered, and that the knowledge of the Scriptures in their original languages was necessary for this purpose, and finding that he could not hope to have money sufficient for this purchase, he prayed that God in the course of His providence would furnish him with this precious gift. He soon after received a letter, containing a bank-note of £10 from a person from whom he never expected anything of the kind. He wrote to a friend in London, who procured him a copy of "Walton's Polyglott," the price of which was exactly £10.

RELIGION.

Job xxxvi. 3; Isaiah xxiv. 15; Matthew v. 16; Romans xii. 11; 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20, x. 31; 2 Cor. iv. 15.

1010. Best Choice.—A Quaker residing in Paris was waited on by four of his workmen in order to make their compliments and ask

for their usual New Year's gifts. "Well, my friends," said the Quaker, "here are your gifts; choose fifteen francs or the Bible." "I don't

know how to read," said the first, "so I take the fifteen francs." "I can read," said the second, "but I have pressing wants." He took the fifteen francs. The third also made the same choice. He now came to the fourth, a young lad of about thirteen or fourteen. The Quaker looked at him with an air of goodness. "Will you too take these three pieces, which you may obtain at any time by your labour and industry?" "As you say the book is good, I will take it, and read from it to my mother," replied the boy. He took the Bible, opened it, and found between the leaves a gold piece of forty francs. The others hung down their heads, and the Quaker told them he was sorry they had not made a better choice.

1011. Bound for Christ.—In the days of persecution, a French minister, imprisoned in a castle in Belgium, was visited by a friend, who said she wondered how he could eat, drink, or sleep in quiet. His noble reply was that he could do all these things, and as for his chains, "I esteem them," said he, "at a higher rate than jewels of gold; their rattling is music in my ears, because it reminds me that I am bound for maintaining the truth of the Gospel."

1012. Caviller Silenced.—A sceptic one day addressed a student of the Scriptures, and sneered at the idea of the Holy Ghost being a Person. "Personality of the Spirit!" said he; "why, the Spirit is wind, breath, air—the very Greek word shows you this, for it simply means wind." "Be it so," replied the youth; "then be so good as to tell me the meaning of this passage—'Except a man be born of water and of the wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is wind. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born

of the wind.' " The sceptic, taken aback, could make no reply.

1013. Child's Rebuke.—A gentleman writes: "I knew a man who once received from his own child, an infant of three years old, one of the most severe reproofs he ever met with. Family prayer had been by some means neglected one morning, and the child was, as it were, out of his element. At length coming to his father as he sat, and just as the family were going to dinner, the little reprover, leaning on his father's knee, said with a sigh, 'Papa, you were used to go to prayer with us but you did not to-day.' 'No, my dear,' said the parent, 'I did not.' 'But, papa, you ought; why did you not?' The father had not a word to reply, and the child's rebuke was as appropriate and effectual as if it had been administered by the most able minister in the land, and, it may be added, was as permanently useful."

1014. Christ's Yoke.—"I remember," says the Rev. Matthew Henry, in writing the account of his father's life, "a passage of his in a lecture in the year 1674, which much affected many. He was preaching on Matt. xi. 30, and after many things insisted upon, to prove the yoke of Christ an easy yoke, he at last appealed to the experiences of all that had drawn in that yoke: 'Call now, if there be any that will answer you, and to which of the saints will you turn? Turn to which you will, and they will all agree that they have found wisdom's ways pleasantness, and Christ's commandments not grievous; and (said he) I will here witness for one, who through grace has in some poor measure been drawing this yoke now above thirty years, and I have found it an easy yoke, and like my choice too well to change.'"

1015. Constancy in God's Service.—"Not long since," says a well-known author, "on board a man-of-war was a young midshipman who was in the habit of kneeling daily at

his berth. This was such an unusual practice that the other middies resolved to put it down; so they watched him, and the moment he knelt he encountered a volley of caps and shoes. This was repeated again and again, but still the midshipman persevered in his devotion. The Commander heard of it, and summoning the young men, bade the persecuted middy state his grievance. The lad replied that he had no charge to bring. The Captain replied that he knew there was good cause of complaint, and cautioned the midshipmen against repeating the annoyance. That night, instead of the usual volley, the kneeling middy heard footsteps approaching, and to his surprise a young companion bent at his side. Shortly afterwards came another and another, till fourteen were found yielding to the influence of his noble example."

1016. Divine Illumination.—A popular preacher furnishes this apt illustration: It is said of Archbishop Usher, when he grew old, and spectacles could not help his failing sight, that a book was dark except beneath the strongest light of the windows, and the aged man would sit against the casement with his outspread volume before him till the sunshine flitted to another opening, when he would change his place and put himself again under the brilliant rays, and so he would move about with the light till the day was done and his studies ended. And truly we may say that our weak eyes will not suffice to make out the inscription on the page of nature, unless we get near the window of Scripture, where God pours in the radiance of His Spirit. And wherever it shines let us follow it, knowing that nowhere but in its illumination can we study the spiritual meaning of nature so well.

1017. Doing Good in Secret.—Mrs. Judson, giving some account in a letter of the first Burman convert, says: "A few days ago I was

reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do everything that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When Burmans make offerings at the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are; but this religion makes the mind fear God; it makes it, of its own accord, fear sin.'"

1018. Exemplary Farmer.—"Can I ever forget," says the Rev. F. Storr, "the yearly scene in Mr. Last's harvest-field? On the ripe and golden grain telling that it was time to put in the sickle, intimation was given to me that on such a morning, at such an hour, if God permitted, my presence was requested in the harvest-field. I attended at the time named, and found myself in a group of twelve or fifteen men and lads, with their master at their head, waiting to commence the gathering in of the harvest. But on that farm the Lord of the harvest must first be honoured, ere any sickle be put in. All heads were uncovered as the hymn was given out, and we raised our united voices, emulative of the lark who was carolling on high, in praise to Him who had covered the valleys so thick with corn that they laughed and sang. Prayer was then offered that God might strengthen the hands of the reapers and preserve them from all evil, both of body and soul. On rising from our knees the sickle was presented to me. I first put it into the corn, and then in every direction they spread, and busily bent to their pleasant task, going forth in the name of the Lord. Thus the hallowing influence of that good man extended to all that he undertook, and to all over whom he had control. I have been assured by one who worked for him for many

years, that he never knew an oath to have been sworn on that farm."

1019. "Good Hope."—A Lieutenant-Colonel was overwhelmed by the fear of death amid the peril of battle. He was impressed with the steadiness of several Christian soldiers when under fire. Particularly he saw a corporal, who, after several standard-bearers had been shot down, seized the flag-staff, and, as he bore it to immediate death, calmly said to a comrade, "If I fall, tell my dear wife that I die with a good hope in Christ, and that I am glad to give my life for my country." "I cannot forget that," said the Colonel; "and I want to become a Christian, for I know there is a reality in religion."

1020. Ground of Trust.—During John Wesley's last visit to Doncaster, a wicked butcher, a man of athletic form, and well known as a terrible pugilist, went to hear him preach. By profession he was a Papist, but however devoted to his creed, to vital godliness he was an entire stranger. The solemn yet bland appearance of the apostolic Wesley arrested his notice, and the persuasive eloquence of his voice fixed his attention. To illustrate and give effect to his sentiments, the preacher, with that ease and aptitude which none could excel, introduced the language of a female Romanist, who, having lost her crucifix, which had been suspended from her person as an object of adoration, in her distress exclaimed, "I have lost my cross; I have nothing now to trust to but my Christ." "What a mercy," observed the aged minister, "that she had Christ left her!" Then with his usual fervency and fluency, he expatiated on the sufficiency of Christ alone to be the Saviour of the soul, and affectionately recommended Him to all present. This was new doctrine to the deluded Romanist, who had been taught to trust in many things besides Christ, but it was the doctrine of truth, and the

Spirit of truth applied it with power to his awakened mind.

1021. Hypocrisy Everywhere.—An old English writer says: "The Emperor Frederick III., when one said unto him he would go and find some place where no hypocrites inhabited, told him 'he must travel then far enough beyond the Sauro-matæ or the Frozen Ocean; for yet, when he came there, he should find a hypocrite if he found himself there.' And it is true that every man is a hypocrite. Hypocrisy is a lesson that every man readily takes in. It continues with age, it appears with infancy: the wise and learned practise it; the duller and more rude attain unto it. All are not fit for the wars; learning must have the picked and choicest wits; arts must have leisure and pains; but all sorts are apt enough and thrive in the mystery of dissimulation. The whole throng of mankind, the whole world, is but a shop of counterfeit wares, a theatre of hypocritical disguises. Grace is the only antidote."

1022. Jesus Christ is God.—"I know men," said Napoleon at St. Helena, to Count de Montholon—"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus is not a man! The religion of Christ is a mystery, which subsists by its own force, and proceeds from a mind which is not a human mind. We find in it a marked individuality, which originated a train of words and actions unknown before. Jesus is not a philosopher, for His proofs are miracles, and from the first His disciples adored Him. Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and myself founded empires; but on what foundation did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ founded an empire upon love, and at this hour millions of men would die for Him! I die before my time, and my body will be given back to the earth, to become food for worms. Such is the fate of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between

my deep misery and the eternal kingdom of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, and adored, and is extending over the whole earth!" Turning to General Bertrand, the Emperor added, "If you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, I did wrong to appoint you a General."

1023. Lord's Table.—A person who had been for some time labouring under mental dejection, having dressed himself one Sabbath morning for church, and finding he had a few minutes to spend previous to leaving the house, took up his Bible with the view of reading a portion of Scripture. The first passage that caught his eye was the following: "And when the king came in to see the guests," &c. The words strongly impressed his mind, particularly as connected with the design he had of observing the ordinance of the Lord's Supper that day. When leaving his pew to go to the Communion-table, they recurred with such discouraging force to his recollection as to prevent his going forward, and led him to return to his seat. He afterwards considered he was wrong in having yielded so far to groundless apprehensions, and that a comparison of our state and character with the Word of God is the rational and proper way of ascertaining our fitness or unfitness to approach the table of our Lord.

1024. Love of God in the Heart.—In 1744, John Wesley was riding near London, when a young gentleman overtook him on the road, and asked him "if he had seen Whitefield's Journals." He replied he had. "And what do you think of them?" said he. "Don't you think they are cant, enthusiasm from end to end? I think so." Wesley inquired, "Why do you think so?" He replied, "Why he talks so much of joy and stuff, and inward feelings. As I hope to be saved, I cannot tell what to make of it." Wesley asked, "Did you ever feel the love of God in your heart? If not, how should

you tell what to make of it? Whatever is spoken of the religion of the heart, and of the inward workings of the Spirit of God, must appear enthusiasm to those who have not felt them; that is, if they take upon them to judge of the things of which they own they know nothing."

1025. Madness of Superstition.—In the reign of Elizabeth there was born in London a man of the name of John Martin. In the tenth year of his age he was kidnapped by a Portuguese merchant, apparently for the purpose of preserving him in the Catholic faith; and this merchant, seven years afterwards, took him to Brazil, where, being placed under the care of the Jesuits, he soon after became a member of that fraternity, by the name of Joam de Almeida. Anchieta was his superior, then an old man, broken down with exertion and austerities, and subject to frequent faintings. No voluptuary ever invented so many devices for pampering the senses as Joam de Almeida did for mortifying them. He looked upon his body as a rebellious slave, who, dwelling within his doors, eating at his table, and sleeping in his bed, was continually laying snares for his destruction; he therefore regarded it with the deepest hatred, and, as a matter of justice and self-defence, persecuted, flogged, and punished it in every imaginable way. For this purpose, he had a choice assortment of scourges, some of whipcord, some of cat-gut, some of leathern thongs, and some of wire. He often wore an under-waistcoat of the roughest hair, having on the inside seven crosses made of iron, the surface of which was covered with sharp points, like a coarse rasp or a nutmeg-grater. It is recorded among his other "virtues" that on his journeys he put pebbles or grains of maize in his shoes. His daily course of life was regulated in conformity to a paper drawn up by himself, and consisted

of abstinence, sometimes relieved by bread and water, and castigating his body with scourges. The great object of his most thankful meditations was to think that having been born in England, and in London, in "the very seat and heart of heresy," he had been led to this happy way of life. In this extraordinary course of self-torment, F. Joam de Almeida attained the great age of eighty-two.

1026. One Thing Needful.—A little girl in Paris, seven years old, was observed to read the Testament continually. Being asked what pleasure she found in doing so, she said, "It makes us wise, and teaches how to love God." She had been reading the history of Martha and Mary. "What is the one thing needful?" asked her friend. "It is the love of God," replied she, earnestly.

1027. Philosophy and Religion.—John Wesley, when quite a young man, read Law's "Perfection" and his "Serious Call to a Holy Life," and greatly admired them. He made Law several visits in London, and they corresponded for several years. At one of those interviews Law said to Wesley, "You have a philosophical religion, but there is no such thing. Religion is the most simple thing in the world. It is only 'We love Him because He first loved us.'" Law became a mystic, and thirty years after he made this remark, Wesley wrote him a letter of twenty-six printed pages, in which he reviewed his late writings; and he begins thus: "In matters of religion I regard no writings but the inspired. Tauler, Behmen, the whole army of mystic authors are with me nothing to St. Paul. On every point I appeal to the law and the testimony, and value no authority but this. At a time when I was in great danger of not valuing this authority enough you made that important observation: 'I see where your mistake lies. You have a philosophical religion; but there can be no such

thing. Religion is the most plain and simple thing in the world. It is only, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'" So far as you add philosophy to religion just so far you spoil it." This remark I have never forgotten since, and I trust in God I never shall. But have not you? Permit me, sir, to speak plainly. Have you ever thought of it since? Is there a writer in England who so continually blends philosophy with religion?" He concludes thus: "Oh, that your latter works may be more and greater than your first! Surely they would if you could ever be persuaded to study, instead of the writings of Tauler and Behmen, those of St. Paul, James, Peter, and John; to spew out of your mouth and heart that vain philosophy, and speak neither higher nor lower things, neither more nor less than the oracles of God; to renounce, despise, abhor all the high-flown bombast, all the unintelligible jargon of the mystics, and come back to the plain religion of the Bible: 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

1028. Power of Habit.—After John Wesley's death there was a small tract published, giving an account of it. One was put into the hands of a learned and philosophical man, who seemed to have a real respect for religion. After reading the tract, he said to the person who gave it to him, "Well, this is the most astonishing instance of the power of habit! Here is a man who had been threescore years praying, preaching, and singing psalms, and, behold, he thinks of nothing else when he is dying!"

1029. Power of the Gospel.—A recent author tells of a Swiss colporteur who entered a house, and offered Bibles to a man and his wife. He was abused for his pains, and at length the man rose in a violent rage, and struck him a severe blow on the cheek. Up to this moment the colporteur had stood quietly with his knapsack on his back. He now deliberately

unstrapped it, laid it on the table, and turned up the sleeve of his right arm, all the while steadily looking his opponent in the face. The colporteur was a very strong man: "Look at my hand," said he; "its furrows show that I have worked: feel my muscles, they show that I am fit for any work. Look me straight in the face: do I quail before you? Judge, then, for yourself if it is fear that makes me do what I am about to do. In this book my Master says, 'When they smite you on the one cheek, turn to them the other also.' You have smitten me on one cheek, here is the other. Smite!" The man was thunderstruck. He bought the book which had exercised such wondrous power over the passions of the unconverted heart.

1030. Profession and Practice.—

In the most flourishing period of the reign of Louis XIV., two Negro youths, the sons of a Prince, being brought to the Court of France, the King appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters and in the Christian religion, and gave to each of them a commission in his Guards. The elder, who was remarkable for his candour and ingenuity, made great improvement, more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal fellow, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person who was his friend took an opportunity to talk with him that evening, alone, upon his behaviour, which he told him was tame, especially in a soldier. "Is there then," said the young African, "one revelation for soldiers, and another for merchants and gownsmen? The good father to whom I owe all my knowledge has earnestly inculcated forgiveness of injuries done me, assuring me that a Christian is by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind." "The good father," replied his friend, "may fit you for a monastery by his lessons, but never for the Army and the rules of Court.

In a word," continued he, "if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice, and have your commission taken from you." "I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in everything, but since you press me with that regard to my honour, which you have always shown, I will wipe off so foul a stain, though I must own I gloried in it before." Immediately upon this, he desired his friend to go from him, and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly, they met and fought, and the brave youth disarmed his adversary, and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission, and desired the King's leave to return to his father. At parting, he embraced his brother and his friend with tears in his eyes, saying, "I did not imagine the Christians had been such unaccountable people, and cannot comprehend how their faith can be of any use to them, if it does not influence their practice. In my country, we think it no dishonour to act up to the principles of our religion."

1031. Religion before Luther.—

While Sir Henry Wotton was in Italy, as ambassador of James I. at the Court of Venice, he went, at the request of a Roman Catholic priest, to hear the usual music at vespers, or evening service. The priest, seeing Sir Henry stand in an obscure corner of the church, sent to him by a boy of the choir this question, written on a small piece of paper, "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" To which question Sir Henry presently underwrote, "My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now—in the written Word of God."

1032. Saint Worship.—A Protestant who rented a small farm under Alexander, second Duke of Gordon, having fallen behind in his payments, a vigilant steward,

in his Grace's absence, seized the farmer's stock, and advertised it to be sold by auction on a fixed day. The Duke happily returned home in the interval, and the tenant went to him to supplicate for indulgence. "What is the matter, Donald?" said the Duke, as he saw him enter with sad downcast looks. Donald told his sorrowful tale in a concise natural manner; it touched the Duke's heart, and produced a formal acquittance of the debt. Donald, as he cheerily withdrew, was staring at the pictures and images he saw in the ducal hall, and expressed to the Duke in a homely way a wish to know what they were. "These," said the Duke, who was a Roman Catholic, "are the saints who intercede with God for me." "My lord Duke," said Donald, "would it not be better to apply yourself direct to God? I went to muckle Sawney Gordon, and to little Sawney Gordon, but if I had not come to your good Grace's self, I could not have got my discharge, and both I and my bairns had been harried (turned out) from house and home."

1033. Serving Two Masters.—A gentleman who for many years had been engulfed in the cares of trade, and had, in a measure, yielded to its temptations, remarked, "I have tried for twenty years to be a half-way Christian, and find it is impossible; we must be at one or the other extreme; and as for myself, I am determined hereafter to do my whole duty, and be a complete Christian."

1034. Severe Reproof.—The Rev. Mr. Simeon was once summoned to the death-bed of a dying brother. Entering the room, the relative extended his hand, and with some emotion said, "I am dying, and you never warned me of the state in which I was, and of the great danger I was in of neglecting the salvation of my soul." "Nay, my brother," said Mr. Simeon, "but I took every reasonable opportunity of bringing the

subject of religion before you, and frequently alluded to it in my letters." "Yes," said the dying man, "but you never came to me, closed the door, and took me by the collar of my coat, and told me I was unconverted, and that if I died in that state, I should be lost; and now I am dying, and, but for God's grace, I might have been for ever undone." It is said that Mr. Simeon never forgot this scene.

1035. Three Friends.—An old preacher says, "I have read of a man who had a suit, and when his cause was to be heard, he applied himself to three friends, to see what they would do. One answered, he would bring him as far on his journey as he could; the second promised him that he would go with him to his journey's end; the third engaged to go with him before the judge, and to speak for him, and not to leave him till his cause was heard and determined. These three are, a man's riches, his friends, and his graces. His riches will help him to comfortable accommodation, while they stay with him, but they often take leave of a man before his soul takes leave of his body; his friends will go with him to the grave, and then leave him; but his graces will accompany him before God. They will not leave him nor forsake him; they will go to the grave and to glory with him."

1036. Throwing up a Fortune.—On the death of his father, Archbishop Usher gave a full proof of his desire to renounce the world, and pursue his favourite object—the glory of God in the salvation of men. The paternal estate, which was of considerable value, descended to him as the eldest son and heir; but as it was encumbered with lawsuits, the management of which he conceived would interfere with his studies, he determined to resign the whole to his brother and sisters, with the exception of what would procure him some books and maintain him at college.

REPENTANCE.

Numbers v. 6; 2 Chron. vii. 14; Job xxxiii. 27, 28; Psalm li. 17; Luke xv. 7; James iv. 8-10; 1 John i. 9.

1037. Converted Infidel.—Two infidel neighbours, who had lived to man's estate sinning against God, resided among the hills of northern New England. One of them heard the Gospel message, and hearing, believed unto eternal life. A short time afterwards the converted man went to the house of his infidel neighbour and said to him, "I have come to talk with you. I have been converted." "Yes, I heard that you had been down there and gone forward for prayers," said the sceptic with a sneer; "and I was surprised, for I had thought you were about as sensible a man as there was in town." "Well," said the Christian, "I have got a duty to do to you, and I want you to stop talking and hear me. I have not slept much for two nights for thinking of it. I have got four sheep in my flock that belong to you. They came into my field six years ago, and I knew they had your mark on them, and I took them and marked them with my mark; and you inquired all round and could not hear anything of them. But they are in my field with the increase of them, and now I want to settle this matter. I have laid awake nights and groaned over it, and I have come to get rid of it; and now I am at your option. I will do just what you say. If it is a few years in the State's prison, I will suffer that. If it is money or property you want, say the word. I have a good farm, and money at interest, and you can have all you ask. I want to settle this matter up, and get rid of it." The infidel was amazed. He began to tremble. "If you have got them sheep you are welcome to them. I don't want nothing of you, if you will only go away; a man who will come to me as you have, something must have got hold of you that I don't understand! You may keep the sheep if you will only go away." "No," said the Christian, "I must settle this matter up, and pay for the sheep—I shall not be satisfied without; and you must tell me how much." "Well," said the sceptic, "if you must pay for them, you may give me what the sheep were worth when they got into your field, and pay me six per cent. interest on the amount, and go off and let me alone." The man counted out the value of the sheep, and the interest on the amount, and laid it down, and then doubled the whole, and laid as much more down beside it, and went his way, leaving a load on his neighbour's heart almost as heavy as that which he himself had borne.

1038. "Faith and Repentance."—In the year 1680, Mr. Philip Henry preached on the doctrine of faith and repentance, from several texts of Scripture. He used to say that he had been told concerning the famous Mr. Dod, that some called him in scorn Faith and Repentance, because he insisted so much upon these two in all his preaching. "But," says he, "if this be to be vile I will be yet more vile, for faith and repentance are all in all in Christianity." Concerning repentance he has sometimes said, "If I were to die in the pulpit, I would desire to die preaching repentance; or if I were to die out of the pulpit, I would desire to die practising repentance." And he had often this saying concerning repentance, "He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die, will have the sins but of one day to repent of."

1039. Humility before God.—“Which is the most delightful emotion?” said an instructor of the deaf and dumb to his pupils, after teaching them the names of our various feelings. The pupils turned instinctively to their slates to write an answer, and one with a smiling countenance wrote Joy. It would seem as if none could write anything else; but another, with a look of more thoughtfulness, put down Hope. A third with beaming countenance wrote Gratitude. A fourth wrote Love, and other feelings still claimed the superiority on other minds. One turned back with a countenance full of peace, and yet a tearful eye, and the teacher was surprised to find on her slate, “Repentance is the most delightful emotion.” He returned to her with marks of wonder, in which her companions doubtless participated, and asked, “Why?” “Oh,” said she, in the expressive language of looks and gestures which marks these mutes, “it is so delightful to be humbled before God!”

1040. “Old in Sin.”—An old sailor, who was very ragged, and whose white head spoke the lapse of many years, was leaning against a post in conversation with another sailor. A member of the Bethel Union spoke to them, and particularly invited the old man to attend the prayer-meeting. His companion, after hearing the nature of the invitation, said, “Thomas, go in! Come, come, man! go into the meeting; it won’t hurt you.” “Pooh! pooh!” cried the old seaman, “I should not know what to do with myself. I never go to church or prayer-meetings; besides, I am too old—I am upwards of seventy—and I am very wicked, and have always been so. It is too late for me to begin; it is of no use; all is over with me—I must go to the devil.” After a moment’s pause, the member, looking with pity upon the old veteran, answered, “You are the very man the prayer-meeting is held for.” “How so?”

with much surprise. “Because Jesus Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners. When young, I suppose you were tempted to think it would be time enough to be religious when you came to be old?” “Ah! that I did,” replied the sailor. “Now you are old, you say it is too late. Listen no longer to these suggestions; come with me; no time is to be lost, for Jesus is waiting to save you, poor sinner, or He would have sent you to that place where hope never comes, before this; your sins deserve it.” His companion then said, “Thomas, go to the prayer-meeting. You have need, at your time of life, to prepare to die.” He went, and attended regularly. Some time after he was asked, “Well, my aged friend, do you think you are too much in years to be saved; too old in sin for the blood of Christ to cleanse you?” “No, sir,” said he, “I bless God I do feel a hope, a blessed hope, which I would not give up for worlds; a hope which encourages me to think that God will be merciful to me and pardon me, old sinner as I am.”

1041. Sick-bed Vows.—“I pay more attention,” says Mr. Booth, “to people’s lives than to their deaths. In all the visits I have paid to the sick during the course of a long ministry, I never met with one, who was not previously serious, that ever recovered from what he supposed the brink of death, who afterwards performed his vows and became religious, notwithstanding the very great appearance there was in his favour when he thought he could not recover.”

1042. Singular Restitution.—In 1776, two gentlemen returning to Dublin were accosted by a genteel man, who in dress had the appearance of a clergyman, and who begged that they would step with him into an adjacent hotel, as he had something of moment to communicate. They agreed, and

the stranger then asked one of the gentlemen if he had ever possessed a gold watch, and if he recollected the name and number. The gentleman replied that he certainly once had a watch, of which, twenty-two years ago, he was robbed by five men, who also took twenty-five guineas from him. The stranger produced the watch, which proved to be the same the gentleman had been robbed of, and gave it to him with twenty-five guineas. The gentleman then asked how he had come by these articles, as he felt assured he was only the agent in the business. The stranger desired to be excused answering that question, but said that two of the men who had robbed him were dead, the other three were in opulent circumstances. "Happy," said he, "are they who, having in youth despoiled their neighbour unjustly of his property, make restitution in their riper years. This shows their principles are not entirely vitiated, and that their repentance is sincere; but thrice happy are they who need no such repentance."

1043. Spelling "Repentance."—It pleased God to visit one of the daughters of a wicked father with mortal sickness, but before her death she was instrumental in exciting the attention of her parent to the concerns of his soul. "Father," inquired the dying child, "can you spell 'repentance?'" This artless question, through the blessing of God, was effectual to awaken concern. "Spell 'repentance!'" repeated the astonished father; "why, what is repentance?" Thus he became desirous of knowing, and ultimately was taught, its sacred meaning, and discovered that he had been a stranger to it both in theory and experience. He also discovered that he needed repentance, that he was a guilty, condemned sinner, deserving God's wrath and everlasting misery; and repentance unto life was granted to him. He spelled out its Divine import, and obtained an acquaintance with that

Saviour whom God has exalted to give repentance and remission of sins; and, by bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, he in after life supported and adorned his Christian profession.

1044. Telling Sermon.—A young Jew, who had been admitted into an asylum for the benefit of that nation, near Düsseldorf, in the Prussian dominions, after having long given pain by his improper behaviour, became very deeply impressed under a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Schmidt. The minister was led to speak of persons who glory in their shame, and even boast of their crimes in having robbed or defrauded their neighbours. This young man became visibly affected, turned pale, fell into fits, and was carried out of the place. He was afterwards visited by the minister, to whom he exclaimed, "I am lost—lost without remedy!" He then confessed that he had robbed a widow of one thousand thalers, and that his life had been blotted with many crimes. The minister did not attempt to palliate his sins, but explained to him the atonement of Jesus, and the efficacy of His blood to take away all sin, encouraging him in this way to seek pardon. This at length afforded him rest. He now felt it his duty to travel to the residence of the widow to acknowledge his crime, and seek by honest labour to retrieve his lost character.

1045. Tower of Repentance.—About the year 1726, Sir Richard Steele made a journey to Scotland, with several gentlemen of distinction in company. On their way, when near Annan, they observed a flock of sheep, and, at a little distance, their keeper stretched on the ground with a book in his hand. Prompted by his usual desire of prying into human nature in every character, Sir Richard proposed to his companions a little conversation with the shepherd, on which they all rode up to him, and the knight immediately inquired of him

the name of the book in his hand. The shepherd, putting it into his hand, told him it was the Bible. "Pray, what do you learn by this book?" continued Sir Richard. "I learn from it the way to heaven," replied the other. "Very well," added the knight, "we are fellow-travellers, bound to the same place, and it will be very obliging if you will show us the way thither." "With all my heart," continued the countryman, "if you will attend me to an eminence just at hand." To this proposal Steele

and his companions of course assented, and followed their guide to a rising ground, from whence they had a view of an antique tower a few miles distant. The shepherd then, turning to Sir Richard, "You see, sir," said he, "yonder tower: the way to heaven lies straight by it, and is the only safe way to future happiness." Amazed at the clownish oddity of the direction, Sir Richard asked him what that tower was called. To which the shepherd replied, "Sir, the name of it is the 'Tower of Repentance.'"

RESIGNATION.

Job v. 17; Prov. iii. 11; Matt. vi. 10; 2 Tim. ii. 3; James i. 10, iv. 7; 1 Pet. iv. 12-19.

1046. Beloved Pupil.—When Archbishop Fénelon's illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, lay dead in his coffin, and the nobles of his Court, in all the pomp of silent sadness, stood round, the Archbishop came into the apartment, and having fixed his eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out at length in words to this effect: "There lies my beloved Prince, for whom my affections were equal to the tenderest regard of the tenderest parents. Nor were my affections lost; he loved me in return with all the ardour of a son. There he lies, and all my worldly happiness lies dead with him. But if the turning of a straw would call him back to life, I would not for ten thousand worlds be the turner of that straw in opposition to the will of God."

1047. Bereaved Father.—An eminent minister after the death of one of his children appeared as usual in his pulpit on the following Sabbath, and, under the influence of chastened and holy feeling, addressed his congregation from the language of David, after he had been deprived of his son: "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." He very properly remarked that while the child was

living, but doomed to die, the afflicted saint fasted, prayed, and wept, if peradventure his days might still be prolonged, but when the event was decided, he evinced his fortitude and deep submission to the will of Heaven. He arose from the earth, changed his mourning attire, and went up to the house of the Lord.

1048. Blessings and Suffering.—Lokmân, the famous Oriental philosopher, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokmân replied, "I have received so many favours from you, it is no wonder I should, for once in my life, eat a bitter melon from your hand." This generous answer of the slave struck the master so forcibly, that he immediately gave him his liberty. "With such sentiments," says Bishop Horne, "should man receive his portion of suffering at the hand of God."

1049. Christ's Strength.—"The other day," says the Rev. Norman M'Leod, "I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He

told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who during three years' sickness had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some words of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear these few words: 'I am strong in Him.' The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother; but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart; they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May all of us be 'strong in Him.'"

1050. *Divine Will.*—It is very right that children should think well of what the great God does, and that they should endeavour to make others think rightly of Him too. A pious lady in America lost a little child by death; she was soon after sitting with her little daughter, about three years of age, and talking with her about the death of her little brother. As she told her that God had taken him to heaven, she wept. The little girl, after thinking for a few moments, asked her mother, "Was it proper for God to take Henry to heaven?" The mother replied, "Yes." "Well, then," said the little girl, "if it was proper for God to take him away, what do you cry for, mamma?"

1051. *Faithful Service.*—When Columbus, after having discovered the Western Hemisphere, was, by order of the King of Spain, brought home from America in chains, the captain of the ship, who was inti-

mately acquainted with his character, his knowledge, and his talents, offered to free him from his chains, and make his passage as agreeable as possible. Columbus rejected his friendly offer, saying, "Sir, I thank you; but these chains are the rewards and honours for my services from my King, whom I have served as faithfully as my God; and as such I will carry them with me to the grave."

1052. "In Everything give Thanks."—A remarkable manifestation of Christian resignation was once shown by Archbishop Fénelon. He saw his library on fire, but, instead of repining, he is said to have exclaimed, "God be praised that it is not the habitation of some poor man!"

1053. *Lady Russell's Resignation.*—Lady Russell, the widow of the unfortunate Lord Russell, possessed such extraordinary fortitude and resignation, as enabled her to bear the most overwhelming afflictions. After the death of her son, the second Duke of Bedford, she had scarcely recovered the composure which her unfeigned piety and submission to the will of Heaven could alone produce, when her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, also died. Her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at that time ill, but Lady Russell had the resolution to conceal from her the death of her sister; and to prevent her from hearing it suddenly, avoided the too particular inquiries of the Duchess of Devonshire, by saying, that she had that day "seen her sister out of bed;" when, in fact, she had seen her in her coffin.

1054. *Life or Death?*—A pious woman being ill, was asked whether she were willing to live or die. She answered, "Which God pleaseth." "But," asked one of her friends, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" She replied, "Truly, if that were the case, I would even refer it to Him again."

1056. Lord Gave, Lord Taketh Away.—"I rode to Nallamaram," writes a missionary from India, "and saw some people of the congregation there, together with the catechist. The clothes of one of the women were rather dirty, and I asked her about it. 'Sir,' said she, 'I am a poor woman, and have only this single dress.' 'Well,' I asked her, 'have you always been so poor?' 'No,' said she; 'I had some money and jewels, but a year ago the *maravers* (thieves) came and robbed me of all. They told me,' she continued, 'If you will return again to heathenism, we shall restore to you everything.' 'Well,' said I, 'why did not you follow their advice? Now you are a poor Christian.' 'Oh, sir,' she replied, 'I would rather be a poor Christian than a rich heathen. Now I can say, respecting my stolen property, The Lord gave it, and the Lord has taken it again.'"

1056. Resisting God's Will.—A city missionary writes:—"Having returned from a visit to a poor widow in troubled circumstances, I felt that I had utterly failed in my attempts to comfort or uplift her heart, and sat down dispirited, to think how I could best reach her case. A robin just then happened to fly into the room, and in its efforts to escape again, dashed itself madly against the walls and ceiling, until its poor little head and wings were sore and bleeding. On my attempting to catch and set it free, it only redoubled its frantic efforts, and when in my hand struggled so violently as only to hurt its bruised sides more. Ah, I thought, thus it is with that poor widow—with us all, when the Lord 'straitens' us with trouble. We dash and wound our poor hearts against the firm wall of His will; we think of nothing but escape, and struggle madly against the kind and most gentle Hand that only holds us with its 'wholesome strength,' whose 'end' and aim are but to restore us to the bright open air of

His mercies that we may sun our hearts with His presence, and wing our way more freely towards Himself. I returned, read the text again, and applied my illustration as simply as possible to the poor woman. Presently the dull eye began to brighten, the hard countenance to grow tender, and tears dropped on the poor worn cheek as she murmured a promise that she would hope for the future, and try to trust the wise Hand which held her."

1057. Sinful Repining.—The following interesting facts are recorded in the life of the Rev. John Cooke:—In the year 1792, death first entered into Mr. Cooke's domestic circle. The sudden loss of his first-born, a lively and engaging child, in her fifth year, was almost too heavy a bereavement for one of his strong and tender feelings. Not long after, he lost another daughter, the twin-sister of the former. Still the bitterest cup of parental woe remained: this also he was called to drink, in 1796, when his beautiful boy, his only son, a child of most winning manners, amiable disposition, and unusual capacity, was snatched from his fond embrace. Deeply affecting are the reflections he has left in his diary, written on this trying occasion. While smarting under the sharp strokes of this rod, he was called to preach at Bristol Tabernacle, where he ministered regularly for several years. A friend came to him one day, to inform him there would be an eminent speaker at the Friends' meeting-house. He went, almost careless whither, so that he might find some relief for his sorrow. He sat a long time, a solemn silence prevailed, and he took out his pocket Bible to occupy the time. At length a female Friend arose, and said, with a sigh, "Verily, I perceive that children are idols," and sat down. Nothing more was said; he withdrew; his heart was full, and he often said, in referring to this circumstance, "Whether in-

spired or not, she was a messenger of God to my soul; the cloud was dispersed, the chain was broken, and peace and joy returned."

1058. Sinful Sorrow.—One day when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children or the light of day, and humbled on her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor, ignorant native woman of the lowest class, who had been employed about the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten:—"I am come because you have been here many days shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see him or speak of him without admiring him? And instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? For shame!—leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

1059. Source of Strength.—The poet Cowper gives an affecting instance of that mental enthrallment which boys of sensitive parts are too often doomed to suffer in public schools, from the arrogance and cruelty of their senior schoolmates. "My chief affliction," he says, "consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon whom he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. One day, as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the Psalmist came into my mind: 'I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.' I

applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced Christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness of spirits and a cheerfulness which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity—His gift in whom I trusted. Happy would it have been for me, if this early effort towards the blessed God had been frequently repeated by me; but, alas! it was the first and last instance of the kind between infancy and manhood. The cruelty of this boy, which he had long practised in so secret a manner that no person suspected it, was at length discovered. He was expelled from the school, and I was taken from it."

1060. Spiritual Riches.—A merchant some few years ago failed in business. He went home in great agitation. "What is the matter?" asked his wife. "I am ruined! I am beggared! I have lost my all!" he exclaimed, pressing his hand to his forehead. "All!" said his wife—"no; I am left." "All! papa," said his eldest boy; "here am I." "And I too," said his little girl, running up and putting her arms round his neck. "I'm not lost, papa," repeated Eddie. "And you have your health left," said his wife. "And your hands to work with," said his eldest; "and I can help you." "And your two feet, papa, to carry you about, and your two eyes to see with, papa," said little Eddie. "And you have God's promises," said the grandmother. "And a good God," said his wife. "And heaven to go to," said his little girl. "And Jesus, who came to fetch us there," said his eldest. "God forgive me!" said the poor merchant, bursting into tears; "I have not lost my all. What have I lost to what I have left!" And he took comfort, and began the world afresh.

1061. Terrible Trial.—At the siege of Barcelona in 1705, Captain Carleton witnessed the following affecting fact, which he tells us in his memoirs:—"I saw an old officer, having his only son with him, a fine man about twenty years of age, going into their tent to dine. Whilst they were at dinner, a shot took off the head of the son. The father immediately rose up, and first looking down upon his headless child, and then lifting up his eyes to heaven, whilst the tears ran down his cheeks, only said, 'Thy will be done.'"

1062. "Thy Will be Done."—There was a little girl who began suddenly to suffer with pain in her head, and at last became quite blind. She was taken to a doctor who was very famous for his skill in treatment of the eye, and he said that she would never see again. When they told her this, she exclaimed, "What, mother, am I never more to see the sun, nor the beautiful fields; nor you, my dear mother, nor my father? Oh, how shall I bear it!" She wrung her hands, and cried bitterly. Nothing seemed to give her any comfort. Presently her mother took a small Bible from the table, and put it in her hands. "What is this, mother?" asked the sorrowful little girl. "It is the Bible, my child." The touch of that book set memory at work, and one passage after another came into her mind, and each one that came brought light with it. Her tears ceased, and she turned her sightless eyes upwards; and then, though all was dark outwardly, the light within made her face to shine with solemn joy, as, with the strongest

feeling but in a low whisper the sacred words left her lips, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

1063. Timely Reproof.—Mr. Adams, a worthy Quaker of Philadelphia, on a visit to a lady whom he found sitting on a sofa, six months after the death of her husband, in deep sorrow, approached her with much solemnity, and thus faithfully addressed her: "So, friend, I see thou hast not yet forgiven God Almighty." This timely reproof had the intended effect, and restored the lady to a becoming submission to God's will.

1064. Virtue at the Scaffold.—Madame de Bois Berenger, who was confined in the prison of the Luxembourg in 1793, with her father, mother, and a younger sister, did everything in her power to ameliorate their condition, and even deprived herself of a portion of her own sustenance to contribute to their comfort. When the decree of accusation against her family was promulgated, not finding herself included in it, her affliction was excessive; but upon her own denunciation arriving, an access of joy succeeded the paroxysms of grief. Upon the day appointed for their execution she cut off her hair and dressed herself as if going to a fête. On her way thither, Madame de Bois Berenger supported her mother, and with angelic sweetness said, "Be composed, my dearest parent, nor let an emotion of regret accompany you to the tomb. You have all your family with you: to you they look up for consolation, since your virtues are about to receive the recompense they merit, in the mansions of innocence and peace."

RESURRECTION.

Job xix. 25-27; Psalm xvi. 9, xlix. 15; Luke xx. 35-38; Acts xxiv. 15; Rom. viii. 19-23; 1 Cor. xv. 32, 40-44; Rev. xx. 6.

1065. Doctrine of the Resurrection Proved.—While a Naval officer was inspecting one of the schools in the island of Barbadoes, containing two hundred Negro boys and girls, a sign was made by one

of the children, by holding up his hand, intimating that he wished to speak to the master. On going up to the child, who was somewhat more than eight years of age, the master inquired what was the matter. "Massa," he replied, with a look of horror and indignation which the officer said he should never forget, and pointing to a little boy of the same age, who sat beside him—"Massa, this boy says he does not believe in the resurrection." "That is very bad," said the master; "but do you, my little fellow," addressing the young informer, "believe in the resurrection yourself?" "Yes, massa, I do." "But can you prove it from the Bible?" "Yes, massa: Jesus says, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;' and in another place, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'" The master added, "Can you prove it from the Old Testament also?" "Yes; for Job says, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' And David says, in one of his psalms, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness.'" "But are you sure these passages are in the Bible? Here is a Bible, point them out to us." The little boy instantly found all the passages and read them aloud.

1066. Moffat and the African Chief.—"Sitting down beside the great man, Makaba," says Mr. Moffat, "illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. 'What,' he exclaimed with astonishment, 'what are these words about? The dead, the dead arise?' 'Yes,' was my reply, 'all the

dead shall arise.' 'Will my father arise?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'your father will arise.' 'Will all the slain in battle arise?' 'Yes.' 'And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?' 'Yes; and come to judgment.' 'And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?' he asked me with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. 'Yes,' I replied, 'not one will be left behind.' This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with stentorian voice: 'Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?' Makaba then, turning himself to me, and laying his hand on his breast, said, 'Father, I love you much. Your presence and your visit have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising. The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!' 'Why,' I inquired, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not add to words, and speak of a resurrection?' Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?'"

1067. Polynesian View of the Resurrection.—Some Polynesian Christians were once asked if they believed in the resurrection. They replied, "Yes, most certainly." "In what body shall we rise?" was then inquired. They answered, "In a chapter in the Corinthians it is said, 'It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.'" The questioner would not be satis-

fied; he required to know the identical nature of the body which shall be raised. The natives hesitated some time, and at last one said, "I have it! 'We shall see Him as He is, and shall be like Him.'" The speaker said again, "I want to know the precise body with which we shall be raised." This occasioned a considerable consultation among them; at length one said, "It cannot be like the body of Christ, when it hung on the cross: it will be like His glorious body, when He was transfigured on the mount."

1068. Symbol of Resurrection.—The writer of "Faraday's Life" supplies us with the following: The churchyard at Oberhofen, Switzerland, was beautiful, and the simplicity of the little remembrance-posts set upon the graves very pleasant.

One who had been too poor to put up an engraved brass plate, or even a painted board, had written with ink on paper the birth and death of the being whose remains were below, and this had been fastened to a board and mounted on the top of a stick at the head of the grave, the paper being protected by a little edge and roof. Such was the simple remembrance; but Nature had added her pathos, for under the shelter by the writing a caterpillar had fastened itself, and passed into its death-like state of a chrysalis, and having ultimately assumed its final state, it had winged its way from the spot, and had left the corpse-like relics behind. How old and how beautiful is this figure of the resurrection! Surely it can never appear before our eyes without touching the thoughts.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

Psalm lviii. 11; Proverbs iii. 35; 1 Cor. iii. 21; Ephes. i. 26; Rev. xxii. 3, 4. Dent. vii. 10; Psalm ix. 17; Prov. i. 24-31; Mark xvi. 16; Heb. ii. 3; Rev. xxi. 8.

1069. Baseness its own Punishment.—An African youth, Job Ben Solomon, son of the High Priest of Bundo in Forta, was travelling on the south side of the Gambia, in the year 1781, when he was robbed, seized, and sold as a slave to an American captain, who carried him to Maryland. Job, on his arrival in Maryland, was sold to a planter, who finding him a youth of very distinguished abilities, treated him with great respect, and at the expiration of twelve months undertook to forward a letter of Job's own writing, in the Arabic tongue, to Mr. Oglethorpe in England, whose fame as a friend of humanity pointed him out as the likeliest person to effect the restoration of an unfortunate captive to his native country. Mr. Oglethorpe, on receiving the letter, immediately sent out instructions for the ransom of Job and his conveyance to England.

Job soon afterwards arrived in this country, and was introduced at Court, where he was generously received by the Royal Family, and most of the principal nobility, who honoured him with many marks of their favour. After he had continued in England about fourteen months, Job resolved to return to his native land, from an earnest desire which he had to see the High Priest, his father. On his leaving England he was loaded with presents from the Royal Family, the nobility and the African Company, the latter of which ordered their agents on the African coast to show him the greatest attention. Job arrived at James Fort on the 8th of August, 1784, at which time Mr. Moore, then in the service of the African Company, was at that place. A relation of what followed after the first interview between Mr. Moore and Job has

been published by the former, and from it we extract the following very interesting account: "Job, having a mind to go up to Joar to talk with some of his countrymen, went along with me. We arrived at the creek of Damofeusa; and having some old acquaintances at the town of that name, Job and I went there together. In the evening, as we were sitting under a great tree, there came six or seven of the very people who three years before had robbed Job and sold him into slavery. Job, affecting not to know them, asked them some questions about himself, which they answered according to the truth. At last he inquired how the king, their master, did. They answered that he was dead. 'Dead!' exclaimed Job, 'how did he die?' 'Among the goods,' replied they, 'for which he sold poor Job to the American captain, there was a pistol, which the king used commonly to wear suspended by a sling about his neck; and the pistol, being loaded, one day accidentally went off, and the balls lodging in his throat, he presently died.' Job was so transported at the close of this story, that he immediately fell upon his knees, and returned thanks to Mahomet, for making his persecutor die by the very goods for which he sold him into slavery. Job then, turning to Mr. Moore, said, 'You see now, Mr. Moore, that God Almighty was displeased at this man's making me a slave, and therefore made him die by the very pistol for which he sold me. Yet ought I to forgive him, because, had I not been sold, I should neither have known anything of the English tongue, nor have had any of the fine, useful, and valuable things I have brought with me, nor have known that there is such a place in the world as noble England, nor such good and generous people as I have met there.'"

1070. **Corrupt Judge.**—There was at Moscow a very learned counsellor in the law, whose repu-

tation reaching the ears of Peter the Great, he raised him to the rank of Chief Judge, or Governor of the province of Novogorod. On appointing him to this office, his Majesty declared to him in the most formal manner, that he had as much confidence in his integrity as in his skill in settling disputes impartially; and that he trusted he would continue to distribute justice in a disinterested manner throughout the extent of his jurisdiction. The new judge faithfully discharged his duties for some time, but after a few years had elapsed it was publicly reported that he received presents, that he perverted the laws, and committed flagrant acts of injustice. Peter, who flattered himself that he had not been deceived in his choice, considered it at first a calumny, but on making the necessary inquiry found that the judge, upright as he had thought him, was no longer so; but that, corrupted by presents, he had more than once made a trade of justice. The monarch determined on questioning the judge, who confessed that he had suffered himself to be seduced by bribes in several affairs submitted to his judgment, and that he had pronounced sentences contrary to law. On being reproached by the Czar, he pleaded the lowness of his salary, which would not enable him to provide anything for his wife and children, or permit him to live in a condition suitable to the rank to which he had been raised. "How much, then," said the Czar, "would it require to put you above the necessity of receiving presents and making a trade of justice?" "Twice the income I enjoy at present," answered the judge. "Will that be sufficient," said the Czar, "to enable you to discharge the duties of your office with fidelity?" The judge declared it would, and pledged himself to future good conduct. "Well, then," said the Czar, "I pardon you for this time; you shall enjoy double your present salary, and I will add to it half as much

more, on condition that you keep your word." The Governor, transported with joy, fell at the feet of his sovereign to return him thanks. His conduct for more than a year was conformable to the wishes of the Czar, and he administered justice faithfully, but fancying at last that the monarch had long ceased from watching his conduct, he began to take presents again, and to commit acts of oppression and injustice. The Czar being informed of it, the judge was tried and found guilty; a message from the sovereign was sent to him, intimating that as he had not kept his word, the Prince was under the necessity of keeping his; and the corrupt judge was accordingly hanged.

1071. Family Altar.—A little girl had committed a fault for which she was punished. Just before family prayers she came and asked her mother if she might stay in the room. "Why do you ask?" said the mother. "As I told a story," replied the child, "I was afraid I should not be allowed to hear the Bible read."

1072. General Honoured.—The city of Bagdad having been relieved, by a glorious victory achieved by Cartschugai Chan, from the presence of a vast army of Turks, which had been laying siege to it for upwards of six months, Shah Abbas, the Persian King, hastened forth to do honour to the victorious General who had saved him and his empire from threatened ruin. The King, on approaching the General, alighted from his horse. "My dearest Aga," said he, "I have by thy means and conduct obtained so noble a victory, that I could not have desired a greater; come, get upon my horse, for it is but right that to thee the first honour should this day belong." Cartschugai, overwhelmed by such unexampled condescension, cast himself at his sovereign's feet, entreated his Majesty to look on him as his slave, and not to expose him to the derision of all the world, by

doing him an honour which he could in no possible way deserve. Notwithstanding all his entreaties, however, the gallant Cartschugai was forced to mount the royal steed, and head the triumphal procession into Bagdad, the King, and all the other Chans, following him on foot at a distance of seven paces.

1073. Lost or Saved?—"Christ shall give thee light." These words were spoken to a young Christian when very ill. She knew that she could not live, and her soul was very heavy because she could not see Jesus. Years before, the love of Christ had constrained her to follow Him. She had obeyed His call and rejoiced in it. But now in the hour of sickness her peace was gone. Mists and clouds blotted out the bright view of the many mansions to which she could once read her title clear. In vain her friends talked to her of an all-sufficient Saviour. She dwelt upon her unworthiness and the multitude of her sins. There were some to whom she had said, "Come thou with us and we will do thee good," who had left their old ways and were now treading the narrow way; in vain these said, "You brought us to Jesus, you have served Him earnestly, and now will you doubt His love and power?" At length a venerable clergyman came to visit her. He among many others had long taken knowledge of this doubting disciple, that she "had been with Jesus." He said, "How is it that I find you thus distressed, when the hope of eternal life is yours, because all things are yours through Christ?" "I once thought that these blessings were mine," she replied; "it was a dreadful mistake; my sins have not been forgiven, I cannot endure the wrath of God; I am lost!" "Where is your Bible?" said the clergyman. She removed the well-worn book from under her pillow, saying, "It is here." "Why do you keep it there? do you love your Bible so much?" "Yes,"

replied the dying girl, "it is my great comfort, I read nothing else—I must keep my Bible near me." "My dear young friend, do you think you are going to be lost while you love your Bible so? It is one of the marks of God's children that they feed on His Word, and nothing else will satisfy them. You know your Bible well; have you forgotten the Saviour's words which you must often have read, 'My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me; and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand'? Your salvation, you see, does not depend on yourself, but on what Jesus has already done for you. Will you, while recalling His gracious promises, be misled by the doubts cast before you by the tempter, and will you disbelieve the promises of Christ?" The dying girl listened; the pastor's message by God's blessing went to her heart, and the darkness fled away. She saw that she had been looking within, where all was sin, for her hope. Now she looked again to Jesus, by the power of the Holy Spirit, and feared no more.

1074. Noble Spirit.—The Spartan reformer and legislator, Lycurgus, through whose wise institutions the Spartan republic so long flourished, had an eye beat out in a sedition which was raised against him on account of the severity of his laws. When the tumult was appeased, the man who had given him the blow was brought to him a prisoner, in order that he might inflict upon him such punishment as he should think proper. But Lycurgus, instead of doing the fellow the least injury, took him into his family, and made him one of his disciples in the rules of virtue and good morality. Having kept him thus for about a year, he brought him publicly into the assembly of the people, and exhibited him for an example of as much virtue then as

he had been before of every vice. "This," said he, "is the man that came under my care, proud, outrageous, and dissipated; behold, I restore him again to the community, humble, gentle, regular, and altogether fit to do the republic service."

1075. Old Man Admonished.—A little Sunday-school girl, between five and six years old, being on a visit at her grandfather's, who was in a declining state of health, the following conversation took place:—"I think you are very ill, grandfather." "Yes, my dear," replied the grandfather, "I am very ill." "Where do you expect to go when you die?" "To heaven, I hope," he rejoined. "I hope you will," said the little one, "but if you do, you must leave off swearing and saying bad words; if you don't, you will go to a bad place and there be tormented with wicked and miserable creatures; but if you go to heaven, you will be happy with God and Christ for ever. But you must pray and keep on praying, and if you awake in the night you must pray. Grandfather, do you ever pray?" This last question, put with all the honest simplicity of infancy, touched the old man's heart and dissolved him in tears. Nothing could have been more pointed and seasonable; and it was believed that a lasting impression was made on his mind.

1076. Perversity Punished.—The philanthropist Howard, finding in travelling that the coachmen would seldom comply with his wishes, hit upon an expedient to cure them. At the end of a stage, when the driver had been perverse, he desired the landlord to send for some poor industrious widow or other proper object of charity, and to introduce such person and the driver together. He then paid the latter his fare, and told him that as he had not thought proper to attend to his repeated requests as to the manner of being driven, he should not make him any present; but to show him that he did not withhold

it out of a principle of parsimony, he would give the poor person present double the sum usually given to a postillion. This he did, and dismissed the parties. He had not long practised this mode, he said, before he experienced the good effects of it on all the roads where he was known.

1077. Present Time Precious.—"Important things to-morrow." So said a distinguished individual against whose life a plot was laid. But one of the confederates, relenting, sent a notice of the plot, by a messenger, who had particular instructions to deliver it personally, and to state that the letter must be read immediately, as it was on a very important matter. The messenger, however, found the person against whose life the plot was laid in the midst of a feast. The letter and message were both faithfully delivered, but the man of mirth and wine laid it aside, saying, "Important things to-morrow!" The morrow he never saw, for that night the assassin plunged the deadly weapon into his heart.

1078. Sagacious Spy.—A prisoner was one day brought, by order of Frederick the Second of Prussia, from Berlin to Potsdam, and conducted directly into his cabinet. "Do you know these three letters?" said the King to him, with a stern look. "Yes, your Majesty." "Who wrote them?" "I." "To whom were they addressed?" "To the Doge of Venice, my august master." "You then acknowledge yourself to be a spy? You shall be hanged." "Your Majesty, I am no spy, and I cannot acknowledge myself anything which I am not." "You must either die, or tell me which of my Ministers acquainted you with the secrets of my Cabinet. Take your choice!" "I am acquainted with no person whatever, either in Berlin or Potsdam; nobody in all your Majesty's dominions, except the landlord with whom I live. As your Majesty had me arrested and brought before you, you are doubt-

less too well informed respecting me not to know that I never speak of politics, either in my inn or anywhere else." Notwithstanding this, the angry King continued for some time to address the prisoner with vehemence, till at last his curiosity gained the ascendancy. "Well," he cried, "name nobody; you shall be liberated as soon as you tell me by what means you have succeeded in knowing the most hidden of my secrets." "I know them all, your Majesty, from yourself alone. On such and such a day you made such and such news known at Berlin; not long after this, such and such articles were in the Nürnberg papers; and a little before or after that, I read in the Frankfort and Vienna journals this and that article. Now, as your Majesty is not accustomed to do anything in vain, and you always reason very justly, I have attempted to follow the course of your ideas; and the result was, that your Majesty must necessarily have formed the plan which I had sketched out." "Alas!" cried the astonished monarch; "and you, poor sufferer, how is it possible that your wise nobles do not know how to make more use of you?" (To the guard, in German, "Unbind him, and go your way.") "Of what country are you?" "Of the country of poor Homer, of Cephalonia." "I immediately take you into my service, and create you a Count; and as soon as you receive your discharge from the Doge, you shall go to St. Petersburg as my ambassador. Till that time, we shall speak on literary subjects." Who does not know that Frederick the Great did almost nothing in vain? Count Lusi lived from this time as ambassador twenty years at St. Petersburg.

1079. Sceptic's Testimony.—Lord Bolingbroke, a man of giant intellect, of great political influence during his life, but an avowed infidel, declares that "the doctrine of rewards and punishments in a

future state has so great a tendency to enforce the civil laws and restrain the vices of men, that though Reason would decide against it on the principles of theology, she will not decide against it on the principles of good policy." Again he says:—"No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind as the Christian. The Gospel of Christ is one continual lesson of the strictest morality, of justice, benevolence, and universal charity. Supposing Christianity to be a human invention, it is the most amiable and successful invention that ever was imposed on mankind for their good."

1080. Terrors of the Wicked.—"Some years ago," says a clergyman, "I was hastily summoned to attend a young man, about twenty-three years of age, who had attempted to rush into the presence of his Creator by committing suicide. It was Charles B——, a young man likely to attract and win the love of his friends. I went to see him. After some time spent in silence, I perceived that his countenance was changing, that it was losing its appearance of despair, and assuming a look of deep and intense anguish. He became restless and agitated, hid his face, and in a mournful but distinct voice murmured, 'The Lord have mercy upon my soul.' When I heard him speak in such a tone of anxiety, I replied that, 'prayer is surely heard if it be sincere. I am as sure as that the Word of God is true, that if you seek His mercy, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, your prayer will be heard.' 'My prayer heard! Oh no, there is no mercy for me!' 'My friend,' I said, 'the mercy of God would be no mercy at all, if it were not extended to sinners. God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner.' He no longer struggled to repress his feelings. With deep earnestness, he said, 'You do not know what

a sinner I have been. Oh, mercy, mercy! Do you think I shall die? Why should I expect to live? Can you give me no hope of recovering? No, none, none! O God, have mercy upon my unhappy soul!' 'There is mercy,' I said, 'even for the vilest sinner, and there is no sin beyond the infinite mercy of God. Do you know that Jesus, the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, is the friend of sinners? He seeks and saves them who are lost. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."' While I was speaking, he gazed on me with an expression of much anxiety. Stretching out his hand he exclaimed, 'Do not attempt to make me better than I am. How can I go to the Saviour? Oh, if I could but believe that God would forgive me!' And here the agitation of his mind became so great that he could not listen to my answer. After a time I resumed the conversation; but the dark cloud of his sins rose continually before him, and his mental torture was most sad to witness. After earnestly exhorting him to repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, I proposed prayer. 'You may pray,' he said, 'but I cannot. God will never hear my prayers; no, He will not listen to me now. I never prayed to Him in health, and how can I think He will hearken to me now?' I knelt down, and prayed anxiously and deeply for him. Night drew on, and I was compelled to leave him in the care of an attendant. On the following morning I returned to him. He had passed a distressing night, and death was upon his countenance. He stretched out his hand as I entered the room, and smiled faintly. 'Oh, you are welcome; you will not leave me now.' 'Tell me, my friend,' said I, 'how you feel.' 'I have hope; my hope is in Christ; but,' after a short pause, 'I should like to recover.' 'Are you afraid to die?' 'No, but had I seen the awful nature of the change which passes on the un-

godly at death in the light I do now, it would have been impossible for me to have lifted my hand against myself.' After another pause, he said, 'Still I should like to live. When I think how my short, worthless life has been spent in the service of the devil, and that I have never given even one moment of it to God, I should like to recover, in order to show the sincerity of my repentance, and my love to my Redeemer.' 'Well, my friend,' I replied, 'we must leave these things entirely in the hands of the Lord; we cannot always understand His ways, and we should ever remember that "secret things belong unto the Lord." He knows your heart better than you

do yourself, and perhaps He can observe that a longer life might neither promote His own glory nor enhance your eternal peace. To submit in silence and without murmuring, is a lesson which He requires His people to learn.' A distressing hiccough, accompanied by occasional delirium, now attacked him, but at every lucid interval he asked to have the Scriptures read to him. But these intervals became less and less frequent, and at last seemed to have quite departed. Long I watched beside him, listening to his incoherent words, or gazing on his pallid, agonized face, till at length he sank back on his pillow in a stupor, from which he never awoke."

RICHES AND POWER.

Prov. xiii. 7, 11; Matthew vi. 19, xvi. 26; Mark x. 24; 1 Tim. vi. 17-19.

Psalms lxii. 11; 1 Cor. ii. 5.

1081. Ambition never Satisfied.—Cineas, when dissuading Pyrrhus from undertaking a war against the Romans, said, "When you have conquered them, what will you do next?" "Then Sicily is near at hand, and easy to master." "And what when you have conquered Sicily?" "Then we will pass over to Africa, and take Carthage, which cannot long withstand us." "When these are conquered, what will be your next attempt?" "Then," said Pyrrhus, "we will fall in upon Greece and Macedon, and recover what we have lost there." "Well, when all are subdued, what fruit do you expect from all your victories?" "Then," said he, "we will sit down and enjoy ourselves." "But," replied Cineas, "may we not do this now? Have you not already a kingdom of your own? And he that cannot enjoy himself with a kingdom, cannot with the whole world."

1082. Avarice Punished.—M. Fosque, one of the farmers-general of the province of Languedoc in the

year 1762, had amassed an immense fortune by grinding the faces of the poor, and by every means, however base and cruel, that could increase his ill-gotten store. This man was ordered by the government to advance a considerable sum of money, but excused himself from complying with the order on the plea of poverty. Fearing, however, that some of the inhabitants of the province, among whom he was very unpopular, would give information to the contrary, and his house be in consequence searched, he determined to hide his money in a way which might elude examination. He dug in his wine-cellar a cave large and deep, into which he descended by a ladder; on the door of the cellar was a spring lock, which, on shutting the door, would fasten itself. Soon after this M. Fosque disappeared, Diligent search was made for him; the ponds were dragged, and every imaginable method taken to find him, but in vain. A few months after the house was sold, and the workmen, beginning to repair it,

discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock. The owner ordered it to be opened, and on going down they discovered M. Fosque lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, and on further search they found the vast wealth he had amassed. It was supposed that when he went into the cave, the door, by some accident, shut after him, and thus, being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food.

1083. City whose Merchants were Princes.—Of all the cities of antiquity, Tyre was the most celebrated for the extent of its commerce. The Tyrians obtained the productions of the East, of which it was the grand emporium, by sailing up the Red Sea or Arabian Gulf, and then passing across Arabia Petræa to Rhinocolura. Alexander seems to have determined on the destruction of Tyre, in order to found a city which he might dignify with his name, and enrich with the commerce of the East; for which Alexandria was placed in a better situation than Tyre. Of Tyre, "whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth," there now exist scarcely any traces. Some miserable cabins arranged in irregular lines, dignified with the name of streets, and a few buildings of a rather better description, occupied by the officers of the Government, compose nearly the whole of the town. It still, indeed, makes some languishing efforts at commerce, and continues to export annually to Alexandria cargoes of silk and tobacco, but to a very trifling extent. The noble dust of Alexander, traced by the imagination till found stopping a barrel-hole, would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and debasement than Tyre at the period of its siege by that conqueror and the modern town of Soor erected on its ashes.

1084. Curse of Gold.—The story of Midas, the Phrygian King, is well known as an illustration of

a covetous man's desire when granted. This ancient monarch, as the fable runs, asked a favour of the gods, and they agreed to grant him whatever he should desire. The monarch, overjoyed, resolved to make the favour inexhaustible. He prayed that whatever he touched might be turned into gold. The prayer was granted, and bitter were the consequences. Whatever the poor King touched did turn to gold. He laid his hand upon the rock and it became a huge mass of gold of priceless value; he clutched his oaken staff and it became in his hand a bar of virgin gold. At first the monarch's joy was unbounded, and he returned to his palace the most favoured of mortals. Alas for the short-sightedness of man! He sat at table, and all he touched turned in mockery of his wish to gold—pure, solid gold. Then the conviction came rushing upon his humbled mind that he must perish from his grasping wish—die in the midst of plenty; and remembering the ominous saying he had heard, "The gods themselves cannot take back their gifts," he howled to the sternly-smiling Dionysius to restore to him the coarsest, vilest food, and deliver him from the curse of gold.

1085. Dishonesty Overreached.—John Eyre, whose name is recorded in the annals of crime as possessing £30,000 and yet being sentenced to transportation for stealing eleven quires of writing-paper, had an uncle, a gentleman of considerable property, who made his will in favour of a clergyman, his intimate friend, and committed it, unknown to the rest of the family, to the custody of the divine. However, not long before his death, having altered his mind with regard to the disposal of his wealth, he made another will, in which he left the clergyman only £500, bequeathing the bulk of his large property to his nephew and heir-at-law, Mr. Eyre. Soon after the old gentleman's death, Mr. Eyre,

rummaging over his drawers, found this last will, and perceiving the legacy of £500 in it for the clergyman, without any hesitation or scruple of conscience, he put it into the fire, and took possession of the whole effects, in consequence of his uncle being supposed to die intestate. The clergyman coming to town soon after, and inquiring into the circumstances of his old friend's death, asked if he had made a will before he died. On being answered by Mr. Eyre in the negative, the clergyman very coolly put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the former will, which had been committed to his care, in which Mr. Eyre, sen., had bequeathed him the whole of his fortune, amounting to several thousand pounds, excepting a legacy of £200 to his nephew.

1086. Disinterestedness.—After the English Revolution of 1688, Locke's high name and merits opened to him the prospect of honour and riches, which, however, he declined. King William III. pressed him to go on an embassy to one of the principal Courts in Europe, which he respectfully refused. His Majesty then appointed him to a seat as one of the Commissioners of the Board of Trade and Plantations. This post, which was perfectly suited to his talents, he held for some years; but at length, when the air of London was found to disagree with his health, he resigned the place to the King in person, saying that his conscience would not permit him to retain a situation the duties of which he could not discharge. The King entreated him to continue in it, telling him that though he could stay in London but a few weeks, his services would be very necessary. Locke, however, still persisted in his resolution, thus relinquishing one thousand pounds a year, which he might have kept till his death. When he was told by a friend that he might have made a composition with any new candidate, and thereby have gained

some advantage without giving up the whole income, he replied, "I know very well that I might have done so, and that was the very reason why I did not communicate my design to any one. I received my commission directly from the King, and to him I resolved to restore it, that he might have the pleasure of bestowing it upon some worthy man, better able to fulfil the duties than myself."

1087. Examples of Earthly Glory.—Gilimer, King of the Vandals, when he was led in triumph by Belisarius, cried out, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Charles V., Emperor of Germany, whom of all men the world judged most happy, cried out in reference to whatever is generally considered good and great, "Get you hence; let me hear no more of you."

1088. Gold in the Heart.—The Rev. A. Fuller was one day taken into the Bank of England, where one of the clerks showed him some ingots of gold. He took one of them into his hand, examined it with some care, and then laying it down, remarked to his friend, "How much better to have this in the hand than in the heart!"

1089. Heavenly Mansion.—A New Zealand chief, remarkable for the deep spirituality of his mind and his constant delight in the Word of God, visited England a few years ago. One day he was taken to see a beautiful mansion,—one of the show places near London. The gentleman who took him expected to find him greatly astonished and much charmed with its magnificence and splendour; but it seemed, to his surprise, to excite little or no admiration in his mind. Wondering how this could be, he began to point out to him its grandeur, the beauty of the costly furniture—brought from all parts of the world—the view from the windows, &c. Tamahane heard all silently; then, looking round upon the walls, replied, "Ah! my

Father's house finer than this." "Your father's house!" thought the gentleman, who knew his father's home was but a poor mud cottage. But Tamahana went on—"My Father's house finer than this;" and began to speak, in his own expressive, touching strain, of the house above—the house of "many mansions"—the eternal home of the redeemed.

1090. Insufficiency of Earthly Splendours.—On a Court-day in December, 1795, Sir John Sinclair happened to meet Mr. Secretary Dundas at St. James's, who pressed him to name a day for visiting him at Wimbledon. The day fixed upon chanced to be the last of the year. The party was numerous, and included Mr. Pitt. Sir John remained all night, and next morning, according to Scottish custom, resolved to pay his host an early visit in his own apartment. He found the Secretary in the library, reading a long paper on the importance of conquering the Cape, as an additional security to our Indian possessions. His guest shook him by the hand, adding the usual congratulation, "I come, my friend, to wish you a good New Year, and many happy returns of the season." The Secretary, after a short pause, replied with some emotion, "I hope this year will be happier than the last, for I can scarcely recollect having spent one happy day in the whole of it." This confession, coming from an individual whose whole life hitherto had been a series of triumphs, and who appeared to stand secure upon the summit of political ambition, was often dwelt upon by Sir John as exemplifying the vanity of human wishes.

1091. Never Satisfied.—"When I was a lad," says one, "an old gentleman took some trouble to teach me some little knowledge of the world. With this view I remember he once asked me when a man was rich enough. I replied, 'When he has a thousand pounds.'

He said, 'No.' 'Two thousand?' 'No.' 'Ten thousand?' 'No.' 'Twenty thousand?' 'No.' 'A hundred thousand?' which I thought would settle the business; but he still continuing to say 'No,' I gave it up, and confessed I could not tell, but begged he would inform me. He gravely said, 'When he has a little more than he has, and that is never! If he requires one thousand, he wishes to have two thousand, then five, then ten, then twenty, then fifty; from that his riches would mount to a hundred thousand, and so on till he had grasped the whole world, after which he would look about him, like Alexander, for other worlds to possess.'"

1092. "No Device in the Grave."—Constantine the Great, in order to reclaim a miser, took a lance and marked out a space of ground of the size of the human body, and told him, "Add heap to heap, accumulate riches upon riches, extend the bounds of your possessions, conquer the whole world, and in a few days such a spot as this will be all you will have."

1093. Passion for Wealth.—Mr. Taylor, the stock-jobber, who died worth a hundred thousand pounds, Console, was so penurious, that he scarcely allowed himself the necessaries of life. A few days before his decease, the officers of the parish in which he resided waited upon him at his request. They found the old man on a wretched bed in a garret, making his dinner on a thin rash of bacon and a potato, of which he asked them to partake. One of them accepted the offer; upon this, the miser desired his cook to broil him another; but finding the larder was totally empty, he harshly rebuked her for not having it well supplied with a quarter of a pound, to cut up in rashers whenever it was wanted for company. He then informed the overseers of the poor that he had left by his will £1,000 sterling for their relief, and eagerly inquired if they would not allow

him discount for prompt payment. This being assented to, apparently much delighted, he immediately gave them a cheque on his banker for £950, and soon after breathed his last.

1094. Patriot's Exhortation.—One of the Dukes of Venice, Sebastianus Foscarinus, caused to be engraved on his tomb in St. Mark's Church the following exhortation to his countrymen: "Hear, O ye Venetians! and I will tell you which is the best thing in the world: it is to contemn and despise riches."

1095. Poor Rich Man.—A nobleman who lived in the neighbourhood of the Rev. Mr. D——, one day asked him to dine with him. Before dinner they walked into the garden, and after viewing the various productions and rarities with which it abounded, his lordship exclaimed, "Well, Mr. D——, you see I want for nothing; I have all that my heart can wish for." As Mr. D—— made no reply but appeared thoughtful, his lordship asked him the reason. "Why, my lord," said the old man, "I have been thinking that a man may have all these things, and never see heaven after all." The words powerfully struck the nobleman, and, through the blessing of God, led to his conversion.

1096. Rich, but Poor.—A poor widow lady, liberal in proportion to her means to the cause of religion, unexpectedly succeeded to a large fortune, but where she had formerly given a guinea, she now gave but a shilling. Her minister felt it his duty to expostulate with her, and remind her of her former generosity when her means were so circumscribed. "Ah! sir," she affectinglly replied, "then I had the shilling means, but the guinea heart; now I have the guinea means, but only the shilling heart. Then I received from my Heavenly Father's hand, day by day, my daily bread, and I had enough and to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, but I live in

constant apprehension that I may come to want!"

1097. Rich Man's Need.—A minister said that there was a man in his congregation who was wealthy. If he had been a poor man he would have spoken to him about his soul, but being a wealthy man he thought it would be taking too much liberty. At last one of the members happened to say to him, "Mr. So-and-so, have you found a Saviour?" when, bursting into tears, the man said, "Thank you for speaking to me; I have been in distress for months, and thought the minister might have spoken to me. Oh, I wish he had: I might have found peace!"

1098. Saladin's Glory.—After Saladin the Great had subdued Egypt, passed the Euphrates, conquered many cities, and retaken Jerusalem, he finished his life in the performance of the following action. Just before he uttered his last sigh he called the herald who had carried his banner before him in all his battles, and commanded him to fasten to the top of a lance the shroud in which the dying Prince was soon to be buried. "Go," said he, "carry the lance, unfurl the banner, and while you lift up this standard, proclaim, 'This, this is all that remains of all the glory of Saladin the Great, the Conqueror and King of the Empire.'"

1099. Stewardship.—A beggar upon the way asked something of an honourable lady. She gave him sixpence, saying, "This is more than ever God gave me." "Oh, madam, madam," says the beggar, "you have abundance, and God hath given all that you have: say not so, good madam." "Well," said she, "I speak the truth, for God hath not given, but lent unto me what I have, that I may bestow it upon such as thou art."

1100. Three Money-Boxes.—"I had three brothers," said a pious lady, "who had been brought up

with much care by my excellent father and mother. They had endeavoured to impress upon all their children the duty and the high privilege of laying by and giving even of their little store to the spreading of the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer. It happened that each of these brothers possessed a box, in which he was accustomed to drop any small sum of money that might be given to him. In the confusion of moving from our residence at — to another house, these boxes were for a time mislaid, and were long looked for in vain. Some time afterwards, the three boxes were unexpectedly found; the boys were delighted at the discovery of their lost treasures, and determined at once to open their boxes. It was rather a curious circumstance that the three boxes contained almost the same sum of money—about ten pounds. My eldest brother had long wished to possess a watch, and without hesitation he instantly appropriated the whole of the contents of his box to the purchase of one. My second brother was of a divided mind; he accordingly separated his money into two portions—one he spent for his own gratification, the other portion he gave to some religious society. My youngest brother gave up all; he reserved no portion for his own self-indulgence, but freely and joyfully gave the whole to the Lord. And now I must tell you something of the after-life of each of my brothers. The dispositions which were then shown in so marked a way proved indicative of the future course of each of these young men. The eldest has been engaged in many undertakings which seemed to promise wealth, and he has expended large sums of money, but he has failed in everything, and at the close of a long life he is a poor man, and has been for some considerable time dependent on the bounty of his youngest brother. My second brother is not poor, but he has never been rich, nor satis-

fied with his very moderate circumstances. My youngest brother died lately, leaving £100,000, after having freely given away at least as much to missions among the heathen, and to other works of love. God prospered him in everything that he undertook, and he ceased not, throughout the whole course of his life, to give freely of all that God gave to his hand. Freely he had received, and freely and cheerfully indeed did he give."

1101. True Riches.—A gentleman in the North of England once said to a friend who accompanied him in a walk, "These beautiful grounds, as far as your eye can reach, those majestic woods on the brow of the distant hills, and those extensive and valuable mines, belong to me. Yonder powerful steam-engine obtains the produce of my mines, and those ships convey my wealth to other parts of the kingdom." "Well, my lord," replied the gentleman, "do you see yonder little hovel that seems but a speck on your estate? There dwells a poor woman who can say more than all this, for she can say, 'Christ is mine.' In a very few years your lordship's possessions will be confined within the scanty limits of a tomb; but she will then have entered on a far nobler inheritance than your lordship now possesses—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation."

1102. Ungenerous Monarch.—When Ferdosi, the Persian Homer, had finished his noble epic poem of the Shah Nemah, or Book of Kings, Mahmood was persuaded, by envious rivals, to diminish the reward that he had promised him. The bard spurned the present which he sent him, and added to his poem a bitter satire upon the King's want of generosity; but after he had given vent to his feelings, he thought it prudent to leave the

Court, and to retire to his native city of Too (the modern Mashed), in Khorassan. Some time elapsed before Mahmood saw the verses he had written, and, sensible too late of his error, he tried to retrieve his fame by sending an immense sum to the poet; but the rich present reached the gates of Too as the body of Ferdosi was being carried to its last mansion, and it was rejected by his virtuous daughter, who scorned to accept that wealth which had been once denied to the merits of her illustrious father.

1103. Useless Stones.—A rich nobleman was once showing a friend a great collection of precious stones, whose value was almost beyond counting. There were diamonds, and pearls, and rubies, and gems from almost every country of the globe, which had been gathered by their possessor at the greatest labour and expense. "And yet," he remarked, "they yield me no income." His friend replied that he had two stones, which cost him but five pounds each, yet they yielded him a very considerable annual income. And he led him down to his mill, and pointed to the two toiling grey mill-stones. They were laboriously crushing the grain into snowy flour, for the use of hundreds who depended on this work for their daily bread. Those two dull homely stones did more good in the world, and raised a larger income, than all the nobleman's jewels.

1104. Useless Wealth.—The wealth of the celebrated Dr. Hooker, operator and assistant of Boyle, was, in his latter days, considerable, but he sank into the habits of a perfect miser, from a fear that he should outlive his estate. He sometimes declared that he intended to dispose of his estate for the advancement of natural knowledge, and to promote the ends for which the Royal Society was instituted; to build a handsome edifice for the Society's use, with a laboratory, library, and repository; and to en-

dow a professorship. If he ever seriously entertained this design, he forgot to put it into execution, and his property went to a distant relation. "I wonder," says Sir Godfrey Copley, in a letter written a few weeks after Hooker's death, "old Dr. Hooker did not choose rather to leave his £12,000 to continue what he had promoted and studied all the days of his life—I mean mathematical experiments—than to have it go to those whom he never saw or cared for. It is rare that virtuosos die rich, and it is a pity they should, if they were like him!"

1105. Unexpected Wealth.—A French soldier, who was a blacksmith by trade, married at Lemberg, in Poland, a young woman, who cautiously concealed from him her name and family. She accompanied him to France, where they lived happily, but in poverty, for some years, when she received a letter, which she said required that she should leave her husband for a few weeks. She had, by the death of a relation, become heiress to a large fortune, consisting of several estates, two castles, two market-towns, and seven villages, with their dependencies, as well as to the title of Baroness of the Empire. Uncontaminated by such a change of fortune, the lady returned to her husband and young family, to share with them the blessings of ease and plenty.

1106. World and the Soul.—The Duke of Alba was once asked if he had observed the eclipses happening in a certain year. He replied, "I have so much business upon earth, that I have no leisure to look up to heaven."

1107. Worthless Effort.—At the beginning of the eighteenth century, the chief magistrate at Boulogne was M. Vandille, who by mere saving had amassed a large fortune. His usual diet was bread and milk, and it was generally thought that it was to save

the price of this milk that he sought and obtained his judicial office. He now took upon himself to be milk-taster general at the public market. "It was a cruel thing," he said, "that the inhabitants should be imposed on in an article of such necessity; and he was resolved, for their sakes, to try himself the quality of all the milk brought into the town." Every morning and evening, after eating his loaf at home, he would perambulate among the milk-women, and by taking a sip from each pail, was enabled, without a farthing of expense to himself, to indulge to any extent in his favourite beverage. His wealth, which accumulated rapidly, was all invested in the public funds; and becoming by this means favourably known in the capital, M. Vandille was at length invited to take a part in the magistracy of Paris. He hesitated at first about accepting the promotion, for he did not know how he should be off for milk in Paris, and the expenses of the journey thither must be enormous. Reflecting, however, that the metropolis was a vast field for a man of his ingenuity, and consoling himself with the probability of being able, in some way or other, to make up for the great sacrifices he must suffer, he decided on submitting to the honour which, as he declared, had been thrust upon him. After converting everything he possessed in the world into money, he remitted the whole to Paris, reserving only wherewith to defray the expenses of his journey; but that in these expenses he might not be seduced into any irrecoverable extravagance, the sum reserved was only threepence, though the journey is one of a hundred and thirty miles. With so light a purse, riding was of course out of the question. M. Vandille resolved to walk, but

even that he could not have accomplished had he not at the same time very prudently assumed the disguise of a mendicant priest, in which character he received benefactions from the pious persons whom he met by the way, that more than trebled his scanty store. How M. Vandille succeeded in Paris, all the ways he took to acquire and save money, it would be tedious to relate; suffice it to state that by the year 1735, when he had reached his seventy-eighth year, he had amassed a fortune of not less than eight hundred thousand pounds. He was still a hale old man, and had the prospect of living many years longer, but was suddenly cut off in the great attempt of saving a sixpence, the expenditure of which might have saved his life. Being seized with some inflammatory symptoms, in consequence of over-heating himself, he sent for a surgeon to bleed him. The surgeon asking a large sum for the operation was at once turned about his business. An apothecary was then sent for, but though of humbler rank he disdained to accept less than his neighbour. Vandille then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for threepence a time. "Ay, but," said this miserly economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed?" "Three times." "And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?" "Eight ounces." "Well, but why can't you take the whole twenty-four ounces at once? You want to make a job of me, you scoundrel! Here, sir, there is your threepence, and take the twenty-four ounces immediately." The barber was generous enough to obey; M. Vandille lost the twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the King, whom he made his sole heir.

RIDICULE AND VAIN JESTING.

Prov. iii. 34 ; Isa. xxviii. 22 ; Mal. iii. 13, 14 ; 2 Pet. iii. 34 ; Jude 18.

1108. "Common Report."—The famous Beau Nash once sought to confound John Wesley, and render his teaching ridiculous. The public were informed what was to be done, and great expectations were raised ; so the audience was greatly increased, and among them were many of the rich and fashionable. Wesley addressed himself to all classes, from the highest to the lowest. While he was preaching, Beau Nash entered the room, came close to the preacher, and demanded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley replied, "By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present Archbishop of Canterbury when he laid his hands upon me and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'" Nash then affirmed he was acting contrary to the laws. "Besides," said he, "your preaching frightens people out of their wits." "Sir," replied Wesley, "did you ever hear me preach?" "No," said the master of ceremonies. "How, then," said Wesley, "can you judge of what you never heard?" Nash made answer, "By common report." "Sir," said Wesley, "is not your name Nash? I dare not judge *you* by common report. I think it not enough to judge by."

1109. Dr. Woodward and the Actor.—An actor celebrated for mimicry was once to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the Doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which, he said, afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and

pains of the most opposite nature repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and a scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the Doctor; "put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked, when the mimic told him, with emphatic sensibility, that he would rather die than prostitute his talents in rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.

1110. Fearful Jest.—A handsome and intellectual youth, the son of a respectable attorney at Dudley, was placed in the family of an apothecary, with a view to apprenticeship. He had not been there long before a pupil of a neighbouring seminary united with the servant-boy to frighten him. One night, during the absence of the master, the servant-boy concealed himself under Henry's bed before he retired to rest, and remained there till midnight, when, on a preconcerted signal of three raps at the chamber door, it suddenly opened, and in stalked the school-boy, clothed in a white sheet, with his

face horribly disguised, and bearing a lighted candle in his hand; the servant-boy, at the same moment, heaving up the bed under Henry. How long this was acted is not known; it was done long enough, however, completely to dethrone the reason of the unfortunate youth, who, it is supposed, immediately covered himself with the bed-clothes, and so continued till the morning. On his not rising at the usual time, one of the family went to call him, and only answering by incoherent cries, he was discovered in the way described. He continued in a state of idiocy till his death, more than twenty years afterwards.

1111. Madman's Rebuke.—

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," quoting from Poggius, the Florentine, tells us of a physician in Milan who kept a house for the reception of lunatics, and by way of cure used to make his patients stand for a length of time in a pit of water, some up to the knees, some to the girdle, and others as high as the chin, *pro modo insanix*, according as they were more or less affected. An inmate of this establishment, who happened "by chance" to be pretty well recovered, was standing at the door of the house, and seeing a gallant cavalier ride past with a hawk on his fist and his spaniels after him, he must needs ask, "What do these preparations mean?" The cavalier answered, "To kill game." "What may the game be worth which you kill in the course of a year?" rejoined the patient. "About five or ten crowns." "And what may your horse, dogs, and hawks, stand you in?" "Four hundred crowns more." On hearing this, the patient with great earnestness of manner bade the cavalier instantly be gone, as he valued his life and welfare; "for," said he, "if our master come and find you here, he will put you into his pit up to the very chin."

1112. Prophecy and Scoffer.—A gentleman, travelling in a stage-

coach, attempted to divert the company by ridiculing the Scriptures. "As to the prophecies," said he, "in particular, they were all written after the events took place." A minister in the coach, who had hitherto been silent, replied, "Sir, I beg leave to mention one particular prophecy as an exception, 2 Pet. iii. 8: 'Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers.' Now, sir, whether the event be not long after the prediction, I leave the company to judge." The mouth of the scorner was stopped.

1113. Ridicule Overcome.—A chaplain related an incident of a young soldier who on one occasion had consulted him upon a question of Christian duty. "Last night," said the young man, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down, and prayed in a low voice, when suddenly my comrades began to throw their boots at me, which raised a great laugh." "Well," replied the chaplain; "but suppose you defer your prayer till you get into bed, and then silently lift up your heart to God?" A week or two afterwards the young soldier called again. "Well," said the chaplain, "you took my advice, I suppose? How has it worked?" "Sir," he answered, "I did take your advice for one or two nights, but I began to think it looked rather like denying my Saviour, and I once more knelt at my bedside and prayed in a low whisper as before." "And what followed?" "Not one of them laughs now, sir; the whole fifteen kneel and pray too." "I felt ashamed," added the chaplain, "of the advice I had given him. That young man was both wiser and bolder than myself."

1114. Scorner Scorned.—We read in a tract recently published: A Christian youth was in the service of a farmer, who wished him to work on the Lord's-day more than was necessary, for feeding the cattle, watering the horses, and such like. The youth remonstrated, and suc-

ceeded in getting time to attend the house of God. But one Sunday, much against his will, he was compelled to work upon a part of the farm on a small island near the coast. The farmer and farm-servant went with him. A squall came on and upset the boat; all were thrown into the deep water. As they were clinging to the boat, an ill-timed jest was made at the conscious feelings of the youth. "I say, Jem," said the farmer, "where's your religion now? Will it help you to swim ashore?" "My trust," replied Jem, "is in my God and Saviour; if it is His will I shall get safe to land." At this moment a wave rolled in, turned the farmer over, and he sank to rise no more. The same wave bore one of the oars of the boat under Jem's arm, thus enabling him to reach the shore.

One of the many illustrations, even in this world, of the saying of the wise man, "Surely He scorneth the scorners; but He giveth grace unto the lowly."

1115. Seasonable Reproof.—The Rev. Mr. H. was travelling in company with some gentlemen who had accidentally joined him on the road. One of them, who was very much given to ridicule ministers of the Gospel, after he had proposed several insulting questions, addressed him thus: "I suppose that you are a preacher, sir?" "I am, sir," was the reply. "And pray, sir," said the scoffer, in a sneering manner, "what do you preach to the people?" "Why, sir," replied Mr. H., "I sometimes admonish my hearers to avoid foolish and impertinent questions."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

Genesis ii. 3; Exod. xx. 8-11; Isaiah lvi. 2, 6, 7; Matt. xii. 8; Mark ii. 27; Acts xiii. 44.

1116. All-Seeing Eye.—A father said to his son, who attended at a Sabbath-school, and had seriously thought of what he heard there, "Carry this parcel to such a place." "It is the Sabbath," replied the boy. "Put it into your pocket," replied the father. "God can see into my pocket," answered the child.

1117. Boating Party.—The Rev. D. Tyerman, when a young man, and connected with others who, like himself, regarded not the Sabbath, had planned a Sunday party down the river Thames to Gravesend. On the Friday night, when he lay down to rest, a transient misgiving, whether it was right so to profane the Sabbath of the Lord, gave him some uneasiness, but he overcame the monitory feeling and fell asleep. On Saturday morning the thought again crossed his mind, but again he resisted it, and resolved to meet his companions. He was about to rise, but fell asleep

again, and had a somewhat singular dream, which impressed his mind so that he would not go. He was not superstitiously observant of dreams, but he regarded the admonition. The party went without him, and on the following Tuesday morning he was greatly surprised and affected to find, from a newspaper, that the identical boat in which he had intended to go had upset with the party, and all on board had perished.

1118. Communion with God.—"Not long ago," writes a gentleman in 1838, "as I took some coffee at a house of refreshment, a gentleman who was reading the newspaper entered into conversation with me. Among other things we spoke of the Christian Sabbath, when he thus expressed himself: 'Though there is doubtless much of ungodliness in England, yet when compared with the Sabbaths on the Continent, a Sabbath here is a delightful season. No one can truly

value that blessed day until he has been deprived of its enjoyment. When in the Army, I felt this deprivation; we had misery in every shape, for in the Peninsular War toil, danger, disease, and death were continually around us and among us. The nearer the men appeared to be to eternity the farther off their thoughts seemed to be from God. The thousands that had been slain were disregarded; neither the dead nor the dying seemed to excite a serious thought in the minds of the reckless soldiers. In such circumstances how grateful would have been the peace, the refreshment, the consolation, the joy, of a Christian Sabbath! It was on the Sabbath-day that I received a letter from an affectionate daughter, then in England; it alluded to the uncertainty of life, especially to a military man. It pressed on me the consideration of eternal things, and pointed me to Him who, in peace and in war, in health and in sickness, in life and in death, is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him. Every word made a lodgment in my heart. Folding up the letter, and putting a book of prayer in my pocket, I walked out to a distance from the camp until I came to a solitary ditch; in that ditch, on my knees, I poured out my soul before God, and there, in peace, I spent my Sabbath-day."

1119. Consistency Rewarded.

A respectable tradesman, in a populous seaport town, took a shop, in which his predecessor had carried on a considerable trade on the Lord's-day. Determining to act in conformity with his religious profession, he closed his doors on the Sabbath, though many ship-crews repeatedly requested him to serve them. This noble decision of conduct was soon noised abroad, and reached the ears of the landlord, who, immediately on ascertaining the fact, gave his tenant notice to quit, saying the business would be injured, and he should be

unable hereafter to let his house to so great an advantage. The tradesman modestly but firmly replied, that whatever consequences might result from his decision he should persevere in it as the path of duty. The landlord was angry, and determined to carry his purpose also unto execution. But it was not so. The landlord was soon after arrested by the hand of death; when, to the surprise of every one, it was found that he had bequeathed the house with all its fixtures to his pious and conscientious tenant.

1120. Foreigner's Testimony.—

When the Comte d'Artois resided in Holyrood House, during the period of his exile, the severity of his English creditors confined him to the privileged limits of the Palace. Sunday being the only day of entire freedom, he used to walk the streets, and was exceedingly struck with the decorous behaviour of the people, and their regular attendance at public worship. He observed that certainly the Divine blessing must protect, in a peculiar manner, a nation who honoured God in so holy a way. On his return to the Palace, he forbade his people to play at tennis, as was usual. Unwillingly relinquishing this amusement, they had recourse to backgammon. Thus he also forbade. They were inconsolable under the heavy denial of spending a day without amusement, and warmly remonstrated "that their religion required no such austerity." "True," said he, "this forbearance makes no part of my religion, but I think it is a respect which we owe to the hospitality and morally decent conduct of the nation under whose protection we live, to give up a trifling gratification that is incompatible with their ideas of sanctity and decorum."

1121. King and Artisan. — When George III. was repairing his Palace at Kew, one of the workmen, who was a pious man, was particularly noticed by his Majesty, and he often held conversations with him

of some length upon serious subjects. One Monday morning, the King went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing this man in his customary place, inquired the reason of his absence. He was answered evasively, and for some time the other workmen avoided telling his Majesty the truth; at last, however, upon being more strictly interrogated, they acknowledged that, not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the following morning. This man alone had refused to comply, because he considered it a violation of the Christian Sabbath; and, in consequence of what they called his obstinacy, he had been dismissed entirely from his employment. "Call him back immediately," exclaimed the good King; "the man who refused doing his ordinary work on the Lord's-day is the man for me. Let him be sent for." The man was accordingly replaced, and the King ever after showed him particular favour.

1122. Man's Work for Man's Day.

—"Just come in and give me a hand's turn at my garden, Jem, of a Sunday morning, will you?" said a working-man, with his pick-axe over his shoulder, to an old hedger, who was trimming a quick-set hedge. Jem took off his cap, and scratched his head a bit, in his own country way, and then said in reply—"No, master, I can't afford it." "Oh, I don't want you to do it for nothing. I'm willing to pay you." "I can't afford it." "Why, man, I will put something in your pocket, and I'm sure you're not too well off." "That's it; I can't afford it." "Can't afford it? What do you mean? You don't understand me!" "Yes, I do; but baint quick of speech, do you see? Howsomever, don't you snap me up, and I'll tell ye. I baint too well off—that's as true a word as ever you spoke. Times be mostly hard wi' me; but if I ain't well off, d'ye see, in this world, I've a hope—a blessed hope,

my missus calls it—of being better off in the next. My Lord and Saviour said these words with His own lips: 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.' I learned that text twenty years ago, and I've said it over hundreds of times, when things went cross, and me and my wife wanted comfort." "Well, well, what's all that got to do with your saying in answer to my offer, 'I can't afford it'?" "Why, no offence to you, but it's got all to do with it. I can't afford to lose my hope of a better lot in a better land. If my Lord be gone to prepare a place for me, the best I can do is to ask Him to prepare me for the place. And, you see, Sunday is the only day that I can give all my thoughts to these holy things. I go to God's house and hear about heaven, and I seems to be waiting at one of the stations on the way there. No, no! Man's work for man's day, but on God's day I can't afford it."

1123. Piety Rewarded.—A sea-captain named Bourne went out from Rhode Island in a brig, on a fishing voyage along the coast of Labrador, with a crew of thirteen men. Three other vessels, with larger crews, from the same State, accompanied him. When they arrived upon the ground, Captain B. determined that he and his crew should sacredly regard the Sabbath; but the other crews prosecuted their employment on that day the same as on others. After fishing with them in company for two weeks, and finding it in some respects disagreeable, he parted from them and went farther north, and fished in company with English vessels, who pursued the same course respecting the Sabbath-day which he did himself. Trusting in that Providence which favours those who regard the true and right, he was not disappointed. He and his men succeeded in getting a "full voyage," cured their fish, and sold it some four weeks sooner than any of the Sabbath-breaking vessels that

accompanied them. Better still, Captain B. and his crew made more profits to a share in less time than those who profaned the Sabbath and wore themselves out by labouring hard seven days in the week.

1124. Pleasure-Seekers.—One Lord's-day a few children were gathered round the porch of a village church, waiting for the commencement of public worship, when a waggon with a number of persons in it, who were going out on pleasure, stopped, and one of the men called out to the children, "Hallo, there! what sort of religion do you have there?" One of the young lads replied, "A sort of religion that forbids our travelling on the Sabbath."

1125. Pleasure-Seeker's Sabbath.—The Sabbath, it has often been said, is the simplest and most palpable type we have of heaven; and one of the best ways of spending the Sabbath well, is to try to realise the eternal heavenly rest; as, *vice versa*, one of the ways of realising heaven is the pure enjoyment of a well-spent Sabbath. But what a Sabbath is that of the lover of pleasure! "There is a place in Paris," wrote M'Cheyne, when in France, "called the Champs-Élysées, or the plain of heaven, a beautiful public walk, with trees and gardens. It is the chief scene of their Sabbath desecration, and an awful scene it is! Oh, thought I, if this be the heaven the Parisian loves, he will never enjoy the pure heaven that is above."

1126. Sabbath-Breaking.—Dr. Wichern relates the following anecdote:—"In the fertile valley of Emmenthal, in Switzerland, lived a farmer who cared neither for God nor man, and who wished in everything to have his own way. One Sabbath afternoon, having a large quantity of cut grain in his field, and observing the clouds gathering round the tops of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics,

gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before it rains, you shall be well rewarded for so doing.' He was overheard by his grandmother, a good old lady of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson. 'John, John,' said she, 'dost thou consider? As far as I can remember, in my whole life I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath-day, and yet we have been always loaded with blessings; we have never wanted for anything. Granting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearances of a long continuation of bad weather, but thus far the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God, who gives the rain, gives the grain also, and we must take things as He sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I earnestly beseech thee.' At these words of the grandmother all the domestics came round her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to one another, 'Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered.' 'Grandmother,' said the farmer, 'everything must have a beginning. There is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labour or in sleep, and He will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow.' 'John, John, within doors and out of doors all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest that I am thy grandmother. I entreat thee for the love of God not to work to-day; I would much rather eat no bread for a

whole year.' 'Grandmother, doing a thing for one time is not a habit; besides, it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances.' 'But, John,' replied the good old lady, 'God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?' 'Oh! don't be uneasy about that,' exclaimed John; 'and now, boys, let us go to work, time and weather wait for no man.' 'John, John,' for the last time cried the good old lady; but alas! it was in vain, and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the despatch. A thousand sheaves were in the barn when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, 'Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the elements rage, it little concerns me—my harvest is under my roof.' 'Yes, John,' said the grandmother, solemnly, 'but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof.' While she was thus speaking, the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was printed on every countenance. A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. 'Oh!' exclaimed the first who could speak, 'the lightning has struck the barn!' All hurried out of doors. The building was in flames, and they saw through the roof the sheaves burning which had scarcely been well housed. The greatest consternation reigned among all the men, who but a moment before were so well pleased. Every one was dejected and incapable of acting. The aged grandmother alone preserved all her presence of mind; she prayed, and incessantly repeated, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? O Heavenly Father! let Thy will and not ours be done!' The barn was entirely consumed; nothing was

saved. The farmer had said, 'I have put my harvest under my roof.' 'But above thy roof is the Lord's roof,' had said his grandmother."

1127. Sabbath-Breaking Boys.—

A gentleman, desiring to correct some Sabbath-breaking boys, told them of a man who in a lonely road was met by another, to whom he gave six pounds, retaining only one to pay his expenses to the end of his journey. The receiver then turned upon him, knocked him down, and robbed him of his last pound. The boys cried out in indignation. The gentleman said, "This is just what you are doing," and showed the boys how, when God had given them six days, they were robbing Him of the seventh.

1128. Sabbath - Keeping. —

Southey, in his life of Wesley, tells us that John Nelson, a Methodist preacher, being once desired by his master's foreman to work on the Lord's-day, on the ground that the King's business required despatch, and that it was common to work on the Sabbath for his Majesty when anything was wanted in particular haste, at once boldly declared that he would not work on the Sabbath for any man in the kingdom, except it were to quench fire, or something that required immediate help. "Religion," says the foreman, "has made you a rebel against the King." "No, sir," he replied; "it has made me a better subject than ever I was. The greatest enemies the King has are Sabbath-breakers, swearers, and drunkards; for these bring down God's judgments upon the King and country." He was told he should lose his employment if he would not obey his orders. His answer was, "he would rather want bread than wilfully offend God." The foreman swore he would be as mad as Whitefield if he went on. "What hast thou done," said he, "that thou needest make so much ado about salvation? I always took thee to be as honest a man as I have

in the work, and would have trusted thee with £500." "So you might," answered Nelson, "and not have lost a penny by me." "I have a worse opinion of thee now," said the foreman. "Master," rejoined he, "I have the odds of you, for I have a worse opinion of myself than you can have." The issue however was that the work was not pursued on the Sabbath, and Nelson rose in the good opinion of his employer for having shown a most consistent sense of his duty as a Christian.

1129. Servants Reproved.—In a hamlet at the bottom of some lofty mountains, a minister, while preaching one evening, took notice of the necessity of sanctifying the Sabbath, and showed in a variety of ways how that holy day is violated. A farmer's boy was there, who seemed to listen with great attention. When the next Saturday arrived, his fellow-servants wondered at his cleaning his shoes then, and not as usual on the Sabbath morning, and on inquiring the reason, "Oh," exclaimed the boy, "have you forgotten what was said by Mr. —, when he preached last time? You know he said we ought not to do any work on the Sabbath which could as well be done on Saturday; and cannot I clean my shoes as well now as to-morrow?" The other servants were at once silenced, and said they believed it was right to keep the Sabbath holy.

1130. Tradesman and Prince.—A tradesman was sent for on the Sabbath-day, to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., as his Royal Highness was preparing to leave town early the next morning. That tradesman was one who feared God more than man, and at the risk of offending the Prince and losing his valuable patronage, he declined to attend on God's day, but took care to be at the Palace at a very early hour on Monday morning. "I sent for you yesterday," said the Prince; "why did you not come?" "Your Royal Highness, the King wanted me." "The King! I thought my father never sent for tradesmen on Sundays." "Please your Royal Highness, I do not mean the King your father, but the King of kings."

SACRIFICE.

Gen. xxii. 12; Matthew v. 30; Mark x. 29, 30; John xv. 13; Acts xx. 24; Rev. xii. 11.

1131. Brave Girl.—A servant-maid at Munich, being in a garden with a child nine months old, set it down on the ground, when suddenly an eagle darted from the air, to seize upon it as its prey. The servant, who was fortunately close by, with the greatest courage and presence of mind, threw a shawl at the bird, which covering his eyes, not only prevented him from seizing the infant, but even from escaping. She boldly caught hold of the robber, and in spite of his struggles, held him fast till some persons came to her assistance. The King of Bavaria rewarded the heroine, who received some wounds in the contest, and sent the pri-

soner to the menagerie at Nymphenburg.

1132. Brotherly Devotion.—In the commencement of the dynasty of Tang, in China, Loutao-tsong, who was disaffected to the Government, being accused of a crime which affected his life, obtained leave from those who had him in custody to perform the duties of the Tao to one of his deceased friends. He escaped from his keepers, and fled to the house of Lou Nan-kin, with whom he was on terms of friendship, and there concealed himself. Lou Nan-kin, notwithstanding the strict search that was made, and the severity of the court against those who con-

ceal prisoners that have escaped, would not betray his friend. The circumstance was at length discovered, and Lou Nan-kin was imprisoned. The court was just on the point of proceeding against him, when his younger brother, presenting himself before the judge, said, "It is I, sir, who have concealed the prisoner; it is I who ought to suffer, and not my elder brother." The elder, on the contrary, maintained that his younger brother accused himself wrongfully, and was not in the least culpable. The judge, who was a person of great discernment, examined both parties so minutely, that he not only discovered that the younger brother was innocent, but even made him confess so himself. "It is true, sir," said the younger, suffused in tears—"it is true I have accused myself falsely, but I have strong reasons for so doing. My mother has been dead for some time, and she is yet unburied; I have a sister also who is marriageable, but is not yet disposed of. These are affairs which my brother is capable of managing, but I am not, and therefore desire to die in his stead. Vouchsafe, therefore, to receive my testimony, and to admit that I am the culprit." The judge would not decide, but laid the case before the Emperor, who, after minutely examining into all the circumstances attending it, had the magnanimity to pardon the criminal.

1133. Conscientious Sacrifice.—After Dr. Hopkins, of America, had become deeply impressed with the sinfulness of slavery, he did much in his intercourse with his brethren to awaken their attention to the subject, and to convince them of their obligations to discountenance that enormity. Visiting at the house of the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, of Connecticut, who was at that time the owner of a slave, he, with his usual candour, pressed the subject upon the attention of his friend. Dr. Bellamy attempted to

defend the practice by the usual arguments, but Dr. Hopkins having successfully refuted them, called upon Dr. Bellamy immediately to free his slave. In answer to this demand it was urged that the slave was a most faithful and judicious servant, that in the management of the Doctor's farm he could be trusted with everything, and that he was so happy in his servitude that he would, in the opinion of his master, refuse his freedom if it were offered him. "Will you consent to his liberation, and will you sacrifice your right in him," asked Dr. Hopkins, "if he really desires it?" "Yes," replied Dr. Bellamy, "I will." The slave was then at work in the field. "Call him," said Dr. Hopkins, "and let us try." The slave came, as he supposed, to receive the commands of his master. "Have you a good master?" asked Dr. Hopkins, addressing the slave. "Oh yes, massa, he very good." "Are you happy in your present condition?" "Oh yes, massa, me very happy." "Would you be more happy if you were free?" "Oh yes, massa, me would be much more happy." "You have your desire," exclaimed Dr. Bellamy; "from this moment you are free."

1134. Faithful Servant.—Some years ago a Russian nobleman was travelling on special business in the interior of Russia. It was the beginning of winter, but the frost had set in early. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay of horses to carry him on to the next station, where he intended to spend the night. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger in travelling so late; the wolves were out. But the nobleman thought the man merely wished to keep him as a guest. He said it was too early for wolves, and ordered the horses to be put to. He then drove off with his wife and his only daughter inside the carriage with him. On the box of

the carriage was a serf, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, to whom he was much attached, and who loved his master as much as he loved his own life. They rolled over the hardened snow, and there seemed no sign of danger. The father soon heard, however, through the clear, cold, frosty air, a noise which he too well knew the meaning of. He quickly put down the window, and spoke to the servant, "The wolves, I fear, are after us! Make haste!" It was quite clear that a pack of wolves had scented them out. The nobleman tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child, and said to his servant, "When they come up with us, do you single out one and fire, and I will single out another; and while the rest are devouring them we shall get on." As soon as he put down the window, he saw the pack in full cry behind, the large dog-wolf at their head. Two shots were fired, and two of the wolves fell. The others instantly set upon them and devoured them, and meanwhile the carriage gained ground. But they were soon up with the carriage again. Again two shots were fired, and two more fell and were devoured. But the post-house was yet far distant. The nobleman then ordered the postillion to loose one of his leaders, that they might gain a little time. This was done, and the poor horse was soon torn to pieces. At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you ever since I was a child. I love you as my own self. Nothing now can save you but one thing. Let me save you. I ask you only to look after my wife and my little ones." The nobleman remonstrated, but in vain. When the wolves next came up, the faithful servant threw himself amongst them. The panting horses galloped on with the carriage, and the gates of the post-house just closed in upon it as the fearful pack were on the point of making the last and fatal attack.

1135. *Heathen Sacrifice.*—"A Hindoo," says a recent writer, "will sometimes devote himself to the deified river Ganges. He puts on a red robe, and places a crown upon his head. Next he sits down by the side of the river, and repeats its name, perhaps many thousand times. He then goes with a Brahmin in a boat, which is rowed into the middle of the stream, with a supply of cord and water-pans. He steps into the river, and the pans are now tied to his neck and shoulders. While they remain empty they keep him afloat. Soon his friends in the boat begin to pour a little water into the pans, or he may do it himself. As he floats with the stream the pans are gradually filling, and in a moment they suddenly overturn, and drag their victim to the bottom, amid the joyous shouts of his misguided friends."

1136. *Heroic Boy.*—Some years ago, some gentlemen who had been out shooting, on their return to Stirling shot a bird near the bridge, which fell upon a sheet of ice in the river, a short distance from the bank. Two boys, one sixteen and the other fourteen years of age, saw the bird fall, and the elder attempted to get it, but the ice broke under him, and he went to the bottom before he had time to implore the assistance of his companion. The younger boy no sooner saw his comrade's danger, than, without waiting to strip off his clothes, he plunged into the water, dived to the bottom, and got hold of him, but, encumbered by his clothes, was unable to bring him up. Determined, however, to save his companion if possible, he immediately came out, stripped off his clothes, and went in a second time, but in this attempt he was equally unsuccessful, as the other boy was by this time so fixed in the mud that all his strength was insufficient to disengage him, and benumbed with cold it was with difficulty that he saved himself.

When he got out he had part of his companion's hair in his mouth, having, among other efforts, thus endeavoured to save him. What a noble instance of heroic perseverance !

1137. Heroic Mother.—In the summer of 1822, a poor woman in the environs of Oncille, in the Duchy of Genoa, of the name of Marie Pittaluga, was in a field with three young children. Suddenly a ferocious wolf, of an enormous size, sprang upon her and attempted to tear one infant from her arms. The mother at first repelled the furious animal, and immediately placing the infant in the cradle, and the two other children behind her, she sustained a contest with her terrible assailant, and after having been bitten several times she had at length succeeded in grasping the wolf firmly by the throat, and preventing him from doing the least injury to the children. The husband of this intrepid female, drawn by her cries and those of the children, hastened to her assistance, but on his appearance the wolf made an effort, disengaged himself from the woman's grasp, and took to flight.

1138. Horatius Cocles.—The Romans, beaten by Porsenna, King of the Etrurians, fled in disorder to Rome, with the enemy close at their heels. When they reached a bridge over the Tiber which gave them an open entrance into Rome, the Etrurians pressed so hard on them that there was the most imminent danger of both friend and foe entering the Sacred City together. One man alone of all the Romans conceived the possibility of stemming the tide of pursuit, and discarding all considerations of personal hazard, he nobly resolved to devote himself to the glorious achievement. He turned round on the pursuing host as they were entering on the bridge, and with his single arm maintained the pass against them ; he fought with incomparable skill and valour, laid

several of the enemy dead at his feet, and wounded many more. Meanwhile his countrymen were actively employed in cutting down the wooden bridge behind him ; and keeping up the fight till he saw this accomplished, he then leaped into the Tiber, armed as he was, and swam in safety to the opposite bank, having received only one wound in his thigh from an Etrurian javelin. The name of this patriot and hero was Horatius Cocles. The Consul Publicola, in gratitude for the service he had performed, proposed to the Roman people that each of them should give him as much as would maintain him for a day, and that he should besides have as much of the public lands as he could compass in one day with a plough. Not only were these rewards cordially granted him, but a statue was ordered to be erected to his honour in the Temple of Vulcan.

1139. Humane Bishop.—History relates that when the Romans had ravaged the province of Azazene, and seven thousand Persians were brought prisoners to Amida, where they suffered extreme want, Acases, Bishop of Amida, assembled his clergy, and represented to them the misery of these unhappy prisoners. He observed that as God had said, "I love mercy better than sacrifice," He would certainly be better pleased with the relief of His suffering creatures than with being served with gold and silver in their churches. The clergy were of the same opinion. The consecrated vessels were sold, and with the proceeds the seven thousand Persians were not only maintained during the war, but sent home at its conclusion with money in their pockets. Varenes, the Persian monarch, was so charmed with this humane action that he invited the Bishop to his capital, where he received him with the utmost reverence, and for his sake conferred many favours on the Christians.

1140. Loving Friends.—Damon, being condemned to death by Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, obtained liberty to visit his wife and children, leaving his friend Pythias as a pledge for his return, on condition that if he failed Pythias should suffer in his stead. At the appointed time Damon failed in appearing, and the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in prison. "What a fool you were," said he, "to rely on Damon's promise! How could you imagine that he would sacrifice his life for you or for any man?" "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would suffer a thousand deaths rather than my friend should fail in any article of honour. He cannot fail. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I beseech the gods to preserve his life. Oppose him, ye winds! Disappoint his eagerness, and suffer him not to arrive till my death has saved a life of much greater consequence than mine, necessary to his lovely wife, to his little innocents, to his friends, to his country. Oh! let me not die the cruellest of deaths in that of Damon." Dionysius was confounded and awed with the magnanimity of these sentiments. He wished to speak: he hesitated, he looked down, and retired in silence. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and with an air of satisfaction walked to the place of execution. He ascended the scaffold, and addressed the people. "My prayers are heard; the gods are propitious; the winds have been contrary. Damon could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and my blood shall ransom that of my friend." As he pronounced these words, a buzz arose; a distant voice was heard; the crowd caught the words, and "Stop, stop, executioner!" was repeated by every person. A man came at full speed. In the same instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and in the arms of Pythias. "You

are safe!" he cried, "you are safe, my friend! The gods be praised, you are safe!" Pale and half speechless in the arms of Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haste, cruel impetuosity! What envious powers have wrought impossibilities against your friend? but I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save you, I will die to accompany you." Dionysius heard and beheld with astonishment. His eyes were opened, his heart was touched, and he could no longer resist the power of pity. He descended from his throne, and ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair. Ye have demonstrated the existence of virtue, and consequently of a God who rewards it. Live happy, live revered; and as you have invited me by your example, form me by your precepts to participate worthily of a friendship so divine."

1141. Negro's Devotion.—An English gentleman and his lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies in one of the vessels of an English fleet, paid a visit to the Admiral's ship, leaving two young children in the care of a Negro servant who was about eighteen years of age. A violent storm arising during their absence, the ship containing the two children was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the Admiral's ship for their relief. The crew eagerly crowded to the boat, but the Negro lad, finding there was only room for him alone, or the two children, generously put them on board and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy, was immediately engulfed in the ocean.

1142. Noblemindedness in a Sen.—A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death as a punishment for certain offences committed by him in the discharge of an important public office, which he had filled for a number of years with an integrity that had never before undergone either suspicion or im-

peachment. His son, a youth about eighteen years of age, was no sooner apprised of the affecting situation to which his father was reduced, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal decree, and throwing himself at his feet, prayed that he might be allowed to suffer in the room of a father whom he loved, and whose loss he thought it was impossible for him to survive. The magistrate was amazed at this extraordinary procedure in the son, and would hardly be persuaded that he was sincere in it. Being at length satisfied, however, that the young man actually wished to save his father's life at the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King, and his Majesty immediately sent orders to grant a free pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honour on his son. This last mark of royal favour, however, the youth begged leave with all humility to decline, and the motive for the refusal of it was not less noble than the conduct by which he had deserved it was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," exclaimed he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family already is in the dust? Alas! would it not serve but as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the remembrance of an unhappy father's shame?" His Majesty the King of Sweden actually shed tears when this magnanimous speech was reported to him, and sending for the heroic youth to Court, he appointed him to a confidential office.

1143. *Preaching and Practising.*—A Scotch minister, the Rev. Mr. Kelly, once preached an excellent sermon from the parable of the man who fell among thieves. He was particularly severe on the conduct of the priest who saw him and ministered not unto him, but passed by on the other side, and in an animated and pathetic flow of eloquence he exclaimed, "What!

not even the servant of the Almighty! he whose tongue was engaged in the work of charity, whose bosom was appointed the seat of brotherly love, and heart the emblem of pity—did he refuse to stretch forth his hand, and to take the mantle from his shoulders to cover the nakedness of woe? If he refused, if the shepherd himself went astray, was it to be wondered at that the flock followed?" The next day, when the river was much increased in height, a boy was swept overboard from a small boat by the force of the current. Many people were assembled, but none of them attempted to save the boy, when Mr. Kelly, who was dressed in his canonicals, threw himself from his chamber-window into the current, and at the hazard of his own life saved that of the boy.

1144. *Public Spirit.*—In the reign of Charles I. the fees of Sir Henry Vane's office as Treasurer of the Navy, though but fourpence in the pound, by reason of the Dutch war amounted to £30,000 per annum. Of this circumstance he had the magnanimity to acquaint the Parliament, and, observing that such profit was a shameful robbery of the public, offered to give up his patent, which he had obtained from Charles I., and to accept in lieu, for an agent he had bred up to the business, a salary of £200 a year. The Parliament readily assented to the proposal, and as a reward for his public virtue settled on Sir Henry an annuity of £1,200.

1145. *Ready to Perish.*—A husbandman of the name of Altemado, a native of Holland, who had lived from his early youth a rural life in the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, happened to be on horseback on the coast at the very point of time that a vessel was shipwrecked by a dreadful tempest. The greater part of the crew perished in the waves; the remainder were struggling with death on the shattered planks that still floated on the surface of the water. "Go work

could be sent out in such a dreadful storm for the deliverance of these poor people; the humane and intrepid Hollander undertakes to save them; he blows brandy into the nostrils of his horse, and fixing himself firmly in his stirrups, he plunges into the sea, and gaining the wreck, brings back to the shore two men of the crew, each of whom held by one of his boots. In this manner he went and returned seven times, and thus saved fourteen of the passengers. But the eighth time, on his return, a rapid and immense surge threw down his horse, the heroic rider lost his seat, and was swallowed up with the two unfortunate men he was endeavouring to save. What a noble death in such a cause!

1146. Soldierly Devotion.—In the war of La Vendée, General

Kléber with four thousand men was completely surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy, and saw no other way of saving his little band, except by stopping for a short time the passage of the Vendéans through a narrow ravine, which was all that was between the two armies. He called an officer to him, for whom he had a particular friendship and esteem. "Take," said he to him, "a company of grenadiers; stop the enemy before that ravine; you will be killed, but you will save your comrades." "General, I shall do it," replied the officer, who received the order to immolate himself with as much calmness as if it had been a simple military evolution. The prediction of Kléber was but too fatally verified. The brave officer arrested the enemy's progress, but perished in the achievement.

SALVATION.

2 Sam. xiv. 14; Isaiah i. 18, lv. 1-3, 6, 7; Matt. xi. 28-30; John iii. 16, 17; Rom. i. 16; 1 Tim. ii. 5, 6; Rev. iii. 20.

1147. Besieged City.—In the year 1683, Vienna, the capital of Austria, was besieged; a great army of Turks, who were then making war with the nations of Europe, lay before it. When it was known that they were near Vienna, the Emperor of Austria fled from the city, and the poor people in it were left in sad fear and distress. The only person they thought likely to save them was the King of Poland, John Sobieski, and they sent entreating him to come to their help. They knew that he could only come to them over the northern mountains, and day after day they rose early, and watched for the first morning light, in the hope of seeing the Polish army on the mountains. It was anxious waiting, but hope sustained them. The siege began in July; on the 11th of September some weary watchers were looking out from the ramparts to the mountain of Kalimburg,

when—oh, delightful sight!—they saw something bright on the mountain side, and discerned the lances and armour of the brave Poles, marching to the rescue. That very day Sobieski fought a battle, defeated the Turks, and set Vienna free.

1148. Bible Shield.—An English soldier named Samuel Proctor always carried a small pocket Bible in one pocket and his hymn-book in the other. He took part in the struggle on the plains of Waterloo in 1815. On the evening of June 16th, in the tremendous conflict on that day, his regiment was ordered to dislodge the French from a wood of which they had taken possession, and from which they annoyed the Allied Army. While thus engaged, he was thrown a distance of four or five yards by a force on his hip, for which he could not account at the time, but when he came to

examine his Bible, he saw, with overwhelming gratitude to the Preserver of his life, what it was that had thus driven him. A musket-ball had struck his hip where his Bible rested in his pocket, and penetrated nearly half through that sacred book. All who saw the ball said that it would undoubtedly have killed him, had it not been for the Bible, which served for a shield. "That Bible," said Proctor, "has twice saved me instrumentally—first from death in battle, and second from death eternal."

1149. Blissful Awakening.—For a long time before the conversion of the Rev. C. Simeon, he had been in the deepest distress, envying even the dogs that passed under his window. But his preparation for receiving the Lord's Supper was greatly blessed to enlighten his dark mind. It was in Passion-week that he met with the expression in "Bishop Wilson on the Lord's Supper," "that the Jews knew what they did when they transferred their sins to the head of their offering." "The thought rushed into my mind," says he, "What! may I transfer all my guilt to another? Has God provided an offering for me, that I may lay my sins on His head? Then, God willing, I will not bear them one moment longer." Accordingly, I sought to lay my sins upon the sacred head of Jesus, and on the Wednesday began to have a hope of mercy; on the Thursday that hope increased, and on Friday and Saturday it became more strong; and on the Sunday morning (Easter Day) I awoke early with those words upon my heart and lips,

'Jesus Christ is risen to-day!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!'

From that hour peace flowed in rich abundance into my soul, and at the Lord's Table, in our chapel, I had the sweetest access to God, through my blessed Saviour."

1150. Courage of a Convert.—A multitude of worshippers assembled at a temple in Ceylon were

engaged in boiling their rice for an offering, when one of them who went for water fell into the well. As soon as the circumstance was made known to the crowd, they rushed to the well, and among them was the priest of the temple, who, as soon as he had gratified his curiosity, returned to the temple. None among them manifested the least concern for the unfortunate man who was sunk in the water. Not an individual seemed to think assistance could or ought to be rendered, till one of the head men came to the spot; he exerted all his influence to induce some one to dive into the water, which any person accustomed to swimming might have done with perfect safety; but his efforts were in vain. He then sent for the priest, who was known to be an expert swimmer. At the command of the head man he came, but excused himself from the act of mercy required of him by saying that he could not absent himself so long from the duties of the temple without sustaining a loss. Just at this moment came to the place a young man, unknown to the crowd, who, as soon as he learned that a fellow being was drowning, threw aside his garment, and leaped into the well. After repeatedly diving, he found the body, and raised it to the surface of the water, from which it was taken by the bystanders. As soon as the noise and confusion occasioned by taking out the lifeless body had subsided, a loud whisper passed along the crowd, "Who is that young man? Who is that good man?" They were not a little surprised, and some of the enemies of Christianity confounded, when they were told that this was Axel Backus, a despised convert to the Christian faith.

1151. Daring Exploit.—In the year 1819, a Mr. Budlong, his wife, child, sister, and brother-in-law, were returning in a sleigh on the ice from a visit to a friend living

near the Chippewa Bay, on the St. Lawrence River. They had experienced some difficulty in getting on the ice from the shore, and Mr. B., having wetted his feet, seated himself in the sleigh for the purpose of taking off his stockings, giving up the reins to his brother, who, from inattention, or ignorance of the road, drove on to a place on the ice where there had recently been an air-hole, and which was not yet frozen sufficiently strong enough to bear; the ice broke under them, and the sleigh upset and sank, with the two women and child. Mr. B. sprang from the sleigh while sinking, exclaiming, "We are all lost!" and fortunately reached the firm ice. The young man who was driving was unable to swim, but struggled until he was reached and drawn out of the water by Mr. B., who retained his hold upon the solid ice. This was no sooner accomplished than Mr. B., throwing off his coat and hat, declared that he would save the others or perish in the attempt, and accordingly plunged into the water in search of those most dear to him. The first that he found was the child, which grasping, he rose to the surface, and brought it within reach of his brother; then drawing himself again on to the firm ice, he plunged again to the bottom, and finding his wife, rose a second time with her in his arms, but apparently lifeless, leaving her in the care of his brother, who was calling aloud for assistance from the shore. After taking breath for a moment, Mr. B. again plunged into the water in search of his sister, whom, after groping on the river bed, he found; but in rising again to the surface he struck his head against the ice. Sensible of the extreme peril of his situation, and that the current had carried him below the aperture, with a degree of presence of mind seldom equalled, straining every nerve, he redoubled his exertions, and was so fortunate as to again reach the opening, bringing with him the

insensible and apparently lifeless body of his sister; both were drawn from the water by the assistance of some persons who had arrived on the shore, alarmed by the cries of his brother. They were all carried to a neighbouring house, where the women and child were with some difficulty resuscitated. Upon measuring the depth of the water where the sleigh had broken the ice, it was found to be fourteen feet.

1152. Drowning Men Saved.—

Sir Samuel Hood, when commanding the *Junco* on the Jamaica station in 1791, exhibited a noble instance of intrepidity and humanity. The ship was lying in St. Anne's Harbour, when a raft, with three persons upon it, was discovered at a great distance. The weather was exceedingly stormy, and the waves broke with such violence as to leave little hope that the unfortunate men upon it could long survive. Captain Hood instantly ordered out one of his ship's boats to endeavour to rescue them, but the sea ran so high that the crew declared the attempt impracticable, and refused to expose themselves to what they considered certain destruction. The Captain immediately leaped into the boat, declaring that he would never order them on any service in which he would not himself venture. The effect was such as might be expected; there is no danger that a British sailor will not share with his captain; all now were eager to offer themselves. The boat pushed off, and reached the raft with much difficulty, and saved the exhausted men who still clung to it. The House of Assembly of Jamaica, to testify their sense of this undaunted exertion in the cause of humanity, presented Captain Hood with a sword of the value of two hundred guineas.

1153. Emblem of Atonement.—

The Rev. A. A. Bonar relates the following:—"Once there was a deaf

and dumb boy who was taught his task by a kind friend. This kind lady could speak to him only by signs and pictures. She drew upon a paper a picture of a great crowd of people, old and young, standing near a wide, deep pit, out of which smoke and flames were issuing. She then drew the figure of One who came down from heaven, and this was to represent Jesus Christ the Son of God. She explained to the boy that when this Person came, He asked God not to throw the people into the pit, if He Himself agreed to be nailed to a cross for them, and how, as soon as He bowed His head on the cross and died, the pit was shut up and the people saved. The deaf and dumb boy wondered much, but he made signs that the Person who died on the cross was but One, and the crowd very many. How could God be contented to take One for so many? The lady took off her gold ring and put it beside a great heap of withered leaves of flowers, and asked the boy which was the best, the one gold ring, or the many, many dry leaves. The boy clapped his hands with delight, and spelt the 'One! one!' And then to show that he knew what this meant, and that Jesus was the One who was worth all the rest, he ran and got his letters, and looking up, spelt the words 'Good, good One!' He had learnt that day that Jesus alone had saved the crowd of people, or sinners, and he stood wondering at His love."

1154. Free Gift.—An old English clergyman, well known for his piety, was fond of relating to his friends, whenever he thought it might encourage them in their ministerial work, a very interesting circumstance which happened to him during his ministry in Ireland. "My parish," he used to say, "was situated about three or four miles from the Barracks, and I usually invited the officers to visit us as often as they were inclined to enjoy our cheerful fireside, but at the

same time very simple mode of life. Many at first accepted my invitation, but very soon discontinued their visits, and we completely lost sight of them. A young officer, however, attached himself to my family, and was glad of every opportunity of spending a few days with us. We indeed loved him for his amiability, frankness, cheerfulness, and sweetness of disposition, but, in spite of all these amiable qualities, he wanted the one thing needful. He was not in possession of the pearl of great price, and had no wish for it. God was unknown to him, the love of Christ was nothing to his soul, and he did not know that he was a lost sinner. It was sad, very sad, and grieved us exceedingly. All our anxiety was to bring before his eye the truths of the Gospel; but, though he listened patiently, it was too evident that he remained unmoved, and was glad when we ceased our entreaties to turn away from the path of folly, and to follow the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Great was my astonishment one evening when he asked leave to accompany me to a religious meeting in one of the houses of the village. I joyfully consented, and did not change the text on which I intended to meditate. It was the first verse of the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, 'Ho! every one,' &c. He listened attentively during the meeting, but when it was over, and we were left alone on the road, he burst out laughing, and taking hold of my arm, said, 'My dear friend, pray do tell me what in the world made you speak on such an odd subject to those good people? Buy without money, without any price! My good friend, it is too good a thing to be true. Do you know that it would suit me admirably? I am not rich, and to get everything without money would indeed be much to my taste. I shall never be able to keep serious whenever I think of this. Do not be angry with me, please, but I really cannot help it.' You may

well imagine that I did not consider this was the proper time for admonition. The disposition of our poor young friend was such that nothing was left for me but to pray silently to Him who is able to raise from stones children unto Abraham, and to soften and melt the heart of man, to open his understanding, and to touch his heart. From that day till he left Ireland with his regiment, he never ceased laughing and joking on the same subject, telling us at the same time that he was very sorry not to think as we did. He loved us, indeed, as we loved him, and parted from us with tears in his eyes. His regiment was ordered to the West Indies, and two years or more followed without our hearing anything of him. But one day a mourning letter, bearing the West Indian post-mark, was put into my hands. It was in an unknown handwriting. Alas! it was from the Colonel of the regiment of our young friend, who had been carried away prematurely from the scene of this world of sorrow. His Colonel told us that he had the sorrowful privilege to be by the bedside of the young officer when he was called to a better world, and had received from him the commission to write to his parents, friends, and principally to us, after his death. 'Write,' he said, 'to my dear friend. Tell him that I have learned to go to the waters—to buy without money and without any price, wine and milk; that those very words which formerly excited so much my contempt and mirth are the very words which latterly, and now in this serious hour, give me peace and comfort; for I understand now that salvation is the gratuitous gift of our God, that we have nothing whatever to give for it, and that happy, very happy are those who, in the simplicity of their hearts, accept this precious gift.'

1155. Good Works.—An Observantino monk, preaching one day in a chapel, told the people it behoved

them to purchase heaven by the merit of their good works. A boy who was present exclaimed, "That's blasphemy, for the Bible tells us that Christ purchased heaven by His sufferings and death, and bestowed it on us freely by His merits." A dispute of considerable length ensued between the youth and the preacher. Provoked at the pertinent replies of his juvenile opponent, and at the favourable reception which the audience gave them, "Get you gone, you young rascal!" exclaimed the monk; "you are but just come from the cradle, and will you take it upon you to judge sacred things which the most learned cannot explain?" "Did you ever read: 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise'?" rejoined the youth; upon which the preacher quitted the pulpit in wrathful confusion, breathing out threatenings against the poor boy, who was instantly thrown into prison, "where he still lies," says the writer of the letter giving this account, which was dated on the 31st of December, 1546.

1156. Grace of God.—An officer during an engagement received a ball which struck him near his waistcoat pocket, where a piece of silver stopped the progress of the nearly spent ball. The coin was slightly marked at the words "*Dei gratia*." This providential circumstance deeply impressed his mind, and led him to read a tract, which his beloved and pious sister gave him on leaving his native land, entitled "The Sin and Danger of Neglecting the Saviour." This tract it pleased God to bless to his conversion.

1157. "He Redeemed Me."—The tears of a slave girl, just going to be put up for sale, drew the notice of a gentleman as he passed through the auction mart of a Southern Slave State. The other slaves of the same group, standing in a line for sale like herself, did not seem to care about it, while each knock of the hammer made

her shake. The kind man stopped to ask why she alone wept, and was told that the others were used to such things, and might be glad of a change from the hard, harsh homes they came from, but that she had been brought up with much care by a good owner, and she was terrified to think who might buy her. "Her price?" the stranger asked. He thought a little when he heard the great ransom, but paid it down. Yet no joy came to the poor slave's face when he told her she was free. She had been born a slave, and knew not what freedom meant. Her tears fell fast on the signed parchment, which her deliverer brought to prove it to her. She only looked at him with fear. At last he got ready to go his way, and as he told her what she must do when he was gone, it began to dawn on her what freedom was. With the first breath, she said, "I will follow him! I will serve him all my days!" and to every reason against it she only cried, "He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!" When strangers used to visit that master's house, and noticed, as all did, the loving, constant service of the glad-hearted girl, and asked her why she was so eager with unbidden service night by night and day by day, she had but one answer, and she loved to give it—"He redeemed me! He redeemed me! He redeemed me!" "And so," said the servant of Christ who spent a night on his journey in a Highland glen, and told this story in a meeting where every heart was thrilled, "let it be with you. Serve Jesus as sinners bought back with blood, and when men take notice of the way you serve Him, the joy that is in your looks, the love that is in your tone, the freedom of your service, have one answer to give: 'He redeemed me!'"

1158. High-minded Indian.—In the year 1782 the war-chief of the Wyandot tribe of Indians of

Lower Sandusky sent a young white man, whom he had taken prisoner, as a present to another chief, who was called the Half-king of Upper Sandusky, for the purpose of being adopted into his family in the place of one of his sons, who had been killed the preceding year. The prisoner arrived and was presented to the Half-king's wife, but she refused to receive him, which, according to the Indian rule, was in fact a sentence of death. The young man was therefore taken away for the purpose of being tortured and burnt on the pile. While the dreadful preparations were making, and the unhappy victim was already tied to the stake, two English traders, Messrs. Arundel and Robbins, moved by feelings of pity and humanity, resolved to unite their exertions to endeavour to save the prisoner's life, by offering a ransom to the war-chief. This, however, he refused, saying it was an established rule among them to sacrifice a prisoner when refused adoption, and besides, the numerous war-chiefs were on the spot to see the sentence carried into execution. The two generous Englishmen were, nevertheless, not discouraged, and determined to try another effort. They appealed to the well-known high-minded pride of an Indian. "But," said they, "among all these chiefs whom you have mentioned, there is none who equals you in greatness; you are considered not only as the greatest and bravest, but as the best man in the nation." "Do you really believe what you say?" said the Indian, looking them full in the face. "Indeed we do." Then, without speaking another word, he blackened himself, and taking his knife and tomahawk in his hand, made his way through the crowd to the unhappy victim, crying out with a loud voice, "What have you to do with my prisoner?" and at once cutting the cords with which he was tied, took him to his house, which was near that of Mr. Arundel, whither he was conveyed in safety.

1159. Jewish Parent and his Child.—The daughter of a respectable Jewish merchant of Ohio, in America, being near death, said to her afflicted father, "I know but little about Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that He is a Saviour, for He has manifested Himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe He will save me, although I never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to Him—that I shall be ever with Him. And now, father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth; I entreat you to obtain a New Testament, which tells of Him."

1160. Laying Hold on Salvation.—"A few years ago," said a sea-captain at a recent prayer-meeting, "I was sailing by the Island of Cuba, when the cry ran through the ship, 'Man overboard!' It was impossible to put up the helm of the ship, but I instantly seized a rope and threw it over the ship's stern, crying out to the man to seize it as for his life. The sailor caught the rope just as the ship was passing. I immediately took another rope, and making a slip noose of it, attached it to the other, and slid it down to the struggling sailor, and directed him to pass it over his shoulders and under his arms, and he would be drawn on board. He was rescued; but he had grasped that rope with such firmness, with such a death grip, that it took hours before his hold relaxed and his hand could be separated from it. With such eagerness, indeed, had he clutched the object that was to save him, that the strands of the rope became imbedded in the flesh of his hands!"

1161. Lesson of a Dream.—A lady once told her minister what efforts she had made to obtain salvation, how she had read and prayed, but still seemed as far from peace as ever. He told her that it was not by anything she could do, but by

what Christ had long since done and finished on the cross, that she could be saved. All seemed dark and mysterious to her, and she left, resolving however to call on a friend who had recently been converted. She did so, and asked her what she had done to obtain the peace she spoke of. "Done! I have done nothing! It is by what Christ has done that I have found peace with God." The lady replied that this was what the minister had just been telling her, but that she could not understand it. She went home with her distress greatly increased, and shutting herself up in her room, she fell on her knees, resolving that she would never rise till her soul found rest and peace. How long her agonies continued it is impossible to say, but nature became exhausted and she sank to slumber. While thus asleep she dreamed that she was falling over a frightful precipice, but caught hold of a single twig, which overhung the abyss beneath. By this she hung, crying aloud for help, when a voice from below, which she knew to be the voice of Jesus, bade her let go the twig, and He would receive and save her. "Lord, save me!" she cried, but the voice again answered, "Let go the twig." She felt as though she dare not leave hold, but continued crying, "Lord, save me!" At last the One below, whose voice she heard but whom she did not see, said in the most tender, solemn tones, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." At last she let it go, fell into the arms of Jesus, and the joy of finding herself there awoke her. The lesson taught her by her dream was not lost upon her. She perceived that Jesus was worthy of all her trust, and that not only did she need no twig of self-dependence, but that it was holding to the twig that kept her away from Christ. She let go, and found Jesus all-sufficient.

1162. Life for Another.—Marshall D'Armont, having taken Ore-

don, in Bretagne, during the wars of the League, gave orders to put every Spaniard to death who was found in the garrison. Though it was announced to be death to disobey the orders of the General, an English soldier ventured to save a Spaniard. He was arraigned for this offence before a court-martial, when he confessed the fact, and declared himself ready to suffer death, provided they would still save the life of the Spaniard. The Marshal, much surprised at such conduct, asked the soldier how he came to be so deeply interested in the preservation of the Spaniard. "Because, sir," replied he, "in a similar situation he once saved my life." The Marshal, greatly pleased with the soldier, granted him pardon, saved the Spaniard's life, and highly commended them both.

1163. Look Upward.—A captain asked of a sailor-boy, "Can you climb?" before taking him out in his ship. The trial was soon after made, and the poor boy's head began to grow dizzy as he mounted higher and higher on the rigging. "Oh, I shall fall!" he cried, looking down upon the sea. "Look up, my boy!" shouted the captain; and so he did, and gained the mast-head.

1164. Lost and Found.— "A child lost in the forest!" Such was the cry which startled the inhabitants of a remote and thinly-populated district in the wilderness. On a bright summer morning, a little boy belonging to a family residing in the outskirts of an American settlement, left his home to gather flowers along the banks of a neighbouring stream. Absorbed in his sport, and enticed on, now by a bed of cowslips, and now by a hillock blushing with violets, he strayed farther and farther, heedless of the distance, until he had passed beyond the clearing into the deep, pathless woods that environed it. Here he soon became completely bewildered, and in his fruitless endeavours to retrace his steps

wandered away among the wild solitudes that stretched unbroken to the distant mountains. At noon his parents missed him, yet, as he was often thus absent, the circumstance occasioned no special concern. But when the shadows of evening began to settle upon the valleys, the parents grew anxious, and went to seek him. Unable to discover him anywhere in the open ground, they were forced to admit the agonising fact that he was lost in the tangled depths of the forest. The alarm was given, and every neighbour came at the summons. After a search of three days, the child was found, faint and famished, and well-nigh dead with weariness and terror. With songs and shouts they bore him back in their arms, swift runners going before, and crying "Found! found!" The entire hamlet was stirred by the tidings, and broke forth into thanksgivings. All participated in the happiness of the parents, and though there were a hundred children in the settlement, more joy was felt that night over the one little wanderer rescued from death, than over the ninety and nine that had been exposed to no danger.

1165. Old Score Erased.—"Mark you," said a pious sailor, when explaining to a shipmate at the wheel, "mark you, it isn't breaking off swearing and the like; it isn't reading the Bible, nor praying, nor being good; it is none of these; for even if they would answer for the time to come, there's still the old score, and how are you to get over that? It isn't anything that you have done or can do; it's taking hold of what Jesus did for you; it's forsaking your sins, and expecting the pardon and salvation of your soul, because Christ let the waves and billows go over Him on Calvary. This is believing, and believing is nothing else."

1166. One Way Only.—A recent writer tells of a little girl who was helping to nurse a sick relative whom she loved very dearly. One

day he said to her, "Ellen, it is time for me to take my medicine, I think. Will you pour it out for me? You must measure just a table-spoonful, and then put it in that wine-glass close by." Ellen quickly did so, and brought it to his bedside, but instead of taking it in his own hand, he quietly said, "Now, dear, will you drink it for me?" "Me drink it! What do you mean? I am sure I would, in a minute, if it would cure you all the same, but you know it won't do you any good unless you take it yourself." "Won't it really? No, I suppose it will not. But, Ellen, if you can't take my medicine for me, I can't take your salvation for you. You must go to Jesus, and take it yourself."

1167. Painter Saved.—When Sir James Thornhill was painting the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, he stepped back one day to see the effects of his work, and came, without observing it, so near the edge of the scaffolding that another step or two would have proved his death. A friend who was there, and saw the danger, rushed forward, and snatching up a brush, rubbed it straight over the painting. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save his work, and received the explanation, "Sir, by spoiling the painting, I have saved the life of the painter."

1168. Peace.—Mr. Hervey, in a sermon which he preached to the sailors at Bideford, says—"What we have mentioned of our Lord's saying 'Peace' to the raging waves may instruct you whom I address in the hour of danger; may also teach the wisdom of securing an interest in the Lord Jesus, whose divine word even the winds and the sea obey. The hour is coming, dear sailors, when you shall hail with shouts your native land no more. Oh! then, come unto Christ; get an interest in His merits; give yourselves up to His guidance; let His word be your compass; let His

grace hold the helm, and steer your course; let His blessing fill your sails; let His blood, His righteousness, His spirit, be the prize of your calling; let this be the precious merchandise you court—this the pearl of price you seek."

1169. Pearl of Great Price.—A wealthy lady of Java, having been married to an English merchant, came to reside in England. She often called for her treasure-box, and amused herself by first looking at a fine necklace, then at a beautiful pair of earrings, and held them up to glitter in the sun. Her Scotch nurse being one day in her room, in broken English she said to her, "Nurse, this poor place—poor place! Me look out of the window and see no woman in the street with jewels on. In my country we dig into hills, and we get gold and silver and precious jewels. You dig into your hills, and get nothing but stones." The nurse replied, "Oh yes, madam, we have a pearl in our country—a pearl of great price." The lady caught her words with great eagerness. "Pearl of great price! have you, indeed? Oh that my husband was come home! He buy me this pearl; me part with all my pearls when he come home, to get this pearl of so great price." "Oh," said the nurse, "this pearl is not to wear. It is not to be had in the way you think. It is a precious pearl, indeed, and they who have it cannot lose it. They who have it are at peace, and have all they wish for." "Indeed," said the lady; "what can this pearl be?" "The pearl," said the nurse, "is the Lord Jesus, who said that He came into the world to save sinners. All who truly receive this saying, and have Christ in their hearts as the hope of glory, have that which makes them rich and happy, whatever else they want; and so precious is Jesus to them that they count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him." It pleased God to bless the

nurse's words. The lady obtained a believing view of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and this world's gems ceased to shine and attract, just as the stars lose their brightness before the morning sun. Some time afterwards the lady died, and on her death-bed she desired that her jewels should be sold, and the produce go toward sending the knowledge of the pearl of great price to those in far countries who have it not. She felt its value, and she wished that all the world might feel it too.

1170. Peasant's Heroism.—A small cluster of houses in the department of Mont Blanc were on the night of the 27th and 28th of January, 1806, consumed by fire. Surprised in their sleep, the people of the hamlet had scarcely time to escape from the flames, and when collected together, it was discovered that a child of about seven years of age was missing. The roof which covered it was on the point of falling in; its loss appeared inevitable; terror and dismay were on every countenance. Moved by the cries of its parents, Antoine Rappaz, a peasant, who had lost his all and had nothing left but the little which covered him, stepped forward, and, regardless of a peril which appalled every one else, dashed into the midst of the flames. He reached the bed where the child had been laid, but it was gone! He sought it everywhere, and at last discovered the poor innocent lying in a corner, half dead through terror and suffocation. He snatched it up, and placing it upon his shoulders, leaped from a height of fifteen feet to escape from the flames. A moment later and the heroic intrepidity of the generous Antoine would have been of no avail. He had scarce restored the child to the arms of its overjoyed parents when the roof of the house fell in with a crash which made the hearts of the beholders thrill at the idea of the destruction which had been so

narrowly escaped. The Government could not allow so noble an action to pass unrewarded. A handsome gratuity was presented to Antoine by the Prefect of the Department, to which the Minister of the Interior added a medal, on which the peasant's heroism might pass recorded to his posterity.

1171. Preaching Christ.—The horse of Chaplain Eastman, son of the Rev. Dr. Eastman, Secretary of the American Tract Society, in plunging during one of the battles in the late American War, struck him on the knee-pan. His legs swelled and stiffened, until the pain became almost unendurable. When he could no longer stand he gave his horse to a servant and laid himself down on the ground. He had to take a wounded soldier's place alone that night. As he lay suffering and thinking, he heard a voice, "O my God!" He thought, "Can anybody be swearing in such a place as this?" He listened again, and a prayer began: it was from a wounded soldier. "How can I get at him?" was his first impulse. He tried to draw up his stiffened limb, but he could not rise. He put his arm round a sapling, drew up his sound foot, and tried to extend the other without bending, that he might walk, but he fell back in the effort, jarred through as if he had been stabbed. He then thought, "I can roll." And over and over he rolled, in pain and blood, and by dead bodies, until he fell against the dying man, and there he preached Christ and prayed. At length one of the Line officers came up and said, "Where's the chaplain? One of the staff-officers is dying." "Here he is! here he is!" cried out the sufferer. "Can you come and see a dying officer?" "I cannot move; I had to roll myself to this dying man to talk to him." "If I detail two men to carry you, can you go?" "Yes." They took him gently up and carried him. And that live-long night the two men bore him

over the field, and laid him down beside bleeding, dying men, while he preached Christ and prayed. Lying thus on his back, the wounded chaplain could not even see his audience, but must look always heavenward into the eyes of the peaceful stars—emblems of God's love, which even that day of blood had not soiled or made dim.

1172. Recovery from the Pit.—

The following, by a converted Chinese, is worth preserving:—A man had fallen into a deep dark pit, and lay on its miry bottom groaning and utterly unable to move. Confucius, the great moralist of China, walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, don't get in again." "I can't get out!" groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, "Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you, and lift you up the rest." But the man in the pit was entirely helpless, and unable to rise. Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brink of the pit, stretched down His arms, and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, "Go, and sin no more."

1173. Snatched from Death.—

In August, 1800, six poor boys had gone to bathe in the small river of Brianaole, in Upper Vienne, and selected a place where the water appeared of a proper depth; they were ignorant that close by it there was a deep abyss. One of them, about twelve years of age, was the first who was surprised by the danger, and disappeared from the sight of his companions. Ponlon Laysenne, aged thirteen, forgetting all consideration for his own safety in an affectionate anxiety for that of his companion, dived after him; but he also appeared to rise no more.

A third boy, of the age of twelve, nothing daunted by a circumstance so appalling, quickly followed Laysenne's example, but with no happier success; all the three were now under water. It may seem incredible that a fourth could be found of so stout a heart as to repeat an experiment which had already snatched so many of his companions from his sight. Yet what will boyish enterprise and attachment not attempt? Antoine Leger, aged thirteen, unhesitatingly plunged in after his three companions, but alas! only to share with them their danger. Four of the youthful party were now engulfed in the abyss; death had them struggling within its grasp. At this critical moment a miller who lived hard by, attracted to the spot by the cries of the remaining boys, brought with him a long perch, with which he fortunately succeeded in drawing out alive three of the boys. Laysenne alone remained, he who had first devoted himself in the gallant attempt at rescue. The miller found it impossible to reach him with his perch. What was to be done? One of the two boys who had taken no active part in the preceding scene, a mere child of not more than ten years of age, plunged in to achieve what had baffled all the exertions of his elder playmates. He was at the bottom of the pool before his disappearance was remarked, and in an instant after reappeared with the object of his solicitude, who, nearly exhausted, was not without difficulty restored to life.

1174. Too Late.—At the calamitous wreck of the *London*, a young lady was invited to take a place—the only one—in a boat on the point of leaving the ship. She looked at the stormy sea, and the distance to be jumped, although small, appeared a very great one in her eyes. She hesitated. While she waited, the danger became imminent. "Jump," cried those in the boat; "we must be off.

Jump, or you will be too late!" Again she looked, but again she hesitated, and now it was too late, for the boat was moving off, the distance was now really too great. "Stay! come back!" she cried, as a sense of her dreadful situation came to her; "oh, come back!" But this was now impossible, and so bewailing her folly, she met the sad fate of all on board.

1175. Unprepared for Death.—"Commencing a long journey up one of our Western lakes and rivers," says an American writer, "I took the precaution to provide myself with a life-preserver of the best construction. This was always my practice in travelling. My custom was, every night before retiring to sleep, to examine it and see that it was where I could place my hand upon it in an instant. Soon after entering the Mississippi river, we were not a little agitated by an accident which befell the boat. The night was dark and tempestuous, and the 'father of waters' angry and frightful. The passengers sprang from their berths, and rushed together into the main saloon. The accident proved to be of small consequence and the alarm very soon subsided. Returning to my stateroom, I fell into a sort of waking dream. I thought I was on one of our inland seas in a violent tempest. Our vessel, dismasted and disabled, was rapidly driving on a lee-shore. The passengers were evidently making ready for the last struggle; and I observed, for the first time, that some seemed perfectly calm and composed. On looking again I saw that they were provided with life-preservers, which they had already attached to their persons; and feeling the utmost confidence in this means of preservation, they were quietly waiting the issue. But how shall I describe the terror and dismay of the other passengers, as they passed to and fro before my eyes! 'What a fool

I was,' said one, 'that I did not buy a life-preserver before I left home! I always meant to do it; they were exposed for sale right before my eyes every day. My friends entreated me to procure one, and I promised that I would. I thought I could obtain one at any time, so I put it off, and now it is too late!' 'I did not believe that there was any danger,' said another. 'I have passed over these lakes many times, and never saw such a storm before; so I concluded to run the risk again.' Another I observed hastening to his trunk, and returning instantly with the case of a life-preserver in his hand, but an expression of blank despair on his countenance. The article had once been good, but he had not taken care of it. He had thrown it loosely amongst his effects, and it had been punctured by a pin. It was now a mockery of his woe. He tried to mend it, but this was impossible, there was no time for this. Another produced with great joy what seemed to be an excellent life-preserver; but when he proceeded to adjust it, he found that he had been cheated; it was a counterfeit article; he did not procure it at the right place. It would retain its shape and buoyancy for a while, and for a few moments in smooth water, but would not bear the pressure of a man's whole weight. He had never examined it before, and now in the hour of need found it utterly worthless. At length my eye was arrested by a young man who had been notorious throughout the voyage for his gaiety and frivolity. On one occasion, during a pleasant day, he had made sport of those who had wisely prepared for the time of peril. And now I saw him addressing a gentleman whom he had previously ridiculed, inquiring whether his life-preserver could not save them both. 'No,' was the answer; 'it was only made for one.' At this point I awoke."

SELF.

Matt. v. 30; Mark x. 29, 30; Luke ix. 23, 24, xvi. 15; Rom. xii. 16;
1 Cor. x. 24; 2 Cor. xiii. 15; Gal. vi. 2.

1176. Another's Welfare.—In one of the wars of Germany, a captain of cavalry was ordered out on a foraging party. He put himself at the head of his troop and marched to the quarter assigned him. It was a solitary valley in which hardly anything but woods could be seen. In the midst of it stood a little cottage. On perceiving it, he went up and knocked at the door. An ancient Hernhutter, or Moravian Brother, with a beard silvered by age, came out. "Father," said the officer, "show me a field where I can set my troops a-foraging." "Presently," replied the Hernhutter. The good old man walked before and conducted them out of the valley. After a quarter of an hour's march they found a fine field of barley. "This is the very thing we want," said the captain. "Have patience for a few minutes," replied the guide; "you shall be satisfied." They went on, and at the distance of about a quarter of a league farther they arrived at another field of barley. The troop immediately dismounted, cut down the grain, trussed it up, and remounted. The officer then said to his conductor, "Father, you have given to yourself and us unnecessary trouble: the first field was much better than this." "Very true, sir," replied the good old man, "but it was not mine."

1177. Cluster of Noble, Self-denying Examples.—Julius Palmer, in Queen Mary's days, had life and preferment offered him if he would recant his faith in Christ. His answer was that he had resigned his living in two places for the sake of the Gospel, and now was ready to yield his life on account of Christ.—William

Hunter, when urged by Bonner to recant, replied he could only be moved by the Scriptures, for he reckoned the things of earth but dross for Christ; and when the sheriff offered him a pardon at the stake if he would renounce his faith, he firmly rejected it.—Antonius Riceto, a Venetian, was offered his life and considerable wealth if he would concede but a little; and when his own son, with weeping, entreated him to do so, he answered that he was resolved to lose both children and estate for Christ.—The Prince of Condé, at the massacre of Paris, when the King assured him that he should die within three days if he did not renounce his religion, told the Monarch that his life and estate were in his hand, and that he would give up both rather than renounce the truth.

1178. Contented Child.—During a time of famine in France, a rich man invited twenty of the poor children in the town to his house, and said to them, "In this basket is a loaf for each one of you; take it, and come back every day at this hour till God sends us better times." The children pounced upon the basket, wrangled, and fought for the bread. Each wished to get the largest loaf, and at last went away without thanking their friend. Francesca alone, a poor but neatly-dressed girl, stood modestly apart, took the smallest loaf which was left in the basket, gracefully kissed the gentleman's hand, and went away to her home in a quiet and becoming manner. On the following day the children were equally ill-behaved, and Francesca this time received a loaf that was scarcely half the size of the others. But when she got home her sick mother

cut the loaf, and there fell out of it a number of bright silver coins. The mother was alarmed, and said, "Take back the money this instant, for it has no doubt got into the bread by some mistake." Francesca carried it back, but the benevolent gentleman declined to receive it. "No, no," said he, "it was no mistake. I had the money baked in the smallest loaf simply as a reward for you, my good child. Always continue thus contented, peaceable, and unassuming. The person who prefers to remain contented with the smallest loaf, rather than quarrel for the larger one, will find throughout life blessings in this course of action still more valuable than the money which was baked in your loaf of bread."

1179. Dispute Happily Ended.—

In the Canton of Schwyz, many years ago, a man named Frantz came one evening to Gaspard, who was working in his field, and said to him, "Friend, it is now mowing time; we have a difference about a meadow, you know, and I have got the judges to meet at Schwyz to determine the cause, since we cannot do it for ourselves, so you must come with me before them to-morrow." "You see, Frantz," replied Gaspard, "that I have mown all this field; I must get in this hay to-morrow; I cannot possibly leave it." "And," rejoined Frantz, "I cannot send away the judges now they have fixed the day, and besides, one ought to know whom the field belongs to before it is mown." They disputed the matter some time; at length Gaspard said to Frantz, "I will tell you how it shall be: go to-morrow to Schwyz, tell the judges both your reasons and mine, and then there will be no need for me to go." "Well," said the other, "if you choose to trust your cause to me, I will manage it as if it were my own." Matters thus settled, Frantz went to Schwyz, and pleaded before the judges his own and Gaspard's cause as well as he could. When sentence

was pronounced, Frantz returned to Gaspard. "Gaspard," said he, "the field is yours; I congratulate you, neighbour; the judges have decided for you, and I am glad the affair is finished." Frantz and Gaspard were friends ever after.

1180. Exclusion of Self.—

When Bernard had once preached a very eloquent sermon on a public occasion, the people were highly gratified, but his own mind was much dejected. On the following day he again preached, but with the utmost simplicity, which did not so well please his audience. When spoken to on the subject, he declared his conviction that in the latter instance only had he discharged his duty; "For," added he, "yesterday I preached Bernard, but to-day Jesus Christ."

1181. Foolish Desires.—"One evening," says a German writer, "Adam was resting on a hillock under the shadow of a tree in the Garden of Eden, and his head was raised as he looked towards heaven. A seraph came towards him and said, 'Why lookest thou so yearningly towards heaven? What wouldst thou, Adam?' 'What can I lack,' answered the father of mankind, 'here in this abode of peace? But my eyes behold the stars which shine far above me. Then I wish for the wings of the eagle, that I may fly up and behold nearer these brilliant worlds.' 'Thou hast these wings,' answered the seraph, and he touched Adam, and Adam sank into sleep and dreamed; and it seemed to the dreamer as though he was flying up towards heaven. Afterwards, when he awoke, he looked round him, and was astonished that he still lay under the tree in Eden. But the seraph stood by him and said, 'Of what art thou thinking, Adam?' Adam answered, 'Behold, I was high above in the boundless heavens, and wandered among the stars, and between Orion, the Pleiades, and the Fates; brilliant worlds, and beautiful as the sun, flew by me. The white track

which thou seest above is a sea of light full of gleaming worlds, and above this ocean of light is another, and yet another. And on these bright worlds there dwell beings like myself, who pray to the Lord and bless His name. . . Seraph, thou hast led me.' 'This tree,' answered the seraph, 'has overshadowed thee, and thy body has rested on this hillock. But see, Adam, in thee there dwells a spirit which can traverse innumerable worlds, and the higher it rises the more profoundly it worships Jehovah. Son of the earth, honour and watch over this spirit, that evil desires do not lame its wings and bind it down to the earth.' So said the seraph, and vanished."

1182. Glorious Contest.—The King of Cucho had three sons, and, being most attached to the youngest, declared him his successor. As such an act was contrary to the laws of the kingdom, the people thought that after the King's death they might raise the eldest son to the throne; but he rejected the offer, and, taking the crown, placed it on the head of his youngest brother, publicly declaring that he renounced it, and thought himself unworthy of the throne since his father had excluded him from it. The youngest brother, affected by such generous conduct, entreated him not to oppose the wishes of the people who desired him for their ruler. He urged that the eldest son was lawful successor to the crown, and that though his father, by an excessive fondness, had declared him his successor, yet he could not infringe the laws of the kingdom. No reasoning or entreaty, however, could induce the eldest brother to accept the crown. A glorious contest not for a crown, but to refuse it, ensued between the Princes, who, perceiving that the dispute could not easily be adjusted, retired from Court, and, leaving the kingdom to another brother, terminated their days together in peaceful solitude.

1183. Growth of Luxury.—Reproaching a Dutchman with luxury, a Norwegian said, "What is become of those happy times, when a merchant, on going from Amsterdam to the Indies, left a quarter of dried beef in his kitchen, and found it at his return? Where are your wooden spoons and iron forks? Is it not a shame for a sober Dutchman to lie in a damask bed?" "Go to Batavia," answered the man of Amsterdam; "get ten tons of gold, as I have done, and see whether you will not want to be a little better clothed, fed, and lodged."

1184. Ill-paid Service.—As John Wesley was travelling with John Nelson, one of his preachers, from common to common in Cornwall, and preaching to a people who heard him willingly, but seldom or never offered him the slightest hospitality, he one day stopped his horse at some brambles, to pick the fruit. "Brother Nelson," said he as he did so, "we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries, for this is the best country I ever saw for getting an appetite, but the worst I ever knew for getting food. Do the people think we can live upon preaching?" "At that time," says his companion, "Mr. Wesley and I slept on the floor; he had a great-coat for his pillow, and I had 'Burkitt's Notes on the New Testament' for mine. One morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, and finding me awake, clapped me on the side, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer; I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but on one side.'"

1185. Pertinent Rebuke.—The late Rev. John Berridge was once visited by a very talkative young lady, who engrossed all the conversation in speaking of mere trifles. When she arose to retire, he said, "Madam, I have one piece of advice to offer you. When you go into company again, after you have talked half-an-hour without intermission, stop awhile, and see if any

one of the company has anything to say."

1186. Righteous Self and Unrighteous Self.—Mr. Hervey was at one time advised by his physician to follow the plough, in order to smell the fresh earth for the benefit of his health, and he therefore frequently accompanied a ploughman in his rural employment. Mr. Hervey one morning asked this man, who was possessed of more than average intelligence, what he thought was the hardest thing in religion. He replied that as he was illiterate and Mr. H. was a minister, he would beg leave to return the question. Mr. Hervey said he thought the hardest thing was to deny sinful self, grounding his opinion on the solemn admonition of our Lord, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself." He argued on the import and extent of the duty, showed that merely to forbear the infamous action was little, but that we must deny admittance, or entertainment at least, to the evil imagination, and quench even the enkindling spark of irregular desire. The ploughman replied, "There is another instance of self-denial to which the injunction extends, which is of great moment, and the hardest thing in religion, and that is, to deny righteous self. You know I do not come to hear you preach, but go every Sabbath with my family to Northampton, to hear Dr. Doddridge. We rise early in the morning, and have prayers before we set out, in which I find pleasure; while walking there and back I find pleasure, under the sermon I find pleasure, when at the Lord's-table I find pleasure; we read a portion of the Scriptures and go to prayers in the evening and find pleasure; but to this moment I find it the hardest thing to deny righteous self—I mean the renouncing of our own strength, and of our own righteousness, not leaning on that for holiness, nor on this for justification."

1187. Saving an Enemy.—In the year 1567, King Philip II. of Spain sent the Duke of Alva as Governor of the Low Countries. Alva was notorious for his bitter persecution of all who embraced the Reformed religion; so many people were put to death during the term of his government that it was called "The Reign of Terror," and his Council received the name of the "Blood Council." Amongst the persecuted people was a poor Protestant named Dirk Willemzoon, who was condemned to death for his opinions. Dirk made his escape from his persecutors, and fled for his life, pursued by an officer of justice. A frozen lake lay in his way. It was early in the year, and the ice had become unsafe; he ventured upon it; it cracked and shook beneath his steps as he ran, but he ran for his life; a horrible death would be his portion if he was caught. The shore lay before him; so on he ran over the trembling ice till at last he set foot on the firm shore. But a cry of terror came from behind: he looked back and saw the officer sinking through the broken ice into the waters of the lake. No one was near to help him but the poor fugitive, Dirk Willemzoon. He might have left the officer to perish, and escaped himself; this would have been the impulse of selfish human nature, but Dirk had been taught a better lesson. He went back over the cracking ice, putting his own life in danger, and succeeded in reaching his pursuer and drawing him out. They reached a place of safety together.

1188. Self-Delusion.—A poor clergyman, in a very remote county in England, had, many years since, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, which, after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident of his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies.

The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money, and that a journey to the metropolis to direct and superintend the great concern was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbours, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune he was recommended to a then well-known publisher and printer, Mr. Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies he would choose to have struck off. "Why, sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may safely venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies." The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly he wrote to Mr. Bowyer, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. B.'s convenience. Judge of his astonishment, excited by the receipt of an account charging him for printing thirty-five thousand copies of a sermon, £785 5s. 6d., and giving him credit for £1 5s. 6d., the produce of seventeen copies, being the whole that had been sold! This left a balance of £784 due to the bookseller. The worthy publisher, in a day or two, sent the following letter to the clergyman:—"Reverend Sir,—I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expense, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do the extent of the sale of single sermons, and

accordingly printed but fifty copies, to the extent of which you are heartily welcome in return for the liberty I have taken with you."

1189. Self-Denial of Epaminondas.—The most illustrious of the Theban generals, Epaminondas, had such an utter disregard for the things of this life, and his whole soul was so wrapped up in the pursuits of immortality, that he had but one upper garment, and that a poor one. When there was occasion to have it cleaned or mended, he was obliged, for want of another, to stay at home till it returned from the fuller's or tailor's. At one time he had a confidential offer made him, from the Persian King, of a large sum of gold, but refused it with disdain; and "in my mind," said Ælian, "he showed himself more generous in the refusal, than the other did in the gift of it." When he died on the field of Mantinea, he did not leave behind him enough of worldly estate to pay the expenses of his interment; the only thing found in his house was a little iron spit.

1190. "Self" Lost.—A person who had long practised many austerities, without finding any comfort or change of heart, was once complaining of his state to a certain Bishop. "Alas!" said he, "self-will and self-righteousness follow me everywhere. Only tell me when you think I shall learn to leave self. Will it be by study, or prayer, or good works?" "I think," replied the Bishop, "that the place where you will lose self will be that where you will find your Saviour."

1191. Sidney and the Soldier.—Sir Philip Sidney was Governor of Flushing, and General of the Horse, under his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. His valour, which was esteemed great, and not exceeded by any of his age, was at least equalled by his humanity. After he had received his death wound at the battle of Zutphen, and was

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

1192. Ten Good Friends.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried idle Dennis, with a yawn. "Good

friends! why, you have ten," replied his master. "I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me." "Count your fingers, my boy," said his master. Dennis looked at his large, strong hands. "Count thumbs and all," added the master. "I have; there are ten," said the lad. "Then never say you have not got ten good friends able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

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Num. xxxii. 23; Job iv. 8; Psalm v. 4, 5, ix. 17; Prov. xiv. 9; Gal. vi. 8; James iv. 17; 1 John v. 17.

1193. Audacious Fraud. — In the French translation of the Bible, published at Paris in 1538, by the authority and express order of King Charles VIII., two passages are foisted into the 32nd chapter of Exodus, relative to the golden calf, for which there is not the slightest authority in the original. One of them is, that "the dust of the golden calf, which Moses burnt and ground, and strewed upon the water, of which he obliged the children of Israel to drink, soaked into the beards of those of them who had really worshipped it, and gilded them, which remained upon them a special mark of their idolatry." The other interpolated passage is, that "the children of Israel spat upon Hur, who had refused to make them gods, in such abundance that they stifled him." These passages are probably traditions, but they are sufficient proofs of that shameless audacity of interpolation which would endeavour to taint even the most sacred of books.

1194. Awful Contrast.—A painter once wanted a picture of Innocence, and drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The little suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted

hands were reverently pressed together, his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was much prized by the painter, and hung up on his study wall, and called Innocence. Years passed away, and the painter became an old man. Still the picture hung there. He had often thought of painting a counterpart, the picture of Guilt, but had not found an opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighbouring gaol. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit, named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body, and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and old Randall were hung side by side, for Innocence and Guilt. But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas, the two were one! Old Randall was young Rupert, led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and disgraceful dungeon.

1195. Beware of the First Step.—An Indian fable well illustrates the consequences of little sins. We

may make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with; they edge us on stealthily, but by-and-by we find it impossible to turn them out. There was a diminutive dwarf, who asked a King to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The King, seeing him so small, said "Certainly;" whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a tremendous giant, covered all the land with his first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the King down and took his throne.

1196. Bitter Wages.—Martha Browning, a young woman, aged twenty-four, was executed many years ago for murder. The fatal deed was committed to obtain possession of a £5 note, but when the tempting bait was at last really possessed, it proved to be not a note of the Bank of England, but a flash note of the Bank of Elegance! What a mournful moral did her case suggest!—to run such a fearful risk, and then to receive such bitter wages.

1197. Black Depths.—Charles Lamb writes:—"The waters have gone over me, but out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavour of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and passive will—to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget a time when it was otherwise—to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my feverish eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash

the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation."

1198. Christian Rebuke.—

Admiral Hope's Christian firmness in rebuking swearing and improper language when uttered in his presence is familiar to many. Not many years back a gentleman in a London omnibus was using very violent language—swearing and taking the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in vain—when he was quietly rebuked, and requested to desist, by an elderly gentleman sitting opposite. The first-named having resented the interference, the old officer added, "Well, sir, I am extremely sorry you resent my words, simply requesting you to forbear insulting a very dear and precious Name which I honour and love, and I can only say that if you are dead to all feeling or consideration of common courtesy, and will persist in using the language you have done, you will compel me to do that which I shall be sorry to be obliged to do." Upon this the angry man broke out afresh and defied him, when the Admiral stopped the omnibus and got out, the other watching him, expecting he would call a policeman; but seeing him walk quickly away, he remarked to another passenger about his impertinence, when the person whom he addressed asked if he knew who it was that had been induced to remonstrate with him. He replied, "No, nor did he care, except that he was very impertinent for threatening him in that way." The other remarked that he was mistaken, for there had been no threat, but a meek and courteous remonstrance; that the man was a most kind and benevolent man, and a gallant officer, who was quite incapable of any mean act. "What right had he to threaten me? Did he not say he would do something if I did not desist?" said the other. "Yes," replied the gentleman, "but that was no idle threat, and he did what

he said he would be obliged to do." "And what was that?" asked the angry man. "Why, get out and walk, which his age and infirmities would hardly allow him to do, for he spends a great part of his income in succouring the afflicted and the destitute, and so would not like to throw away even a sixpence." "You don't mean to say that was what he meant?" asked the angry man; "what is his name?" "I am quite positive it was all he meant," replied the other; "and his name is Admiral Hope—a true-hearted Christian man." The angry man looked puzzled, then thoughtful, and at last cried out, "God forgive me! what a fool I have been! Give me his address, in case I should miss him." He stopped the omnibus, and jumped out to seek his faithful reprover, adding that he hoped it would make a new man of him, for he never should forget the lesson to the last day of his life. This anecdote was related by the gentleman himself, who became an humble follower of the Lord Jesus, but who has since gone to his rest, trusting only in that blessed Name which he had so blasphemed and lightly spoken of.

1199. Civilization put to Shame.

—A well-known African missionary, in reviewing his work and the influence of Christian truth upon the native tribes, says,—“It is painful to reflect on the many tribes in other countries who have passed into oblivion from their juxtaposition with white men. This, however, is not likely to be the case with the aborigines in this country, who are increasing under the moral influence of Christianity. How far disease and brandy, too often the accompaniments of civilised intruders, may exert their influence remains to be seen. Ostrich feathers have brought many European traders into the country. The conduct of some of these makes us blush before the natives, who have been heard to say, ‘We

Bechuanas were bad enough, but the white man beats us hollow.’ Only within a comparatively short period, three such characters have been buried in a drunkard's grave. Yet these men who thus disgrace the name of Christian have often been born and brought up under religious influence, and certainly have enjoyed many religious advantages.”

1200. Cleansing from all Sin.—

There is a legend of Luther that during a serious illness the Evil One seemed to enter his sick-room, and, looking at him with a triumphant smile, unrolled a vast roll which he carried in his arms. As the fiend threw one end of it on the floor, and it unwound itself with the impetus he had given it, Luther's eyes were fixed on it, and to his consternation he read there the long and fearful record of his own sins, clearly and distinctly enumerated. That stout heart quailed before that ghastly roll. Suddenly it flashed into his mind that there was one thing not written there. He said aloud, “One thing you have forgotten: the rest is all true; but one thing you have forgotten, ‘The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.’” As he said this, the “accuser of the brethren,” and his heavy roll of “lamentation and mourning and woe,” disappeared together.

1201. Conscience of a Brigand.

—A Neapolitan peasant came in anguish to his priest, saying, “Father, have mercy on a miserable sinner! It is the holy season of Lent, and while I was busy at work, some whey spouting from the cheese-press flew into my mouth, and, wretched man, I swallowed it! Free my distressed conscience from its agonies by absolving me from my guilt!” “Have you no other sins to confess?” said his spiritual guide. “No, I do not know that I have committed any other.” “There are,” said the priest, “many robberies and murders from time to time committed on your mountains,

and I have reason to believe that you are one of the persons concerned in them." "Yes," he replied. "I am, but these are never accounted as a crime; it is a thing practised by us all, and there needs no confession on that account."

1202. Duelling.—Colonel Gardiner, having received a challenge to fight a duel, made the following truly noble and Christian reply: "I fear sinning, though you know, sir, I do not fear fighting;" thus showing his conviction of a fact too often forgotten, that the most impressive manifestation of courage is to "obey God rather than man."

1203. Emblematic Lesson.—A religious writer gives us this parable: "A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away, but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. 'You behold,' said he, 'in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sin, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne, and then in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs.' The hermit

looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him, and, after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired."

1204. Envious Thoughts.—A Burmese potter, says the legend, became envious of the prosperity of a washerman, and, to ruin him, induced the King to order him to wash one of his black elephants white, that he might be lord of the white elephant. The washerman replied, that by the rules of his art he must have a vessel large enough to wash him in. The King ordered the potter to make him such a vessel. When made, it was crushed by the first step of the elephant in it. Many trials failed, and the potter was ruined by the very scheme he had intended should crush his enemy.

1205. Hidden Decay.—Some time ago two ministers were walking along the banks of a river, when they came to a tree which had been blown down in a recent gale. It was a mighty, noble tree, tall and substantial, with large outspreading roots and ample foliage. It must have been the growth of the greater part of a century, and any one who had seen it would have said there was no cause why it should not have stood a century longer. Approaching to examine it, they found it had snapped off just above the roots, and, on looking still closer, found that there was only an outer shell of sound wood, and that the heart was rotten; unnoticed, the decay had been going on for years. "Do you know," said Mr. — to his companion, "that a tree never breaks off in this way unless there has been previous decay?" "A very suggestive lesson," was the answer, "for you and me, and for your people and

mine. Is it not so with the falls of many of the members of our Churches? Men seldom fall all at once into notorious, flagrant sin."

1206. Injustice Rebuked.—Hakkam, the son and successor of Abdoubrahman III., wanting to enlarge his palace, proposed to purchase from a poor woman a piece of ground that lay contiguous to it, and when she could not be prevailed on to part with the inheritance of her ancestors, Hakkam's officers took by force what they could not otherwise obtain. The poor woman applied to Ibn-Bechir, the chief magistrate of Corduba, for justice. The case was delicate and dangerous, and Bechir concluded that the ordinary methods of proceeding would be ineffectual, if not fatal. He mounted his ass, and taking a large sack with him, rode to the palace of the Caliph. The Prince happened to be sitting in a pavilion that had been erected in the poor woman's garden. Bechir, with his sack in his hand, advanced towards him, and after prostrating himself, desired the Caliph would permit him to fill his sack with earth in that garden. Hakkam showed some surprise at his appearance and request, but allowed him to fill his sack. When this was done, the magistrate entreated the Prince to assist him in laying the burden on his ass. This extraordinary request surprised Hakkam still more, but he only told the judge it was too heavy, he could not bear it. "Yet this sack," replied Bechir, with a noble assurance, "this sack which you think too heavy to bear, contains but a small portion of that ground which you took by violence from the right owner. How then will you be able at the Day of Judgment to support the weight of the whole!" The remonstrance was effectual, and Hakkam without delay restored the ground, with the buildings upon it, to the former proprietor.

1207. Light before Men.—In a town in America there lived an infidel who owned a saw-mill situated by the side of the highway over which a large portion of a Christian congregation passed every Sabbath, in going to and returning from their place of worship. This infidel was accustomed to manage his mill himself, and having no regard for the Sabbath, he was as busy and his mill as noisy on that holy morning as any other. It was soon observed, however, that at a certain time before service this mill would stop and remain silent, and appear to be destitute of the presence of any human being for a few minutes, then pass on with its noise and clatter till about the close of service, when it again ceased for a little time. It was soon noticed that Deacon B. passed the mill toward the place of worship during the silent interval. It appeared that the deacon being regular in his time, the infidel knew just when to stop his mill, so that it should be silent while Deacon B. was passing, although he paid no regard to the passing of others. On being inquired of why he paid this marked respect to Deacon B., the infidel replied, "The deacon professes just what the rest of you do, but he lives also such a life that it makes me feel bad here" (putting his hand upon his heart) "to run my mill while he is passing."

1208. Little Sins.—A company was walking in Sudbrook Park, when Dr. Ellis drew attention to a large sycamore-tree decayed to the core. "That fine tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm." Two years previously the tree was as healthy as any in the park, when a woodworm about three inches long was observed to be forcing its way under the bark of the trunk. It then caught the eye of a naturalist who was staying there, and he remarked, "Let that worm alone and it will kill the tree." This seemed very improbable, but it was agreed that the black-headed worm

should not be disturbed. After a time it was discovered that the worm had tunnelled its way a considerable distance under the bark. The next summer the leaves of the tree dropped off very early, and in the succeeding year it was a dead, rotten thing, and the hole made by the worm might be seen in the very heart of the once noble trunk. "Ah!" said one who was present, "let us learn a lesson from that single tree. How many who once promised fair for usefulness in the world and the Church have been ruined by a single sin!"

1209. Lying Accounted For.—A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in the Sabbath-school. "Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a teacher of one of the boys. "No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly. "For a shilling?" "No, ma'am." "For a sovereign?" Dick was staggered. A sovereign looked big. Oh, would it not buy lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy behind him roared out "No, ma'am." "Why not?" asked the teacher. "Because when the sovereign was all gone, and all the things got with it gone too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy.

1210. Murderer Convicted.—A murder was committed at Bilguy, in France, which was soon after discovered in a singular manner. The crime was committed on the 9th February, on the high road at one o'clock in the afternoon. A gentleman named Martin was shot through the heart and fell down dead. He had only 130 francs about him, of which he was robbed, as well as of his watch and ring. The charge of the gun was rammed down with a written paper. This had been carefully taken up, and carried away with the body. The writing was still legible. On this piece of paper there were words which are used in glass manufactories, and a date of nearly fifteen years preceding. Upon this simple

indication, the magistrate went to the owner of the glass manufactory at Bilguy, examined his books, and succeeded in finding an article relative to the delivery of some glass, of which the paper which had been found was the bill of parcels. The suspicion immediately fell on the son-in-law of this individual, who had been out of the country for ten years. Orders were given to arrest the suspected person. When the officers came to him, he confessed the deed on the spot, and even showed where the watch and ring were, which were found under the thatch of his house.

1211. Perfidiousness Punished.—When Tissaphernes, finding himself superior in forces, violated the peace he had sworn to observe, and commenced hostilities against Agesilaus, the latter said, "I am very happy at this event, because Tissaphernes, by his perfidy, has engaged the gods on my side." The result was that Agesilaus came off triumphant, and Tissaphernes lost the battle and his life. "How could it be otherwise?" said Agesilaus; "it is a strange delirium in those who are making war against heaven, to expect the stars should be favourable to their designs."

1212. Pointed Text.—It is related that a young German, who for the crime of murder had been long in solitary confinement, was repeatedly visited by a German clergyman, to whom he made the most positive declarations of his innocence. After six months had elapsed, on leaving him one evening, the clergyman pointed his attention to three verses in the New Testament—1 John i. 8-10—and particularly urged upon him the importance of the truths contained in them. He promised to read them—he did so; and when he threw himself upon his pallet to rest, he found that sleep had forsaken him; he turned again and again, but still there was no rest. The verses had made a deep impression upon his mind, and although he had for six months

asserted that he was innocent of the crime of which he stood charged, the first words he uttered to the keeper in the morning were, "I did commit that murder."

1213. Power of a Gentle Rebuke.

—A number of passengers were discussing the exciting questions of the day on board a steamboat on one of the American rivers. Oaths were frequently heard, and one man in particular, in almost every sentence, used the name of his Maker in a most irreverent manner. Away from this excited party, but within hearing distance, sat a young lady with her husband and friends. The profanity was noticed by them, and they seemed shocked by its boldness. They could talk, but the timid, shrinking lady could act. "I can bear it no longer," she said, as she left her seat and glided into the circle of the now loud and angry disputants. Placing her hand on the arm of the one who had shocked her by his oaths, and trembling with emotion, she begged him not to take the name of God in vain, to think how soon he might be called to meet Him in eternity. She said a few more words, and, frightened at her boldness, she burst into tears and left them. The next day, before the boat reached its destination, the man came to this lady, took her by the hand, thanked her earnestly for her reproof, and said, "I will not forget your kind words; I will try to be a different man, and live for the eternity awaiting me."

1214. Punishment for Sin.—A missionary at Serampore, the Rev. John Thomas, was one day, after addressing a crowd of the natives on the banks of the Ganges, accosted by a Brahmin as follows:—"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?" "Yes," answered Mr. Thomas. "Then," said the Brahmin, "certainly the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment." While the countenances of many of the natives dis-

covered their approbation of the Brahmin's inference, Mr. Thomas, observing a boat with several men on board descending the river, with that facility of instructive retort for which he was distinguished, replied, "Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?" "Yes." "Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment,—I for instructing them, or they for doing this wicked act?" "Why," answered the Brahmin with alacrity, "you ought all to be put to death together." "Ay, Brahmin," replied Mr. T., "and if you and the devil sin together, the devil and you will be punished together."

1215. Sin Found Out.—"A vessel was going from Bassorah to Bagdad," the author of "Persian Stories" relates, "with several passengers on board. In the course of the voyage, the sailors, by way of a joke, put a man in irons as he lay asleep, and he became a subject of diversion to the whole party till they drew near to the capital. But when the sailors wanted to let him loose, the key was nowhere to be found, and after a long and fruitless search, they were compelled to send for a blacksmith to knock off the fetters. When, however, the blacksmith came, he refused to do what they wanted till he had the authority of the magistrate, for he thought the man might be some criminal whom the officers of justice had laid hold of, and that his friends wished to favour his escape. To the magistrate they accordingly went, who sent down one of his attendants to see into it. But the officer, when he had heard their story, and had taken the evidence of some of the most respectable among the passengers, shook his head, and with a look of solemnity said it was much too serious a case for him to decide. So they repaired in a body to the magistrate, and carried the poor captive with

them. So strange a procession was sure to attract notice, and a crowd soon collected about them, each curious to know the prisoner's offence, and to catch a sight of him; till at length one man, springing forward, seized the captive by the throat and exclaimed, 'Here is the villain I have been looking for these two years, ever since he robbed and murdered my poor brother!' Nor would he quit his hold till they came before the magistrate, and the murder being clearly proved, the man who had been confined in joke only was given up to death, as a punishment for the blood he had shed."

1216. Small Beginnings.—An Arab miller was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust through the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel; "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained, in a room certainly not large enough for both. "If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

1217. Stings of Conscience.—The Earl of Breadalbane planned the massacre of Glencoe, and carried it into execution in the most cruel and dastardly manner. Macaulay, speaking of the effect produced upon the minds of the guilty perpetrators of this atrocious deed, says that "Breadalbane, hardened as he was, felt the stings of conscience or the dread of retribution. He did his best to assume an air of unconcern. He made his appearance in the most fashionable coffee-house at Edinburgh, and talked loudly and self-complacently about the important services in which he had been engaged among the mountains. Some of his soldiers, however, who observed him closely, whispered that all this bravery was put on. He was not

the man that he had been before that night. The form of his countenance was changed. In all places, at all hours, whether he waked or slept, Glencoe was for ever before him."

1218. Unseen Influences.—A sailor remarks: "Sailing from Cuba, we thought we had gained sixty miles one day in our course, but at the next observation we found we had lost more than thirty. It was an under-current. The ship had been going forward by the wind, but going back by a current." So a man's course may often seem to be right, but the stream beneath is driving him the very contrary way to what he thinks.

1219. Vicious Company.—Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the volatile Lucinda,—"dear father, you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child: take it." Eulalia did so, and, behold, her beautiful white hands were soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also. "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said the father. "You see, my child, the coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

1220. Washed Away.—A woman came to a minister one day, carrying a bundle of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" said she. "Yes," was the reply, "it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it, woman; what is it?" "Ah, sir,"

she said, "that's me, and the multitude of my sins cannot be numbered." And then she exclaimed, "O wretched creature that I am! how can such a wretch as I ever be saved?" "Where did you get the sand?" asked the minister. "At the Beacon." "Go back then to the Beacon. Take a spade with you; dig, dig, and raise a great mound; shovel it up as high as ever you can, then leave it there. Take your stand by the sea-shore, and watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean—the blood, the blood, the blood of Christ, it would wash it all away."

1221. Wicked Expediency.—

Themistocles, having conceived the design of transferring the government of Greece from the hands of the Lacedæmonians into those of the Athenians, kept his thoughts continually fixed on this great project. Being at no time very nice or scrupulous in the choice of his measures, he thought anything which could tend to the accomplishment of the end he had in view just

and lawful. In an assembly of the people one day, he accordingly intimated that he had a very important design to propose, but he could not communicate it to the people at large, because the greatest secrecy was necessary to its success; he therefore desired that they would appoint a person to whom he might explain himself on the subject. Aristides was unanimously pitched upon by the assembly, who referred themselves entirely to his opinion of the affair. Themistocles, taking him aside, told him that the design he had conceived was to burn the fleet belonging to the rest of the Grecian States, which then lay in a neighbouring port, when Athens would assuredly become mistress of all Greece. Aristides returned to the assembly, and declared to them that nothing could be more advantageous to the commonwealth than the project of Themistocles, but that at the same time nothing in the world could be more unfair. Without inquiring farther, the assembly unanimously declared that since such was the case, Themistocles should wholly abandon his project.

SORROW AND SUFFERING.

Psalm cxxvi. 5; Isa. xlix. 13; Matt. v. 4, xi. 28-30; 2 Cor. vii. 10; Heb. xii. 6; 1 Peter iv. 14-16.

1222. Good Fight.—When the brilliant, amiable, and accomplished young Italian Olympia Morata, whose learning and loveliness graced the splendid epoch of Leo X., had become the persecuted victim of Romish tyranny for honouring Christ above a polluted priesthood, then poverty, sickness, desolation, exile, tried their worst upon her constancy. After she who had been the delicate nursing of courts and letters had fled across the stony fields of Bavaria with literally bare and bleeding feet, the strength of the frail body failing, she bent under the roughness of her trial, and quietly lay down to die. To one of her noble

friends in Italy she wrote, "Let the Word of God be the rule of thy life, the lamp upon thy path, and thou wilt not stumble." As the purple flood of life ebbed in her thin white frame, she said, "I desire to die, because I know the secret of death. The cunning mechanism is near to its dissolution. I desire to die that I may be with Jesus Christ, and find in Him eternal life. Do not be disturbed at my death, for I shall conquer in the end; I desire to depart and be with Christ."

1223. Infant Faith.—A poor American woman, whose husband had been drafted into the Confede-

rate Army, was left in want with four little children dependent upon her. Among these was one child whose simple trust in a Heavenly Father's care seemed never to fail. All through the time the little voice was always ready with words of infantile comfort. As "the barrel of meal wasted," the mother's heart would fail, but the child noticed that the store was no sooner exhausted than, through the charity of kind friends, it was replenished again. One day he sat and thought over this until an idea seemed to flash through his mind, and he exclaimed, "Mother, I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel."

1224. Little Preacher.—Some time since a little girl, about seven or eight years of age, a Sunday scholar in Ireland, was burned to death. While in the agony of her sufferings, as she lay in the County Infirmary for fourteen days, she preached Christ and His power to save to all around, and especially exhorted her poor old mother (or rather her foster-mother, as the poor child was a foundling) to meet her in heaven. She said again and again, "I'll be watching for you," and so she died, rejoicing in hope while patient in tribulation.

1225. Lord Gave, Lord Taketh Away.—The celebrated teacher Rabbi Meir sat during the whole of one Sabbath day in the public school instructing the people. During his absence from the house his two sons died, both of them of uncommon beauty, and enlightened in the law. His wife bore them to her bedchamber, laid them upon the marriage bed, and spread a white covering over their bodies. In the evening the Rabbi Meir came home. "Where are my two sons," he asked, "that I may give them my blessing? I repeatedly looked round the school, and I did not see them there." She reached him a goblet. He praised the Lord at the going out of the Sabbath, drank, and again asked,

"Where are my sons, that they too may drink of the cup of blessing?" "They will not be far off," she said, and placed food before him that he might eat. He was in a gladsome and genial mood, and when he had said grace after the meal, his wife addressed him, "Rabbi, with thy permission I would fain propose to thee one question." "Ask it then, my love," he replied. "A few days ago a person entrusted some jewels to my custody, and now he demands them again; should I give them back again?" "This is a question," said Rabbi Meir, "which my wife should not have thought it necessary to ask. What! wouldst thou hesitate or be reluctant to restore to every one his own?" "No," she replied, "but yet I thought it best not to restore them without acquainting you therewith." She then led him to the chamber, and stepping to the bed, took the white covering from the dead bodies. "Ah, my sons, my sons!" thus loudly lamented the father; "my sons! the light of my eyes, and the light of my understanding! I was your father, but ye were my teachers in the law." The mother turned away and wept bitterly. At length she took her husband by the hand, and said, "Rabbi, didst thou not teach me that we must not be reluctant to restore that which was entrusted to our keeping? See, the Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord!" "Blessed be the name of the Lord!" echoed Rabbi Meir; "and blessed be His name for thy sake too, for well it is written, 'Whoso hath found a virtuous wife hath a greater treasure than costly pearls; she openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

1226. Lord's Chastening.— "Good night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning," said a blue-eyed child, as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs.

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eye filled, and a swift prayer went up; for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manners that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed. Other children had been theirs. A few months—just long enough to leave a perpetual fragrance in their home and in their hearts—and one by one God had taken them. Still the father did not turn; he did not see the love that prompted; he did not hear the secret voice of the great Shepherd as He took the lambs in His arms, saying, "Follow Me." The mother looked and halted, she wanted to follow, but her husband lagged behind, and her woman's heart clung to him. Then came a blue-eyed darling to the nest, folded her wings and sang a little prattling song, so full of love that the father listened as one entranced. "A lovely child!" he said, as bending over the crib he looked on the sweet upturned face. And when the birdling grew stronger, and he could take her in his arms without fear of hurting the tender limbs with his rough nursing, the father's love strengthened tenfold. Three years, and the winsome prattle of the babe crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. "Good night, papa," sounded from the stairs. "Good night, my darling;"

his lips quivered, and his brow grew pale. "Is not Jessie sick, mamma? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light." "Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?" "Jessie tired, mamma. Good night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning." "That is all; she is only tired," said the mother, as she took the small hand. Another kiss, and the father turned away, but his heart was not satisfied. Sweet lullabies were sung, but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed Babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the Child had grown to walk and learn. The blue wide open eyes filled with a strange light as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew. That night the father did not go out; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep, and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever. "Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing and she will be all right." Words easily said, but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door. Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good night, papa," and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand. "O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart. Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With the babe cradled in her arms, her heart was slow to take in the truth; doing her best to solace the father's heart. Calmly the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God, spare my child, and I will follow Thee!" With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't

say good night, papa—in the morning;” there was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold—the messenger had taken the child. Months have passed. Jessie’s crib stands by the side of her father’s couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots, with the print of the feet just as she last wore them, are as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother’s. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while the memory of the sweet words, sounding down from the upper stairs, “Good night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning,” have been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

1227. Luther’s Bereavement. — Luther, it is related, was called to part with his daughter Magdalen at the age of fourteen. She was a most endearing child, and united the firmness and perseverance of the father with the gentleness and delicacy of the mother. When she grew very ill, Luther said, “Dearly do I love her, but, O my God, if it be Thy will to take her hence, I resign her to Thee without a murmur.” He then approached the bed, saying to her, “My dear little daughter, my beloved Magdalen, you would willingly remain with your earthly father, but if God calls you, you will also willingly go to your Heavenly Father.” She replied, “Yes, dear father, it is as God pleases.” “Dear little girl,” he exclaimed, “oh, how I love her! The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.” He then took the Bible, and read to her the following passage:—“Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust, for the earth shall cast out the dead.” He then said, “My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace.” She turned her dying eyes toward him, and said, with touching simplicity, “Yes, father.” The night preceding her death, Catherine, worn out with watching, reclined her head on the sick bed and slept. When she awoke she appeared much agitated, and as soon as Philip Melancthon arrived, she hastened to him and told him her dream. “I saw two young men, who seemed to be clad in robes of light, enter the room. I pointed to Magdalen, who lay quietly sleeping, and made a sign to them not to disturb her, but they said they came to conduct her to the bridal ceremony.” Melancthon was much moved, and afterwards said to his wife, “These were holy angels that Catherine saw in her dream, and they will conduct the virgin to her bridal above. When her last moments were near, she raised her eyes tenderly to her parents, and begged them not to weep for her. “I go,” said she, “to my Father in heaven,” and a sweet smile irradiated her dying countenance. Luther threw himself upon his knees, weeping bitterly, and fervently prayed God to spare her to them. In a few moments she expired in the arms of her father. Catherine, unequal to repressing the agony of her sorrow, was at a little distance, perhaps unable to witness the last long-drawn breath. When the scene was closed, Luther repeated fervently, “The will of God be done! Yes, she has gone to her Father in heaven.” Philip Melancthon, who with his wife was present, said, “Parental love is an image of the Divine love, impressed on the hearts of men; God does not love the beings He has created less than parents love their children.” When they were about putting the child into the coffin, the father said, “Dear little Magdalen, I see thee now lifeless, but thou wilt shine in the heavens as a star. I am joyous in spirit, but in the flesh most sorrowful. It is wonderful to realise that she is happy, better taken care of, and yet to be so sad.” Then turning to her mother, who was bitterly weeping, he said, “Dear Catherine, remember where she has gone:

ah! she has made a blessed exchange. The heart bleeds, without doubt; it is natural that it should; but the spirit, the immortal spirit, rejoices. Happy are those who die young. Children do not doubt, they believe; with them all is trust; they fall asleep." When the funeral took place, and the people were assembled to convey the body to its last home, some friends said they sympathised for him in his affliction. "Be not sorrowful for me," he replied; "I have sent a saint to heaven. Oh, may we all die such a death! Gladly would I accept it now."

1228. **Missionary Trials.**—The following is extracted from the letter of a famous missionary: "Well, we set out, I in my own new boat, a present from the Rev. W. Slatyer's Sabbath-schools, Redfern, Sydney. I gave my crew strict orders to follow and keep close by the Tafua boat, as they were best acquainted with the coast. It was a quiet night, smooth sea, no wind astir. I felt very tired, lay down, and was fast asleep in a few minutes. I awoke in the sea, drowning fast. I struggled amongst the breakers with all my strength, and managed to swim to my boat, which was a good way off. The crew were in search of me, and did not discover me, nor hear my cries amidst the dark and confusion. The boat was upset; we all held on by the keel. We had got amongst the 'aumas,' or sunken rocks, off Puleia, within half a stone-cast of the iron coast. Unfortunately I had been using my life-preserver for a pillow, instead of sleeping with it on. I was lamenting its loss, when the teacher sighted it, and went after it. I got it fastened on me, and found much support from it while floating in the water. We clung to the boat as drowning men only can. The tremendous breakers kept sweeping over us every minute; now and then so violent was the force of the breakers, that we were all severed from the boat; once I

lost my hold, and was sent underneath the boat and came up on the other side. I reached the boat again, but felt very exhausted. The brief moments between the breakers were spent in crying to God and hailing the other boat. Several times we were standing on the 'aumas;' then the breakers would precipitate us with awful fury into the deep again, and the boat get dashed against another 'auma.' Every moment we expected the boat to be dashed to pieces; the paddle and steer-oar were lost. The boat broken to pieces, then all hope was gone! But we were fast nearing the iron coast, which, like Sinbad's 'mountain of loadstone,' would soon have decided our fate. It was fearful in the extreme. No 'thoughts that breathe or words that burn' can depict the awful reality of our danger. For forty-five minutes no sight nor sound could be caught of the Tafua boat. Was it ahead of or behind us, I asked. No one knew. 'Oh, why did you not obey me, and keep close together!' I exclaimed, in the greatest agony. 'Through your negligence, your and my life are lost.' Oh, those cries to Heaven for mercy which burst from our lips as each time we ascended from the watery grave in which the breaker had entombed us! Oh, those agonising cries of some of the crew to me! 'O Misi! O Misi! pray for me, pray for me!' Oh, those eager death-starings from every eye, piercing the deep darkness, coupled with 'Come, come, come,' from every voice! Oh, that cry—'Faafetai lava i le atua na san le vaa!'—(Thanks be to God, the boat is come!)—what strength it poured into our exhausted frames! Our minds were now relieved; our great fear was that the Tafua boat had gone on before, and would not hear us. In that case, we knew that there was no hope for us. The sharks are very plentiful,—another source of danger. I was got safe on board the Tafua boat, and then the Tafua crew helped my crew to

save my new boat. They got it towed off out alongside of the Tafua boat, then righted it, and baled the water out, and we went back as quickly as possible to Satupaitea. I had lost hat, shoes, and rug, and felt very ill. We got back in safety to Satupaitea, where we received the greatest possible kindness and attention."

1229. "Only the Chiselling."—A Christian mother lay dying. Beside her a loving daughter stood, smoothing from the death-damp brow the matted hair. Prolonged suffering had made deep lines on the once beautiful face, but still there rested on those features a calm, peaceful expression which nothing but a hope in Jesus could give. Tears fell upon the pallid face from eyes that were closely watching the "changing of the countenance." Conscious of the agony that caused them to fall, the mother, looking heavenward, whispered, "Patience, darling, it is only the chiselling."

1230. Romanist Persecution.—The Rev. Dr. Dill, of Ireland, relates the following fact, which sets forth in a strong light the bitter persecutions to which converts from Romanism in Ireland are exposed by the fury and insolence of the priests: "A girl of about twenty years of age had renounced Romanism; and being steadfast, she was, by order of the priest, turned out of her father's house. A Protestant neighbour took her in. The priest, being disconcerted by her good fortune, advised her parents to take her into their house again, and try by every kind and conciliatory means to win her back to the church. But she was still steadfast; and at length the priest required her parents to send her to America to her brother, whom he knew to be exceedingly bigoted, and exceedingly fierce and violent in his temper and conduct. He had been the terror of the neighbourhood in Ireland. The priest said he would cure her of her

Protestantism. Accordingly, with a heart almost broken, she was dismissed, unattended and friendless, to go on shipboard to sail for a distant and strange land. When she arrived, she went directly to her brother, resolved, ere receiving his protection, she would disclose her conversion and declare her adherence. As soon as the first warm salutations were over, with a palpitating heart, she addressed herself to the task of telling her brother that she was a Protestant, expecting to be instantly turned out of doors. Her words were brief; for the brother suddenly lifted his hands, and covered his face for a moment, while she stood trembling in expectation of the terrible blow; when suddenly he fell upon her neck, and said, 'Mary, it is but three weeks since I too have renounced Roman Catholicism, and have found peace in coming directly to Jesus Christ our Lord and only Saviour.'"

1231. Strength in Weakness.—"The other day," says Dr. McLeod, "I was requested by a brother minister, who was unwell, to go and visit a dying child. He told me some remarkable things of this boy, eleven years of age, who during three years' sickness had manifested the most patient submission to the will of God, with a singular enlightenment of the Spirit. I went to visit him. The child had suffered excruciating pain; for years he had not known one day's rest. I gazed with wonder at the boy. After drawing near to him, and speaking some word of sympathy, he looked at me with his blue eyes—he could not move, it was the night before he died—and breathed into my ear these few words, 'I am strong in Him.' The words were few, and uttered feebly; they were the words of a feeble child, in a poor home, where the only ornament was that of a meek and quiet and affectionate mother, but these words seemed to lift the burden from the very heart;

they seemed to make the world more beautiful than ever it was before; they brought home to my heart a great and blessed truth. May all of us be 'strong in Him.'"

1232. Support in Trial.—The dreadful accident at Brierly Coal-mine, where a party of miners were buried for four days and five nights, affords strong illustration of the sustaining power of faith and prayer. One of the number, an old man, lost his reason and perished, but the others tried to comfort and preserve him. After their supper on the Tuesday night they had nothing to eat, and about mid-day on Wednesday their last candle went out. They were in darkness, but, as one of them afterwards said, with true emotion, "the light was not gone out in heaven." They held many prayer-meetings, and found the consolations of religion an unfailing source of hope and comfort.

1233. Witnessing for Christ.—An English officer, Colonel Wheeler, used to preach in the bazaar of the great city of Delhi. A Mohammedan, Wilayat Ali, was persuaded to give up the false prophet, and to believe in the true Saviour. He was baptized, and, in spite of the sufferings he had to endure in consequence, became a preacher in the bazaars. At last he came to live at Delhi, where he often preached, and thousands flocked to hear him. A great Prince, Mirza Hajee, used to creep like Nicodemus, in the dark evenings, to Wilayat's house, to hear in secret about Jesus. One Monday morning a friend rushed into the house, crying, "The sepoys! the sepoys! They are murdering the Christians!" Wilayat called Fatima his wife and his seven children around him, and prayed: "O Lord, we have fallen into the fiery trial! Oh, help us to confess our dear Lord, that if we die we may obtain a crown of glory!" He then kissed his wife and children, and said, "Whatever comes, don't

deny Christ. If you confess Him, you will have a crown of glory." His wife crying bitterly, he said all he could to comfort her. "Oh, remember, my dear wife, if you die you will go to Jesus, and if you live Jesus will be with you. If any of the missionaries are alive, they will take care of you after my death; but if the missionaries should all die, Christ lives for ever. Even if the children are killed before your eyes, do not deny Christ." While Wilayat was yet speaking, a number of sepoys on horseback rode up to his house, and, knowing him to be a Christian, said, "Repeat the Mohammedan creed, or we will shoot you." But he would not deny his Lord. "Tell us what you are," said one. "I am a Christian, and a Christian I will live and die." They dragged him along the ground, beating him about the head and face with their shoes. Not being soldiers, they had no swords. "Now preach Christ to us," some cried out in mocking tones. Others said, "Turn to Mohammed, and we will let you go." "No, I never, never will!" the faithful martyr cried; "my Saviour took up His cross and went to God, and I will lay down my life and go to Him." The scorching rays of the sun were beating on the poor sufferer's head. With a laugh one of the wretches exclaimed, "I suppose you would like some water." "I do not want water," replied the martyr. "When my Saviour was dying, He had nothing but vinegar mingled with gall. But do not keep me in this pain. If you mean to kill me, do so at once." Another sepoy coming up lifted his sword; the martyr called aloud, "Jesus, receive my spirit!" and with one stroke his head was nearly cut off. Fatima, standing under a tree, beheld the stroke; she shrieked with agony, and ran back to her house. But she found it on fire and surrounded by people who were plundering it. Then she fled to Prince Mirza Hajee's

house, where she discovered her fatherless children. At the end of three days, Mirza Hajee came to Fatima, and said, "I dare not keep you any longer: but if you will become a Mohammedan, you will be safe, and I will give you a house, and three pounds a month for your support." But Fatima would not give up her Saviour. No one attempted to kill her, for very few knew she was a Christian. After ten days she escaped with her children out of the town of Delhi, and went to a village forty miles off. After three months, hearing that the English had taken

Delhi, she returned there. But soon her little baby died. Fatima wept much. She knew, however, that though men had refused to touch its body, her Saviour had not refused to receive its soul. She now began to inquire about the missionaries, but found they had all been killed. But remembering the missionaries at Agra, her native town, she sent to one of them. What was her joy when an answer arrived, inviting her to go to Agra. She cried for joy, thanked God, and went to her native city with all her surviving children.

SOUL.

Eccles. iii. 21; Matthew x. 23, xvi. 16; 1 Cor. xv. 53, 54; Col. iii. 4.

1234. Auction for the Soul.—

The celebrated Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air in that then suburban portion of London denominated Moorfields. An immense assemblage was present. His text was taken from the Song of Solomon i. 5, "I am black, but comely." The text he regarded as having application to the Church, which, in the estimation of the world, was black—"black as the tents of Kedar"—but, in the estimation of her glorified Head, comely, comely "as the curtains of Solomon." While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened, in the providence of God, that Lady Anne Erskine, in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society, passed that way. Seeing the immense multitude, she asked one of her attendants the cause of this assemblage. She was informed that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Anne replied she had often wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify that cherished desire, and requested her charioteer to place her carriage as near to the preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear

every word that he uttered. Accordingly, in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary pulpit from which the speaker addressed the listening throng, that being the only unoccupied position within reach of his voice. The splendour of the equipage and the illustrious personage that occupied it turned the attention of many of the people away from the sermon. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected the diversion, and his inventive mind at once suggested a hazardous but an effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice beyond its usual pitch, he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am now going to hold an auction or vendue, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale; but the lady is the principal and the only object, indeed, that I wish to dispose of at present, and there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the World. Well, and what will you give for her? 'I will give riches, honour, pleasure.' That will not do. She is worth more than that; for she

will live when the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower. You cannot have her. The next bidder is the Devil. Well, and what will you give for her? 'I will give all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them.' That will not do; for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams. You cannot have her. But list, I hear the voice of another bidder, and who is that? Why, the Lord Jesus Christ! Well, what will You give for her? 'I will give grace here and glory hereafter; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' Well, well," said the preacher, "blessed Jesus, it is just as I expected; just the noble generosity which Thou art wont to display. I will place her at Your disposal. She is 'black, but comely,' and You shall be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth authenticate this transaction." And then, turning to Lady Anne, who had listened to this bold and adventurous digression with the commingled emotions of wonder and alarm, the speaker, with inimitable address, exclaimed, "Madam! madam! do you object to this bargain? Remember you are Jesus Christ's property from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth have attested the solemn and irreversible contract! Remember, you are the property of the Son of God. He died for your rescue and your purchase. Can you, will you, dare you object?" The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the Divine Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she was shortly afterwards submissively led to the cross of Messiah. She became subsequently identified with Lady Huntingdon in her deeds of noble charity, and, having served her day and generation, she, like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

1235. Dr. Guthrie's Bells.—"When Lady L. was staying in Edinburgh," a contemporary writer tells us, "she noticed a very lofty attic in the High Street, near Dr. Guthrie's church. The thought struck her mind that there might be some poor lonely creature living in one of those upper storeys whom no one visited; so, lifting up her heart to God for His guidance and blessing, she began her investigation. After ascending the almost innumerable stairs of the house, she reached the top storey, where the poorest people lived. Knocking at one of the doors, she was answered by an old woman, who, opening it very cautiously, asked what the stranger wanted. 'I want to see you,' said Lady L. 'No one ever comes here or wants to see me,' replied the old woman, in no inviting tone. 'Well,' rejoined the kind stranger, 'that is just the reason why I wish to see you.' Then the cautious old woman opened the door and let the lady into her little room, which only contained enough furniture for the bare necessities of its aged inmate. The only seats were a rocking-chair and a stool, and Lady L., taking the stool, made the old woman seat herself over the fire in her rocking-chair. After a few kind words, which opened the poor woman's heart, Lady L. said, 'I am not going to ask you, my friend, if you know the Lord, but I should like to hear if you can tell me anything to show me that the Lord knows you, and has found you out in your little lonely room.' The old woman's face brightened up at once. 'Yes, I can,' she replied; 'and I will tell you all about it, though I have never told any one before. If He had not known and sought me, I should never have known Him, for I lived like a heathen in this room. I have had many troubles, and lost my all; and not having a friend or any one to love, I shut myself up in my own misery, and did not want to know any neighbours. Week-days

and Sundays were all alike and dark to me. I never went anywhere. I lived just as if I had no soul. And thus I should have lived and died, had not the Lord had mercy upon me. 'And how did He awaken you from your state of spiritual death?' 'By Dr. Guthrie's bells,' replied the old woman. 'When they rang on Sundays, I used to wish they would leave off—they troubled me. They seemed calling to me, till at last I could not bear it any longer; so one day I put on my shawl and went into the church, just to get peace, as it were, from the bells.' 'Well, and how did you like what you heard?' 'Not at all. I came home very angry with Dr. Guthrie, for, as I stood in the crowded aisle, he preached all his sermon about me, and I determined never to go and hear him again. But when the next Sunday came, the bells tormented me more than ever. I was forced to go; and again I came home feeling what a great sinner I was; and thus I continued from week to week, and then I had a dream, which cut down all my hopes. I seemed to be in a square place, where a number of flowers in pots were standing, and in the middle of them I saw Dr. Guthrie with a watering-pot. He went round and watered every plant until he came to one, which I thought meant me; and then he stood still, and said, in a solemn voice, "It is no good watering this, for it has no roots," and he passed me by. And when I awoke, I felt what a dreadful state I was in.' And thus the arrow of conviction entered this poor sinner's heart, till He who had wounded her in love was pleased to heal her wound with the atoning blood of Jesus Christ."

1236. Immortality of the Soul.—An eminent divine was once trying to teach a number of children that the soul would live after they were dead. They listened, but ~~obviously~~ did not understand: he

was too abstract. Snatching his watch from his pocket, he said, "James, what is this I hold in my hand?" "A watch, sir." "A little clock," says another. "Do you all see it?" "Yes, sir." "How do you know it is a watch?" "It ticks, sir." "Very well. Can any of you hear it tick? All listen now." After a pause. "Yes, sir, we hear it." He then took off the case, and held the case in one hand, and the watch in the other. "Now, children, which is the watch? You see there are two which look like watches." "The littlest one, in your right hand, sir." "Very well. But how do you know that this is the watch?" "Because it ticks." "Very well again. Now I will lay the case aside—put it away, there—down, down in my hat. Now let us see if you can hear the watch tick." "Yes, sir, we hear it," exclaimed several voices. "Well, the watch can tick, and go, and keep time, you see, when the case is taken off and put away in my hat. So is it with you, children; your body is nothing but the case, the soul is inside. The case—the body—may be taken off and buried in the ground, and the soul will live and think, just as well as this watch will go, as you see, when the case is off." This made it plain, and even the youngest went home and told his mother that his "little 'thought' would tick after he was dead."

1237. Materialist's Loss.—"A French materialist," says Mr. Baring Gould, "relates the following incident. He visited an almshouse for old women, in which was an aged relative whom he had not seen for many years. He found her bowed down with pain and the weight of age, and nearly stone deaf. As he walked with her in the little court, he perplexed his mind with the question how he should console her. He could not promise her youth and health, nor a prospect of recovered hearing; and the old woman's tears flowed

as the sight of her relative recalled to her memory years of activity and happiness for ever passed away. At that moment the chaplain traversed the quadrangle, and seeing the troubled expression in her face, he caught her eye and pointed upwards. Instantly the clouds broke and fled, and a smile shone out on the withered countenance and dispersed her fears. She was comforted. The sign of the priest had told her that there was a hope to cheer her such as the materialist could not promise. 'That man was young, his face beamed with goodness, and why should I dissimulate my feelings? His action touched me. He wished to console a suffering spirit, and he succeeded; and he could not have failed to be understood, for the old nurse had ever been a zealous Christian. Afterwards, the remembrance of this little scene has often returned to my mind, and I have asked myself repeatedly how one might replace so efficacious a means of consolation, so simple in itself, in a society in which the light of faith shall be completely extinguished.'"

1238. Shipwrecked Soul.—"Did you ever hear the cry 'A man overboard'?" asks an American writer. "In the silence and darkness of midnight, it is a sound to thrill one's nerves, and echo in the memory for a life-time. I was once upon a steamer when this terrible cry rang through the vessel, waking nearly every sleeper, and starting men and women out of their berths as from a horrible dream. There were the hoarse shouts of command, the sudden cessation of the huge engine's beating and throbbing, the rattling of chains as hurrying hands lowered the boat, the plash of oars for a few seconds, and then all was still. How still! No one ventured even a whisper, as every ear was strained to catch some returning note of hope from the boat swallowed up in the darkness. A half-

hour passed, and then one and another began to say sadly, 'It is too late!' Yes, it was too late, and presently the voices of the men were heard as they slowly neared the vessel, and then filed reluctantly over its side, answering in low, desponding tones to our anxious inquiries, that they could find no trace of the lost captain, for search during their absence had revealed that an officer of the army was the missing man. With intellect partly disordered from suffering of body, it was believed he had sought relief and rest in the unanswering sea. There was one of the deck hands, a fair-haired, blue-eyed young man, who had helped to lower the boat and had stood leaning against one of the guards till its return, who seemed to feel as if the general sadness at this mournful event was a thing rather to be contemned, and who, in speaking of his companions' ineffectual search, used very flippant and profane language. 'What's the use of whining?' said he with an oath. 'He'll find good society and shipwrecked men enough down there, in the seaweed, I'll warrant.' 'My son,' said an old man who stood by, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, 'a drowned body may seem a slight thing to you, but how about a shipwrecked soul?' The young man started, and his cheek flushed, as the awful solemnity of the question realised itself to him. His offensive indifference was evidently the result rather of thoughtlessness and subjection to bad influences than of a hardened conscience. The group standing near delicately withdrew, and left the two by themselves. It was 'a word in season.' For the remainder of the voyage no oaths were heard from that young man's lips, and there was a subdued manner about him, so noticeable that we could not but be hopeful that he was learning to know the only 'way' by which the voyager to eternity may escape that awful shipwreck of a soul."

1239. **What is the Soul?**—A city missionary one Sunday entered a beer-shop with a few little books in his pocket, and taking out one, which was a dialogue, offered to read it in parts with a man who stood near. "Oh, yer one of the soul-mongers!" said one of his companions. "Always at it! talkin' of what yer don't understand. I'd like to know what is a soul? Come, old fellow, can yer tell us that?" Attention was aroused, and the answer to "Bill's" question was waited for with some curiosity. "My friend," said the missionary, "a man generally asks a question for one of three reasons: either he cares to get an answer, or he asks from curiosity, or he wants to puzzle the questioner." A knowing wink from Bill to his mates showed that the last suggestion had hit the mark. "Yes, I see," said the missionary, "you want to puzzle me, to show me up; now, you know, two can play at that game, and before I answer you, will you be so good as to tell me what are the component parts of oxygenated muriatic acid of lime?" Silence for a moment, then a nudge and a chuckle on the part of a mate. "Eh, Bill, he's got yer there!" "You can't tell me? Well, at least repeat my question—what was it I asked you?" Bill hardly liked to give in, and turned his head from side to side in a vain effort to recall the words. "Can't you say?" inquired the missionary. "I'm a-thinkin'." "Thinking, are you? What with? Your finger-ends—the hair on your head? What is it in you that thinks?" "Caught you, Bill! the old fellow's caught you, he has!" chimed in another neighbour. "I have answered you, my friend; what thinks, is your soul." He then took occasion to speak of its immortality and its redemption to his listeners, who were now all eager in their attention.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Psalm cxxvi. 5; Prov. xxii. 8; John iv. 37; 1 Cor. iii. 6-9; Gal. vi. 7-9.

1240. **After Many Years.**—The Rev. George Marsden stated at a Sunday-school meeting that as a gentleman, who by the providence of God had become reduced in his circumstances, was walking along the street, he was met by an old soldier, who immediately recognised him, and mentioned the pleasure he felt in having been one of his Sabbath scholars. The soldier had heard of the circumstances which had reduced his former teacher to distress, and thus addressed him: "You were my teacher; I have a pension from Government; I can work a little, and will willingly give my pension for your relief."

1241. **Awful Relapse.**—The story of the Rev. M. Colton is an impressive instance of one who began to return, but paused, and fell into deeper abysses of iniquity. "More than fifty years ago," says a biographer, "there was a clergyman at Tiverton, popular and clever, but by far too fond of field sports. One day, however, a friend suddenly expired while uttering most impious language. The awe-struck minister abjured dogs and guns, and begging his people's prayers, vowed to live henceforward for his sacred calling. For months his preaching was earnest and impressive, but at the end of that time he resumed the sporting life with fresh devotion. He had acquired a love for gaming. A presentation to another living brought him to London, and while numbers were reading with delight his 'Many Things in Few Words,' poor Colton himself was sitting far into the night among swindlers and gamblers, and then slinking home to a suburban hovel. The upshot was that he was forced to abscond, and after leading a vagabond life,

the clergyman and author perished by his own hand at Fontainebleau."

1242. Bird's Example.—"On the top of a tree," says Dr. Todd, "for years an old eagle, commonly called the 'Fishing Eagle,' had built her nest every year, and, unmolested, raised her young. What is remarkable, this tree stood full ten miles from the sea-shore. It had long been known as the 'Old Eagle Tree.' On a warm sunny day the workmen were hoeing corn in an adjoining field. At a certain hour of the day the old eagle was known to set off for the sea-side, to gather food for her young. As she this day returned with a huge fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting and throwing stones, so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph. The men soon dispersed, but a boy named Joseph sat down under a bush near by to watch and to bestow unavailing pity. The bird soon returned to her nest without food. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food so shrill, so clear, and so clamorous, that the boy was greatly moved. The parent-bird seemed to try to soothe them, but their appetites were too keen, and it was all in vain. She then perched herself on a limb near them, and looked down into the nest with a look that seemed to say, 'I know not what to do next.' Her indecision was but momentary; again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes, as if telling them to 'lie still,' balanced her body, spread her wings, and was away again for the sea. Joseph now determined to see the result. His eye followed her till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared. What boy has not watched the flight of the bird of his country in this way? She was gone nearly two hours—about double her usual time for a voyage—when she again returned on a slow, weary wing, flying un-

commonly low, in order to have a heavier atmosphere to sustain her, with another fish in her talons. On nearing the field, she made a circuit around it, to see if her enemies were again there. Finding the coast clear, she once more reached her tree, drooping, faint, and weary, and evidently nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their cry, which was soon hushed by the distribution of a dinner such as—save the cooking—a king might admire. 'Glorious bird!' cried the boy in ecstasy and aloud; 'what a spirit! I will learn of thee, noble bird! I will remember this. I will set my mark high. I will try to do something and to be something in the world, and I will never yield to discouragements.' A year or two after this a young man was passing through New Jersey on his way to the nearest College in his native New England, and with his wardrobe under one arm, and the books with which he fitted for College under the other. Who that has ever entered College, conscious that he was but indifferently fitted to enter and to compete with those who had every advantage, can forget the fears and doubts which drove away his peace for weeks previous? How anxious to have friends examine him, that they may add to his confidence! But to go alone, destitute, with not a friend to sympathise, or cheer, or aid—this is a trial through which a kind Providence calls but a few to pass. More than once in the course of the journey did Joseph hear people ask if he wanted 'to hire himself out;' or, in more polite words perhaps, ask if he 'was seeking employment.' But onward he went, resolved that he would fit himself to honour God, and to be useful among men, trusting that the approving eye of the great Redeemer was upon him for good. With money barely sufficient to reach College, it would have been a mystery to all, had they known his circumstances, how

he could thus hope against hope. But enter College he did. I have since seen this man occupying a commanding place in the Church of God, commanding in influence, respectability, and usefulness; I have heard him speak in manly tones, and with surprising power, before the great congregation; and I have seen his writings published in other countries and in other languages. I have seen many most enviable characters, but few to be compared to this man for traits noble, manly, Christian. I never see him without admiring the native energy of his character, the wonderful providences by which he was led, and the fields of usefulness to which he has been conducted."

1243. Christ Rejected.—As I was reposing in my tent in California, at about twelve o'clock at night (says a Christian worker), a man came to the door of an adjoining tent and called out—"Are there any Christians here, gentlemen?" One man sprang from his bed. "I love my Saviour," said he. "Come with me, then," said the stranger. "There's a man dying out here, just beyond the walls of Captain —'s fort; and he says he wants to talk with a Christian." They ran out together, although the rain was pouring down in torrents, until they came to where the dying man lay. He was stretched on a couch, I was going to say, but I hardly know what to call it, for it was made up of broken branches. On these he lay, while a few coverings were thrown over him. He was dying. Let us hear his testimony. He said to my Christian friends who gathered around him—"I have now reached a point at which the whole scene of my life seems to lie visibly before me. Every action that I have committed, every sin, every crime that I have perpetrated before God, seems to stare me right in the face. I can see my way clear back to my youth, and, as I look, the scenes of

iniquity and guilt in which I have been engaged pass one another before me in terrible review." They sang with him, and prayed with him, and endeavoured to console him and point him to Jesus; but, said he, "It's all over now; all over! I have rejected Christ, and there is no salvation for me." He ceased speaking. They sang and prayed with him again, and whilst thus engaged he closed his eyes in death. His immortal spirit passed into the presence of the God whom he acknowledged to have sinned against and rejected all his life.

1244. Conquering through Christ.

—A speaker at a prayer-meeting in the United States said as follows: "A few days ago I was in a church in another city, and my attention was attracted by a large marble tablet at the farther end of the church from where I was sitting. It was so far from me that I could not read it, but casting my eye downward towards the bottom of the inscription, I made out one word, 'Triumphant.' As I looked at that tablet on the wall I thought, 'Well, that is all I want to know about that man.' I knew not whether he had been pastor of the church, or one of the elders, or deacons, or trustees, or who he was; I knew not whether he was a rich or a poor man; but this one thing I had reason to believe—that he died 'triumphant' in Christ, and that was enough."

1245. Contrasts.—Buffon, the great naturalist, ridiculed the idea of man's immortality. His wisdom and learning did not relieve the dark and gloomy obscurity which surrounded his mind in reference to his future existence. His highest hope was that his books would perpetuate his memory among men. He said, "Religion would be valuable if the immortality of the soul were true." He was skilled in understanding the wonders and wisdom of God's creation; he admired the intellectual powers of

man; but atheism chilled his existence, and rendered his name a monument of unbelief. Gibbon, the great historian, spurned the truths of the Christian religion, and contemptuously ridiculed the Word of God. He sought occasion to jest with the truths of the Bible, and traduce the character and teachings of Jesus Christ. His malignancy and hatred to the religion of the Scriptures were introduced into all he wrote and all he said; his life was soured and cheerless by his living hatred of the pure principles of the Gospel. His biographers say, "He left the world in gloomy despondency, without the hopes and consolations which cheer the Christian in the prospect of immortality." David Hume, celebrated for his learning and ability, was no less so for his hatred to God's revealed will and salvation through Jesus Christ. His life was spent in traducing the entire Word of God, and inventing a system of philosophy which would crush every hope and prospect beyond the grave. In his last moments he endeavoured to be gay and cheerful in jokes and witticisms with those around him. But the intervals were filled up with melancholy sadness and despair. He wrote, "I am affrighted and confounded with the forlorn solitude in which I am placed by my philosophy. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. Where am I, and what? I begin to fancy myself in the most deplorable condition imaginable, environed in the deepest darkness." Diderot, a philosopher and writer against the Christian religion, spent much of his life in being deceived and in deceiving others. He said, "I am an atheist, and glory in it." He was bold, proud, and defiant in respect to religion while in health; but when attacked by disease, and death stood before him, his philosophy and arrogance could not stand the test. When God called for him, he was afraid to enter the coming eternity. Remorse for his past life of blasphemy preyed upon him, and he would fain have found consolation in the religion of Jesus. The above is but the history of all infidel men. Voltaire, Mirabeau, Condorcet, and many others, are sad evidences that without the blessed hope, found alone in the Christian religion, there is no peace or comfort to the soul, no glorious hope of a blissful immortality. John Eliot, the missionary to the Indians, dying in his eighty-sixth year, exclaimed, "Welcome joy!" David Brainerd said, "My work is done. Oh to be in heaven, to praise and glorify God with His holy angels!" Augustus Toplady said, "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. No mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to me." Dr. Payson said, "The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its sounds strike upon my ear." John Wesley said, "Eighty-seven years have I sojourned on this earth, endeavouring to do good. I am a wonder to myself. Is any thing too hard for God? However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labours;" and thus he continued to live, and labour, and rejoice, until

"The weary springs of life stood still."

Archibald Alexander said, "The Lord has very graciously and tenderly led me all the days of my life, and He is with me still. In Him I enjoy perfect peace." Martin Luther said upon his dying-bed, "O my Heavenly Father, eternal and merciful God, Thou hast revealed to me Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; I have preached Him, I have confessed Him, I love Him, and I worship Him as my dearest Saviour and Redeemer. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; God of truth, God of truth, Thou hast redeemed me." Philip

Doddridge, among the last evidences he gave of his love to the Christian religion, said, "I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence: there is a hope set before me; I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In Him I trust, in Him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this Beloved of my soul. The spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, Abba, Father. I have not a doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death and all my present exercises are directed in mercy by my adored Heavenly Father." St. Paul says, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Thus has it been with thousands of others who have given evidence of the sufficiency and sustaining power of the Christian religion in the trying hour of death.

1246. Entrance of the Word.—

A writer in a religious journal says: "When I was at Calcutta in 1844, it happened that a Christian gentleman of high rank and a great Oriental scholar had engaged the Rabbi of the Synagogue to translate the New Testament into Hindu. Much intercourse necessarily followed. Months rolled on in this way until the seed of the Word had taken root in a heart prepared to receive it. Silently did the Holy Spirit bring home saving truth to the mind of this Jewish priest, as from day to day he continued to search the Scriptures. Gradually light broke in upon an awakened soul, which was now fully prepared to appreciate the perfection and beauty of Gospel law, until the Sun of Righteousness arose in full splendour, chasing away mists and darkness, con-

straining him to declare to several of his brethren that he had found the Messiah."

1247. Faithful unto Death.—

The daughter of a distinguished officer of the Emperor of Morocco is said to have had a pious Christian female slave. Her deep piety made such an impression on her heart that she requested her to instruct her in the Christian religion. She soon found joy and peace in believing in Christ, which she openly confessed, though aware of what a cruel death awaited every apostate from Islamism. Her father and relatives laboured in vain to undermine her faith. Neither good words nor bad, nor the representations of the terrible sufferings she would have to endure, could diminish her love to Christ, with whom all these trials tendered to unite her still closer. The Emperor, hearing of these facts, sent for her and asked her whether she was a Christian. She answered in the affirmative, adding that by the help of God she intended to remain a Christian all her life-time. Struck by this decided answer, the Sultan tried to frighten her by threatening her with death. "I do not dread death," she replied, "and will most cheerfully suffer it for my Lord Jesus' sake. The whole world could not devise a torture so dreadful as to be able to separate me from Him." Thereupon she was delivered over to the judge, who pronounced her worthy of death. The Sultan now made her great promises if she would recant, offering her as a husband the highest man in the realm next to himself. But in vain; she replied with firm assurance, "The whole world is much too poor to make me sell Christ, my only comfort and joy. I greatly prefer a happy death to an unhappy marriage. I am but too well aware that the Mohammedan faith is all false, and with my whole heart am I willing to lose my life out of love to Him." Sentence of death was then pronounced

upon her, and immediately carried out. Calmly she submitted her head to the axe of the executioner.

1248. Foreign Bethels.—A gentleman narrated the ensuing facts at a missionary meeting some years ago: "There are many of your own countrymen, there are many Indo-Britons, who attend upon the ministrations of your missionaries with the most blessed results. There is one of these classes to which I may particularly allude, a class hitherto little cared for, but upon which all eyes are now fixed; I mean our soldiers. In the little forts scattered throughout the Island of Ceylon, wherever there is a detachment of soldiers, on a Sabbath afternoon a fair sprinkling of red-coats may be seen wending their way down the narrow streets to the little chapel at the bottom, to hear what the old man in the plain black coat may have to say to them; and he speaks well to them, as I can testify, nor are his efforts unblessed. I saw one instance of their good effects soon after I reached the colony, and I am sure it was not a singular one. When I left the Cape of Good Hope for the Island of Ceylon, understanding that there was a scarcity of horses in the island, I took with me a number more than my own groom could overlook. It chanced, however, that there was a passenger in the vessel, a soldier, who by some accident had been left behind his regiment at the Cape, and who was on his way to rejoin it in Ceylon. He volunteered his services; they were accepted; and so we became acquainted. After I had been in the island some two or three months, I heard this man was sick in the hospital and was not likely to live, and I went down to see him. I saw that the man was sinking, and after a little preliminary conversation, I said, calling him by his name, "I hope you will endeavour to look to Jesus now." He turned his face upwards, and a

faint smile playing on his wasted countenance, he replied, "I have found Him, sir." "How and when was that?" said I. "Why, down in the little chapel at the corner of Hospital-street, where I have seen you, sir, many times, though perhaps you did not notice me among the rest of the soldiers." His end was peace; in a few days he departed. Now, my friends, this is not a solitary instance of the kind. There are hundreds and thousands who have to bless the day they went to your little chapels."

1249. Good Man's Prayers.—Wilberforce's biographer relates that when the former was only about twelve years old, he was introduced by his uncle to the good John Newton. Fifteen years after, when his life had been dedicated to the Master, he sought again the society of this excellent minister. What was his surprise to learn that from that early introduction Mr. Newton had never ceased to pray for him in private! No doubt there was something remarkably winning and impressive about the boy, which led him to feel that in his high station he might be of eminent service to the Church of Christ. How was the good man's heart gladdened to see this blessed answer to his prayer of fifteen years!

1250. Hardened in Vice.—A writer in a religious magazine states: "A young man who was some years ago summarily executed on board ship for his murderous plan against the officers, had been once a child in a Sabbath-school. His teacher died, but whilst others were lamenting his death, he exclaimed, 'I am glad of it!' There was a rebellion in his heart against wholesome instruction, against the solemnity of the Sabbath and of religion. That heart at length revealed itself in the most deadly plans of piracy, and beat its last as a young but mature victim of its sin."

1251. Harvest from One Seed.—A gentleman once tried the experiment of raising a harvest from a single seed. He put a kernel of corn into the ground; it sprang up and yielded two full ears. The next year he planted the corn of those two ears, and had, as the result, nearly a bushel of shelled corn. This he planted again, and broad acres of large yellow ears at length rewarded his patient toil. It was a rich and precious harvest from one little seed.

1252. High up on the Rock.—Once upon a time there lived a powerful King, who reigned over a large and fertile country. He had crowns of gold and pearls, and sceptres of ivory and precious stones. His treasury was full of the costly things of the earth; tens of thousands of armed men were ready to obey his bidding, and his dominion extended from sea to sea. But without God's blessing worldly possessions are but an increase of care, and as this mighty Monarch feared not God, he was dissatisfied and unhappy. In the dominions of the King there lived a certain dervish, famed for abstinence, sanctity, wisdom, and piety; and the King, willing to profit by the instructions of the holy man, paid him a visit. He found him in sackcloth, living in a cave surrounded with high rocks, on the borders of a wilderness. "Holy man," said the King, "I come to learn how I may be happy." Without giving any reply the dervish led the King through the rugged pathways of the place, till he brought him in front of a high rock, near the top of which an eagle had built her eyrie. "Why has the eagle builded her nest yonder?" "Doubtless," replied the King, "that it may be out of the way of danger." "Then imitate the bird," said the dervish; "build thy throne in heaven, and thou shalt reign there unmolested and in peace."

1253. Honesty the Best Policy.—

"To-day?" said a poor little boy to a lady one afternoon. The little fellow was very shabbily clothed, and his feet were bare and travel-stained. In his hand he held up a basket full of ripe and dewy raspberries, which were prettily peeping out from amid the bright green leaves that lay lightly over them. The lady told him she would like some, and taking the basket up, she stepped into the house. He did not follow her, but remained behind, whistling to her canaries as they hung in their cage in the porch. He seemed engrossed with the pretty bird pets, and the berries appeared forgotten. "Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady. "How do you know but what I might cheat you, and take more than the quantity I have agreed upon?" The boy looked up archly and smiled. "I am not afraid," said he, "for you would get the worst of it, ma'am." "'Get the worst of it!' What do you mean?" "Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, but you would be stealing. Don't you think you would get the worst of it?"

1254. Jesuitry.—Whately, in his "Annotations to Bacon's Essays," gives the following: "It is said that a gentleman who was desirous to distribute Bibles among his poor neighbours, found them willing and desirous to receive them if permitted by their clergy. He accordingly applied to their Bishop, who applauded his liberality, and expressed his hearty concurrence, only requiring that each person should come and ask his permission, which he promised never to refuse, except for some special reason. The gentleman, however, found to his surprise that no one of his poor neighbours went to ask his permission, and at length he was told the cause, viz., that if any man of humble station waits on the Bishop, it is understood that this is to obtain absolution for some heinous sin, beyond what the priest

has power to pardon; and thus his character is for ever blasted. Thus the Bishop was able to say that he had never refused any man permission to obtain a Bible. Even so the stork in the fable was welcome to as much soup as she could pick up with her bill, and the wolf to as much mincemeat as he could get out of a narrow-neck bottle."

1255. Joy in Heaven.—A little time ago, an English traveller, who had found his way to the city of Shiraz, received an invitation to sup with a Persian party. He went, and found a number of guests assembled. They talked on many different subjects; amongst others, on religion. There were many there who did not know much about religion. In Persia there are various sects, holding widely different opinions; and therefore, when several people are brought together to talk on religious subjects, it is not likely that they will all agree. In the course of conversation, the English traveller was asked for an explanation of the truths taught in the Bible, and he gave it. Among the persons there was one whose countenance was mild and grave, whose manners were remarkably gentle, who seemed to dislike the trifling conversation which pleased the others, and to be intimate with no one but the master of the house. His name was Mohammed Rahem. He seemed especially to watch the Englishman, and to listen to every word he said. Once, as the Englishman was speaking about sacred things, he said something, half laughing, and at this the Mohammedan fixed his eye upon him with a look of surprise and sorrow, which made the Englishman ashamed of himself. What could it be? What made the Mohammedan more respectful towards the Christian religion than he himself was? One is not surprised to hear that the Englishman felt very much interested in this mysterious stranger, and resolved to find out something more about him. He was told that

he was a man of great learning, and was very much respected; that he was educated for a Mohammedan priest, but had never acted as such; that he lived in close retirement, and seldom visited even his most intimate friends; and that he would not have come to that party, only that an Englishman was there, and he loved the English so much that he would not miss the opportunity of seeing one of their nation. The more the Englishman heard of the stranger, the more interested he became in him. In the course of a day or two, he called upon him. What book should he find him reading but Cowper's Poems. This led to a conversation on English poetry, about which the Persian seemed to know a great deal. By-and-by they began to talk about religion. "Your sacred book is very different from ours," said the Englishman. "Before any one can teach the doctrines of the Koran, I understand that he must study many volumes of commentators to find out its meaning. Our Scriptures, on the contrary, explain themselves. A little child may read and understand, and may become wise unto salvation." As the Persian made no answer, the Englishman continued. "As there can be but one way in which we can please God, it is most important to discover that way, though, alas, there are too many who treat it with indifference." "And do you treat it thus?" asked Mohammed Rahem. "Certainly not," replied the other. "I thought you seemed indifferent the other day at Meerza Reeza's table, when sacred things were mentioned; but I suppose you only pretended to be so, that you might not give offence to the Mohammedans there." "I own," said the Englishman, "that I acted inconsistently. I was not so serious as I ought to have been, but I had not the slightest intention of leading those present to imagine that I did not value and reverence the faith of Christ." "I am glad of it," said the Persian. "Sincerity

in religion is our first duty. What we are we should never be ashamed of appearing to be." "Are you a sincere Mohammedan?" asked the English traveller. Mohammed paused—a struggle was passing within. At last he answered "No." "Are you an infidel?" "No, indeed, I am not." "What are you then? Are you a Christian?" "I am." The Englishman was so much surprised, that he could not speak. "You have found out," said Mohammed, "what I have up to this time concealed, except from a few whose hearts have been, like mine, changed by the Spirit of God—who have found old things pass away, and all things become new." "And how was this happy change brought about?" "I will tell you. Some time ago, a young Englishman came to Shiraz, who taught the religion of Christ. The Mullahs (Mullah is a Mohammedan priest) treated him very ill, but nothing could damp his zeal. He was thin and pale, but all the strength he had he spent in preaching Christ. He was here more than a year. I went to see him, for the express purpose of showing my contempt for him and for his doctrines. But I could not despise him; I felt compelled to listen to his arguments; and at last, when I read a little book which he had written in reply to a defence of the Mohammedan religion, put forth by one of our chief Mullahs, I was convinced that he was right, and that we all were wrong. But I am sorry to say I durst not let any one know of the secret change. I did not go near even the Christian teacher himself. I was afraid of its being noised abroad that I had embraced his religion. Yet when I found that he was going to leave the town, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Then I told him all the truth. Never shall I forget it. Never shall I forget what he said to me. He gave me a book, which, from that time to this, I have read every day, and which will be my bosom

companion till I die." "And who was this Christian teacher?" asked the English traveller. Mohammed rose and opened a Persian New Testament. On one of the blank leaves was written, "'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'—HENRY MARTYN."

1256. Just that Little Morsel of Sin.—"I was once called," writes a minister, "to visit a man who was said to be near his end, and who was in a very distressed state of mind. His previous history was briefly this:—He became a member of the church some fifteen or twenty years before, and for a long time his walk and conversation were without reproach; but at length it was rumoured that he had been seen under the influence of intoxicating drink. One of the officers of the church called upon him, and in a friendly way alluded to the reports, expressing at the same time a proper interest in his temporal and spiritual welfare as the occasion of his speaking to him upon the subject. He did not receive the admonition in the spirit in which it was given, but rather indignantly denied the truth of the report, and intimated that other people would find it to their advantage to attend more to their own business than to his. Nothing further occurred, and the matter was dropped. It was some years afterwards that I was called to see him. It was very evident that he could not live, and he was fully aware of it himself. As I entered the room and approached his bedside, he seized my arm as with the grasp of a dying man, and, drawing me close to him (for his voice was already reduced to a whisper), and with a quivering frame which actually shook the bed on which he was lying, he poured out the torment of his soul in words which, though uttered years ago, are still in my ears. It was the most terrible case of an awakened, guilty conscience that I have ever seen. Almost immediately he alluded to the

offence which had been brought to his notice some years before, and said that, although he denied it at the time, it was all true, and he had been living in the indulgence of the same depraved appetite ever since, until he was laid upon his sick bed. 'And now,' said he, 'I am dying, and my soul is lost for ever, and all for just that one little morsel of sin.' As he said this he released his grasp upon my arm, and made one of the most expressive gestures imaginable. He opened his left hand, and with two fingers of his right rubbed the open palm as if he had a little particle in it that he was turning over, or trying to find, as he slowly said, 'And all for just that one little morsel of sin.' I spoke to him of the blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin, and of the readiness of the Saviour to apply that blood to his soul if he would but look to Him. But he said, 'It is too late; I have been cherishing this sin in my heart for years, and against the constant voice of my conscience, and now God has left me to myself, and my soul is lost.' He died soon after, and without giving any clear evidence that he had found peace."

1257. Laying up Earthly Treasure.—A recent writer affords the following impressive contrast: "'Is this all of life?' So said a man of wealth, as, lying upon a sick-bed, he looked back over fifty years—fifty years of pleasure and ease. He had loved dear friends, and they were dead. He had cherished great hopes, and they were not all realised; still his life had seemed happier than most of his fellows. But he had lived for self, not for Christ; he had laid up his treasure on earth, not in heaven; and now, as he looked back on fifty years, they seemed a blank; and as he looked forward, a darker unknown blank obscured his vision. An aged Christian, just as he was passing away, said, 'I am just beginning to live. This life is not all of life, it is only the first step.'"

1258. Lovely Example.—The late venerable Dr. Marsh, when above ninety years of age, and just on the eve of his departure for heaven, held a gathering in his garden. On this occasion two Affghans stood behind his chair. One of them was so impressed by the loveliness of character exhibited by the aged saint, that on hearing of his death shortly after he exclaimed, "His religion shall now be my religion, his God shall be my God, for I must go where he is, and see his face again!" In his old age Dr. Marsh gathered around him many of the young cadets from Addiscombe College, some of whom became devotedly attached to him. One lad, while lingering for a parting word, exclaimed to a companion, "What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest among us?"

1259. Negro Boy's Lesson.—"A minister of Christ," says a religious writer, "had a careless and idle son, who left his home, went on board a vessel, and sailed to a foreign land. His sorrowful parents could only pray for him, and send him good advice when they wrote to him. The ship which contained their boy reached a distant port, and was there waiting to take in a fresh cargo, when the sailors went on shore and brought back with them a little native boy, who could play some curious kind of music. He amused them for a long time, but at last he said, 'You must now take me on shore.' The sailors told him he must not go yet. 'Oh, indeed, I cannot stay any longer,' replied the little black boy, 'and I will tell you why. A kind Christian missionary has come near the village where I live. From him I have learned all I know about Jesus Christ, in whom I now wish to believe. This is about the hour when he meets us under the shade of a tree to tell us more; I want to go to hear him.' The sailors were quite overcome with the boy's cries,

and at once rowed him ashore. The clergyman's thoughtless son was struck with the words of the little heathen boy. He felt condemned by them. 'Here am I,' he said to himself, 'the son of a minister in England, knowing far more about Jesus Christ than that poor boy, and yet caring far less about Him! That little fellow is now earnestly listening to the word of life, while I am living quite careless about it!' In great distress of mind he retired that night to his hammock, but his pious father's instructions came back to his thoughts, and reminded him how he might seek and find that salvation which he so much needed. He became a true Christian. How great must have been the joy in his English home when the happy tidings reached it!"

1260. Searching the Scriptures.

—A travelling Bible agent says: "I came to a place in which I had a long time ago sold a Bible to a widow. In passing through, the widow saw me, and ran after me, saying, 'Do you remember me?' 'No.' 'I bought a Bible of you, and since then my daughter has been very ill, and we have often spoken of you, and she wishes to see you.' I followed the widow into the house. The daughter had a Bible in her hand, and when I entered she said, after a joyful welcome, 'Your last words have not been forgotten.' 'What were my last words?' I asked. She replied, 'You said, "Read the Bible diligently; it is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believes it." I have done it and found it so.' A few days afterwards she died, her last words being, 'I cannot see you, but I can see my Saviour.'"

1261. Seed by the Wayside.—

About the year 1823 the Rev. Mr. Ward, as he passed through a village near Calcutta, left a copy of the New Testament in the shop of a native, for any one who might happen to take it up and read it. About a year afterwards three or

four of the most intelligent men of that village went to Serampore to make inquiries respecting the wonderful book left in that shop. Their questions were answered by the missionaries at Serampore, with such instruction as the case required, and the messengers returned. The result was, that six or eight of the inhabitants of that village soon made a public profession of Christianity. They proved their sincerity by their works, for they immediately began to publish the doctrines of Christianity to their countrymen, and continued to do so for many years, till, one after another, they died in the triumphs of faith. Their labours were much blessed, and their influence will go down to the end of time. Here was a great harvest from a single seed which a missionary dropped by the wayside.

1262. Warning Words.—A well-known and exemplary pastor in a provincial town resided in a house where lived an apprentice who was compelled to hear him preach every Sabbath, but who always rejoiced when the services of the day were over. He had been drawn into the paths of infidelity, and cherished a malignant hatred to religion and its professors. He considered the preacher whom he heard weekly either as a superior spirit in human form or a consummate hypocrite, whose exhibitions in the pulpit and in private life were alike intended to deceive the spectators for his own purposes. The young sceptic resolved, however, very closely to watch his conduct. "For several years," said he to the writer of this record, "I watched him with incessant vigilance. My opportunities of knowing his character were such as occur in the variety and minutiae of domestic life and family transactions, but his temper and conduct and speech and devotion were only beautiful representations of the same object—all having one character, and that stamped upon them by Heaven. I began to

admire rather than love him, until a circumstance occurred that produced an indelible impression upon my mind. My apprenticeship was just out, and in a few days I was to set off to a situation in London. He seized an occasion of calling me into his room, warned me of the dangers which I should meet in the metropolis, told me of the duty of prayer and the pleasures of piety, put into my hand, as a parting present, Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress,' and, kneeling down, commended me fervently to the grace of God and the guidance of Infinite Wisdom. This united me to the man for ever. I went to London under the impressions he had made on my mind, did not give way to company nor launch out into dissipation, but attended the house of God with something like regularity. And a sermon which I heard Mr. S. preach, when he had been recently brought back from the gates of death, was the means of awakening me to a sense of my danger, and of directing me to the Cross."

1263. What a Tract Did.—A missionary in the East Indies was giving away tracts, when a little boy, about eight years old, asked for one. At first he was refused, for he was so young that the missionary thought it would be better, as the tracts were scarce, to keep them for the older people. But the child begged so hard that one called "The Way to Heavenly Bliss" was given to him. Some days passed, and the little fellow came again with the same request. "But have you read the other?" he was asked. "Yes," said he, and, standing before the missionary and several heathens, he repeated the whole tract from the title to the end. A copy of this same tract was the means of leading four persons to Jesus. It was given in a public market in one of the large cities of India by a missionary to a young man, who read it and then came to know more

about the way of salvation. He soon became a Christian. A young girl, who afterwards married this young man, also learned from this tract to love Jesus. Then his little brother was persuaded to go to the missionary's school and to church. After he had gone some time, he said he had given himself to Jesus, and asked to be baptized. He was only eleven years old, and the missionary wanted to be sure that he understood what it was to be a Christian, so he delayed his baptism for a short time. While they waited, the child was attacked with cholera. In India, when children are very ill, the father or mother takes up a cocoa-nut or a few plantains, and runs to the temple and says, "Swommie (the name given to the idol), if you will cure my little boy I will give you this cocoa-nut, or these plantains." The mother of this little boy saw that he was in danger, and she told him that she wished to go and make offerings to one of her idols, in order that he might get well. But he begged of her not to go. "I do not worship idols," said he; "I worship Christ, my Saviour. If He is pleased to spare me a little longer in the world, it will be well; if not, I shall go to Him." The last words which he uttered were, "I am going to Christ the Lord," and then he died. So he joined the Church in heaven first. Then, to the young man's great joy, his old father was led to give up the idols to which he had prayed for more than fifty years, and prayed to Jesus to save him from his sins. All this good came from one tract, which was paid for perhaps by the penny given by a child.

1264. What is the Difference?—Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?" "Why," rejoined the rover, boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I with one ship go in quest of solitary adventures, and am therefore

called pirate; thou with a great army warrest against nations, and therefore art called Emperor. But there is no difference betwixt us, save in the name and means of doing mischief." Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished.

1265. Work.—Richard Burke, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother Edmund, was questioned by a friend as to the cause. He replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolise all the talents of the family, but then again I remember when we were at play he was always at work."

1266. Work for the Lord.—A young lady had great riches; but after she was brought to the light of the truth, for these she had no care. Her question was, "What can I do for the Lord?" "Well," she thought, "I have an old slave, who nursed me from infancy; I will try, through the grace of God, to impart some knowledge to her." She did so; and afterwards the old slave became very pious. "Now," said the old woman, after she knew the right way, "what can I do for the Lord?" She had an only son, one out of ten; the rest were all sold, and she expected this one would soon be sold too. She gave him instruction, and then he was sold. In course of time he married, and had six children—three boys and three girls. Then the old woman and the lady died, both of them rejoicing in their Saviour. The young man went to a place of worship on Sunday, and heard the minister preach. Something there struck him about what he had heard his mother say; and after this he became very pious, and joined every night in prayer with the rest of the slaves on the plantation. One night, when the minister of the place was passing the huts, he heard the slave's voice

—he was praying. He made inquiry next day, and found out who he was. He bought him, and emancipated him. He then studied for the ministry, and came to Philadelphia; and in one month the inhabitants raised two thousand dollars, and emancipated his wife and six children, and then built a church for him. His three sons afterwards studied for the ministry, and they were the means of building three churches for the slave population.

1267. Wrath Turned Away.—

An eminent preacher relates the following:—"There was once a young man who had begun to pray, and his father knew it. He said to him, 'John, you know I am an enemy to religion, and prayer is a thing that never shall be offered in my house.' Still the young man continued earnest in supplication. 'Well,' said the father one day, in a hot passion, 'you must give up either God or me. I solemnly swear that you shall never darken the threshold of my door again unless you decide that you will give up praying. I give you till to-morrow morning to choose.' The night was spent in prayer by the young disciple. He arose in the morning, sad to be cast away by his friends, but resolute in spirit that, come what might, he would serve his God. The father abruptly accosted him: 'Well, what is the answer?' 'Father,' he said, 'I cannot violate my conscience, I cannot forsake my God.' 'Leave immediately!' said he. And the mother stood there; the father's hard spirit had made hers hard too, and though she might have wept, she concealed her tears. 'Leave immediately,' said he. Stepping outside the threshold, the young man said, 'I wish you would grant me one request before I go; and if you grant me that I will never trouble you again.' 'Well,' said the father, 'you shall have anything you like, but mark me, you go after you have had that; you

shall never have anything again.' 'It is,' said the son, 'that you and my mother would kneel down and let me pray for you before I go.' Well, they could hardly object to it; the young man was on his knees in a moment, and began to pray with such unction and power, with such evident love to their souls, with such true and saving earnestness,

that they both fell flat on the ground, and when the sun rose, there they were, and the father, filled with mercy from on high, said, 'You need not go, John; come and stop, come and stop;' and it was not long before not only he, but the whole of them, began to pray, and they were united to a Christian Church."

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Eccles. xii. 1; Matt. xix. 14; John xxi. 15; Ephes. vi. 4; 2 Tim. ii. 22.

1268. Best Protection.—Harrison, President of the United States, taught for several years in a humble Sabbath-school on the banks of the Ohio. The Sabbath before he left home for Washington to assume the duties of chief magistrate of the nation, he met his Bible-class as usual; and his last counsel on the subject to his gardener at Washington it may be hoped will never be forgotten by the Americans. When advised to keep a dog to protect his fruit, he replied, "Rather set a Sunday-school teacher to take care of the boys."

1269. Blessed Fruit.—A famous evangelist, the Rev. Richard Knill, wrote as follows:—"As an individual I feel peculiarly indebted to such institutions, and to the glory of God I record it, that all the blessings which have been given to others, through my instrumentality, may be traced up to a Sunday-school. It was my privilege to be a teacher in a Sunday-school at Bideford: hearing a sermon preached in behalf of the institution led me first to think of being a missionary. Most of my fellow-students at Axminster had been Sunday-school teachers; and out of twenty missionaries who were my colleagues at Gosport, three-fourths of them have been engaged in the same way."

1270. Blossom in the Desert.—It was late one evening, when a clergyman, who had been absent

from home during the day, received an urgent request that he would go and pray with a dying child. Understanding that in his absence the Scripture-reader had visited her, he went to him to make inquiries, and learned that it was a Sunday-school child, about nine years of age, who had been seized with alarming illness, and had earnestly desired that some one should come and pray with her, and tell her more about the Saviour, of whom she had heard at school. When the Scripture-reader entered the room, the poor child called out, being blind with disease and pain, "Is that he? Is he come? Oh, do you pray for me; pray that God would forgive my sins; pray that He would have mercy upon my my poor soul!" Having heard all this, the clergyman hastened at once to the single room which was inhabited by the large family, of which the little girl was one. And oh what a scene did that miserable home present,—a scene not strange indeed to those who labour for Christ in that and similar districts, but one which cannot be conceived by those who have not seen it. There were no bed-clothes to cover the poor little child, nor even a bed for her to lie upon; but she was sitting upon the bedstead, on a high heap of rags, her head tossing from side to side, without anything to lean upon, moaning and groaning in the extremity of her pain, and yet all the time thinking of nothing but Jesus, begging

her mother to repeat to her hymns about Jesus, and expressing her earnest love for Him. The clergyman got an old shawl, and rolled it up for a pillow, to form some kind of support for her head, and did what he could to lessen the discomfort around her, and then he began to talk with her. He found her most anxious for prayer and instruction; she felt that she was dying; she knew and understood that she was a sinner, and her earnest cry was, that for Christ's sake she might be pardoned and made fit for heaven. The clergyman again reminded her of what her teachers in the Sunday-school had told her of the love of Jesus and His willingness to save; and she was comforted. Such was the carelessness of those around her on religious subjects, that she had never been brought to receive Christian baptism; and, feeling no doubt that if she was too old to be considered as an infant, she yet possessed the two necessary requirements of repentance and faith, the clergyman at once proceeded to baptize her. He knelt by her side, and prayed with her and for her, and as far as her sufferings permitted her, she joined fervently in every prayer he offered. When he repeated the Lord's Prayer, which she knew, he had to make a considerable pause at the end of every sentence, while she repeated it after him, word by word, yet with the most intense earnestness. It was a touching example of David's words, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength." There was the poor child, suffering all the agonies of what appeared to be an attack of cholera, and yet all her thoughts were occupied with Jesus and His great salvation. When the clergyman left her, between nine and ten o'clock at night, he mentioned her case to a kind woman, who offered to go and do anything she could for the relief of her dying agonies. She was accordingly provided with money to obtain food, medicine, &c., and she remained with her till the child's pain had somewhat subsided, and she seemed inclined to sleep. But it was little more that the child needed from earthly friends; her brief sojourn on earth was nearly ended, and Jesus Himself was with her, speaking comfort to her soul. She lingered for a few hours more, and about three o'clock the next morning she fell asleep in Jesus, in perfect peace, and exchanged the abode of misery—almost of starvation—for the realms of eternal bliss. She had never had any religious advantages, except those afforded by the ragged Sunday-school, which she attended of her own accord, because she loved to hear the instructions of her teachers and learn from their lips the way to heaven. But the clergyman felt there was no reason to doubt that the instructions there received had been blessed by God to her soul's salvation, and that she was now at home with Jesus, washed in His precious blood and clothed with the white raiment of His righteousness.

1271. First Impressions.—Dr. Philip, missionary from the Cape of Good Hope, stated at a public meeting that he commenced his labours in the Church of Christ as a Sunday-school teacher. The first prayer that he offered up in the presence of others was in a Sunday-school. The first attempt he ever made to speak from the Holy Scriptures was in a Sunday-school. And he was fully persuaded that had it not been for his humble exercises in the capacity of a Sunday-school teacher, and the advantages he there acquired, he should never have had the confidence to become a minister of the Gospel, or a missionary of Jesus Christ. He informed the meeting further, that when he commenced his ministerial labours in Aberdeen, he felt the importance of promoting Sunday-school instruction, and the benefits which had resulted from the schools established in that town were at

the present moment incalculable. During the period that he laboured there, twelve or fourteen young men went out into the field of ministerial labour, many of whom became missionaries. One of them was the lamented Dr. Milne, and the other was the amiable Keith. Several other ministers owed their first religious impressions to the tuition they received in Sunday-schools.

1272. Happy Death.—A pious little boy who attended the Sabbath-school, a few hours before his death broke out into singing, and sang so loud as to cause his mother to inquire what he was doing. "I am singing my sister's favourite hymn, mother." "But why, my dear, so loud?" "Why?" said he, with peculiar emphasis—"because I am so happy." Just before his death, with uplifted hands he exclaimed, "Father, Father! take me, Father!" His father went to lift him up, when with a smile he said, "I did not call you, father; but I was calling to my Heavenly Father to take me; I shall soon be with Him," and then expired.

1273. Heart Talking.—A child six years old, in a Sunday-school, said, "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked."

1274. Mission Sabbath Scholar.—Years ago a home missionary, labouring in Ontario, U.S., established a Sabbath-school and gathered the children of the neighbourhood into it. He called upon a poor wretched family to get permission for their boy to attend. After various trivial objections, the parents decided to leave the matter with the boy. "I've got no Bible," said he. "We will give you a Bible," said the missionary. "But I've got no coat." "We will give you a coat," the good man replied. "But I've got no shoes." "Well, you can go barefoot, can you not?" "I will, if you will," quickly replied the shrewd boy. "Done;

it's a bargain," the missionary said. The next Sunday, as the man was walking to the school, boots on as usual, the sharp youngster, on the look out, spied him, and called out, "I know'd you'd go back, mister!" Quick as thought the missionary withdrew his boots from his feet, and, tucking his stockings into them, led the boy, fairly won, into the school. Twenty-five years rolled away, and that faithful missionary was surprised one day to receive a letter from the Sandwich Islands. In wonder he opened the seal, and read, with tears of grateful joy, a letter from this early mission scholar, now a man of God preaching the Gospel to the natives of those far-off islands. To add to the interest of the fact, that same missionary, now an old man, hoary-headed and bent with years, was present at the Church convention, and at the close received the warm congratulations of many of his brethren, who gathered around him. Singularly enough, there was in that same meeting, attending the convention, a young Christian, son and brother of the Gulick missionary family, who was born and reared in the Sandwich Islands. Many of the hearers supposed that he was the young missionary rescued by the faithful old man, and the story has so gone abroad.

1275. Negligence Reproved.—A person who afterwards became a Sunday-school teacher near Cambridge, having had his conviction of the necessity and importance of religious duties shaken, began to think lightly of them, and to omit family prayer, which he had been accustomed to perform. A child of his, who had been taught at a Sabbath-school, one day said to his parent with great simplicity, "Father, do you pray in the morning, and let me pray with you." The father was struck with this gentle reproof from his child, and confessed that he could no longer live in the neglect of family prayer.

1276. Outcast Saved.—An American paper records the following:—"The British Consul has related to me an anecdote too interesting to pass unnoticed. A few days since a young man, about nineteen years of age, called at the Consul's office and made himself known as one whom but a few years before the Consul had taken into his own Sunday-school in the North of Ireland. He was then a poor, little, helpless, wretched outcast. No father owned him for a son, but the Sunday-school was to him as a father, a sister, and a brother. The precepts of religion and morality, which he learned there, have taken deep root in his heart, and are now ripened into abundance of fruit. He put into the Consul's hands more than one hundred dollars, the little earnings he had laid up, to be remitted to his destitute mother."

1277. Preferring One Another.—At one of the anniversaries of a Sunday-school in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom had recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired, "And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?" "Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and I kept back on purpose." "And was there any one of all the verses you have learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you that lesson?" "There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply—"In honour preferring one another."

1278. Privileges of the Sunday-school.—A little boy was taken ill, and being near death, he addressed his mother on the privileges he had enjoyed in his Sunday-school, which had led to his conversion to God. She had never attended to the salvation of her

own soul, nor had she been concerned for his spiritual interests. As she smoothed his dying pillow he said, "Oh, mother, you have never taught me anything about Jesus; and had it not been for the Sabbath-school teachers, I should now be dying without a hope in Him, and must have been lost for ever."

1279. Raikes and Queen Charlotte.—The Queen, hearing that Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, was at Windsor on a visit to one of his relations, sent for him to the Lodge, and expressed a desire to know by what accident a thought which promised so much benefit to the lower orders of the people, as the institution of Sunday-schools, was suggested to his mind, and what effects were observable in consequence on the manners of the poor. In a conversation which lasted more than an hour, her Majesty said that she envied those who had the power of doing good, by thus personally promoting the welfare of society, in giving instruction and morality to the general mass of poor people, a pleasure from which, by her situation, she was unfortunately debarred.

1280. Reading and Searching.—An aged man in America, a military pensioner, who commenced his Christian life at threescore years and ten, was induced to join a Sabbath-school. Speaking of the benefits derived from the school, he said he had been in the habit of reading the Bible from his youth, and had read it through many times, and thought he understood it tolerably well, but when he joined the Sabbath-school he found it was necessary to do something more than read the Bible. He had to search the Scriptures. And it led him to observe that we are nowhere commanded to read the Bible, but everywhere directed and encouraged to "search the Scriptures."

1281. Sanctified Teaching.—Of a certain Sabbath-school in Boston

a writer says,—“One of the former teachers in that school is now settled in the ministry in this vicinity, another is a useful printer in the Sandwich Islands, another is a superintendent of a Sabbath-school in this city, and a fourth is studying in Andover to fit himself for teaching in a day-school. One of the former pupils is now studying with reference to the ministry, two others are far advanced in their College course, and one of these will probably become a herald of that Gospel which he loves.”

1282. Scholar's Career.—Robert May was the son of a common mariner in indigent circumstances. He was sent to the Sunday-school at Woodbridge, where he obtained his education and greatly improved his privileges. One Lord's-day morning, as the minister was going to the meeting-house, Robert put into his hand a humble petition, requesting that he might be permitted to be a teacher in the Sunday-school—an office in which he afterwards appeared to be both happy and useful. When he was seventeen years of age he was admitted a member of the Independent Chapel at Woodbridge. Robert now felt an earnest desire to go abroad as a missionary. He often told his minister that he thought there were plenty of teachers at home, and that he should like to go abroad to teach poor black children to read the Bible, and to learn hymns and catechisms. After being eminently useful in improving and extending the Sunday-school system in the United States, his final destination was Chinsurah, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. Here he spent his time chiefly in instructing the children of the poor benighted heathen in the great principles of Christianity, and in other parts of useful knowledge. In connection with his other exertions, he published a small volume of sermons, which he had preached to children, and which have since been reprinted

in England. He had three thousand children under his care, and was about to add two thousand five hundred more to that number, when he was seized by a violent fever, which in a few days terminated his valuable life, and brought him to the house appointed for all living.

1283. Scholar's Gift.—At the anniversary of a Sunday-school, whilst the collection was making, a little boy, about seven years of age, put a bag upon the plate. As it was rather heavy, the collector was curious to ascertain its contents. On examination it was found to contain two hundred and eighty-five farthings, or five shillings and elevenpence farthing. Upon inquiry it was found that the boy was in the habit of going on errands for his mother, and was allowed the farthings in change, to be disposed of as he pleased, which he perseveringly saved, and generously gave to the support of the Sunday-school.

1284. Sunday-school Attendance.—When a little girl was expostulated with for attending a Sunday-school, she immediately replied, in the words of Dr. Watts—

“I have been there, and still would go,
’Tis like a little heaven below.”

1285. Sunday-school Ticket.—In the street of an American town a ticket was dropped by a Sunday scholar. A lady passing that way in her carriage observed it, and supposing it to be a Treasury-note or small bill, such as are sometimes used for change, ordered her servant to bring it to her. He did so, when lo, instead of its representing a small amount of earthly treasure, she found upon it the following words:—“What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” The inquiry was deeply impressed upon her mind, and in vain did she attempt to banish it; in vain she sought the circles of fashionable gaiety; the thought still pressed upon her mind, “What shall it

profit?" nor did she ever find rest till she was brought to a sense of her need for a Saviour.

1286. Sweet Water.—A little girl, who had been instructed in a Sunday-school in the country, was very fond of her Bible. There was a spring at a small distance from her cottage, from which the family supplied themselves with water. Her father had noticed that she was sometimes longer than necessary in going to the spring. One day he followed her unperceived, and observed her set down the pitcher and kneel to pray. He waited till she arose, and then coming forward, said, "Well, my dear, was the water sweet?" "Yes, father," said she; "and if you were but to taste one drop of the water I have been tasting, you would never drink of the waters of this world any more."

1287. Truthful Scholar.— "Some time ago," says a teacher, "I called upon the mother of one of my scholars to inquire the reason of her son's absence from school; she told me that he had lately got a situation, and promised that he should attend more regularly in future. She was acquainted with the parents of another of my scholars, and as we were conversing about her own boy, she said that she hoped that he would be as good a boy as his schoolfellow was, for, added she, 'his mother has told me that she never knew him tell a lie in his life.' I knew the master and mistress with whom this same boy went to live, and they told me that though he was not quite so active as they could wish, yet they liked him for one thing particularly, which was, he always told the truth; even when he had done anything amiss, he never tried to conceal it by telling a falsehood."

1288. Word not in Vain.—The Rev. T. T. Biddulph, of St. James's Church, Bristol, mentioned from the pulpit, about 1818, that a boy some years before behaved so ill

in the St. James's Sunday-school, that neither kindness nor severity appeared to have any effect on him. At length the teachers were very reluctantly obliged to expel him. For several years they heard nothing of him, and had almost forgotten the circumstance of his expulsion. Later on, however, as a clergyman, who had been a teacher in the school, was sitting in his study in a distant country village, a sailor knocked at the door. On being admitted, he said to the clergyman, "I suppose you have forgotten me, sir?" "Yes," said the Rev. Henry Poole, "I have, if I ever knew you." "Do you remember a wicked boy named John Saunders?" "Oh yes," said he, "I have cause to remember him; he gave me much trouble and anxiety. What do you know of him?" "I am the lad!" "You are grown so, and so much altered, I could not have believed it. Well, James, what account can you give of yourself?" "A very sorry one, sir. When I was expelled the school I left the city, and wandered I scarcely knew or cared where. At length I found myself at the seaside. Weary of living by lying and stealing, I got on shipboard, and after sailing in various parts of the world, I was shipwrecked in a hurricane in the Bay of Honduras. After swimming till my strength failed me, I gave myself up for lost. In the middle of a dark night I came to my senses, and found myself on a rock half covered with water. I looked around and called out for my shipmates, and found that two of them were circumstanced like myself, every moment expecting a watery grave. For the first time since I left the school, you, sir, darted into my mind. I thought of your kindness, of my base ingratitude, and of some of the sacred truths you took so much pains to fix in my memory, particularly that passage in Numbers xxiii. 9, 'From the top of the rocks I see him.' In my extremity I looked to the Saviour, of whom I

had heard so much, but whom I had so long slighted and despised. I knelt down, up to my waist in water, and cried mightily that God would be the rock of my heart and my portion for ever. I found your words true, that 'praying breath was never spent in vain.' On the day breaking, we discovered some pieces of the wreck, on which we ultimately succeeded in reaching the shore. Then many precious truths which you had taught me from the Bible came fresh into my memory, though I had almost forgotten, during my career of iniquity, even that there was such a book. I thought, sir, you would be glad to find that all your care and anxiety on my behalf were not lost. I therefore walked from my ship to thank you, in the best manner I can, for your former kindness to me."

SYMPATHY.

Lev. xix. 18; Job vi. 14; Prov. xvii. 9, 17; Mal. ii. 10; Jude 22.

1289. Bear Ye One Another's Burdens.—"Two," says Solomon, "are better than one; for if one fall he can help the other; but woe unto him who is alone when he falleth." The cobbler could not paint the picture, but he could tell Apelles that the shoe-latchet was not quite right, and the painter thought it well to take the hint. Two neighbours, one blind and the other lame, were called to a place at a great distance. What was to be done? The blind man could not see, the lame man could not walk. Why, the blind man carried the lame one; the former assisted by his legs, the other by his eyes. Say to no one, then, "I can do without you," but be ready to help those who ask your aid, and then, when it is needed, you may ask theirs. "Mankind are so much indebted to each other," says one, "that they owe mutual attention."

1290. Charity in the East.—The permanence of Oriental customs is well illustrated in the following:—A missionary lady, writing from Damascus to the "Christian Instructor," gives the following illustration of the continuance of an ancient practice in the East:—"A singular and interesting custom prevails here during the hours of public prayers on Sabbath mornings, and on frequent stated seasons during the week. It is that of the poor and diseased, lame and blind,

being gathered about the church doors to solicit alms. They present a very strange appearance, sitting together along the walls, or standing in groups with the hand extended for charities, and remind one of the account given in Acts iii. 2, of the laying of the lame man at the 'gate of the Temple which is called Beautiful.' The feeble and blind are often led to these public places, and the lame sometimes literally 'carried' on the shoulders of some good Samaritan friend. A most pitiable-looking man is thus often laid near the door of our school-house, where his voice may be heard the entire day, imploring blessings upon the passers, in the hope of receiving a pittance from some of the many who throng the street. My sympathies are always excited for his helplessness and deformity, as well as for his moral pollution. Bartimæus-like, blind persons are often seen by the wayside begging, and in some instances occupying the same place from year to year."

1291. Feeling Master.—A Persian legend relates that Sadi the poet, when a slave, presented to his tyrant master a rose, accompanied with this pathetic appeal: "Do good to thy servant whilst thou hast the power, for the season of power is often as transient as the duration of this beautiful flower." This melted the heart of

his lord, and the slave obtained his liberty.

1292. Generous Invalid.—It is told of a young English Earl who died some time since, greatly missed by a wide circle of the sick and suffering, that though born to great wealth, it could not buy for him a single day of exemption from pain and sickness. It could not turn aside the shaft of the destroyer, which at the age of twenty-four cut short his career of usefulness. His sufferings seemed to make his heart more gentle and sympathising toward all who were similarly afflicted. He made it the business of life to search them out, and by his liberal benefactions to lighten, as far as he could, their burdens. Every winter, when he took refuge from the cold in sunny Madeira, he took with him thirty or forty other poor invalids, whom he induced to accompany him, and during their voyages back and forth, and while staying on the island, everything that wealth and the highest medical skill could do for them was most carefully attended to. Every packet came laden with luxuries for them from his estates, and all were made as welcome as if the comforts had been procured with their own money. There was no greater joy to him than to see the bloom of health returning to some wasted cheek, though it was never destined to glow on his.

1293. Loving Convert.—A Christian missionary, writing from Madagascar, says that on leaving one of the towns he was accompanied by a throng of native Christians, who had assembled to accompany him part of the way. "Many came running from their fields and houses as we passed along about a mile outside the town. Here we halted, and after singing a hymn, knelt down on the ground, while good old Ramahatsena offered up a prayer, as well as he was able, amidst sobs and tears. I thought of the great Apostle of the

Gentiles when separating from some of the Churches, and could enter in a measure into his feelings, when the Ephesians 'all wept sore, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' After prayer, they came and shook hands with me in turn, while all gave vent to their emotion. All this I felt much, and shall not readily forget the whole scene. I pursued my journey with a sorrowful heart, and a firm determination, if the Lord will, to spend a part of the next good season at the same place."

1294. Ministering Spirit.—A German writer narrates the following parable:—"A rich young man of Rome had been suffering from a severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy, he praised God aloud. He turned his face up to the heavens and said, 'O Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!' Hermas, the shepherd, listened to these words, and he said to the rich young man, 'All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come, follow me.' The youth followed the pious old man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation, for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round naked, and crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at this scene of distress. But Hermas said, 'Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!' The rich young man then opened his hand, and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man. And the poor people, relieved and comforted, blessed him, and called him an angel of God. Hermas smiled and said, 'Ever thus turn thy grateful looks

first towards heaven, and then to earth.'"

1295. Orphans' Friend.—Gothelf Eppendorf, a superannuated soldier, who had fought bravely in many battles, was, with the weight of years upon him, in sore distress. His wife had died, leaving him with six children to feed, and he worked hard, and often far into the night, upon the small patch of ground from which he derived his sustenance. His humble cot was not many miles from Vienna, and once he had the temerity to send a petition for aid to the Emperor; but he hardly dared to hope for favourable notice. Time passed on, and Gothelf, in his busy and trying estate, had almost forgotten that he had ever dared to lift an appeal to the monarch. One day a horseman, dressed in hunting garb, drew up before Eppendorf's cot, and, having dismounted and thrown his bridle-rein over a stake, he entered without ceremony. The old soldier bade him welcome, and offered him meat and drink. "How is this?" said the stranger, looking around. "I heard that you had six children; but here I see eight. Have you been ashamed to confess the true number?" "Nay, not so," replied Gothelf. "These six are my own, left me by my wife. This, the seventh, is the child of a poor widow, who died not long since in a wretched hovel by the Trentschen. I could not see the poor thing cast out homeless, and I took it in. This, the eighth, is a child left to my care by a brother soldier who died here beneath my roof, where I had given him shelter and nursing. I sought the abodes of those more opulent than myself, and tried to find a home for the poor waif, but without avail; so I keep the little one to myself, doing for it as best I can." "You must find it very hard," said the stranger, "thus to be forced to give a home to children not your own." "Not for myself, good sir," replied the old soldier, "but I think of the

needs of these poor orphans which I, in my lowly estate, may not properly supply. For them I sometimes regret, but not for myself. It is but a few more hours of work a day on my part, and the knowledge that I am doing good in my humble way is a sufficient recompense. And then the smiles and the gratitude of the little ones! Ah, I have my reward." "Gothelf, you do not know me?" The old soldier looked up with a start, and the truth flashed upon him. It was the Emperor Joseph II. He remembered the face now, despite the hunter's garb, though it had been years since he had seen it before, and he would have thrown himself upon his knees, but that the monarch restrained him. "Henceforth," said Joseph, "not only these two orphans, but the six children of your own, shall be my pensioners. To-morrow my treasurer shall settle upon each of these little ones a hundred florins a year, and upon yourself he shall settle two hundred florins. Continue to be the tutor of the children, and I will be their father." The veteran and his little ones threw themselves down before the Emperor, and bedewed his feet with their grateful tears, and the monarch himself wept freely. "I thank God for the favour He hath this day vouchsafed," said Joseph. "He hath led me to discover a virtuous man in obscurity, and such men are jewels in my kingdom."

1296. Remembered Sympathy.—"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?" "Chestnuts! No!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own. "What do I want with chestnuts?" "But please, sir, do buy them," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and——" She fairly burst into tears, and Ralph, who

had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively. "Are you very much in want of the money?" "Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child; "mother sent me out, and——" "Nay, little one, don't cry in such a heart-broken way," said Ralph, smoothing her hair down with careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's a shilling, if that will do you any good." He did not stay to hear the delighted, incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That cuts off my supply of cigars for the next twenty-four hours. I don't care, though, for the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she hadn't a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the slough of despond!" While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-orbed little damsel whom he had comforted was dashing down the streets with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled upon her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between tall, ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase to a room where a pale, neat-looking woman, with large brown eyes, like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of the fire. "Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon!" "Oh, mother, mother, see!" ejaculated the breathless child. "A gentleman gave me a shilling. Only think, mother, a whole shilling!" If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his tiny silver gift diffused in the poor widow's poverty-stricken home, he would have grudged still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

Years came and went. The little chestnut-girl passed as entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if her pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart, but Mary Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver shilling. The crimson window curtains were closely drawn to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well-filled grate, and the dinner-table, all in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting the presence of Mr. Audley. "What can it be that detains papa?" said Mrs. Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty, as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enamelled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance!" "There's a man with him in the study, mamma—come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy, eleven years old, who was reading by the fire. "I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door. But as she opened it, the brilliant gaslight fell full on the face of a humble-looking man in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor. "Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man—and what does he want?" "His name is Moore, I believe; and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant messengership in the bank." "And will you?" "I don't know, Mary—I must think about it." "Charles, give him the situation." "Why, my love?" "Because I ask it of you as a favour, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything." "And I will keep my word, Mary," said the husband with an affectionate kiss. "I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I have got his address somewhere about me." An hour or two later, when Bobby and Frank and little Minnie

were tucked snugly up in bed in the spacious nursery above-stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was interested in the fate of a man whose face she had not seen for twenty years. "That's right, my little wife!" said her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded; "never forget one who has been kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most." Ralph Moore was sitting the selfsame night in his poor lodgings, beside his ailing wife's sick bed, when a liveried servant brought a note from the rich and prosperous bank director, Charles Audley. "Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed joyously, as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve—Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation." "You have dropped something from the note, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper that lay on the floor. Moore stooped to recover the slip. It was a fifty-pound note neatly folded in a piece of paper, on which was written: "In grateful remembrance of the silver shilling that a kind stranger bestowed on the little chestnut-girl, twenty years ago." Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread on the waters of life, and after many days it had returned to him!

1297. Results of Sympathy.—An affecting instance of the sympathy of Bishop Ashbury, of America, is related by a Southern itinerant. As the worthy prelate was journeying on the highway in South Carolina, he saw a slave called "Punch," fishing on the bank of a stream. The Bishop stopped his horse and asked, "Do you ever pray?" "No, sir," replied the Negro, respectfully. Ashbury alighted, sat down by his side, and instructed and exhorted him. The poor man wept; the Bishop sang a hymn, knelt with the astonished slave in prayer, and left him. Twenty years passed, when the Bishop was surprised by a visit from the Negro,

who had come over sixty miles to see him and thank him, for his well-directed instructions had been successful in his conversion. Forty-eight years after the first interview, the itinerant who relates the story was appointed to a plantation mission. "I met a herdsman," he writes, "and asked him if there was any preacher on the plantation." "Oh yes, massa, de old Bushup lib here!" "Is he a good preacher?" "Oh yes," was the reply; "he word burn me heart!" He showed me the house. I knocked at the door, and I saw before me, leaning on a staff, a hoary-headed black man, with palsied limbs, but a smiling face. He looked at me a moment in silence; then raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he said, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!' He asked me to take a seat. 'I have,' he said, 'many children in this place. I have felt for some time past that my end was nigh. I have looked around to see who might take my place when I am gone. I could find none. I felt unwilling to die and leave them so, and have been praying to God to send some one to take care of them. The Lord has sent you, my child; I am ready to go.' Tears coursed freely down his time-shrivelled face. The visitor was 'Punch.' The Bishop's passing word had raised up a successor."

1298. Sympathy Rewarded.—Hackwell, the English historian, relates the following:—"Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant, descended of a noble family in Italy, had gained a plentiful fortune, of which he was liberal-handed to all in necessity; which being well known to others, though concealed by himself, a young stranger applied to him for charity. Signor Frescobald, seeing something in his countenance more than ordinary, overlooked his tattered clothes, and, compassionating his circumstances, asked him what he

was, and of what country. 'I am,' answered the young man, 'a native of England; my name is Thomas Cromwell, and my father-in-law is a poor sheer-man. I left my country to seek my fortune; came with the French army that were routed at Gatlion, where I was page to a footman, and carried his pike and burgonet after him.' Frescobald, commiserating his necessities, and having a particular respect for the English nation, clothed him genteelly, took him into his house till he had recovered strength by better diet, and, at his taking leave, mounted him on a good horse, with sixteen ducats of gold in his pockets. Cromwell expressed his thankfulness in a very sensible manner, and returned by land towards England, where, being arrived, he was preferred into the service of Cardinal Wolsey. After the Cardinal's death, he worked himself so effectually into the favour of King Henry VIII., that his Majesty made him a Baron. Viscount, Earl of Essex, and at last Lord Chancellor of England. In the meantime, Signor Frescobald, by repeated losses at sea and land, was reduced to poverty, and calling to mind, without ever thinking of Cromwell, that some English merchants were indebted to him in the sum of fifteen thousand ducats, he came to London to procure payment. Travelling in pursuit of this affair, he fortunately met with the Lord Chancellor as he was riding to Court; who, thinking him to be the same gentleman that had done him such great kindness in Italy, immediately alighted, embraced him, and, with tears of joy, asked him if he was not Signor Francis Frescobald, a Florentine merchant. 'Yes, sir,' said he, 'and your most humble servant.' 'My servant!' said the Chancellor. 'No; you are my special friend, that relieved me in my wants, laid the foundation of my greatness, and as such I receive you; and since the affairs of my Sovereign will not now permit a longer conference, I beg you

will oblige me this day with your company at my house to dine with me.' Signor Frescobald was surprised and astonished with admiration who this great man should be, that acknowledged such obligations, and so passionately expressed a kindness for him; but, contemplating awhile his mien, his voice, and carriage, he concluded it to be Cromwell, whom he had relieved at Florence; and therefore, not a little overjoyed, went to his house. His lordship came soon after, and, taking his friend by the hand, turned to the Lord High Admiral, and other noblemen in his company, saying, 'Do not your lordships wonder that I am so glad to see this gentleman? This is he who first contributed to my advancement.' He then told them the whole story, and, holding him still by the hand, led him into the dining-room, and placed him next himself at table. The company being gone, the Chancellor made use of this opportunity to know what affair had brought him into England. Frescobald, in a few words, gave him the true state of his circumstances; to which Cromwell replied, 'I am sorry for your misfortunes, and I will make them as easy to you as I can; but, because men ought to be just before they are kind, it is fit I should repay the debt I owe you.' Then, leading him to his closet, he locked the door, and, opening a coffer, first took out sixteen ducats, delivering them to Frescobald, and said, 'My friend, here is the money you lent me at Florence, with ten pieces you laid out for my apparel, and ten more you paid for my horse; but, considering you are a merchant, and might have made some advantage by this money in the way of trade, take these four bags, in every one of which are four hundred ducats, and enjoy them as free gifts of your friend.' These the modesty of Frescobald would have refused, but the other forced them upon him. He next caused him to give him the names

of all his debtors, and the sums they owed, which account he gave to one of his servants, with a charge to find out the men, and oblige them to pay him in fifteen days, under the penalty of his displeasure; and the servant so well discharged his duty, that in a short time the entire sum was paid. All this time Signor Frescobald lodged in the Chancellor's house, where he was entertained according to his merits, was repeatedly invited to continue in England, and even offered the loan of sixty thousand ducats for four years, if he would trade here; but he desired to return to Florence, which he did with extraordinary favours from the Lord Cromwell."

1299. Unlooked-for Result.—

A Western drover tells the following story: "My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a home within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbours, though those we have are good ones. One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all, a doll for our youngest, Dolly; she had never had a store-doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her. Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to 'buy a big one.' Nobody but a parent can understand how my mind was on that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it up under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and delaine, and tea and sugar put up. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's

prattle about her doll. I mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way though, I remembered it so well; although I was almost, when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, five miles, or may be six, from home too. I rode on as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing. All was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about in the grass—called again, and again I was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares, and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious—not very—but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that cry, and said I, 'If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die.' I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing, that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom. It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the door-yard, I saw some-

thing was the matter, and stood still with dead fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbours, and my wife amidst them, weeping. When she saw me, she hid her face. 'Oh, don't tell him,' she said; 'it will kill him!' 'What is it, neighbours?' I cried. And one said, 'Nothing now, I hope; what's that in your arms?' 'A poor lost child,' said I. 'I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint,' and I lifted the sleeping thing, and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly. It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up upon the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet 'daddy' and doll while her mother was at work, and Dolly they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them all. It is not much of a story, but I think of it often in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now, if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp."

1300. Waldensian Goodness.—

History relates that in the autumn of 1799 the retreating French army left three hundred wounded men at Bobbi. They were enemies both to the faith and the country of the Waldenses, yet they received the kindest treatment at their hands. The people of Bobbi were very poor, but they shared their scanty provisions with the strangers, bound up their wounds, and tended them with the greatest solicitude. And at length, finding that if they kept them there through the winter all must starve together, they performed the wonderful and dangerous feat of carrying them across the Col de la Croix—one of the most difficult of the Alpine ranges, and then covered with snow—as the only means of saving their lives.

1301. What a Factory Girl Did.

~~She~~ had no position in the world,

nor money in the bank. It might be said that she was undistinguished by her intellect; but she had what is better far, a large heart—a kind, loving, Christ-like heart. Seeing very many poor boys employed in the foundries who, early initiated into lessons of vice, could say, "No man careth for my soul," she had compassion on them. "I am but a poor working girl," she said to herself; "but I will try, in a loving spirit, if I can win them to God and to what is good." A noble resolution! So soon as formed she sought to carry it into practice, asking and getting the use of a room below the factory where she wrought. She opened it on a Sabbath in June, 1862; and ere long had gathered in some forty lads, with ragged clothes and dirty faces, from smoking clubs and the back courts where they were wont to spend their Sabbaths in gambling, rude play, and wild merri-ment. For two years she persevered in this course, willing to spend and be spent for Christ, nor abandoned a work she loved so well till failing health compelled her to resign it into the hands of others. Nor were her efforts to bless and save those boys confined to Sundays. They engaged her spare time throughout the week. This noble girl, abundant in labours in season and out of season, so soon as the day's work was over, took her way to the homes of the boys—if homes many of their lodgings could be called. She knew them all, their sad histories, their dangers and hardships, and by her Christian principles, her winning ways, and overflowing kindness, she gained an influence over them which was productive of the happiest results. God owned her labours. Several underwent a saving change. Some are now teaching Sabbath-schools, and adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour, whom, be it remembered, not ministers, nor preachers, nor parents, but this poor factory girl, turned from the errors of their ways. So distin-

guished indeed, from others of the same class and calling by their superior industry, decency, freedom from profane language, and general good account, were those under her training, that "Mary Anne's boys" became a familiar designation in the foundries.

1302. Woman's Sympathy.—"I have always remarked," says a celebrated traveller, "that women in all countries are civil, obliging, tender, and humane. To a woman, whether civilised or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship without receiving a decent and friendly

answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

TEACHERS AND SCHOLARS.

Prov. xxii. 6; Isa. xxxii. 20; Matt. xiii. 52; Rom. xii. 6; 1 Cor. ix. 10; 1 Peter v. 5.

1303. After Many Days.—Mr. M—— was for many years a pious and indefatigable Sunday-school teacher. It pleased God to call him to suffer severe affliction and to an early death. During his long affliction, though it was painful even to see him walk, he went to his class; nor would he resign as long as he could possibly reach the school. "It was my happiness," says a writer in the "Teacher's Magazine," "to visit him during his trying illness, and the calmness of his mind under affliction, and his triumphant departure, I never shall forget; nor shall I cease to remember another circumstance. Turning to me, and with something like despondency, he said, 'Well, I believe I never was useful as a Sunday-school teacher.' Some short time after his death, I visited a Sunday school in a small town some distance from that in which Mr. M—— had lived. I soon recognised among the teachers one who had been a Sunday scholar; I conversed with him, and found he was a professor of religion, and a member of a Christian Church in that town. I congratulated him

upon his employment, and inquired by what means he had been led to love the Lord Jesus Christ. He replied, 'The advice which my teacher again and again gave me, led me to reflection and to prayer, and I hope was the means of leading me to Christ.' 'And who was that teacher?' He replied, 'Mr. M——.' Yes, that same dear friend who, upon a dying bed, said he believed he had never been useful as a Sunday-school teacher."

1304. Confession of a Teacher.—The Rev. John Griffin, of Portsea, when speaking at the annual meeting of the Sunday-school Union, in the year 1818, stated that he had recently received into Christian communion three persons who professed their conversion to have resulted from their being Sunday-school teachers. One of these, whom he visited on his death-bed, said, "Sir, I have reason to bless God, and shall through eternity, that I was employed as a Sunday-school teacher. I was moral, but not religious. I was consistent in my outward deportment, but I had not learned the way of acceptance

with God. I have since learned it, and I hope I am dying in the peace of the Gospel and in that hope which it inspires."

1305. Cruelty Reproved.—Louis XIII. of France from his earliest years had an aversion to reading, which he preserved to the last moment of his life. This was perhaps owing to the folly of his tutor, who had not sufficiently attended to his inclinations and to those of boys of his age. They taught him the history of his own country by making him read Fauchet's "Antiquities," a book very dully written, and full of tedious dissertations. His mother, Mary de Medici, in hopes of conquering his aversion to reading, made M. de Soutre, his tutor, one day give him a pretty severe flagellation. To this the Prince submitted with great reluctance, and a few days afterwards, observing his mother salute him with great respect, he said to her, "My good mother, I wish in future you would not curtsey so very low, but give me less correction."

1306. Forgive One Another.—A big boy in a school was so abusive to the little ones that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him, except one, who was scarcely five years old; yet he knew very well that the bad boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why, then, did you vote for him to stay?" said the teacher. "Because if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still." "Do you forgive him then?" said the teacher. "Yes," said he; "papa and mamma and you all forgive me when I do wrong, God forgives me too, and I must do the same."

1307. God's Presence.—A Sunday-school superintendent in Bristol, discoursing with his class, asked, among other things, "Where is

God?" One of the elder boys answered, "In heaven." The teacher, not appearing satisfied with this reply, repeated the inquiry, when a lad, younger than the other, answered, "Everywhere." Requiring further explanation, the question was again put, "Where is God?" when a third boy called out, "God is here." The views of the superintendent were now met, and he endeavoured to impress upon the minds of the children the important truth, that "God is in heaven, God is everywhere, God is here."

1308. Indian Scholars.—The missionaries to the trade settlements of North America state that the children of their schools are more modest and affectionate, and more easily managed, than many others. One of the teachers says that when any mischief is done in school through the inattention or carelessness of the boys, and he inquires who did it, he never knew them to rise and say, "I didn't do it, I didn't do it, John did it;" but one would rise and say, very modestly, "Sir, I did it," and another in another part would say, "Sir, I helped him," and then tell how it was done with as much sincerity, honesty, and penitence as could be desired.

1309. Power of Kindness.—A young school teacher, says a Christian writer, had one great boy, Joe Stanton, who was ringleader of all mischief. The first day he managed to make the school a scene of roguery and confusion. The poor teacher went home with a heavy heart. The next day she thought if she could gain the confidence of this boy and have him on her side, she should have but little trouble with her school. As it closed in the afternoon she spoke kindly to him, and asked his help in closing the school-room door. He readily complied. As she turned homeward, Joe followed. At length she inquired, "Have you any sisters, Joseph?" The right chord was

touched. "I had one sister," he said, "little Mary, but she died;" and, encouraged by the ready sympathy of his listener, he went on to tell that Mary was his only sister, and that he used to take care of her and play with her, and carry her out of doors and draw her in the waggon he had made for her, and that she loved him more than any one else did, and always used to run to the door to meet him when he came home. "But she is dead now," he added, "and I have not anybody that takes care of me. She had a fever, and she did not know me when I spoke to her, and in just a week she died. Her grave is right over here," he continued, "and perhaps you would like to see it some time." The teacher willingly went with him, asking him still further about little Mary as they passed along, till at length, as they approached the grave and sat down on a stone near it, poor Joe could no longer brush away the tears, as he had done when one by one they trickled down his face, for the fountains within were broken up. He covered his face with his hands and wept aloud. "She's dead," he exclaimed again, "and nobody cares for me now!" "I will care for you, Joseph," said the teacher, as she laid her hand upon his now uncovered head; and then she spoke to him of heaven, and the happy meeting of those whom death has severed, and of One who cares for us more than all earthly friends, and who will help us if we wish to do right. Then, as he grew calm, and they had risen to go, she told him of her own sorrow, of the father whom she had lost, of her loneliness, of her wish to be useful while she supported herself by teaching; how hard the school seemed to her, and how she still meant to do the best she could for him and for all the scholars. "I'll help ye, Miss Mason," responded Joe, "I'll help ye all I can;" and then, the old mischievous twinkling coming again, he added, "I suppose the rest of

the boys won't trouble ye much; they'll do pretty much as I want 'em to." Joe was subdued and won by the power of kindness.

1310. Ready to be Offered.—

"There was once," says the Rev. Mr. Spooner, "in one of my village schools, a poor boy who seemed as it were nearly an idiot. To make him learn anything was an impossibility. If, as the result of a whole week's toil, he could repeat a collect or one verse of a hymn, I was amazed; and as for drilling any idea of figures into his head, that was utterly useless—two and two never would make four with him. Of course this was put down amongst one's failures; and when he had left school for work, it seemed as if one had quite done with him. It was not so, however, for he was most regular in his attendance at Sabbath-school and at church; and he often caught my eye as he sat in the front of the gallery, with a look of stolid immovability which almost fascinated me. On one very severe winter day I found him at some work which required him to stand in the cold, with wet feet, for some hours. On the next Sabbath I heard that he had been frost-bitten, and, on going to his home, found the report true. One of his feet was affected, and was in a fearful condition. It was the old story—benumbed feet put incautiously too near the fire, and a bad sloughing sore established. After a week or two I got him to go to the hospital, and there he remained some months, and was at last discharged cured, but minus a toe or two. All went on well for some time, but when the hot summer-weather came the poor boy was once again afflicted with a bad foot. The old sore broke out anew, and he became a pitiable object. The parish doctor attended him with the greatest skill and care, but all his efforts were in vain—the poor lad got delirious. Of course I had often visited him.

and he seemed delighted when I came, but still his mind was clouded—slow to perceive, and unable to receive impressions. With his delirium, however, there came a wonderful change; not one evil word ever passed his lips, not one murmuring or angry expression; but, as he lay in bed, he would repeat passage after passage of Scripture, hymn after hymn, collect after collect, till there seemed scarcely any limit to his mental stores. One day, as I knelt by his bedside, I used the first few petitions in the Litany. The delirious boy caught up the words, and, as I continued kneeling in mute astonishment, repeated nearly the whole of the Litany without a mistake; and his mother afterwards told me he had done so several times. He never seemed to recognise any of his friends, though he received all their attentions with a grateful smile; but he never failed to recognise me, and even knew my footsteps as I came upstairs. One Sabbath afternoon two neighbours came in to see him. They had been taking too much beer, and used some bad language in his room. The words seemed to sting the delirious boy, and in an agony he entreated them not to use them, and told them how wrong they were, frightening the men by his very earnestness. At last his end drew nigh, decided mortification set in, and I was sent for to see him. When I reached his room I found that all delirium was gone, his mind was quite unclouded. Somewhat of the old hesitation had returned, but he lay there calm, cheerful, and happy. He seemed delighted to see me, cheered me by his words, and died with a song of praise upon his lips. There was no ecstasy, no excitement about his death; it was simply a child-like, peaceful falling asleep. I could well pray, 'May my end be as peaceful.' I saw enough in this case to learn how easily legends might spring up to the hand of

those who were inclined to manufacture them; but I saw also how truly the deepest spiritual life might be maturing beneath a crust of such heavy material in this body of our humiliation as could prevent any outward manifestation of its growth."

1311. Religious Discourse.—A lady once asked the Rev. C. Simeon if teachers ought always to be talking about religion. "No, no," answered the good man, rather precipitately; "let your speech be seasoned with salt, seasoned with salt, madam; not a whole mouthful."

1312. Skilful Instructor.—One of the Dukes of Burgundy displayed in infancy symptoms of a perverse nature. Invincible obstinacy, a revolting pride, irascible propensities, and the most violent passions, are described as its odious features, joined, however, with a great capacity for acquiring all kinds of knowledge. "He was born terrible," says Saint Simon; "his behaviour made all who beheld him tremble." Such was the Duke of Burgundy who was committed to the tuition of the celebrated Fenelon. By various means happily combined, by a continued series of appropriate and pertinent observations, by gentleness and by unremitting attention, the preceptor at length succeeded in gradually breaking the violent character of his pupil, and rendering him equally eminent for worth and for learning. At the age of ten, we are told that the Prince wrote Latin with elegance, and translated the most difficult authors with an exactness and felicity which surprised the best judges. He was perfectly master of Virgil, Horace, and the Metamorphoses of Ovid; and was sensible of the beauty of Cicero's Orations. At eleven he read Livy throughout, and began a translation of Tacitus, which he afterwards finished. The Abbé Fleury, attesting these facts, says that his mind was of the first order, and that he was not contented

with superficial knowledge, but sought to penetrate to the bottom of everything. Great pains were also taken with regard to his religious education, and one of the biographers of Fénelon closes the relation of various circumstances that respect the attainments of this young Prince by asking, "What must we think of instructors who were able to store the mind of a youth of fourteen with all that is essential in religion, whether we regard its doctrines or its history; with all that most enchants in mythology, and which supplies the principal subjects of literature and the fine arts; and with all the leading facts of ancient and modern history?" "It was not easy," says Fleury, "to find in the whole kingdom not merely a gentleman, but any man better informed than the Prince."

1313. Strange Spelling-book.—

An effort was made some years ago to educate the chimney-sweepers in a large city. Among others came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Do you spell?" "Oh, yes," was again the answer. "Do you read?" "Oh, yes." "And what book did you learn from?" "Oh, I never had a book in my life, sir." "And who was your schoolmaster?" "Oh, I never was at school." Here was a singular case—a boy could read and spell without a book or a master. But what was the fact? Why, another little sweep, a little older than himself, had taught him to read by showing him the letters over the shop-doors, which they passed as they went through the city.

1314. Sunday Scholar's Belief.—

James Brown, a little boy belonging to the High Felling Sunday-school, near Newcastle, met his death by an accident in the coal-pit. When asked by his teacher if he thought he should die, he replied, "Yes." "And where do you hope to go to?" "To heaven," was his answer.

"And why?" Here he called his mother and the rest of the family, and said, "I love you, mother, and you, father, and my brothers and sisters, and my teacher, but I love Jesus Christ above all, and I am going to heaven, that beautiful place." Here he ceased, his voice failed, and his happy spirit took its flight to the realms of the blessed.

1315. Teacher Taught.—A schoolmaster was one day speaking to the little children on the life of Moses, and said, "Moses went up into a high mountain, to the top of Pisgah; and when there, the Lord showed him the land of Canaan, which he had promised to give to Abraham and his seed. And while Moses was looking at the land, he died." "Please, sir," said a little boy, "did Moses go to heaven when he died?" "I must think," said the teacher, "for I do not remember its being said in the Bible that Moses went to heaven; but I hope he did, for he loved God, he prayed to God, and he was a servant of God, but I do not think it says in the Bible that Moses went to heaven." "Oh yes, it does," replied another little fellow. "I do not remember the passage," answered the teacher, "so you must tell me where it is to be found." "Why, do not you remember, sir," said the little boy, "that Jesus took Peter and James and John up into a high mountain, and when they were there, His face did shine like the sun, and His raiment was white as snow, and there appeared unto Him Moses and Elias from heaven? And you know, sir, that Moses could not come from heaven unless he had gone to heaven."

1316. "Thy Will be Done."—A Sabbath-school teacher, instructing his class on that petition of the Lord's Prayer, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven," said to them, "You have told me, my dear children, what is to be done—

the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven. How do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" The first child replied, "They do it immediately;" the second, "They do it diligently;" the third, "They do it always;" the fourth, "They do it with all their hearts;" the fifth, "They do it all together." Here a pause

ensued, and no other children appeared to have any answer, but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, sir, they do it without asking any questions."

1317. Where God is Not.—A child, instructed in a Sabbath-school, on being asked by his teacher if he could mention any place where God is not, replied, "He is not in the hearts of the wicked;" that is, they do not love Him.

TEMPTATION.

Prov. i. 10, 15; Matthew xxvi. 41; Gal. v. 16; Heb. ii. 18; James iv. 7; 2 Pet. ii. 9.

1318. Bad Heart Lets in the World.—"In the month of May," says a correspondent of an American publication, "I left the dwelling of a friend residing in the great valley of Virginia, and took a ride for the benefit of my health. I followed the course of a small stream for some miles, without seeing the habitation of man. At length I espied, near the end of the valley, and at the foot of a mountain, an aged Negro at work on a small farm. His head was whitened with age, and the deep wrinkles in his face and a stoop in his shoulders indicated that he had seen many years and suffered many hardships. Glad to see and converse with a human being after my solitary ramble, I alighted from my horse, and addressed him as follows: 'You seem to be enduring the curse pronounced on fallen man—getting your bread by the sweat of your brow.' 'Ah, massa,' said he, wiping the falling sweat from his face, 'I have no reason to complain, however hard my work may be. I have a great many blessings left yet. I have Jesus Christ and His Gospel, and that is enough for poor old Moses.' 'As you seem to be quite shut out from the world here, I suppose you have but few temptations?' 'Ah, massa,' said he, 'wherever I go

I carry this bad heart with me,' putting his hand to his breast, 'and that it is which lets in the world. I have to pray against the world at night, and in the morning, and then I have to fight against it all day. And that is no light or easy matter. The devil can get up here in these mountains as well as anywhere else, for you know he tempted our Saviour on a mountain.' 'My good old friend, you seem to have been long a pilgrim to the heavenly country.' 'For forty years,' said he, 'I have found that the Lord has been good to me, and that he who trusts in the Saviour shall never be moved.' 'But are you never tempted to forsake the Saviour?' 'I know that my heart is very deceitful, and Satan keeps trying to get old Moses; but my Master in heaven says, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." This is my hope, that He who has begun a good work will finish it. When you plant corn, massa, you don't go away and leave it, and let the birds pull it up, or the grass and the weeds kill it; so, when God plants the good seed in the sinner's heart, He does not go away and leave it to die.' 'You say you are tempted sometimes?' 'Yes, massa; sometimes the devil

will come and whisper in my ear, "Moses, you serve a hard master; He sends sickness and poverty and trouble; He sends the fly, and kill all your wheat;" but I say, Devil liar, He is no bad Master, for He knocked at the door of my heart, and I would not let Him in; and then He knocked again and again, until I was obliged to open the door, and ever since I have found Him to be good. He has bound up my heart when it was broken, He has come to my bed when I was sick, He has borne with my sins, He has not cast me off because I was poor and old, and did not love Him as much as I ought, and then He died for poor Moses' soul. Oh, no! He is not a bad Master. He may take away my wife and my children, He may burn my house, and lay me on a sick bed, and smite me with His own dear hand; still I would love Him, and say it was all for good.' As he said this, a joyful tear stole down his cheek. Shortly afterwards, I bade the old man farewell, with the confident hope of meeting him in heaven. Later on, I learned that he was remarkably punctual in attending Divine worship, and was considered by the congregation to which he belonged to be a very pious man."

1319. Brands and Green Sticks.—A countryman who had been effectually called by Divine grace by means of a sermon from Zech. iii. 2, was some time afterwards solicited by an old companion to accompany him to the ale-house; but the good man strongly resisted every persuasion, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire." His old companion not understanding this, he explained it to him thus: "Look ye," said he, "there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the

fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again."

1320. Honest Peasant.—In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious peasant of German extraction, by name Dobry. Without his fault he had fallen into arrears with his rent, and his landlord determined to eject him; and it was winter. He went to him three times in vain. It was evening, and the next day he was to be turned out with all his family, when, as they sat there in sorrow, the church-bell pealed for evening prayer, and Dobry kneeled down in their midst, and they sang—

"Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands."

And as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?"

—there was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed, and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window, the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring set with precious stones! Dobry was now strongly tempted: he at first thought that he would sell the ring, but he thought again it could not be lawfully his, so he would bring it to his minister; and he, who saw at once by the crest that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him and related the story. And the King sent for Dobry, and rewarded him, so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own stall; and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath this verse—

"Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light."

1321. Holy Spirit's Influence.—"I have often thought," says Mr.

Bower, "that temptations resemble the rocks which rest their jagged sides above the waves when it is low water. No vessel dares come near them. But after a while the tide comes sweeping into the bay, and buries the rocks under a flood of water, so that the largest ships may ride in safety above their teeth of death together with the lightest skiff. In our unbelief we often ask, How can I hope to resist the many enemies who constantly seem to be seeking my destruction? But before long the influence of the Holy Spirit will come, bearing us in safety like a rising tide over the rocks of temptation."

1322. Necessity for Watchfulness.—An old divine says,—“A countryman was riding with an unknown traveller (whom he conceived honest) over a dangerous plain. ‘This place,’ said he, ‘is infamous for robbery, but, for my own part, though often riding over it early and late, I never saw anything worse than myself.’ ‘In good time,’ replied the other, and presently demanded his purse and robbed him. Thus it is that no place, no company, no age, no person, is temptation free.”

1323. Patient under Trial.—“I have in my parish,” writes an eminent minister, “two religious characters who were intimately acquainted in early life. Providence favoured one of them with a tide of prosperity. The other, fearing for his friend lest his heart should be overcharged with the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches, one day asked him whether he did not find prosperity a snare to him. He paused, and answered, ‘I am not conscious that I do, for I enjoy God in all things.’ Some years after his affairs took another turn. He lost, if not the whole, yet the far greater part of what he had once gained, and was greatly reduced. His old friend, being one day in his company, renewed his question, whether he did

not find what had lately befallen him to be too much for him. Again he paused, and answered, ‘I am not conscious that I do, for now I enjoy all things in God.’”

1324. Restitution.—We read of a school-boy who had gone out to a situation, and one Saturday his master gave him a sovereign among his money by mistake for a shilling. Now the boy had a battle about that sovereign. “The sovereign must go back to your master,” says conscience; “it is not yours.” “Your master gave it you,” says temptation; “keep it, Willie, perhaps it was not a mistake, and if it was it will never be found out.” “Don’t listen to temptation, Willie,” says conscience; “you know it was a mistake, and that you have no right to the sovereign.” “You are very poor,” says temptation; “look at your clothes, Willie, how old they are, and this will buy new ones.” “You are wrong, Willie, to listen to what temptation is saying; listen to what the Bible says, Willie, ‘Resist the devil, and he will flee from you,’” says conscience. “I say, Willie, you will be a blockhead,” says temptation, “if you don’t keep the sovereign.” “It will be a curse to you as long as you live,” says conscience, “if you do, and then there is another world, Willie; take it back at once.” “Nay, wait till tomorrow,” says temptation, “it will be time enough.” “‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,’” says conscience; “do it at once, and you will have a quiet Sunday.” Poor Willie! It was a sad fight, but conscience had something more to say yet. “What did the teacher at the Sunday-school talk about last Sunday, Willie? What was the text? ‘Thou God seest me.’” “Oh,” cried Willie, “Thou God seest me!” In a few minutes Willie was at his master’s house. The master received the sovereign back; it was a mistake. The master said little at the time, but soon after

Willie was placed in a better situation, where confidence was required, and from which, by good conduct, he rose to a position of comfort and respectability. He found that

even as respects this world honesty is the best policy. And St. Paul's words, living "in all good conscience before God," were also not forgotten.

TIME.

Gen. v. 27; 1 Sam. xx. 8; Job vii. 1, 8-10, 21, xvi. 22; Psalm cxliv. 4; John ix. 4.

1325. Accepted Time.—Amongst the persons visited by the Rev. A. Paterson, the missionary of Kilmany, was a female, comfortable in circumstances, but with no time, as she thought, to spare for her soul. When visiting the district in which she lived, he always called, but never got admittance. One day, after he had spoken to her very solemnly at the door, warning her of the danger of dying without Christ, he was going upstairs to visit another family, when she came out and cried after him, "Oh, be sure and not be long in coming back again, for I do wish to see you." In a few days he called. "I'm sorry," she said, the moment she opened the door, "I have no time to receive you to-day; I've a friend come from London, and I've to go out with him." "Well, you will have time to die, whether you're prepared or not. So you've no time just now?" "No, not to-day." "Well, let me say this to you, in case you and I never meet again, 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'" She thanked him, and he went away. That night she and her brother went to the theatre; she "took ill" while she was in it. She came home, grew worse, and was in eternity by five o'clock the next morning. "The thing," said Mr. Paterson, "so impressed me, that I resolved, if God spared me, to labour by His grace more diligently than ever."

1326. Backsliding.—A thoughtless man was once taken ill, and sent for the minister of his parish to visit him. He then professed

to be very penitent, but he recovered, and again fell into his evil courses. A second time he was ill, and the same promises were held out, but never realised. Six times was this the case in the course of his life. At length, while engaged in sin, he was cut off suddenly, and entered into an eternal world.

1327. Behind Time.—A railroad train was running along at unusually quick speed. A curve was just ahead, and the train was late, very late; still the conductor hoped to pass the curve safely. Suddenly a locomotive dashed into sight. In an instant there was a collision, a shriek, a shock, and fifty persons were killed, and all because an engineer had been behind time.—The battle of Waterloo was being fought. Column after column had been precipitated upon the enemy; the sun was sinking in the west; reinforcements for the defenders were already in sight; it was necessary to carry the position with one final charge. A powerful corps had been summoned from across the country. The great conqueror, confident of its arrival, formed his reserve into an attacking column, and led them down the hill. The whole world knows the result. Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena because one of his Marshals was behind time.—A condemned man was being led out for execution. He had taken human life, but under circumstances of the greatest provocation. Thousands had signed a petition for a reprieve, still none had arrived. The last moment was up-

The prisoner took his place on the drop; it fell, and a lifeless body swung in the air. Just at this moment a horseman came into sight, his steed covered with foam. He bore a reprieve for the prisoner; but he had come too late. A comparatively innocent man had died an ignominious death because a watch had been five minutes too slow, causing the bearer to arrive behind time. It is continually so in life. The best-laid plans are daily sacrificed because they are "behind time." There are others who put off reformation year by year, till death seizes them and they perish unrepentant because for ever "behind time."

1328. Casting Away Life.—If we were to see a woodman felling eight large trees in a forest every week, or four hundred every year, we should some of us say, "What a pity!" yet in one large steam sawing-mill, visited by Mr. Mayhew, that was just the number employed to make lucifer matches; 1,128,200,000 matches were made in one year out of the above four hundred trees. This may remind one of the remark of Howe, "What a folly it is to dread the thought of throwing away one's life at once, and yet to have no regard for throwing it away by parcels and piecemeal!"

1329. Christ's Kingdom.—On the door of the old mosque in Damascus, which was once a Christian church, but for twelve centuries has ranked among the holiest of the Mohammedan sanctuaries, are inscribed these remarkable words: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth through all generations." Though the name of Christ has been regularly blasphemed, and the disciples of Christ regularly cursed, for twelve hundred years within it, the inscription has nevertheless remained unimpaired by time and undisturbed by man. It was unknown during the long reign of Mohammedan intolerance

and oppression, but when religious liberty was partially restored, and the missionaries were enabled to establish a Christian church in that city, it was again brought to light, encouraging them in their work of faith and labour of love.

1330. Consideration for Others.—A woman who always used to attend public worship with great punctuality, and took care to be always in time, was asked how it was she could always come so early. She answered very wisely, "It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others."

1331. Cure for Indolence.—Buffon constantly rose with the sun, and thus relates the manner in which he acquired such a habit of early rising. "In my youth," says he, "I was excessively fond of sleep, and that indolence robbed me of much time. My poor Joseph (a domestic who served him for sixty-five years) was of the greatest benefit to me in overcoming it. I promised him a crown for every time he could make me get up at six o'clock. He failed not the next day to rouse and torment me, but I only abused him. He tried the day following, and I threatened him. 'Friend Joseph,' said I to him at noon, 'I have lost my time, and you have gained nothing. You do not know how to manage the matter. Think only of my promise, and do not regard my threatenings.' The day following he accomplished his point. At first I begged, then entreated and abused, and would have discharged him, but he disregarded me, and raised me up by absolute force. He had his reward every day for my ill humour at the moment of waking, by thanks, and a crown an hour after. I owe to poor Joseph at least ten or twelve volumes of my works."

1332. Dangerous Delay.—Mr. East, of Birmingham, relates the following: "A woman was in the habit of attending the place of

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

1333. Deceptive Notion.—Said a minister once, when a friend gently hinted to him that he had not preached the Gospel that morning, "No, my dear sir, I did not mean to preach to sinners in the morning, but I will preach to them in the evening." "Ah," said the other, "but what if some of your congregation of the morning should be in eternity before evening?"

1334. Dilatory Congregation.—An earnest minister once had the misfortune to succeed a tardy man who had had the congregation in charge for some years. He despaired of reforming them in great matters if he could not reform them in small. He found them in the habit of meeting at twelve o'clock, though the hour appointed and agreed upon was eleven. The preacher knew his duty, and began

at the minute. The first day after his settlement his sermon was well-nigh closed before most of his congregation arrived. Some actually arrived just at the benediction. They were confounded. He made no apology. He only asked the seniors if they would prefer any other time than eleven o'clock, and he would be sure and attend. A few weeks passed and the church was regularly full and waiting for the minute. The preacher never failed in twenty years, except in a few cases of indisposition, to commence at the hour appointed. His congregation soon became as punctual and circumspect in other matters as in their attendance at church.

1335. Early Risers.—Sir Thos. More remarks, in his preface to the "Utopia," that he completed the work by stealing time from his sleep and meals. He made it his invariable practice to rise at four. The celebrated Dr. Doddridge mentions, in his "Family Expositor," that to his habit of early rising the world is indebted for nearly the whole of his valuable works. The well-known Bishop Burnet was an habitual early riser. When at college, his father aroused him to his studies every morning at four o'clock, and he continued the practice during the remainder of his life. "I spent," says Dr. Paley, when giving an account of the early part of his life at college, "the first two years of my undergraduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society, where we were not immoral, but idle and expensive. At the commencement of the third year, after having left the usual party at a late hour, I was awakened at five in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, if I were to try, and I could afford the indolent life you lead. You could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have

had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you that if you persist in your indolence I must renounce your society." I was so struck," says Paley, "with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in bed great part of the day and formed my plan. I ordered my bedmaker to lay my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during the whole day, took supper at nine, went to bed, and continued the practice up to this hour." Bishop Jewell rose regularly at four; the learned lawyer and pious Christian, Sir Matthew Hale, studied sixteen hours every day, and was an early riser; Dr. Parkhurst, the philologist, rose regularly at five in summer and six in the winter, and, in the latter season, he made his own fire.

1336. Improving the Time.—

It was a memorable practice of Vespasian, the Roman emperor, throughout the whole course of his life, to call himself to account every night for the actions of the past day, and as often as he found he had passed any one day without doing some good, he entered in his diary this memorandum, *Diem perdidit*: "I have lost a day."

1337. Keeping an Appointment.

—A student at Edinburgh, who had passed his examinations at the Divinity Hall, called upon Dr. Andrew Thomson for the purpose of submitting his certificate for preaching, and of obtaining the Doctor's signature to the instrument. The young candidate was directed to call for it on the morrow. "At what time?" "Any hour after six o'clock in the morning." The student resolved to take the Doctor at his word. The morning had scarcely dawned ere he directed his steps towards Melville Street, the place of his residence, and as soon as the clock had struck six he rang the bell, and inquired if Dr. Thomson was to be spoken with. The servant directed him to

enter, and upon the door of the study being opened, the Doctor was seen at his writing-desk, and upon being applied to for the certificate, took it off the table and presented it to its owner. It had been previously examined and signed.

1338. Lost by an Inch.—

"I was once travelling," says a living writer, "between two Danish islands. The little steamer that took me across the narrow sea also carried letters from one island to the other. A letter-box was hung up on the deck, where every one could see it, and I amused myself by watching the people as they came, one by one, down to the ship. Crossing the little plank, they stepped on board, put their letters in the box, and went on shore again, as though they felt sure that their letters would go all right, and the answers come back at the proper time. Presently the whistle sounded. Steam was up, the captain stood on the bridge, and the vessel began to move away. Just at that moment a little girl was seen scampering along as fast as she could, holding a letter in her hand. But the captain could not stop the vessel for her. She stretched out her hand as far as she could, and some one on board did the same. Their fingers nearly touched. There was only a gap of an inch between—only an inch—but it was an inch, and therefore an inch too much! Another minute, and the ship was far out of reach, and I saw the Danish miss turning her feet homewards, and looking very sad. She had lost the post by an inch."

1339. Procrastination.—

"You will please not to forget to ask the place for me, sir," said a pale blue-eyed boy, as he brushed the coat of the man of leisure at his lodgings. "Certainly not," said Mr. J., "I shall be going that way in a day or two." "Did you ask for the place for me yesterday?" said the pale boy on the following day, with a quivering lip, as he performed the

same office. "No," was the answer; "I was busy; but I will to-day." "Heaven help my poor mother!" murmured the boy, and gazed listlessly on the penny Mr. J. laid in his hand. The boy went home. He ran to the hungry children with the loaf of bread he had earned by brushing the gentlemen's coats at the inn. They shouted for joy, and his mother held out her emaciated hand for a portion, while a sickly smile flitted across her face. "Mother dear," said the boy, "Mr. J. thinks he can get me the place, and I shall have three meals a day,—only think, mother, three meals! And it won't take me three minutes to run home and share them with you." The morning came, and the pale boy's voice trembled with earnestness as he asked Mr. J. if he had applied for the place. "Not yet," said the man of leisure, "but there is time enough." The penny that morning was wet with tears. Another morning arrived. "It is very thoughtless of the boy to be so late," said Mr. J. "Not a soul here to brush my coat." The child came at length, his face swollen with weeping. "I am sorry to disappoint you," said the man of leisure, "but the place in Mr. C.'s shop was filled yesterday." The boy stopped brushing, and burst afresh into tears. "I care not now," said he, sobbing; "we may as well starve. Mother is dead!" The "man of leisure" was smitten to the heart.

1340. Punctuality.—A committee of eight ladies was appointed to meet on a certain day at twelve o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came hurrying in, with many apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. The time had passed away without her being aware of it, she had no idea of its being so late, &c. A Quaker lady present said, "Friend, I am not so clear that we should admit thine apology. It were matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own

quarter of an hour, but here are seven besides thyself whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and seven-eighths of it was not thine own property."

1341. Redemption of Time.—The gifted Mrs. Hall, John Wesley's sister, was very intimate with Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was a great admirer of her genius and talents. Dr. Johnson requested her to procure him an interview with her brother, John Wesley. Mrs. Hall did so, and a day was accordingly appointed for him to dine with the Doctor at his residence at Salisbury Court. Dr. Johnson conformed to Wesley's hours, and appointed two o'clock. The dinner, however, was not ready till three. They conversed till that time. Wesley had set apart two hours to spend with his learned host. In consequence of this he rose up as soon as dinner was ended, and departed. The Doctor was extremely disappointed, and could not conceal his mortification. Mrs. Hall said, "Why, Doctor, my brother has been with you two hours." He replied, "Two hours, madam! I could talk all day, and all night too, with your brother."

1342. Remorse at Death.—An American author tells of one Lieutenant Wood, belonging to a Maine Regiment in the Army of the Potomac, who was on his way to the Grand Review. "He had gone through the war without a wound, and even without hospital experience. At the last camp halt that his division made before reaching Washington, as he stood in his tent-door he was mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a gun. He was brought into Campbell Hospital. When I found him he was apparently peaceful in the immediate prospect of death. He had enlisted as a Christian, but while he had kept an unsullied reputation for uprightness and integrity, he had not been distinctly known in the regiment as a Chris-

tian, and this was now his bitter grief. He wanted to live to see his family again, but more, far more, he said, to recover lost opportunities. He sent for his fellow-officers, told them his mistake, and asked their forgiveness, while he trusted in the Saviour for his own forgiveness. 'I die as a Christian,' he said to me, 'and I die contented, but oh if I could have died as a Christian worker!' 'I am peaceful and assured in view of death,' he said again, 'but I am not joyful and glad,—those three lost years keep coming back upon me;' then lying a moment quiet with closed eyes, he added, 'Chaplain, do you suppose we shall be able to forget anything in heaven? I would like to forget those three years.'"

1343. Spurning Reproof.—The following is extracted from "Not a Minute to Spare:"—"An idle school-girl was once seriously expostulated with about some duties which she had neglected, and others which she had badly performed. 'I cannot help it, I am sure I cannot; I can't do any more than I do. I never have "a minute to spare;" I am always at work.' This girl thought she spoke the truth, but she did not know the true meaning of the word 'idle.' For instance, if she sat at work for an hour, but only did what she was well able to accomplish in half-an-hour, she would have thought it very unjust and unkind had she been accused of idleness. If she sat with her head resting on her hands, her elbows on the table, or, what was as often the case, leaning over the fire, with a book on her lap, looking at it, and lazily learning from it, and were reproofed and counselled to more industry, she would spurn both the reproof and the counsel, however kindly given, and perhaps even hate the reprover. And at the close of the day she would wonder how it was she had not time for her duties, whilst her companions got through theirs with so much ease; but always ended by

lulling her conscience with the idea that their abilities were so much greater than hers, and that too much was required of her. She could not or would not see that it is quite possible to be doing something, and yet to be very idle. For her Bible she had not 'a minute to spare;' no time to be neat, no time for her studies, no time for her health, no time to do things for others. She was hardly dealt with. Her Heavenly Father had heaped commands upon her, and given her no time in which to obey them. Parents and teachers were all unkind, or they would not have been so unreasonable in their demands. 'I am sure I have not a minute to spare,' was her unvarying reply to all who sought to do her good."

1344. Value of a Minute.—A small vessel was nearing the Steep Holmes in the Bristol Channel. The captain stood on the deck, his watch in his hand, his eye fixed on it. A terrible tempest had driven them onward, and the vessel was a scene of devastation. No one dared to ask, "Is there hope?" Silent consternation filled every heart, made every face pale. The wind and the tide drove the shattered bark fiercely forward. Every moment they were hurried nearer to the sullen rock which knew no mercy, on which many ill-fated vessels had foundered, all the crew perishing. Still the captain stood motionless, speechless, his watch in his hand. "We are lost!" was the conviction of many around him. Suddenly his eye glanced across the sea; he stood erect; another moment and he cried, "Thank God! we are saved—the tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!" He returned his chronometer, by which he had measured the race between time and tide, to his pocket; and if they never felt it before, assuredly both he and his crew were on that day powerfully taught the value of a minute.

1345. **Vain Boasting.**—It is recorded in Whitefield's journal, that during his first voyage to Georgia the ship's cook was awfully addicted to drinking, and when reproved for this and other sins, boasted that he would be wicked till within two years of his death, and would then reform. He died of an illness, brought on by drinking, in six hours.

1346. **Visitor Admonished.**—An American minister, being in London, called on the late Rev. Matthew Wilks. Mr. W. received him with courtesy, and entered into conversation, which was kept up briskly till the most important religious intelligence in possession of each had been imparted. Suddenly there was a pause—it was broken by Mr. W. "Have you anything more to communicate?" "No, nothing of special interest." "Any further inquiries to make?" "None." "Then you must leave me; I have my Master's business

to attend to. Good morning." "Here," says the minister, "I received a lesson on the impropriety of intrusion, and on the most manly method of preventing it."

1347. **Work versus Idleness.**—An eminent clergyman was suffering under chronic disease, and consulted three physicians, who declared that his disease would be followed by death in a shorter or longer time, according to the manner in which he lived, but they advised him unanimously to give up his office, because, in his situation, mental agitation would be fatal to him. "If," inquired the divine, "I give myself to repose, how long, gentlemen, will you guarantee my life?" "About six years," answered the doctors. "And if I continue in office?" "Three years at most." "Your servant, gentlemen," he replied; "I should prefer living two or three years in doing some good to living six in idleness."

TRACTS AND TRACT DISTRIBUTION.

Deut. iv. 10, vi. 6, xxxii. 2; Joshua iii. 9; Job xxii. 22; Psalm xii. 6; Eccles. xii. 2. Jer. xiii. 16; Matt. xi. 15; John xx. 31; 2 Tim. ii. 15; 1 John v. 13.

1348. **After Many Days.**—A clergyman some time since, as he was riding, passed some young females near a school-house, and dropped from his carriage two tracts, which he had previously marked. Some time afterwards he was conversing with a young woman with reference to her spiritual state, and found her rejoicing in the hope of pardoned sin. He inquired the history of her religious feelings, and she traced them to a tract dropped by a traveller, which was manifestly one of the two above referred to. He was afterwards called to visit another young woman on a sick-bed, whose mind was calm and composed in view of death, which the event proved was near at hand. She traced her first serious impressions to the circumstance of two tracts being dropped

by a traveller, one of which, she said, was taken up by her cousin, and the other by herself; "and now," said she, "we are hoping both in Christ." She had retained the tract as a precious treasure, and, putting her hand under her pillow, showed it to the clergyman, who immediately recognised the marks he had written on it.

1349. **Appeal to Reason.**—"I was," says a correspondent of the Religious Tract Society, "on a visit in the West of England, and in one of their morning rambles, was requested to accompany some young ladies who occupy the principal portion of their time which can be spared from family duties in visiting the poor, circulating religious tracts, and other works of Christian benevolence."

The haunts of poverty and ignorance were sought out, and I was much gratified to find that in several instances their humble endeavours to make known their Saviour's name to sinners ready to perish had been crowned with His blessing. At one house, which afforded a habitation to many families, the poor woman to whom our visit was made, and who, through the instrumentality of my young friends, had been led to inquire after a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, expressed to us the lively anxiety she felt for a poor young man who resided on the next floor, and who was considered to be in a dying state, without any knowledge of that Saviour who can deliver from the wrath to come. The poor man had been prevailed on to read some infidel publications, and had embraced the dreadful doctrines so industriously circulated; he was then lying on a sick-bed, dangerously ill. Under such circumstances, I hoped that the near view of death would induce him to yield a patient hearing to what I had to say. I was disappointed, and spent a considerable time with him, but departed with a conviction that I had laboured in vain. I took an early opportunity of repeating my visit, and, finding the patient could not then converse with me, I took my leave, giving to a woman who attended him the small hand-bill entitled 'An Appeal to Reason,' requesting her to read it to him, should he sufficiently recover. In the course of the morning he was a little better, and the paper was read to him; he requested it might be read again; a powerful impression was produced upon his mind, and the prospect of eternity became most alarming. I was entreated to come to him immediately, and found the poor dying man in a state calculated to call forth the liveliest sympathy. He appeared to feel all the horrors of his situation, dying without that hope which alone can support on the bed of death. He seemed fer-

vently to pray that he might believe the record of God; and made the most solemn vows, should his life be spared, of future amendment, and that he would shun the society of those who had been the means of his imbibing the dreadful principles which he now felt would destroy the soul for ever. I spoke to him of the exceeding great love of Christ our Saviour, even to the chief of sinners: he listened with much earnestness. I afterwards prayed with him for the teaching of the Holy Spirit, which appeared in some faint degree to compose his mind. He died a few days afterwards, and I indulge that charity which 'hopeth all things;' and above all I would take encouragement in distributing those little books and papers, which have in so many instances been blessed as instruments for communicating to souls ready to perish that knowledge which tells them of a Saviour able and willing to save."

1350. Arrow of Conviction.—An agent of the Glasgow Religious Tract Society furnishes the following account: One Sabbath evening, when attending my weekly meeting for the purpose of reading the Scriptures and religious tracts—the place of meeting as usual being well filled with apparently attentive auditors—a young woman present burst into tears, and continued to weep during the remainder of the exercises. She seemed much overcome, so that she wept aloud, to the no small astonishment of many who were present. At the close of the meeting she remained at my request to converse with me. She then said that she saw her own character most correctly pointed out in the tract I had been reading, and she felt that she was a great sinner in the sight of God. I pointed her to the cross of Calvary, and reminded her that, through faith in the blood of Christ there shed for sinners, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red

like crimson, they shall be as wool." After conversing with her for some time, she left me. Some time afterwards, to my surprise, she called upon me, and said that she could not rest till she had found me, to tell me what the Lord had done for her soul: that when she heard me speak, she had been brought under deep conviction of the dreadful nature and awful consequences of sin, and thought that she could not escape that punishment which she felt was so justly her due; but that God had given her such a view of His love through Christ Jesus, that she now trusted she knew what the Bible meant when it says, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." Peace had flowed into her soul, and she experienced a happiness she never knew before, even through faith in Him whom now she saw to be "the chiefest among ten thousand" and "altogether lovely." After that period she attended the ministry of the Rev. Mr. —, and was admitted a member of the church. Previous to the time when she heard the tract read, she had not been in a place of worship for four years. The tract that was made useful to her was, "The History of William S—," showing the truth of the Scripture, which says, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

1351. Ask of the Doctrine.—

The following account of the conversion of a native of Kharee, a village fifty miles south of Calcutta, is by the Rev. W. H. Pearce, of Calcutta:—"Before his conversion he was the leader of a band of musicians, who used to dance and sing before the images of Kalee, Doorga, Kalu-roy, Duky-in-roy, and other imaginary deities. He is naturally a shrewd man, and appears always to have been sedate and thoughtful. He was also the head man in the village; but his education had been so limited, that although he could readily repeat from memory large portions of

the Rāmāyana, Mahābhārat, &c., he could only with difficulty read a book he had never before seen. Some years before his conversion to Christianity his father died, and he performed for him, with great exactness, the established funeral rites. Being led, however, to fear lest he had not done for his happiness all which was necessary, and being assured that if he should offer his funeral-cake at Gyah, his spirit would certainly be delivered from all sorrow, he proceeded there on pilgrimage. This occupied him four months, and cost him, considering his circumstances, a large sum of money. When he returned, however, he was still dubious as to his parent's happiness, and appears to have been led, from these doubts respecting his father's salvation, to be more concerned for his own. In this state he continued for some years, till he heard that a distant relation of his, named Rammohun, who lived at Luckyantipore, a village fifteen miles nearer Calcutta, had embraced Christianity. Feeling much interested in the report, he proceeded to Luckyantipore, called upon Rammohun, and particularly inquired of him the reason of his change of religion. Rammohun, an excellent native preacher, since deceased, conversed with him fully and freely on the subject, and gave him two tracts, with earnest exhortations to read and judge for himself. He therefore determined, instead of going home, to stay at the house of a relation of his who lived in a village close by, and who had several translations of the more popular extracts from the Puranas, and on comparing these with the system of religion exhibited in the tracts, at once to decide his faith and conduct. Here accordingly he stayed four days, during all which time he was fully occupied, without the knowledge of the family, in the investigation he had commenced; and after a careful comparison of the sentiments of the tracts with those he could readily refer to in the

Shastras, he at last came to the full conviction that the new way by Christ was the way of life everlasting. This information he communicated to his brother and three or four of his neighbours, and for more than two months, unknown to any one else, he read to them the tracts, and discussed with them the truth of the sentiments they exhibited. By degrees, all were satisfied with the superiority of Christianity, and came to Calcutta with Rammohun's brother, he himself being ill, to make profession of their faith. Many others have since followed their example; and at length a community of professing Christians has been established, of whom it may be said, with some few exceptions, that they 'walk as becometh the Gospel of Christ.'

1352. Brand Plucked out of the Fire.—"Starting from one of the diligence-offices at Paris," writes a minister in France, "to go to Dijon, a friend who had accompanied us to the coach put a tract, 'Le Prix de l'Ame' ('Value of the Soul'), into the hands of a gentleman in the yard, who happened to be going by the same conveyance as ourselves. He travelled in a different part of the diligence from that we occupied, but, in a later stage of the journey, was put, through some unexpected arrangement, into the 'interieur,' where we were seated. Conversation was commenced and maintained on serious subjects, and at length we put the tract, 'Le Suicide,' into his hands. He started on noticing its title, and asked if we gave or sold the books. We replied that, through the benevolence of some Christians, we were empowered to distribute them gratuitously. He then drew out the former tract, 'Le Prix de l'Ame,' and asserted, 'Here is one which has saved my life.' An explanation was sought; and he replied, that having the day before sustained some severe pecuniary losses by gambling, he had fully determined to destroy

himself in some river on the route; that before mounting the coach that pamphlet had been put into his hands, the title of which arrested his attention; that he had read it, and in consequence a great change had occurred in his views and feelings, for he saw the salvation of the soul was of the utmost moment, and that of course he had abandoned all idea of self-destruction. We gave him what advice we could before parting, and soon afterwards saw him no more."

1353. Bread upon the Waters.

—"I was appointed chaplain to a military academy in my native country," said the Rev. C. M'Ilvaine, of Ohio, in an anniversary address. "I was forewarned of the rugged soil which I was destined to cultivate, and was recommended to relinquish all idea of making any progress in the work of the Lord under such circumstances as those by which I was then surrounded. Shortly after my arrival, I received a communication from an officer in the depot, stating that he should feel himself accessory to a falsehood did he not distinctly convey to me a faithful account of the position in which I was placed. However I might believe and rejoice in the doctrines which it was my duty to inculcate, there were those among my congregation who believed not a word of them; and he reckoned himself among the number of the unbelievers. He had to state further, that he believed there was not a person in the neighbourhood who put the slightest faith in my doctrines. I have reason to believe that the individual from whom I received that communication professed opinions little different from those of an atheist. One day, soon after my appointment, a cadet came to my apartments, and told me that his father had recently died, and that he had enjoined him to come and seek my acquaintance. I gave the young man a tract; it might not produce its effect at

the moment, but it was like throwing bread upon the waters; there was little doubt that it would be found after many days. In two weeks from that period a young man, one of the finest in the academy, came to me attired in his full uniform; his eyes were filled with tears, his utterance was nearly choked with emotion. At first it appeared to me that he had been the victim of some sad disaster; at length he articulated the words, "Gregory's Letters!" He stated that he had been brought up without religion; that he had lived unacquainted with God; that his mind was disposed towards scepticism. 'Gregory's Letters' had fallen into his hands, and such was the effect which they produced upon his heart and mind, that, when reading them, he could not refrain from laying his hand upon the Bible, and saying, 'This must be true.' He told me that he had found a tract in his room, but was ignorant how it came there. I explained to him how that tract had been given away by me, and how it had found its way to the man by whom it was most needed. When the young man to whom I had given the tract was on guard, this officer had put the very tract which he had found into his friend's hand, for the purpose of ascertaining how he felt on the subject of religion. The effect was such that in a short time both were on their knees; soon after, they came to my apartments, and one of them, throwing his arms round my neck, inquired what he should do to be saved. It soon came to be whispered abroad that many persons were inclined to attend public worship, and it was not long before there were many professing, steady, zealous, practical Christians. Nor was it long before our prayer-meetings were joined by the professors of military and civil engineering, the professors of mineralogy and chemistry, and the instructor of artillery, and as many as seventeen cadets."

1354. Christ the Only Refuge.—"I once called at a cottage by the road-side," relates a country minister, "and asked the woman of the house if she could read, as I had a charming little book called 'Christ the Only Refuge.' I had found great benefit from it myself, and hoped she would do the same. 'No, sir,' she replied, 'I cannot read; but I have a little boy, nine years of age, who can read, but he is ill in bed.' 'Well, give him this little book, and bid him read it, and I will call for it another time.' When I called again, the woman burst into a flood of tears. I inquired what was the matter. She replied, 'Sir, my boy is dead, and has left you this halfpenny.' 'And did he read the little book?' 'Sir, he read it continually, till he could repeat the whole. He talked of nothing else till he died; and, to the last, begged that I would not give you the book when you called, but to thank you, and give you a halfpenny for it. And he begged that I would learn to read that little book. Just before he died he cried out, 'Mother, Christ is my only refuge! Christ is my only refuge! Do not part with the book; it will do for my father.'"

1355. Deist Converted.—An American deist once laboured, with a zeal worthy of a better cause, to make converts to his wretched system. His wife placed in his way the tract, "The Day of Judgment." He took it up, and said, "Well, this is a subject nobody ought to write upon, because no one knows anything about it." He read it, however, and had not proceeded far before he became much agitated, and with deep anxiety withdrew into another room and confessed his guilt to God. He was soon led to ask pardon of his wife for his treatment of her religion, and they united together in consecrating their all to the Saviour.

1356. Distribution of Tracts.—"I was travelling in one of the Northern counties," says a Clergy-

tian writer, "when I heard a simple tale which much affected and encouraged me, and which illustrated the great advantage of lending religious tracts from house to house. In a large county town a few serious people determined regularly to visit some of the inhabitants for the purpose of lending tracts. The visitor of one district left the tract entitled 'The Gospel Invitation' at a room occupied by a poor soldier. It afterwards appeared that he had been long in the army, and engaged in several battles on the Continent of Europe. After the victory of Waterloo he retired from the army to his native town. He thought to end his days in peace, although a stranger to God, and tried to interest the little circle of his acquaintance with descriptions of 'the battle of the warrior, and the garments rolled in blood.' The poor man received the first tract left by the visitor, and read it with attention, and also those which followed. He became anxious to converse with the friend who left the tracts, and when he had the desired interview stated his fears. The visitor pointed him to Jesus Christ, the only way of salvation. I heard an interesting account of the visits, which continued, I think, for several months, during which period his mind was gradually enlightened by the Spirit of God, and at length he obtained 'joy and peace in believing.' The conversations with the poor veteran were often of a most interesting kind. On one occasion he remarked, 'Several times have I been left on the field of battle, surrounded by the dead and dying, and if I had then died I must have gone to hell; but God spared me to return to this town, and by "gospel invitations" I have been pointed to the Saviour.' Not long before he died he complained much of being troubled on account of past transgressions. 'I know not how it is,' he remarked, 'but sins long forgotten now come to my mind, and greatly distress me.'

The visitor asked, 'What do you do with these painful thoughts? Do you endeavour to forget them?' The poor soldier simply replied, 'No, I rake them all together, and then I take them to the cross of Christ, and there I pray for pardon.' Shortly after this conversation the soldier left this world, and there is reason to hope that he entered at once into the enjoyment of 'glory, honour, and immortality.'"

1357. Encouragement to Work.

—"Some time since," says a member of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, "whilst engaged in the distribution of religious tracts to sailors on board ships on the river Thames, I gave a tract to one who, in the first instance, objected to receive it by saying, 'It is no service to give your tracts to me.' The reply was, 'You had better take the tract; you know not when or how it may be made a blessing to you. You are now, I see, very busy, but when you have time let me entreat you to read the tract.' The sailor accordingly received the tract, putting it into his jacket pocket. The ship sailed; all was bustle and noise, and nothing more was thought about the tract. Three days after this the ship arrived in the Downs, and the sailor, putting his hand into his pocket for some tobacco, unexpectedly found the tract. He looked at it. The title of it, 'The Necessity of Repentance,' struck his eye; he began to read, but had not proceeded far when he was observed by his shipmates, who with derision asked, 'What have you found?' His reply was, 'This is just the book for me.' He read it attentively, and then, for the first time for some years, turned to his Bible that had been lying in his chest, and read therein occasionally. A marked difference was soon observed in his conduct; the profane swearer was found bending his knees in prayer, the tract and the Bible became his companions,

and although he had to bear the ridicule of his shipmates, yet he was enabled to bear this patiently and to pray for them. A few weeks after this, during the course of the voyage, the captain of the ship became seriously ill, and, being much distressed in mind, he requested the mate to pray for him or read the Scriptures to him. The mate excused himself by saying he had no time to read in consequence of the duty he had to perform, and as to prayer he had no knowledge of it, and could not pray; 'but,' said he, 'Richard in the fore-castle reads the Bible, and prays every day; I will send for him, if you please.' Richard was sent for, and when he came aft to the captain, the first question was, 'Richard, can you pray?' 'A little, sir,' said the penitent sailor. 'Then you will read a portion of Scripture and pray for me?' was the reply. 'Yes, sir.' The ship's duty called the mate on deck, and the sailor read the 51st Psalm, and then poured out his heart in prayer. The captain heard—he felt—he wept. Richard continued his visits daily, reading the Scriptures and praying with the captain. Through the mercy of God the latter was restored to health, and began seriously to think of the things relating to his everlasting peace; and on the return of the ship to England he gave full evidence of his sincerity by a walk and conversation becoming the Gospel. Richard's conduct soon began to be observed, and as a sober, pious man he rose to the station of a chief mate. In this situation he gave much satisfaction to his captain and employers, and about this time was married to a pious young woman, a niece of the captain with whom he then sailed. A short period after this he took the command of a vessel of about 200 tons. His conduct being highly approved of by his employers, for industry, sobriety, and piety, he was appointed to the command of a larger vessel; and the last account

I received of him was that he was then master of a ship of about 600 tons, highly respected by all who knew him, and a very consistent Christian."

1358. Gospel Invitation.—"I left the tract entitled 'The Gospel Invitation,'" writes a minister in Devonshire, "with a labourer. His wife had been awakened to a sense of sin and to see her need of a Saviour. This woman was very anxious about the soul of her husband, and used to talk to me about him often, and lament that he did not see his need of a change of heart. She earnestly wished he might be altered. One day I called, and she immediately said, 'A wonderful change has taken place in my husband: he is quite different from what he was.' She then mentioned the particulars. One Sunday evening he seemed unusually serious; he took up the above-mentioned tract, read it with deep attention, and was so much affected that he could not proceed for tears. And they were tears, I trust, of true penitence. He afterwards proved a consistent and steady Christian."

1359. Happy Results.—A gentleman of Liverpool furnished the steward of a merchant vessel, which was about to leave that port to trade in the Mediterranean, with a parcel of tracts. The following is an account of the results they produced:—"You recollect, on my taking leave of you, you placed in my hand a small parcel of tracts, and I promised to read them. This I have done. On leaving the port we had a favourable wind through the Channel; the wind then chopped round direct in our teeth. We had to contend with light contrary winds till we entered the Gut of Gibraltar. During this part of our voyage I had little or no opportunity to read the tracts; I did, on the first Sabbath, turn them over, and put a few in my pocket; and occasionally taking one out, gave it a sneering glance, and then

handed it to one of the boys or men with a smile of ridicule. On passing the Gut we had a tedious though pleasant voyage to Smyrna. Having much time upon my hands I now and then looked at a tract to pass it away. One evening—I well remember the evening—about an hour before sunset, having scarce a breath of air, we had spread all the canvas we could, which lay flapping idly against the mast; the men on board, some sitting on the forehatch, others lolling over the windlass, now and then whispering a curse instead of a prayer for a breeze; a boy sitting athwart a gun, the captain in the cabin smoking his cigar, with his allowance of grog before him; the wide and beautiful expanse of water, smooth as glass, bounded by a clear and serene sky; the smoke of Mount Vesuvius just visible on the horizon, bearing E.N.E.; every object hushed into silent solitude, not a sound heard but our own breathings and the gentle breaking of the sea against the bows of the vessel. I was looking over the ship's side, viewing the calm and peaceful close of another day. This brought to my recollection the scenery and calmness of the evening when I took my last farewell of my friends at home. It was at sunset, on a lovely evening in July. Musing thus of home I just then put my hand in my jacket pocket, and, feeling a paper, took it out. It proved to be a tract, 'The Swearer's Prayer.' I read it aloud in the hearing of the whole crew, and I suppose much of my feelings was mixed with my tone of voice. When I had read it, a curious kind of silence ensued; not one of us felt inclined to raise his eyes from what they were fixed on, fearing to meet the look of another, and knowing that to a man we were all shockingly guilty of swearing. At length we looked at each other in a sidelong kind of way, and one man said, 'Mr. William, I never heard or thought of this before; this kind of reading has made me feel very strange; I am all over trembling. I don't think I shall like to swear again; shall you, Jack?' turning short to a seaman alongside of him, who looked him full in the face, and burst into tears. The shedding of tears ran like a contagion through the whole of us, even to the boy across the gun. After weeping in silence, with our faces hid with our hands, one man said, 'Jack, suppose we hand up a prayer to God for forgiveness. Mr. William, you have had more learning than we; you can make a prayer.' Alas! I had never prayed; I could only sigh; I really thought my heart would burst. Oh, how dreadful did sin appear! One of the men then broke the silence of grief; with his arms across his breast, and the tears of penitential sorrow rolling down his face, he cried out. 'O God, who made our souls, have mercy, and pardon the miserable and damned crew on this deck.' Not a heart but what responded, 'Lord, hear this prayer, and forgive.' But not to enter too long into detail, a change took place in the whole ship's company. One circumstance I must not forget to mention. The captain, a drunken, swearing character, thought his men bewitched. On the following morning he came on deck, and as usual was giving his orders, mixed with fearful oaths, when one of the men, in a most respectful manner, begged he would not swear at them; they would obey his orders with more comfort to themselves without it. Indeed, the captain remarked to a person on his return that he was himself obliged to refrain from swearing, it began to appear so singular on board."

1360. "Little Book."—At a meeting of the American Tract Society, the Rev. Mr. Kincaid thus delivered himself:—"The first convert in Ava, the Golden City, as it is called, had his attention arrested by this Burmese tract [which Mr. Kincaid held up to the

audience]. Yes; the first man who came to a knowledge of the truth, and publicly professed Christ, was brought to do so by this little tract. A company of elderly people were sitting in a zayat, and one of them was discoursing or preaching to them the mysteries of the Pa-li, or sacred language of the Hindoos. A native preacher went near and heard this Pa-li, which is to the Buddhist what Latin is to the Papist. The priests never preach except in this language, and while the dark idolaters are counting their beads, they recite prayers similar to Ave-Marias, and the greater the number of these they repeat in twenty-four hours, the greater is their merit. He heard this man explaining the sacred Pa-li, listened for some time, and then said to him, 'I have a little book here I would like to read to the people.' The converted native preacher was a gentleman with a smiling, pleasing countenance, and was welcomed. He began reading this little work; it is an epitome of the great foundation-truths on which the hope of immortality is founded. All listened, and when he had finished they exclaimed, 'Amah!' 'Alas, what have we been about all this time?' 'Will you lend me this book?' inquired the leading man among them. 'Certainly,' replied our preacher, and told him when he wanted more to come to him. He came to me also, and, as he was a learned man, I was obliged to quote Pa-li too, in confirmation of my assertions. After conversing an hour with him, I gave him some books, and he went away. He returned in a few days, and repeated his visits until he had read all our Christian books. He was convinced of his errors, he made a public profession of Christ, was admitted to the Church, and became the first convert in the Golden City. I could mention others of the same character. This man lives in Ava. He was living twelve months ago, and has travelled many miles with me since his con-

version, with a bundle of tracts on his back, although he was a person of importance and had never carried a burden before."

1361. *Living Monument*.—At a meeting of the Religious Tract Society at Otselic, in America, the Rev. Mr. C., a clergyman well known in the locality, arose with deep emotion, and said: "My friends, I stand before this congregation as a monument of the efficacy of tracts. When a young man, careless, unbelieving, and impenitent, as I was one day passing along the road, I saw a little piece of paper half covered with mud. It attracted my attention; I picked it up, and found it to be the tract, 'Poor Joseph.' I seated myself on a bank beside a small stream, and read it; and oh! I shall never forget the feelings I had as I read over that simple story. The Spirit of God sent home its truths to my heart. I trembled and wept in view of my sins, and I never rested until I reposed on the blood of Christ for salvation. If I have ever done any good in the cause of Christ, and if I may be hereafter made instrumental in leading lost and perishing souls to the Redeemer, it may be all traced to that tract. It has started a train of causes that must operate through eternity."

1362. *"Piece of Paper."*—"A gentleman from Ireland," says a Christian writer, "had gone to Torquay in attendance on a younger brother, an officer in the Army, in a declining state of health. Neither of them knew the other's mind upon religious subjects, but the elder had been for some years anxiously inquiring about them, and was greatly harassed with doubts. The officer's increasing illness admonished them that it was urgently necessary his attention should be directed to what concerned his condition hereafter. It was proposed that a minister should be called in. He readily assented. The elder brother, during the inter-

view with the minister, asked some questions such as would be suggested by a mind verging towards scepticism. When the minister retired, the officer expressed regret that those topics had been mentioned, as they were likely to disturb his mind, which, he said, had been for some time made up on the truths of Christianity. His observations showed an advance in knowledge and faith much beyond what the elder brother had been aware of. Some weeks after, the elder brother, not apprehending any immediate change in the patient, walked down to the shore for the purpose of bathing. Before leaving the house, when passing the invalid's room door, he had looked in and thought he was going to sleep. Descending among the rocks at the beach, he observed a piece of paper lying as if dropped there by some stroller like himself. He picked it up, and found it to be the religious tract entitled 'The Sinner Directed to the Saviour.' He put it into his pocket with the intention of looking at it afterwards. As he was returning to his lodgings he was met by the physician, hastening to convey the melancholy tidings that his brother had suddenly expired. The glance he took at the bed before coming out had told him truly that his brother was going to sleep, but it was a sleep from which there would be no awaking till the resurrection at the last day. Happily it was with him going to 'sleep in Jesus.' On again reaching the house the gentleman found only his brother's remains waiting to be laid in their final resting-place; the spirit, there was good reason to hope, was, though 'absent from the body, present with the Lord.' Necessary arrangements now occupied him, yet not so completely as to exclude reflection upon what had occurred in its bearing on his own soul's salvation. The tract he had picked up among the rocks at the very hour in which his brother was departing, was now read. It supplied

to him the instruction that met his case. 'The excellency of the knowledge of Christ' was the one thing he needed to inspire him with hope and peace. He read, he understood, he believed. The truth contained in the tract, by God's grace, became in his heart life from the dead. He returned to Ireland, leaving behind him the remains of his beloved brother, yet comforted in the assurance that he had laid aside the earthly house of this tabernacle that he might be clothed upon with a house which is from heaven. And what a blessed change was he conscious of in himself! He had gone to Torquay on his brother's account. While there he found the pearl of great price. He went back to his native land a new creature, rejoicing in the grace of Christ Jesus. From that time he continued in the ways of God, and much engaged with various works of faith and labours of love for the good of those about him. The identical 'piece of paper' he picked up on the shore always lay upon his table. It was considerably worn by having been much used, but a cover was put on it and it was carefully preserved. Just above the title the gentleman inscribed his name and the date when it was found."

1363. Sailor and Tract.—Some time ago, on a Sabbath afternoon, a tract visitor was met by a smiling German sailor, who asked her if she had "Bob the Cabin-boy," and then said, "You gave me that tract when I was here five or six months ago, and also the 'Blaspheming Sailor.' I went on board my ship, and soon went down below and read them both. I was a great swearer, and the 'Blaspheming Sailor' cut me up considerably, but 'Bob the Cabin-boy' took hold of my heart. I read it over and over, and I began to feel bad enough. I felt I was a sinner; I went down on my knees, and prayed and prayed until I found Jesus precious to my soul. I felt

His love so strong I wished everybody to be converted and love Him too." Subsequently it was learned that the converted sailor had been standing up for Jesus among his shipmates, and had been distributing what tracts he could get hold of at the ports where he touched. He is able to speak in seven different languages, and promises to be a most useful missionary. He has united with an Evangelical Church, and had been looking and inquiring after the tract-visitor, to thank her for her kindness and faithful efforts for his salvation. While the sailor was conversing with the tract-visitor, more than twenty other sailors came up—English, Germans, Swedes, and Danes—and thanked the faithful woman for her tracts and her good words.

1364. Seed by the Wayside.—

A minister in Surrey, observing a stranger several Sabbaths at his church who was remarkably attentive, asked him if he lived in the neighbourhood. The man told him somewhat as follows: "Sir, I live at —, nine miles distant. One day you were passing through the hop-grounds in your own parish, and dropped several papers and little books as you went along. The exciseman followed you and picked up several of them; he gave me one, it was called 'Andrew Dunn.' I read it, and it caused me to feel in a manner I had never felt before. I became anxious about my soul. I went to — and inquired what I should do, but got no satisfaction. At last I thought that as it was you that had dropped the tract, I had better come and hear you preach. I have done so, and I trust God has been pleased to open my eyes to the danger of my state, and the love of Christ for poor sinners."

1365. Seed that Fell on Good Ground.—Some years ago there was a little ragged boy in the mountains of Galway who had never spoken a word of any language but Irish, and had never seen a

Protestant in his life. There were schools under the Irish Church Missions not a great many miles off, indeed; but, living in some wild, lonely spot, among the bogs and mountains, this child had never heard of them, it appears. He was utterly ignorant of God's Word, and so he might have continued, if, in the providence of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps, it had not happened that a Scripture-reader and tract-distributor one day met with him on the mountain and stopped to speak to him. This man repeated the Ten Commandments to the little boy in Irish, and probably conversed with him also. He was interested, and thought over these words, and after a while went to one of the Mission-schools and was instructed in the Scriptures. By-and-by his heart was touched by the Holy Spirit, and he became a sincere convert from the Church of Rome, and was trained to be a Scripture-reader in his turn. Circumstances occurred to induce him to go to America, and he became a clerk in a large shop, or "store" as they call it, in a town in that country, and bore a high character as an active Christian man. When the war broke out, the "store" was unhappily reduced, and the former clerk became an officer in one of the regiments of the Northern States; and a gentleman writes of him thus: "There are few chaplains in the service who are exerting a greater or better influence than this officer. Having been trained among the poor, he knows how to reach and benefit them." Here, then, is the once poor, ragged, ignorant Roman Catholic boy, an officer, a Protestant, and what is far more, a Christian soldier of Christ,—not only a soldier for his adopted country, but a soldier under the great Captain of our salvation, striving to spread among others the blessings he has received himself from on high. And the little seed, whence all this good has sprung, was the meeting of the Scripture-reader with the

little lad on the wild mountains of Galway.

1366. Sense of Sin.—A Christian minister one day gave to a poor Negro in his congregation a tract, and, seeing him afterwards, asked what he thought of it. "Oh, massa," said he, "it do me soul good. I never knew before why dey call 'em tracks, but when I read dat little book it track me dis way, and it track me dat way; it track me all day, and it track me all night. When I go out in de barn, it track me dare; when I go out in de woods, it track me dare; when I come in de house, it track me dare; it track me eberywhere I go. Den I know why dey call 'em tracks." This poor man became a sincere and devoted Christian.

1367. Slipping Footsteps.—A lady once had to visit for a Bible Association in New York. She relates. "I found a family recently from Ireland apparently in rather indigent circumstances, but as they were destitute of a Bible, the mother cheerfully subscribed for one. She appeared grateful for my visit, and her general deportment confirmed me in the opinion that she had seen days of prosperity. The father was a day-labourer, but honest, sober, and industrious. The children were sent to the Sabbath-school, and for some time I observed, at almost every visit, some addition to their domestic comforts and a pleasing improvement in neatness and affection in the children. About the commencement of a new year the mother's health declined, expenses were increased, and to complete their wretchedness the father exhausted his earnings at the drain-shop, and, as might be expected, often personally abused the family which he had already so much injured by his base gratification. The little furniture they had got by honest industry was taken from them for rent, and when I left the city the succeeding April, the family were reduced to wretchedness. I called to take

leave of them, and left for the father, as a parting present, 'The Wonderful Advantages of Drunkenness.' On my return to New York, I ascertained whither they had moved, and expected to find a scene of misery. But on entering the room, I should have thought myself mistaken in the place had I not seen and recognised my old friends. Neatness and comfort characterised the dwelling, and peace smiled on every countenance. It was Saturday evening, and evident to me that the sacred rest of the Sabbath had been anticipated in the arrangements of the family. The mother discovered my pleasing surprise, and exclaimed, 'Oh, the tract, the tract! The tract has got all these nice things. My husband never drank after you gave him the tract. He seems to be a reformed man, and says the tract has made him happy and brought peace and plenty into his house.'"

1368. Tyndale's Tract.—Anne Boleyn, before she was Queen to Henry the Eighth, says Strype, lent to Mrs. Gainsford, one of her female attendants, a tract written by Tyndale, called "The Obedience of a Christian Man." One day, as she was reading it, a young gentleman named Zouch, also in the service of Lady Anne, snatched the book away in sport, and refused to restore it. He was, however, induced to peruse this little tract, and his heart was so affected by its contents that, as the writer expresses it, "he was never well but when he was reading that book." Cardinal Wolsey had directed all the ecclesiastics about the Court to take especial care to prevent the writings of the Reformers from being circulated there, lest they should come into the hands of the King; but this very caution proved the means of accomplishing what he most feared. Dr. Sampson, the Dean of the Royal Chapel, saw this book one day in the young man's hand; he was reading it in the chapel, most probably being weary

of attending upon the mass, the processions, and other mummeries. The Dean called Zouch, took the book from him and gave it to the Cardinal. Some days after Lady Anne asked her attendant for the book, who "on her knees told all the circumstances," being doubtless fearful lest her mistress as well as herself should come into trouble from this carelessness. Lady Anne instantly went to the King, and "upon her knee" entreated his help that the book might be restored. Henry interfered, and at his command the book was given up to Lady Anne, who brought it to him, requesting he would read it. The King did so, and was much pleased with the contents, saying, "This book is for me and all kings to read."

1369. Unexpected Conviction.—"Among the conversions," says a clergyman, "which I have witnessed as the fruit of tract distribution in my congregation, the most remarkable is that of a young woman who was a light and careless sinner, except when sick. Then she was always alarmed, always awakened, and afraid of hell; always prayed and promised, and always forgot her prayers and broke her promises. What repeated sickness could not do, a little tract did in a few moments; it brought her to genuine, heartfelt, pungent conviction of sin. It is called, 'Heaven Lost.' It lay on the mantel-piece in the house of a pious old lady. Her eye fell on it; she took it up, and was told by Mrs. —, 'You may take that tract home with you.' She took it in an indifferent manner, went home, sat down, and read it; and before she had finished the tract, the arrow of God deeply penetrated her heart. The family had all gone to bed, and there M—— was, alone with God and her own conscience. 'I felt,' said she, 'as if heaven were lost to me.' For a fortnight she lingered through sleepless nights and troubled days. She read the tract, and prayed, and

read it again, but was still miserable. Her impenitent friends and trifling companions laughed and sneered at her. They laid snares for her; they tempted her in various ways to rid herself of her foolish fears; but no; the law of God had too powerful a hold on her conscience. It was nine months before she ventured to hope in the Lord; but she seems to be now strongly fixed on the Rock of ages. That tract is everything to her. You may be assured it is well worn. There is but a tattered cover left to it. It has been moistened by the tears of M——. It has often trembled in her hand. Many have been her groans to be delivered from the bondage of sin and guilt. I look upon her as a monument of eternal mercy—a monument that I trust will stand for ever within the gates of the New Jerusalem."

1370. Whither Bound?—"Captain C——, with whom I sailed," writes an American mate, "returning one Lord's-day from a meeting at the Mariners' Church in Philadelphia, threw down two tracts, one of which he said was for himself, and one for me. I put my hand on the one lying uppermost and asked him if I should take that. He said, 'Yes,' and I threw it aside till I should have an opportunity of reading it. Being ready for sea, we now put out for the Island of Cuba. Before we had proceeded far I took my tract in hand, and found it to be Dr. Payson's 'Address to Seamen.' As I cast my eye over its pages the words, 'Whither are you bound?' came home to my heart. I said to myself, 'Where am I bound?' The only reply I could make to my own inquiry was, 'Pursuing my present course, I am bound to perdition.' This awful apprehension resting on my mind, I promised God, that if He would return me to my family once more, I would steer a different course. But this did not satisfy me; the words, 'Whither

are you bound?' were sounding in my ears by night and by day. I now resorted to my Bible as my chart, but my heart was so hard that I could not steer by it. This led me to attempt to pray. I at length returned to my family, and these words came immediately into my mind: 'Attend to your promise which you made to God.' It was not long before I took another voyage. We arrived at our port in safety, but on our return were thrown upon a ledge of rocks, where, in attempting to cut away the rigging, I severely wounded my arm. In this situation, anxiety for my soul soon became my greatest concern. It appeared to me that hell would soon be my portion, for I supposed my day of grace was past. I was now brought to consider how my dear Redeemer was wounded upon the cross. Oh, how my sins heaped upon me as the blood gushed from my arm! I cried to my Saviour as earnestly as I could to have mercy on my soul. I thought nothing of the loss of the vessel. Could gold have delivered my soul from hell, I would have given a thousand worlds; but alas! all was in vain. I was constrained to bid my wife and children farewell, and through the loss of blood to recline my weary head. At this critical moment I expressed the words—

'Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.'

Soon all my distress was gone. I felt myself to be in the arms of Jesus, and there I found rest to my soul. About this time daylight appeared, and it was a new day to me. I was all the time in prayer, and when I got on shore I poured out my full soul to God. Then this world was quite under my feet. Oh, that was the time when I could tell to the world what a dear Saviour I had found! The real enjoyment I then felt I cannot express. I remained several days; three of them I was in a small hut, and had no opportunity to converse with either captain or

crew, for I was three miles from them. All my comfort was in looking to Jesus, and praying that I might be kept from sin. I had a desire to be once more restored to my family, but was enabled to say, 'Not my will, O God, but Thine be done.' If I know my own heart, I have ever since delighted in prayer, and wish to serve my God and Redeemer, and to commit myself into His hands for time and eternity. I feel an ardent desire for the salvation of my poor fellow-seamen."

1371. Witnessing.—The following incident was related a few years since, by an agent of the Bible Society, as having occurred in a French seaport:—"One of our friends was rowing about in his little boat, which was plentifully supplied with the Scriptures, among the ships at anchor in one of our seaports. All at once he perceived on board of a three-master anchored in the bay, an individual who, having levelled his telescope towards him, made signals for him to come to him. Our friend at once proceeded thither, and on getting on board the vessel he discovered that the person who had called him was its captain. The latter received him by saying, 'It is now three years since I last anchored here, and you or some one else hawked about books like those in your boat, and which I know to be the sacred Scriptures. At the solicitation of the colporteur I purchased one of his smallest volumes. Here it is,' he added, taking it out of his pocket. (It was a New Testament in 32mo.) 'Since I have been in possession of this book I have in every sense traversed the great waters; I have been exposed to frightful dangers on many occasions; I have been near, very near indeed to death; but, having learned to know my Saviour from the Gospel, I have no longer been afraid of death. What most afflicts me is to witness the unbelief of men of my pro-

fession, and I have entreated the Lord to enable me to do something to cure them of it. With this object in view I have determined to begin with the men under my orders. There are twelve of them; you must sell me twelve copies of the Gospel, and you must then pray with me to the Lord that they may be well received.' The prayer being ended, the captain called his sailors round him, and, having recalled to their recollection what he had previously told them respecting the blessing resulting from faith in the Word of God, he told them that he would present a copy of this Word to such as would receive it willingly. The whole of the twelve men thereupon stretched out their hands, and, at the request of the captain, the colporteur besought the Lord to bless this distribution."

1372. Zealous Contest. — A young Karen mountain chief had heard of the Christian religion, which many of the heathen identify with reading Christian books; but this man could not read, as the Karens had no written language. He determined to learn to read the Christian books, and went two hundred and fifty miles expressly to learn to read. A missionary's wife taught him, and in a

short time he was able to read, as he already spoke the Burman and two dialects of Karen. He was in ecstasies. He had great influence over twenty or thirty villages, and he was extremely desirous to carry home some books. The Burman Government, however, was extremely jealous of all intercourse with foreigners, and the missionaries tried to dissuade him from taking books home with him, as he would undoubtedly be subjected to persecution. But he would not listen to them; so he placed a number of tracts in a basket, and covered them over with plantain-leaves, placing sugar upon the top; and thus he tried to pass the gate without suspicion. But he was detected, thrown into prison, with his feet made fast in the stocks, and doomed to perpetual bondage as a pagoda slave. Through the influence of friends, however, he was released; but even then he refused to go home unless he could take books with him. And this time he was more successful, as he was not detected, but reached his home in safety. He immediately taught his neighbours to read; the news spread to other villages, and great numbers came to his house to be taught. Thus was the Gospel spread wonderfully in Burmah by means of a few tracts.

TRUST.

Psalm iv. 5, xxxvii. 10; Prov. xii. 15; 1 Cor. ii. 5, xii. 21; 2 Cor. i. 9.

1373. Alexander the Great and his Physician. — When Alexander the Great was suffering from violent fever, he received a letter denouncing his physician Philip as a traitor who had been bribed to take him off by poison. At that very moment the physician stood by his bedside with a medicinal draught. The King gave the letter to Philip to read, and then unhesitatingly drank off the medicine. His confidence was amply repaid, for this same medicine caused a favourable change in his disorder.

1374. Amid the Waters. — Some years ago a ship was burned near the mouth of the English Channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool, but the mother and her infant were crowded overboard, and unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power

to save the sufferers still in the ship. They drifted out of the Channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck with her little one clasped to her breast. Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving slowly along in her course. There was only a light breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck, when his attention was called to an object some distance off which looked like a person in the water. The officers and crew watched it for a time, and, as no vessel was near from which any one could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible that this could be a human being. But, as their vessel was scarcely moving, it was thought best to get out a boat, and row to the object. The boat was accordingly lowered and manned. It was watched with considerable interest by those who remained on board, and they noticed that as it drew near to the drifting speck, the rowers rested on their oars two or three minutes, then moved forward, took in the object or thing—they knew not which—and returned to the ship. When the boat's crew came on board, they brought with them this mother and her child, alive and well; and the sailors said that as they drew near they heard a female voice sweetly singing. As with a common impulse, the men ceased rowing and listened, and then the words of the beautiful hymn, sung by this trusting Christian, all unconscious that deliverance was so near, came over the waves to their ears:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last."

In due time the vessel arrived in America. The mother wrote to her friends in England, and thus the father learned of the safety of his wife and child, and in about

four months from the time of their separation they were happily reunited.

1375. Boy's Trust.—A lad stood on the roof of a very high building, when his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling, he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid-air, where he could sustain himself but a short time. At this moment a powerful man rushed out of the house, and, standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, "Let go the rope; I will receive you!" "I can't do it." "Let go the rope, and I promise you shall escape unharmed!" The boy hesitated for a moment, and then quitting his hold, dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer.

1376. Christ Near.—A poor man in the hospital was just about to undergo a most painful and perilous operation; they had laid him ready, the doctors were just about to begin, when he cried, "Wait a minute." Annoyed at the delay, they asked him what he wanted. "Oh," said he, "wait a minute, while I pray to the Lord Jesus to stand by my side, for 'twill be dreadful hard to bear."

1377. "Oling close to the Rock, Johnnie!"—A long train of cars, fourteen or fifteen, were some time back passing over the Alleghany mountains, on their way eastward. They were crowded with passengers. As the iron horse snorted and rushed on, they began to feel that they had begun to descend, and needed no power but the invisible power of gravitation to send them down with terrific swiftness. Just as the passengers began to realise their situation, they came to a short curve cut out of the solid rock—a wall of rock lying on either side. Suddenly the steam whistle screamed as if in agony, "Put on the brakes! put on the brakes!" Up pressed the brakes, but with no apparent slackening of the cars. Every

window flew open, and every head that could be was thrust out to see what the danger was, and every one rose up in his place, fearing sudden destruction. What was the trouble? Just as the engine began to turn in the curve, the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. In a moment the cars would be on them; the shriek of the whistle startled the little girl, and every eye, looking over, could see them. Close to the rail, in the upright rock, was a little niche, out of which a piece of rock had been blasted. In an instant the baby was thrust into this niche, and as the cars came thundering by, the passengers, holding their breath, heard the clear voice of the little sister on the other side of the cars ring out, "Cling close to the rock, Johnnie! cling close to the rock!" And the little creature snuggled in and put his head as close to the corner of the rock as possible, while the heavy cars whirled past him. And many were the moist eyes that gazed, and many a silent thanksgiving went up to Heaven. In a few hours the cars stopped at a station, where an old man and his son got out of the cars. He had come so far to part with his child, who was going to an Eastern city to live, while the aged father was to turn back to his home. All the dangers that would harass the son seemed to crowd into the heart of the father, as he stood holding the hand of his boy, just now to part with him. He sobbed, and the tears filled his eyes, and all he could say was, "Cling close to the Rock, my son!" He wrung the hands of his child, and the passengers saw him standing alone, doubtless praying that his inexperienced son might cling close to the Rock Christ Jesus.

1378. Divine Help.—It is recorded of Fresenius, a pious minister at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, that he one day found his mother, who

was a widow, concerned about a little money which she much needed at the time, but did not know whence to procure. Not being himself able at that instant to furnish her with it, he said, "I likewise believe you must have the money; I accordingly turn this hour-glass, and assure you that if the money is really needed, it will positively lie here on the table before the hour-glass is run down. If it does not lie here, God will convince us, after this hour, that it was not as indispensable as we imagine." The hour-glass was scarcely run out one half when a messenger arrived, who had traversed an eight hours' walk, bringing a small amount which was owing to Fresenius. This money rejoiced mother and son more than if they had received a large capital, for they considered it a real memorial of Divine help received.

1379. "Jesus can Save Me."—General H— used to take his little son into his arms and talk with him about Jesus. The little boy never grew tired of that "sweet story." It was always new to him. One day, while sitting in his father's lap, his papa said to him, "Would my little son like to go to heaven?" "Yes, papa," he answered. "But," said the father, "how can you go to heaven? Your little heart is full of sin. How can you expect to go where God is?" "But all are sinners, papa," the little fellow answered. "That is true," replied the father; "and yet God has said that only the pure in heart shall see Him. How, then, can my little boy expect to go there?" The dear little fellow's face grew very sad. His heart seemed full, and, bursting into tears, he laid his head in his father's bosom and sobbed out, "Papa, Jesus can save me."

1380. Nunnia's Trust.—The following is extracted from Dr. Krummacher's "Elisha :"—On Mount Caucasus, in Georgia, there is a people, anciently known by the

name of Iberians, who in the early part of the fourth century, when all around them was spiritual and moral darkness, like the shadow of death, became possessed of the blessings of the Gospel in the following remarkable manner. The Iberians, having been successfully at war with a neighbouring people, among whom Christianity had gained some ground, brought away a young captive Christian maiden, and sold her into slavery. The child was purchased by a reputable family, who as little suspected as did Naaman's wife the value of the purchase they had made. For the maiden was a vessel of Divine mercy, and, profusely as her tears might have been shed in secret, she found consolation in her Saviour, and quietly and willingly performed all and even more than was required of her. By her obliging disposition and great fidelity, which were rare qualities among the Iberians, she soon acquired the confidence and affection of those around her. It one day happened that, according to the custom of the country, a sick child was carried about the neighbourhood from door to door, in hope that some one might be able to suggest a remedy for its disease. But none could render the least assistance, and most people wondered that any hope of the child's recovery should be entertained; so that the poor parents with their dying infant proceeded on their melancholy round with increasing despondency and fear. At length it occurred to them to show the child to the amiable stranger; they thought it possible that in her country a cure for its complaint might be known, with which she might be acquainted; and as no other resource appeared, it was resolved upon as a last resort. The bed was immediately carried to the house where Nunnia, the Christian maid, lived as a domestic slave. On hearing their desire, she remarked, with some embarrassment, that she was but a poor girl, and quite unable to advise them; but, she added, with a smiling countenance, "I could direct you to One who is not only able to restore the child to health, but who, were it already dead, can even recover it to life." The afflicted parents eagerly inquiring who the person was and where he might be found, she replied, "He is a great and mighty Lord, who fills the throne of heaven, but He willingly humbles Himself to those who seek Him, and He is all compassion and love." They implored her to fetch Him. The maiden immediately retired to bow her knees before her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom she prayed, "Manifest Thyself, O Lord, for Thine own glory; show Thyself, and grant Thy help." And on returning to the child, with the joyful assurance in her heart that the Lord had heard her petition, lo, the child opened its eyes, smiled, and was restored. In a transport of joy, the happy parents returned home with their treasure, and related to every one they met what a great and glorious event had taken place. But to Him who had wrought this miraculous cure the honour was not ascribed; it was given exclusively to the little slave, whom they now regarded as a supernatural being. The report flew quickly through the country, and soon reached the ears of the Queen, who, not long afterwards herself becoming sick, thought immediately of the little slave. She sent messengers to request that she would visit her, but Nunnia declined the invitation, for she was greatly distressed that they should persist in ascribing to her an honour that belonged to her Lord alone. The Queen, however, determined to visit her in person, and ordered herself to be conveyed to the house where Nunnia served. The maiden was greatly affected at seeing her. She prayed again, and the Queen likewise was restored to health. Miraculously, the King was overjoyed when he saw his beloved consort return in health, and made instant pre-

parations to send the richest and most costly presents to her who was thought to have performed so great a miracle. But the Princess dissuaded him from it, assuring him that it would afflict the mysterious child, for that she despised all earthly wealth, and could only be rewarded for her services by their worshipping her own God with her. The King was not a little astonished; but the circumstance made for the present no further impression upon his mind. Upon the whole, it appears that the flash of celestial light which these two extraordinary cures had brought into the darkness of Iberia produced at this period no lasting effects. It happened, however, not very long afterwards, that the King, being on a hunting-party, and following his game with unusual ardour, lost himself in the depths of a wood. In this situation he was surprised by a dense fog, which quite separated him from his train, and every effort to extricate himself only served to entangle him more in the solitary wilderness. Evening approached, and his embarrassment became extreme. He sounded his horn, but the answer he received was from the echoes of the surrounding cliffs, which increased his feelings of loneliness. It was now he remembered what the foreign maiden had said of the power of her great invisible King, whose throne and habitation were on high, but who was everywhere present with those that sought Him. "If this be true," thought Miraus, "what is there to prevent His appearing for me?" As the thought arose, he bent his knee in the solitary wilderness, and prayed, "O Thou whom the stranger calls her God! Jesus, if Thou art, and art almighty, oh show it now, and recover me out of this perplexity. If Thou openest for me a way of escape, my heart, my life, and all that I have shall be Thine." The words were no sooner uttered than the dark mist began to disperse, the heavens appeared serenely blue, and the astonished

King, having proceeded a few steps, regained his track, and recognised the place where he was. He returned home in safety, but deeply affected. He related his adventure to his Queen, and they no longer doubted that the God of the little slave was the living and true God, for they had experienced and felt Him to be so. The next morning they repaired to Nunnia; for they thought that she, before all others, ought to hear what great things had come to pass. With considerable emotion the King related also to her the wonderful event, and then both the King and the Queen kindly took the maiden by the hand, and entreated her to tell them more of Jesus. From that moment the royal pair were seen sitting like teachable children at the feet of the lowly slave, and Nunnia proclaimed to them, with unaffected simplicity, all that she herself knew of her Saviour, and of His wonderful works. They listened to her words with avidity, and their hearts melted and burned within them. Nor was it long before a still more interesting sight presented itself, for both the King and the Queen thought that they could not confer a greater benefit on their people than by proclaiming to them the blessed Gospel, which informed them of God as having been manifest in the flesh. The King, therefore, preached to the men, and the Queen to the women and maidens; the Lord blessed the message, and the people received the good word with gladness. Jesus entered the hearts as well as the habitations of these savage hordes, and a new creation sprang up in the gloom of their moral desolation. On the ruins of their idolatrous altars were erected cheerful Christian edifices, which loudly resounded with the praises of Him who also had here searched for His own sheep, and sought them out.

1381. Passage "through the Waters."—A Christian traveller

writes: "On our homeward voyage from the Far West we had some terrific storms, and in the Gulf of Mexico we were on the very borders of a hurricane. The dense black clouds, gathering in companies all round the horizon, brought with them twilight before its time, and there was something terrific in so much darkness whilst the sun was actually in the heavens. We passengers looked at each other as the captain and the mate talked of our being 'in for the worst of it,' saying that the ladies must soon go below. One sailor there was, a weather-beaten yet bright-looking old man, who seemed a favourite with all. In consideration of his age he was given light work to do, and had during our voyage been continually employed in sail-mending, so that, from sometimes conversing with him, a kindliness of feeling had sprung up between us. 'Is there a great deal of danger in this approaching storm, May?' I said, for that was his name, though time had carried him far into winter. 'Yes, miss,' he replied, looking round at me with one of those bright, trustful smiles so peculiar to the aged whose hope is sure. 'Yes, miss, indeed there is danger; but remember who says, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."' 'He is with you, May,' I said; 'pray that He may be with me.' The sailor was called hastily away, and we ladies were hurried down below. The storm seemed silently to have approached us, for the ocean rolled and heaved as if in anticipation of the battle it must have with the winds. In the hurry of preparation—for the approach of these hurricanes is very sudden—they had neglected to put up the dead-light in the corner of the after-cabin, so I sat there on the locker, watching the low line of shore, which was partially concealed in a white mist, and the dense clouds streaked here and there with silver-grey and hanging in dark masses on the waters. I had heard—I had read

of hurricanes; now I was to meet one on the waters. Again those words, 'I will be with thee,' rose up in my heart, sending great calm through my whole frame. Just in the west those silvery lines on the clouds, of which I have before spoken, became brighter. It was evident that the vapour was thinner. Suddenly the clouds parted, and a flood of golden light was poured forth. 'The danger is past; all will be right now, May,' cried the captain's cheerful voice. 'We have had, thank God, but the shadow of the storm.'"

1382. Poor Man's Trust.—A clergyman was once called to visit a poor man in a remote part of the country. He was lying dangerously ill in a mean cottage. In answer to the inquiries of the doctor, the poor man said, "Sir, I am very near the grave; my religion is the same as Job's was (chap. xiii. 15): 'Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him.' I was born in sin, and by my evil ways plunged myself in the miry clay; but God has mercifully preserved me from the horrible pit, and set my feet upon a Rock, and that Rock is Christ Jesus." "Have you never any doubts?" asked the minister. "Yes, sir," said he, "when I begin to reason, I think that He who can pardon must be greater than He who suffered, but when I open my Bible, faith tells me that my Saviour is equal to the Father; to Him who was crucified, I can say—My Lord and my God." The doctor inquired into his temporal circumstances, and, finding they were very low, asked if he wanted anything. "Oh, sir," replied he, "I am a poor man, and if I were to begin wanting, I might go on to the end of my days. I have everything I can expect, and have learned therewith to be content." On being pressed to name anything that might add to his comfort, he said that he should be thankful for a little vinegar to moisten his lips.

1383. Protecting Cloud.—Alexander Peden, a Scotch Covenanter, with some others, had been at one time pursued both by horse and foot for a considerable way. At last, getting some little distance between them and their pursuers, he stood still and said, "Let us pray here, for if the Lord hear not our prayer and save us, we are all dead men." He then prayed, saying, "O Lord, this is the hour and the power of thine enemies; they may not be idle. But hast Thou no other work for them than to send them after us? Send them after them to whom Thou wilt give strength to flee, for our strength is gone. Twine them about the hill, O Lord, and cast the lap of thy cloak over poor old Saunders, and the puir things, and save us this one time, and we will keep it in remembrance, and tell, to the commendation of Thy goodness, Thy pity and compassion, what Thou didst for us at sic a time." And in this he was heard, for a cloud of mist immediately intervened between them and their persecutors; and in the meantime orders came to go in quest of James Renwick and a great company with him.

1384. Reliance upon God.—In youth Stilling was extremely poor, destitute of the common comforts and necessities of life. After a long season of anxiety and prayer, he felt satisfied that it was the will of God that he should go to a University and prepare himself for the medical profession. He did not at first make choice of a University, but waited for an intimation from his heavenly Father, for, as he intended to study simply from faith, he would not allow his own will in anything. Three weeks after he had come to this determination, a friend asked him whither he intended to go. He replied he did not know. "Oh," said she, "our neighbour, Mr. T., is going to Strasburg, to spend the winter there; go with him." This touched Stilling's heart; he felt

that this was the intimation he had waited for. Meanwhile Mr. T. entered the room, and was heartily pleased with the proposition. The whole of his welfare now depended on his becoming a physician, and for this a thousand thalers at least were requisite, of which he could not tell in the whole world where to raise a hundred. He nevertheless fixed his confidence firmly on God, and reasoned as follows:—"God begins nothing without terminating it gloriously. Now it is most certainly true that He alone has ordered my present circumstances entirely without my co-operation. Consequently it is also most certainly true that He will accomplish everything regarding me in a manner worthy of Himself." He smilingly said to his friends, who were as poor as himself, "I wonder from what quarter my heavenly Father will provide me with money?" When they expressed anxiety, he said, "Believe assuredly that He who was able to feed a thousand people with a little bread lives still, and to Him I commend myself. He will certainly find out means. Do not be anxious; the Lord will provide." Forty-six thalers was all that he could raise for his journey. He met unavoidable delay on the way, and while at Frankfort, three days' ride from Strasburg, he had but a single thaler left. He said nothing of it to any one, but waited for the assistance of his heavenly Father. As he was walking the streets and praying inwardly to God, he met Mr. L., a merchant from the place of his residence, who said to him, "Stilling, what brought you here?" "I am going to Strasburg, to study medicine." "Where do you get your money to study with?" "I have a rich Father in heaven." Mr. L. looked steadily at him, and inquired, "How much money have you on hand?" "One thaler," said Stilling. "So," said Mr. L. "Well, I'm one of your Father's stewards," and handed him thirty-three thalers. Stilling felt warm

tears in his eyes; said he, "I am now rich enough, I want no more." This first trial made him so courageous that he no longer doubted that God would help him through everything. He had been but a short time in Strasburg, when his thirty-three thalers had again been reduced to one, on which account he began again to pray very earnestly. At this time, one morning his room-mate, Mr. T., said to him, "Stilling, I believe you did not bring much money with you," and offered him thirty thalers in gold, which he gladly accepted, as an answer to his prayers. In a few months after this the time arrived when he must pay the lecturer's fee, or have his name struck from the list of students. The money was to be paid by six o'clock on Thursday evening. Thursday morning came, and he had no money and no means of getting any. The day was spent in prayer. Five o'clock in the evening came, and yet there was no money. His faith began almost to fail, he broke out into a perspiration, his face was wet with tears. Some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said he. It was Mr. R., the gentleman of whom he had rented the room. "I called," said Mr. R., "to see how you like your room." "Thank you," said Stilling, "I like it very much." Said Mr. R., "I thought I would ask you one other question; have you brought any money with you?" Stilling says he now felt like Habakkuk when the angel took him by the hair of the head to carry him to Babylon. He answered, "No; I have no money." Mr. R. looked at him with surprise, and at length said, "I see how it is; God has sent me to help you." He immediately left the room, and soon returned with forty thalers in gold. Stilling says he then felt like Daniel in the lions' den when Habakkuk brought him his food. He threw himself on the floor, and thanked God with tears. He then went to the college, and paid his fee as well as the best.

1385. Safe with God.—It is recorded of Flattich, a pious minister of Württemberg, that he was one day sitting and meditating in his arm-chair when one of his foster-children fell out of a second storey window, right before him, down upon the pavement below. He calmly ordered his daughter to go down and pick up the child. On doing so she found the child not only alive, but without having sustained the least injury. The noise occasioned thereby had called out a neighbour's wife, who reproached Flattich for his want of attention to his foster-children, for she had seen him quietly reposing in his arm-chair when the boy fell out of the window. While she was thus scolding, her own child, which she had brought along, fell from a bench in the room and broke one of its arms. "Do you see, good woman," said Flattich, "if you imagine yourself to be the sole guardian of your child, then you must constantly carry it on your arm. I commend my children to God, and if they then fall, they fall into the arms of an angel."

1386. Secret of Safety.—A father, accompanied by twin sons, was going along a road which was narrow and slippery, strewn with stones, over-run with briars, and lying between two precipices. The parent walked a few steps in advance of his boys, and encouraged them by words and gestures to follow his steps, but they were so frightened at the sight of the danger that they entreated him to lead them by the hand. He stopped for that purpose. One of them then took hold of his father's hand, while the other let his father take hold of his. The first twined his young fingers around the large brawny fingers of his guide, while the second directed his grateful eyes towards his parent, who took a firm grasp of him, and both walked in this manner for a while with considerable confidence. Ere long, however, the road became

narrower, the stones became more numerous and sharp, the briars more luxuriant and prickly, the precipices were so steep that the eye was frightened to look down, and turned away with terror; and so the steps of the travellers were more and more staggering, and the danger imminent. The road they had to travel was still long; one false step might hurl them into the abyss below, while they had to take thousands of them ere they could reach the end of their journey. In this alarming position, one of the two children felt the necessity of clinging more firmly to the hand of his father. His weak and little fingers grasped it with vigour and tenacity. His brother, on the other hand, recollecting that it was not he who had taken hold of this powerful hand, but this powerful hand which had taken hold of his, walked with perfect confidence, knowing well that he could not fall, or that if he should stumble, a strength superior to his would raise him up again. In this manner the two boys, of exactly the same age and condition, walked along, the one at the right, the other at the left, of their common father; the one trembling, the other full of confidence; the one dreading every moment that his foot might slide, or his hand slip the hold, the other watching his steps, looking to his hand, but assured of the correctness and stability of both because the power that supported was independent of, and superior to, his own weakness. The slippery and dangerous path along which they had to travel continued diminishing its breadth into a narrow ledge, until the children, already worn out with fatigue, knew not where to plant their footsteps, when, dreadful to relate, both of them at once stumbled and hung over the steep abyss. Both were in a moment paralysed with horror at the sight, and with terror at the thought of their perilous situation. But, alas! their fate was very different. The one fell into the

gulf beneath him—the other was suspended in the air, and raised immediately by the manly strength of his father. One quitted hold of his father's hand, the other had depended wholly on it.

1387. True Safety.—About the beginning of this century, when an invasion of England by Napoleon Bonaparte was much talked of and dreaded, a pious governess and her pupils were conversing on the subject. The young people told what places of concealment they had thought of, if the enemy were to effect a lodgment in their neighbourhood. After each had spoken, one little girl inquired of her instructress, "And where would your refuge be, Mrs. C.?" With a look of calm confidence and joyful resignation the lady replied, "My refuge would be in my God."

1388. Trust in God.—An officer being in a storm, his lady, filled with alarm, cried out, "My dear, how is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?" He arose and drew his sword. Pointing it at his wife's breast, he said, "Are you not afraid?" She instantly replied, "No, certainly not." "Why?" said the officer. "Because," rejoined his lady, "I know the sword is in the hand of my husband; and he loves me too well to hurt me." "Then," said he, "remember, I know in whom I have believed, and that He holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand."

1389. Trusty Sentinel.—One night the Emperor Joseph II. of Germany determined on visiting his guards, to ascertain their trustiness, and what dependence might be placed on their vigilance. Finding them all asleep, or at least in appearance, he returned to his chamber for some money which he had reserved for a different purpose, contained in as many purses as there were soldiers on duty, twelve in number. These he visited once more, and placed under the arm of

each one of those purses, in every one of which were a hundred pieces of gold. One of the soldiers who was not asleep, although he feigned to be so, took particular notice of the Emperor, and at his departure examined the purse which had been put under his arm, and finding that it contained a hundred pieces of gold, supposed each of his companions had as much, of which he might take possession before they awoke. This he immediately put in practice by gently easing them of their valuable burden. The Emperor, who had no doubt that all the soldiers were asleep when he visited them, and that they must be overjoyed on awaking at discovering their good fortune, caused them to be called together early in the morning, and asked of them successively what they had dreamed the preceding night, and whether the success was answerable to the vision, imagining that each would say he had found a purse under his arm with a hundred pieces of gold. But not a word of the matter did he hear from the first eleven that he examined, until he came to the twelfth, the watchful sentinel, who, making a profound bow to the King, said, "Sire, I fancied at night that a person who very much resembled your Majesty visited us one after the other, and, finding us all asleep, returned to his chamber, but soon came back with a dozen purses, which he attached severally to the arm of each of us, and then withdrew. Afterwards, Sire, it was evident, unless my dream deceived me, that when that venerable and generous person had retired, I began to examine the contents of the purse under my own arm; and finding in it a hundred pieces of gold, I supposed each of my companions had as many, when I was seized with a sudden zeal to put them all together, saying to myself that, for many cogent reasons which then occurred to me, it would be well to do so; and so I did, which

pleased me exceedingly on awaking. This, Sire, is the whole of my dream. I hope your Majesty approves of my devotion, which, I assure you, is very sincere and affectionate." The Emperor, learning from this ingenious harangue that the soldier was not one of those who slept, and that notwithstanding he had feigned being in the same condition with his companions, he was the only one on his duty, permitted him alone to enjoy the reward, saying, "Yes, I approve of your decision; the prize is yours alone, for you only were awake. As for the rest, it is sufficient for them to know that each had a hundred pieces of gold, which he lost by being asleep. Hence they will learn that riches are not acquired by slumber, or if by some lucky accident they fall to the share of the slothful, they take flight as suddenly and as unforeseen as they came."

1390. *Widow's Gift.*—A poor woman living on the side of a mountain in Wales went to a public meeting of the Bible Society. She had only one shilling, a part of which she meant to lay out in wool for making an apron and the rest in candles, that she might see to spin it in the evening, after her other work was done. Hearing the speakers describe the sad condition of the poor heathen without Bibles, she felt so much for them, that she determined to give sixpence from her shilling, thinking she could do without her apron for a time. She would trust to God to be enabled to purchase one at some future period. As the speaker went on, the poor woman felt more and more, until she resolved to give the whole shilling. "For," she said, "I can do better without my apron than the heathen can without the Word of God." She cheerfully gave her shilling, went home, and slept sweetly. At day-break the next morning, a neighbouring farmer called at her door, and said, "Peggy, we have had

a dreadful night; some of my sheep have been carried away by the flood. Here are two lying quite dead by your garden fence; you may take them if you like and get some wool from them." She was thankful for the gift, and thus she had wool enough for three or four aprons, and tallow to make candles to spin it by.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Exod. xx. 16; Psalm xv. 2, 4, 5; Prov. iii. 3, xii. 17, 19, 20, 22;
Acts xxiv. 16; Ephes. iv. 25; 1 Peter iii. 10; Rev. xxi. 8.

1391. **Acting a Lie.**—Once while the Rev. Robert Hall was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, "She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said, "Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say you must never act a lie before her. Children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

1392. **Boldness in Declaring the Truth.**—Prince Charles of Hesse was dining one day with the infidel King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, who made no secret of his contempt for the Christian religion. The Prince could not join in the conversation, but looked down and preserved a complete silence until the King turned to him with vivacity and said, "Tell me, my dear Prince, do you believe in these things?" "Sire," said the Prince, in a firm tone, "I am not more sure of having the honour to see you than I am that Jesus Christ suffered and died for us as our Saviour on the cross." The King remained a moment buried in

thought, then grasping the Prince suddenly by the right arm, and pressing it strongly, he said, "Well, my dear Prince, you are the first man of spirit that I have found to believe in it." The Prince tried in few words to reiterate the certainty of his faith, and, passing through the adjoining chamber the same afternoon, he says: "I found General Tenenzien, who had heard what had passed,—the greatest and strongest minded man I ever knew; he put his hands on my shoulders and covered me with a torrents of tears, saying, 'Now God be praised; I have lived to see an honest man acknowledge Christ to the King's face.' The good old man overwhelmed me with caresses. I cannot retrace those happy moments of my life without the greatest gratitude to God for having vouchsafed to me the opportunity of confessing before the King my faith in Him and in His Son."

1393. **Casuistical Preachers.**—A strain of preaching prevailed in the seventeenth century which was called casuistical doctrine, consisting in the solution of particular cases of conscience. Sometimes great acuteness and accuracy were displayed on these occasions, and the principal defect of this system seems to have been that preachers formed their discourses upon ideas of abstract reason instead of the suggestions of sentiment. Yet so much good effect was produced in this way, that serious and thoughtful men imagined they saw their own cases described in these discourses, and thought—and often justly thought—themselves greatly

edified. Dr. Sanderson, a learned and worthy man, and one of the chaplains to Charles I., was an able divine of this sort. The King used to say that "he carried his ears to hear the preachers, but he carried his conscience to hear Dr. Sanderson."

1394. First Step to Ruin.—It happened one day that a little orphan lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself and rushed back to his uncle's workshop with all speed. "What are you running yourself out of breath for?" asked one of the men; "tell your uncle that the people kept you waiting." "Why, that would be a lie." "To be sure it would; but what's the odds?" "I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the boy, indignantly. "No; not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me that lying was the first step to ruin, and my Bible says that a liar shall not enter heaven."

1395. Futile Swearing.—When Demades the orator addressed himself to the Athenians, "I call all the gods and goddesses to witness," said he, "the truth of what I shall say." The Athenians, often abused by his impudent lies, presently interrupted him by exclaiming, "And we call all the gods and goddesses to witness that we will not believe you."

1396. Petrarch's Truthfulness.—Petrarch, the great Italian poet, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the origin of the affair, and that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves by a most solemn oath on the Gospel to declare the whole truth. Every one, without excep-

tion, submitted to the determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the Cardinal closed the book and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

1397. Philosopher's Virtue.—The philosopher Xenocrates being summoned as a witness on a trial at Athens, and having given his evidence, he was, according to the established custom, advancing to the altar to swear to the truth of his deposition, when the judges, rising from their seats, unanimously declared his bare assertion to be sufficient without the oath, although they themselves were not in any case allowed to pronounce judgment without being previously sworn.

1398. Pilate's Question Answered.—Fulgentio, the friend and biographer of the celebrated Paul Sarpi—both of them secret friends to the progress of religious reformation—was once preaching upon Pilate's question, "What is truth?" He told the audience that he had at last, after many searches, found it out, and, holding forth a New Testament, said, "Here it is, my friends;" but added sorrowfully, as he returned it to his pocket, "It is a sealed book." It has been since the glory of the Reformation to break the seal which priestly craft had imposed upon it, and to lay its blessed treasures open to the universal participation of mankind.

1399. Receiving Truth.—Bishop Hoskyne used to encourage earnest hearers who were troubled with bad memories by the anecdote of a holy man who bade such a complainant to fill an earthen pitcher with water. He did it. The pastor then bade him empty it again and wipe it clean. "Now," said he, "though there be nothing of the water remaining in it, yet the pitcher is cleaner than it was before; so, though thy memory retain

nothing of the word thou readest, yet thy heart is cleaner for its very passage through it."

1400. Trait of Dr. Johnson.—It is said of Dr. Johnson, that he was so accustomed to say always the truth that he never condescended to give an equivocal answer to any question. A lady of his acquaintance once asked the Doctor how it happened that he was never invited to dine at the table of the great. "I do not know any cause," said Johnson, "unless it is that lords and ladies do not always like to hear the truth, which, thank God, I am in the habit of speaking."

1401. Untruthfulness in Business.—A Quaker, passing through a market, stopped at a stall and inquired the price of some fruit. "I have none, I fear, sir," said the honest salesman, "that will suit you; my fruit is not first-rate this morning." "Thank thee, friend, for thy honesty; I will go to the next stand." "Hast thou good fruit to-day?" said he to the second dealer. "Yes, sir; here are some of the finest of my garden. They are small, but rich of their kind." The man was untruthful; he knew that they were not such as he could honestly recommend. "Then thou can recommend them?" "Certainly, sir," replied the dealer. "Very well, I will take some." He carried them home, and they proved not only unsound but miserably tasteless. The next morning the Quaker went again to the same place. The man who had sold him the fruit claimed him as his customer, and asked him if he would buy some more. "Nay, friend, thou hast deceived me once, and now, although thou mayest speak the truth, still I cannot trust thee. Thy neighbour chose to deal uprightly with me, and from henceforth I shall be his patron. Thou wouldst do well to remember this, and learn by experience that a lie is a base thing in the beginning and a very unprofitable one in the end."

1402. Washington's Hatchet.—George Washington, afterwards the President of America, when about six years of age received from a relative a present of a little hatchet, and, like most children, directly went about chopping everything that came in his way. Going into the garden he unluckily tried the steel on a cherry-tree, which he barked so terribly as to leave very little hope of its recovery. The next morning his father saw the tree, which was a great favourite, and inquired who had done this mischief, declaring he would not have taken five guineas for the tree; but nobody could inform him. Presently after, however, George came with the hatchet in his hand to the place where his father was, who immediately suspected him to be the culprit. "George," said the old gentleman, "do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree yonder in the garden?" The child hesitated for a moment, and then nobly replied, "I can't tell a lie, papa; you know I can't tell a lie; I did cut it with my hatchet." "Run to my arms, my boy," exclaimed his father; "run to my arms. Glad am I, George, that you killed my tree, for you have paid me for it a thousand-fold. Such an act of heroism is, my son, of more worth than a thousand cherry-trees, if blossomed with silver or bearing fruits of gold."

1403. Watching against Untruth.—Dr. Johnson, giving advice to an intimate friend, said, "Above all, accustom your children constantly to tell the truth, without varying in any circumstance." A lady present emphatically exclaimed, "Nay, this is too much; for a little variation in narrative must happen a thousand times a day if one is not perpetually watching." "Well, madam," replied the Doctor, "and you ought to be perpetually watching. It is more from carelessness about truth than from intentional lying that there is so much falsehood in the world."

TYPES AND SYMBOLS.

Gen. ix. 12, 13; Exod. xxiv. 8; Num. xxi. 8; Jerem. xxiv. ; Matthew ii. 2; 1 Cor. x. 4.

1404. Association.—A traveller, in passing through a valley in Persia, chanced to take into his hand a piece of clay which lay by the wayside, and to his surprise he found it to exhale the most delightful fragrance. "Thou art but a poor piece of clay," said he, "an unrightly, unattractive, poor piece of clay; yet how fragrant art thou! how refreshing! I admire thee, I love thee; thou shalt be my companion, I will carry thee in my bosom. But whence hast thou this fragrance?" The clay replied, "I have been dwelling with the rose."

1405. Blood of Christ Cleanseth from all Sin.—A woman came to a minister one day, carrying a bundle of wet sand. "Do you see what this is, sir?" said she. "Yez," was the reply, "it is wet sand." "But do you know what it means?" "I do not know exactly what you mean by it; what is it?" "Ah, sir," she said, "that's me, and the number of my sins they cannot be counted." And then she exclaimed, "O wretched creature that I am! how can such a wretch as I ever be saved?" "Where did you get the sand?" asked the minister. "At the Beacon." "Go back then to the Beacon; take a spade with you; dig, dig, and raise a great mound; shovel it up as high as ever you can, then leave it there; take your stand by the sea-shore, and watch the effect of the waves upon the heap of sand." "Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "I see what you mean—the blood, the blood, the blood of Christ; it would wash it all away."

1406. Bottles Old and New.—"The bottle," says Mr. Hood, "is a necessary utensil in the tent of

Arabian shepherds. It holds their water and other liquids, and is frequently used as a pitcher. The Eastern bottle is made of a goat or kid skin, stripped off without opening the belly; the apertures made by cutting off the tail and legs are sewed up, and when filled it is tied about the neck. The Arabs and Persians never go a journey without a small leathern bottle by their side like a scrip. These skin-bottles preserve their water, milk, and other liquids in a fresher state than any other vessels they can use. The people of the East, indeed, put into them everything they mean to carry to a distance, whether dry or liquid, and very rarely make use of boxes and pots, unless to preserve such things as are liable to be broken. They enclose these leathern bottles in woollen sacks, because their beasts of carriage often fall down under their load, or cast it down on the sandy desert. This method of transporting the necessities of life has another advantage; the skin-bottles preserve them fresher, defend them against the ants and other insects, which cannot penetrate the skin, and prevent the dust, of which immense quantities are constantly moving about in the arid regions of Asia, and so fine that no coffer is impenetrable to it, from reaching them. It is for these reasons that provisions of every kind are enclosed in vessels made of the skins of these animals. These bottles are liable to be rent, when old or much used, and at the same time capable of being repaired. In the book of Joshua we are informed the Gibeonites 'took wine bottles, old and rent, and bound up.' This is perfectly according to the custom of the East; and the manner in which they

mend their old and rent bottles is various. 'Sometimes they set in a piece; sometimes they gather up the wounded place in the manner of a purse; sometimes they put in a round flat piece of wood, and by that means stop the hole.' Moreover, the liability of skin-bottles to rend will explain a simile used in one of our Lord's discourses—'Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but new wine must be put into new bottles, and both are preserved.' Being made of the raw hide, they are when new capable of distending and accommodating themselves as it were to the swelling of the liquor as it ferments. But when they have been once stretched out by the pressure of fermentation, and have become old and shrivelled through use, they do not admit of any farther enlargement, and will consequently give way if new wine is poured into them."

1407. Christ's Mediation.—A rare illustration of the efficacious intercession of Christ in heaven (says Flavel) we have in that famous story of Amynias, who appeared as an advocate for his brother Æschylus, who was strongly accused, and very likely to be condemned to die. Now Amynias having performed great services and merited highly of the commonwealth, in whose service one of his hands was cut off in the field, he came into the court in his brother's behalf, and said nothing, but only lifted up his arm and showed them an arm without a hand, which so moved them that without a word speaking they freed his brother immediately. And thus if you look into Rev. v. 6, you shall see in what posture Christ is represented visionally there as standing between God and us. "And I beheld, and, lo, in the midst of the throne and of the four beasts, and in the midst of the elders, stood a Lamb as it had been slain;"

that is, bearing in His glorified body the marks of death and sacrifice. Those wounds He received for our sins on earth are, as it were, still fresh bleeding in heaven; a moving and prevailing argument it is with the Father to give us the mercies He pleads for.

1408. Cleansing Word.—It is reported of a clergyman in Wiltshire, that he was walking near a brook when he observed a woman washing wool in a stream. This was done by putting it in a sieve, and then dipping the sieve in the water repeatedly until the wool became white and clean. He engaged in conversation with her, and from some expression she dropped, asked her if she knew him. "O yes, sir," she replied, "and I hope I shall have reason to bless God to eternity for having heard you preach at W——, some years ago; your sermon was the means of doing me great good." "I rejoice to hear it; pray what was the subject?" "Ah, sir, I can't recollect that, my memory is so bad." "How then can the sermon have done you so much good, if you don't remember even what it was about?" "Sir, my mind is like this sieve; the sieve does not hold the water, but as the water runs through it cleanses the wool, so my memory does not retain the words I hear, but as they pass through my heart, by God's grace they cleanse it. Now I no longer love sin, and every day I entreat my Saviour to wash me in His own blood and to cleanse me from all sin."

1409. Ensnared by Degrees.—An American divine says: "Considered in the light of moral aggregation, single actions may be insignificant, and yet by repetition may become well-nigh omnipotent. There is nothing, I suppose, that is more feeble than a single strand of a spider's web. I read an account, only a few days ago, of a man who saw a very curious spectacle—that of a black snake

more than a foot long suspended in the air in a perfect sack of spider's web. And the spider was not a large one. It was one of those small spiders. It bore no proportion to its victim, nor could he by any biting hurt him. But there he had him imprisoned. He had drawn him, little by little, into the air, and the snake could not help himself. Probably the serpent was torpid, or the enemy was so small that he did not know that he was upon him. And the spider spun out of his bowels a little film, not a third part as large as the smallest silk thread that a woman uses withal, and he dipped down and touched the snake with it, and it stuck. He took another little film and touched him with that, and it stuck. He went on industriously, and as the snake lay quiet, he put another and another film upon him; and as there was time enough he added another and another, till there were a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand of them. And by-and-by these little weak strands, no one of which was strong enough to hold a gnat, when multiplied became strong enough to encase the victim. A million times stronger the snake was than that miserable little spider, and yet the spider caught him; he webbed him round and round, until when he tried to move he was held fast. The web had grown strong out of its weakness. By putting one strand here and another there, and drawing on this, that, and the other, the spider at last lifted the burden, and it hung suspended in the air. I have seen men webbed by offences in that same way, and no one of the offences was much larger than the film of a spider's web, and at last they were imprisoned and destroyed."

1410. Fountain of Light.—The Hindoos (says a late writer) have a tradition that this world was once united to the fountain of light and life—a scene of un-

disturbed peace and of untainted purity; that by sin it was severed from its fountain, and like a heaven-stricken spirit has been ever since plunging deeper and deeper into the abyss of darkness, and will continue to sink till gross darkness, literal darkness, has entirely enveloped it; when some benign spirit, invoked by the cry of the wretches that were suffering from this state of degradation, would rise, lay his grasp upon the wandering orb, and lift it up, and unite it again to the source, the original source of light and purity.

1411. Hiding-Place. — The Psalmist's acknowledgment of God's mercy, "Thou art my hiding place: Thou shalt preserve me from trouble," is thus illustrated by an Oriental traveller: "We see in the case of David, and in that of many other good men, that they had to conceal themselves often in caves, mountains, and desert places, from the pursuit of their enemies. In countries like these, where the police is imperfect, where population is much scattered, and where it is very easy to sustain life, it can be no wonder that offenders and injured men often conceal themselves for months and years from the vigilance of their pursuers. It is an every-day occurrence to hear of men thus hiding themselves. Has a person to account for his conduct, or to appear in a court of justice? He packs up his valuables and makes a start into the jungle, or to some distant country. Perhaps he prowls about the skirts of a forest and occasionally visits his family in the night. See him on his way: he walks so softly that the most delicate-eared animal cannot detect him; he looks in every direction; puts his ear near the ground, and listens for any sound; again he proceeds, sometimes crawling, sometimes walking, till he has reached his hiding-place. But the natives themselves are famous for assisting each other to elude the search of their pursuers,

and often, as did Jonathan and Ahimaaz, they conceal themselves in the well. Sometimes an offender will run to a man of rank who is at enmity with his foe, and exclaim, 'My lord, you must be my hiding-place against that wicked man, who has committed so many crimes against you.' 'Ah, the good man! he was my hiding-place.'"

1412. Human Friendship.—One evening, one of a company of friends despatched a servant to his house for a lute, and on its being brought to the apartment it had lost tune, as usually happens to these instruments when exposed to the changes of weather or atmosphere. While the owner was tightening the strings, Gotthold, who was present, thought within himself, "What is sweeter than a well-tuned lute, and what more delightful than a faithful friend who can cheer us in sorrow with wise and affectionate discourse? Nothing, however, is sooner untuned than a lute, and nothing is more fickle than a human friend. The tone of the one changes with the weather, that of the other with fortune. With a clear sky and a bright sun and a gentle breeze you will have friends in plenty; but let fortune frown and the firmament be overcast, and then your friends will prove like the strings of the lute, of which you will tighten ten before you will find one which will bear the tension or keep the pitch."

1413. Human Nests.—We may imagine that when Lot entered Sodom he looked round and said, "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places, yea, I have a goodly heritage; I shall die in my nest." But in this land he was taken captive; from this land he was compelled to flee for his life, and then afterwards misfortune followed him. How many of us build a nest, even by using our portion in life as if this life were our portion, and just as we think to settle down comfortably in it, God in His

providence puts a thorn in the nest, that bird-like we may fly away and leave it. And this is what Satan hates the sight of; he cannot endure the thorn in the nest, his delight is to listen to the song, "I shall die in my nest."

1414. Last Enemy.—A Biblical commentator remarks: "The personification of Death in the act of executing the Divine commands is the common monkish one of a skeleton with dart and hour-glass, while one of the most terrible is that of the Scandinavian poets, who represent him as mounted on horse-back, riding with inconceivable rapidity in pursuit of his prey, meagre and wan, and the horse possessing the same character as his rider. Yet this passage from the Apocalypse is in sublimity and terror superior to the most energetic specimens of Runic poetry: 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him. And power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.' The word translated 'pale' is peculiarly expressive in the original: it might be more adequately rendered 'ghastly,' meaning that wan and exanimate hue exhibited in certain diseases."

1415. Missed the Port.—It was a day long to be remembered by the mariners exposed to the fury of the tempestuous sea. The heavens were mantled in gloomy clouds, the rain descended in torrents, and the fierce winds blew into the mouth of the harbour, rendering the narrow rock-bound entrance exceedingly dangerous. Many persons had gathered along the shore, and stood watching the waves dashing against the massive stones that lined the pier. Some wore anxious faces, and were thinking of absent friends exposed to the perils of the great deep; some, moved by a common sentiment of humanity,

were waiting for an opportunity to succour the distressed, and all were alike ready to aid in saving those about to perish. Shouts of joy arose from each spectator, as one storm-tossed bark after another sailed into the harbour, and anchored beyond the reach of the raging billows. As the day advanced the winds increased in fury, and the frowning clouds cast a yet deeper gloom over the angry waters. It was almost sunset, when all eyes were turned to a large schooner with every sail set, rapidly approaching the shore. Each voice was hushed in silence, and all stood in breathless suspense, doubting whether she could safely enter the narrow mouth of the harbour. Suddenly the silence was broken by an aged sailor, who threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "Missed port! gone! lost!" The next moment the noble vessel struck the projecting rocks, was dashed to pieces, and every soul on board perished.

1416. Neglected Sheaves.—

Some weeks after the harvest, a farmer was passing over his gathered corn-field, when he espied in a hollow a forgotten sheaf. It had rolled off from the load that sunny day when the sheaves had been gathered in, and no one had noticed it. Now he attempted to raise it, but was surprised to find it resisted all his efforts. On examining the cause, he found that hundreds of little grains, expanded by the showers and the sun's rays, had struck down their little roots into the moist earth and held it fast. The whole was ruined. It was unfit for bread or seed, and must be cast away with the refuse chaff.

1417. Prayer and its Effect.—

Dr. Hamilton narrates the following as symbolic of the effect of prayer: "Among the elegant forms of insect life, there is a little creature known to naturalists which can gather round it a sufficiency of atmospheric air, and, so clothed upon, it descends into the bottom

of the pool, and you may see the little diver moving about dry, and at his ease, protected by his crystal vesture, though the water all round and above be stagnant and bitter. Prayer is such a protector—a transparent vesture, the world sees it not, but a real defence, it keeps out the world. By means of it the believer can gather so much of heavenly atmosphere around him, and with it descend into the putrid depths of this contaminating world, that for a season no evil will touch him; and he knows when to ascend for a new supply. Communion with God kept Daniel pure in Babylon."

1418. Profitable Study.—"To some," says the same writer, "the Bible is uninteresting and unprofitable because they read too fast. Amongst the insects which subsist on the sweet sap of flowers there are two very different classes. One is remarkable for its imposing plumage, which shows in the sunbeams like the dust of gems; and as you watch its jaunty gyrations over the fields, and its minuet dance from flower to flower, you cannot help admiring its graceful activity, for it is plainly getting over a great deal of ground. But in the same field there is another worker, whose brown breast and business-like, straightforward flight may not have arrested your eye. His fluttering neighbour darts down here and there, and sips elegantly wherever he can find a drop of ready nectar; but this dingy plodder makes a point of alighting everywhere, and wherever he alights he either finds honey or makes it. If the flower-cup be deep, he goes down to the bottom; if its dragon-mouth be shut, he thrusts its lips asunder; and if the nectar be peculiar or recondite, he explores all about till he discovers it, and then having ascertained the knack of it, joyful as one who has found great spoil, he sings his way down into its luscious recesses. His rival of the painted velvet wing has no

patience for such dull and long-winded details. But what is the end? Why, the one died last October along with the flowers; the other is warm in his hive to-night, amidst the fragrant stores which he gathered beneath the bright beams of summer. Reader, to which do you belong—the butterflies or bees?"

1419. Record of Sin.—In a coal mine in England, we are told, there is a constant formation of limestone, caused by the trickling of water through the rocks. This water contains a great many particles of lime, which are deposited in the mine, and, as the water passes off, these become hard, and form the limestone. This stone would always be white, like white marble, were it not that men are working in the mine, and as the black dust rises from the coal, it mixes with the soft lime, and in that way a black stone is formed. Now in the night, when there is no coal-dust rising, the stone is white; then again, the next day, when the miners are at work, another black layer is formed, and so on alternately black and white through the week until Sabbath comes. Then, if the miners keep holy the Sabbath, a much larger layer of white stone will be formed than before. There will be the white stone of Saturday night, and the whole day and night of the Sabbath, so that every seventh day the white layer will be about three times as thick as any of the others. But if the men work on the Sabbath they see it marked against them in the stone. Hence the miners call it "the Sunday stone." How they need to be very careful to observe this holy day, when they would see their violation of God's command thus written down in stone—an image of the indelible record in heaven!

1420. Refining.—Some years ago there were a few ladies in Dublin who met together to read the Scriptures and to make them the subject of conversation. They were

reading the third chapter of Malachi. One of the ladies gave it as her opinion that the "fullers' soap" and the "refiner of silver" were only the same view of the sanctifying influence of the grace of Christ. "No," said another, "they are not just the same image; there is something remarkable in the expression, 'He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver.'" They all said, possibly it may be so. This lady was going into the town, and she promised to see a silversmith and report to them what he said on the subject. She went, without telling him the object of her visit, and begged to know the process of refining silver, which he fully described to her. "But do you sit while you are refining?" "O yes, madam; I must sit with my eyes steadily fixed on the furnace, since if the silver remains too long it is sure to be injured." She at once saw the beauty and comfort of the expression, "He shall sit as a refiner." As the lady was turning from the shop door, the silversmith called her back, and said he had forgotten to mention one thing, and that was, he only knew when the process of purifying was complete by seeing his own image in the silver.

1421. Selfishness—Haman as a Type.—We are all too slow to learn the lesson, "Thou art the man;" so that, whilst our thoughts centre upon Haman, the victim of selfishness, we can with difficulty realise the antitype in ourselves. Nevertheless, the scene in Shushan the palace is the scene of every-day life. The world is a palace of vanity, and abounds with Hamans. "I would have this or that," is the utterance of the soul coveting some longed-for possession. It has it, and it is not satisfied. How can it? An immortal be satisfied with the painted, tinselled finery of fading time! It asks for some near object. "Oh that I had but that!" It obtains it, and its appetite is but whetted for more. Another prize,

and another disappointment; another tide of homage, fame, adulation, and another ebbing, with only worthless weeds left on the forsaken shore. Another freight of honour to Haman, and another unbending figure in the rear, whose dark shadow lies outspread upon his pathway, so that all that he hath availeth him nothing.—“he is not satisfied.” If all this then availeth nothing, what will avail? Now “sin,” says Bishop Reynolds, “put bitterness into the soul that it cannot relish the creature, and it put vanity into the creature that it cannot satisfy the soul; therefore the creature, so long as it is empty of God, must needs be full of vanity and vexation.” Hence no one can be truly happy and contented, be his possessions never so large and splendid, till he grasp by faith the “pearl of great price;” then envy dies, and Mordecai vanishes.

1422. Soldier without Fear.—

A Dutch fleet once drew near to Chatham. Fearing it might effect a landing, the then Duke of Albemarle determined to prevent it by inspiring the men with his own dauntless spirit. Calm, as if beyond the touch of death, he took his position in the forefront of the battle, thus exposing himself to the hottest fire from the hostile ships. A loving but over-cautious friend, seeing him in such peril, darted forward, seized him by the arm, and exclaimed in great agitation, “Retire, I beseech you, from this shower of bullets, or you will be a dead man!” The Duke, releasing himself from his grasp, turned coldly on the man who would tempt him to cowardice in the hour of his country’s need, and replied, “Sir, if I had been afraid of bullets, I should have quitted the profession of a soldier long ago.”

1423. “Spud” and Weeds.—A farmer who was always very careful not to let the weeds grow in his fields, one day, after a friend had dined with him, said, “It may be you would like to go round my

farm?” “Indeed I would,” said his friend. So away they started; but before doing so, the farmer took from a corner an instrument called a “spud,” and whenever they stopped to chat as they walked over the fields, he would dig away at the weeds and talk at the same time. “You seem to make good use of that spud.” “Yes, I must keep busy, or the weeds will get the start of me, and some of them ripen so as to increase the weed-crop next year.” So the farmer kept on at work, talking pleasantly and digging at the weeds. As weeds grow in the fields and gardens, and injure the crops, so our sins grow in our hearts and prevent us from doing good. We must not let them grow. We must always carry with us a hoe, so that whenever we see any sins we may dig them up at once. Prayer is the best thing to carry with us. If we use it wherever we go, the sinful weeds cannot grow. As the farmer carried his “spud,” so let us carry our prayers, and ask our heavenly Father to make our hearts right and keep them right.

1424. “Steer straight to me, Father.”—A fisherman was accustomed to go out in a boat with his family, and spend the day at a distance from the shore. As there were frequent fogs, one of the number was usually left at home to ring a bell as a signal. On one occasion a little son remained on shore. During the day a thick fog settled down upon the water, and the fishers attempted to reach the land; but the mists grew deeper and darker, and after rowing vainly in all directions despair had nearly suspended their efforts. Just then a little voice came through the darkness, “Father, father, steer straight to me, and you will get home.” The father renewed his efforts, and by steering straight in the direction of the oft-repeated call reached the desired haven. Not long after the little lad was taken away by death. The

father, a wicked man, having no hope in this life or that which is to come, was filled with despondency. Clouds, mists, and darkness seemed to close in around him on every side. While thus situated, he seemed to hear from heavenward, "Father, father, steer straight to me, and you will get home." He obeyed the admonition, and turned his frail bark, tossed upon life's boisterous billows, towards the haven of eternal rest. In other words, he steered straight to Christ.

1425. *Tangles.*—Once upon a time, there was a great King who employed his people to weave for him. The silk, and woof, and patterns were all given by the King, and he looked for diligent work-people. He was very indulgent, and told them when any difficulty arose to send to him, and he would help them, and never to fear troubling him, but to ask for help and instruction. Among many men and women busy at their looms was one little child whom the King did not think too young to work. Often alone at her work, cheerfully and patiently she laboured. One day, when the men and women were distressed at the sight of their failures—the silks were tangled, and the weaving unlike the pattern—they gathered round the child and said, "Tell us how it is that you are so happy in your work. We are always in difficulties." "Then why do you not send to the King?" said the little weaver. "He told us that we might do so." "So we do, night and morning." "Ah," said the child, "but I send directly I find I have a little tangle."

1426. "Three more saved."—A few days after the wreck of the ill-fated steamer *Central America*, which sent hundreds to a watery grave, and plunged the American nation in grief, a pilot-boat was seen, on a fair breezy morning, standing up the bay of New York. The very appearance of the vessel

gave token that she was freighted with tidings of no common interest. With every sail set, and streamers flying, she leaped along the waters as if buoyant with some great joy, while the glad winds that swelled her canvas, and the sparkling waves that kissed her sides and urged her on her way, seemed to laugh with conscious delight. As she drew nearer, an unusual excitement was visible on her deck, and her captain, running out to the extreme point of the bowsprit, and swinging his cap, appeared to be shouting something with intense earnestness and animation. At first the distance prevented his being distinctly understood. But soon, as the vessel came farther into the harbour, the words, "Three more saved! Three more saved!" reached the nearest listeners. They were caught up by the crews of the multitudinous ships that lay anchored around, and sailors sprang wildly into the rigging and shouted, "Three more saved!" They were heard on the wharfs, and the porter threw down his load, and the drayman stopped his noisy cart, and shouted, "Three more saved!" The tidings ran along the streets, and the news-boys left off crying the latest intelligence, and shouted, "Three more saved!" Busy salesmen dropped their goods, book-keepers their pens, bankers their discounts, tellers their gold, and merchants, hurrying on the stroke of the last hour of grace to pay their notes, paused in their headlong haste, and shouted, "Three more saved!" Louder and louder grew the cry—fast and faster it spread—along the crowded piers of the Hudson and East River—up by the graves of Trinity, the hotels of Broadway, the marble palaces of the Fifth Avenue—over the heights of Brooklyn—across to Hoboken and Jersey City—away, away, beyond tower and pinnacle, beyond mansion and temple, beyond suburb and hamlet—till a million hearts pulsed with its thrill, and above

all the sounds of the vast metropolis, mightier than all, hushing all, resounded the cry, "Three more saved! Three more saved!"

1427. "Tree Planted."—"It was a little thing when I first set it out, ten years ago," says a minister. "The stem was no larger than my wrist and scarcely taller than my head. But it was well planted, not indeed by 'the rivers of water,' but in good rich healthy soil, where its roots could have access to constant moisture. It began at once to grow. Every one marked its thrifty look. At the end of the first year its position, its hold on life, and its promise of greatness were all secured. Another year, and the common exclamation of all who had watched it was, 'How that tree grows!' And so on, year after year, there was no check, no failure, no pause, but constant and rapid progress. Not a bough died, not a leaf withered; but, in wet and dry, all through the summer, its wealth of leaves, dark green on the one side and silvery white on the other, shimmered in the sun, and fluttered in the breeze. Yesterday I measured its trunk and found it more than four feet in circumference; its height I estimated at thirty-five feet, and the spread of its branches at forty. A marvellous growth for ten years! Notice now that for this growth there was needed at the outset a tree, a miniature one, yet a real tree, with all the component parts of a tree—trunk, root, and top. Not the trunk alone, for that would have been but a cane. Not the root alone, for that would have been a mere stump. Not the top alone, for that would have been but brush. This tree too must be planted. Not lying above ground, to wither and dry up in the sun. Not all buried beneath the surface, to rot in the ground. But planted, with the roots carefully placed in the earth the right depth, and with suitable preparation to receive them, and good soil packed around

them. I have now in mind the contrast of all this. It was a beautiful weeping elm, standing in front of a noble dwelling. In the owner's absence it was dug up to make room for a curb wall. The rootlets were most of them broken off, and the top all cut away, leaving it merely a tall stump. Worse than all, it was not again planted, but thrown down on the ground and exposed to the weather for a fortnight. The owner, on his return, mourned the loss of his favourite tree, and anxiously sought to repair the evil. Another hole was scooped out, the ground carefully mellowed, and the tree, what there was left of it, set therein, with abundance of rich soil put around, and copious waterings given, with the hope that it might be resuscitated. For several weeks there were indications of life. Promising shoots were thrown out on all sides with many and fair green leaves, and the inexperienced said the elm was saved. Deceitful appearances! Those shoots had no vital connection with mother earth. They drew but a temporary supply of food from the trunk, and when a hot wind arose one after another was blasted and dried up, till all were gone. There is now not a green thing left on it, nor is there any hope that it will ever sprout again as long as it remains there; unless covered up by some friendly vine trained around it, it must be an unsightly stump. So there must be first the spiritual tree; small and undeveloped it may be, but a tree in germ at least, created by the Divine Spirit, endowed with a beginning of life. This tree must be planted in the rich soil of God's grace. It must be 'rooted and grounded in love.' Its rootlets must draw moisture and nutriment from the living Fountain, Christ, before it can grow and obtain height and breadth and strength. Nay, it must ever abide in Christ, or it will wither and perish. Pluck it up by the roots, and it will soon be twice dead."

1428. Vows.—It is related of a rich merchant, that in a great storm at sea he vowed to Jupiter, if he would save him and his vessel, that he would give him a hecatomb—*i.e.*, a sacrifice of a hundred oxen. The storm ceaseth, and he bethinks himself that a hecatomb was unreasonable; he resolves on seven oxen. Another tempest comes, and now he vows again the seven at least. Delivered then also, he thought that seven were too many, and one would serve the turn. Yet another peril comes, and now he vows solemnly to fall no lower; if he may be rescued, an ox Jupiter shall have. Again freed, the ox sticks in his stomach, and he would fain draw his devotion to a lower rate—a sheep was sufficient.

But at last, being set ashore, he thought a sheep too much, and purposeth to carry to the altar only a few dates. On the way he eats up the dates, and lays on the altar only the shells.

1429. Unrenewed Man.—The deliverance of Peter out of the hand of Herod may remind us of the deliverance of the sinner out of the hand of Satan. Every unrenewed man is in prison, sleeping between two soldiers—Satan and his own corrupt nature; he is also bound with two chains—unbelief and the hardness of his heart; and it is not till God's Spirit shall come down and break off the fetters, that the prisoner can gird himself and go forth to knock at mercy's gate.

VANITY.

Job xi. 15; Psalm ci. 5; Isa. xxii. 16; Jer. ix. 23; Matt. xxiii. 8, 10-12; Gal. vi. 3.

1430. Conceited Author.—The French Academy once adopted a singular rule with respect to the candidates. It was ordered that they should respectively produce copies of all the works to which they had given birth. To issue an edict of this sort was in fact to call for a number of publications that had long sunk into obscurity, and many of which indeed were totally destroyed; for it is but too true, as Montaigne observes, that the grocers and trunk-makers have no compassion. One day, one of the most forgotten of French poets was, in consequence of this rule, walking on the quay of the Louvre and narrowly spying into every second-hand bookseller's shop. Suddenly—mortifying spectacle!—he observes on the pavement, huddled among other things, one of his fugitive pieces, and, anxious to relieve it from its state of degradation, he asks the price of it. "That, sir?" replied the bookseller. "That is sixpence." "What do you mean by sixpence?" exclaims the author, piqued to find the productions of his genius estimated at so

low a rate. "You do not know what you are selling, friend." "Pardon me, sir, I know very well that it is not over and above clever, but then the paper is worth fourpence." "Hold, fellow!" replied the indignant poet, "here are fifteenpence for it." Pocketing the work, he added, "You deserve to know, in order to teach you your trade, that I should have given you thirty for it."

1431. Futility of Human Efforts.—The passage in Matt. vi. 27, which perhaps refers rather to length of life than to height of stature—"Which of you by taking thought can add to his life one span?"—received singular illustration some few years ago. A Continental city was visited by a serious epidemic, which carried off a large number of the inhabitants. Many of the wealthier class were filled with alarm and anxiety, and chartered a vessel to take them to a distant and safer place. They had not gone very far, however, before the vessel was wrecked and they perished in the waters. Of how little use was all their anxiety!

1432. Lady of Fashion.—We read in a religious work of a young lady, about twenty years of age, born to a rich inheritance, and the only child of parents who were exceedingly fond of her. Nothing was spared to complete her education as a lady of fashion. As she grew up she answered all her mother's hopes in making a display in the fashionable world. But the hour of sickness came—it was a dreadful hour, for it was the termination of all her hopes. The minister was called in. He talked of death, judgment, and eternity. She had never heard such language addressed to her, and she trembled. In her dying hour she called for some of her fine clothes. When they were brought, she looked up to her mother and said, "These have ruined me. You never told me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to judgment. You never told me to read the Bible, or to go to church, unless to make a display of some new finery. Mother, you have ruined me. Take them away, and keep them as a remembrance of your sin and my sad end." She died in a few moments after.

1433. Life Lost for Appearance's Sake.—In the time of the Civil Wars in England, about two hundred years ago, a gentleman was taken prisoner. Some time afterwards an opportunity offered of an escape. Instead of taking immediate advantage of it, he stayed to put on his band and adjust his wig that he might seem a person of quality. It was then too late, and he lost his life through his silly regard for his personal appearance.

1434. "Man at his Best Estate."—Abderamen, Caliph of Cordova, reigned fifty years in the utmost splendour and glory. After his death the following paper was found

in his own handwriting: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. I have possessed riches, honours, and pleasures, in their greatest variety and extent; I have enjoyed the esteem of my friends; and, in short, everything that man can desire in this world has been lavished upon me by Heaven. In this long course of apparent happiness I have reckoned up the days in which I could say that I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen!"

1435. Poet's Vanity.—Goldsmith used to say that he could play on the German flute as well as most men, at other times as well as any man living, when, in fact, he did not understand the character in which music was written, and merely played by the ear. Roubiliac, the sculptor, once heard him play, and, wishing to put a trick upon him, pretended to be charmed with his performance. He entreated the Doctor to repeat the air, in order that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consented, and Roubiliac, calling for paper, scored a few line staves. The Doctor began to play, and the sculptor to write such random notes on the lines and spaces as any person who had ever seen a page of music might easily do. When they had both done, Roubiliac showed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking over it with great attention, said it was correct, and added that if he had not seen him do it he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him.

1436. Royal Weakness.—With all the strength of mind which Queen Elizabeth possessed, she had the weakness of her sex as far as related to her age and her personal attractions. "The majesty and gravity of sceptre," says a contemporary of the Virgin Queen, "could not alter the nature of a woman in her. When Bishop Bodd was appointed to preach before her, he, wishing in a godly zeal, as well

became him, that she should think some time of mortality, being then sixty-three years of age, he took his text fit for that purpose out of the Psalms xc. 12. — 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;' which text he handled most learnedly. But when he spoke of some sacred mystical numbers, as three for the Trinity, three times three for the heavenly hierarchy, seven for the Sabbath, and seven times seven for a jubilee, and, lastly, nine times seven for the grand climacterical year (her age), she, perceiving whereto it tended, began to be troubled with it. The Bishop discovering all was not well, for the pulpit stood opposite her Majesty, he fell to treat of some plausible numbers, as of the number 666, making *Latinus*, with which he said he could prove the Pope to be Antichrist, &c. He still, however, interlarded his sermon with Scripture passages touching the infirmities of age, as that in Ecclesiastics, when the grinders shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows, &c., and the daughters of singing shall be abased; and more to that purpose. The Queen was so far from giving him thanks or good countenance, that she afterwards said plainly, 'He might have kept his arithmetic for himself; but I see the greatest clerks are not the wisest men;' and so she went away discontented."

1437. Severe Rebuke.—Dante first found a patron in the great Cane de la Scala, Prince of Verona, whom he has celebrated in the first canto of the "*Inferno*," but his high spirit was ill suited to courtly dependence, and it is very probable he lost the favour of the Prince by the frankness of his behaviour. The disposition of the poet in the latter part of his life had acquired a strong tincture of melancholy, which made him less acceptable in the gay Court of Verona, where probably a poet was

only thought a character fit to find frivolous amusements for his patron. A common jester or buffoon (a noted personage in those days) eclipsed the character of the bard, and neither the variety of his learning nor the sublimity of his genius was so popular as the buffoonery of the jester. The Prince perceived that Dante was hurt by it, and, instead of altering his mode of treatment, very ungenerously exasperated his resentment by observing one day, in public company, that it was very extraordinary, the jester whom every one knew to be a worthless fellow should be so much admired by him and all his Court, while Dante, a man unparalleled in learning, genius, and integrity, was generally neglected. "You will cease to wonder," says Dante, "when you consider that similarity of manners is the strongest bond of attachment." It does not appear whether the Prince resented this answer, which he must have felt, but Dante soon found it necessary to seek his fortune elsewhere, and quitted Verona.

1438. Shooting at Jupiter.—A Roman Caesar prepared a great feast for his nobles and friends, and it so fell out that the day appointed was so extremely foul that nothing could be done to the honour of the meeting; whereupon he was so displeased and enraged that he commanded all them that had bows to shoot up their arrows at Jupiter, their chief god, as in defiance of him for that rainy weather, which when they did, their arrows fell short of heaven, and fell upon their own heads, so that many of them were very sorely wounded.

1439. Vanity of Earthly Desires.—Philip, King of Macedon, as he was wrestling at the Olympic games, fell down in the sand, and when he rose again, observing the print of his body in the sand, cried out, "O how little a parcel of earth will hold us when we are dead, who are ambitiously seeking after the whole world whilst we are living!"

1440. Worldly Man's Confession.

—The celebrated Earl of Chesterfield was a nobleman for whom nature had done much and birth and education more. He was in his day universally allowed to be the most elegant and accomplished man in Europe, and he was no less conspicuous in the political than in the fashionable world. No man ever possessed greater advantages for the attainment and the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, and no man ever drank deeper of the sweet but poisonous draught. Let us hear him at a time when disease and age hung heavy upon him, and rendered him incapable of further enjoyment. "I have seen," says he, "the silly rounds of business and of pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is, in truth, very low; whereas those that have not experienced, always overrate them. They only see the gay outside, and are dazzled at the glare. But I

have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines, and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminated the whole decoration, to the astonishment of the ignorant audience. When I reflect on what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry of bustle and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that is past as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he has become my enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage during the remainder of my journey."

WISDOM.

Psalm cxi. 10; Prov. i. 5, 7, iii. 13-24, 35; Eccles. x. 2, 10; John xvii. 3, 7, 8, 25; 1 Cor. ii. 2, 6, 7, 15, 16.

1441. Application of a Parable.

—The Rev. John Cooke, of Maidenhead, once, when travelling, fell in with a rich farmer who was very unwilling to listen to any serious remarks which he was disposed to make, and at length said with a sneer, "I don't like religion, and I told you so." "You are not a singular farmer, sir," replied Mr. Cooke. "I have read of one whom you greatly resemble. The farmer to whom I allude, finding his ground very productive and his barns too small, resolved on building larger barns and filling them, and said to his soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink,

and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' (Luke xii. 19, 20.) Now, sir, I think you must see yourself in this picture. Here is a farmer, very rich, living to himself in health, ease and pleasure, 'without God in the world.' No doubt his neighbours envied and flattered him, but no one dared to reprove so rich a man. And if no one reprov'd his sins, and many flattered them as virtues, he never heard the truth. This accounts for our Lord's words, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!' But

although he thought himself wise, and others wished to be like him, God addresses him differently—'Thou fool!' Why, sir, do you suppose the only wise God called him a fool?" He was silent. "But, candidly, do not you think he was a fool?" "I shall not say, sir." "Well, sir, if you will allow me to hazard an opinion, he appears a fool—1. Because he preferred his body to his soul. 2. Because he preferred the world to God: 'Eat, drink, and be merry,' was the extent of his aim. 3. Because he preferred time to eternity: 'Thou hast goods laid up for many years.' 4. Because he lived as if he should never die, and, whilst presuming on many years, exposed his soul to all the horrors of sudden death, without repentance, without forgiveness, without holiness, and without hope."

1442. Book with Two Leaves.—The following anecdote recently appeared in the pages of a religious periodical:—"What are you doing here by yourself?" asked a man of his neighbour one day. "I am reading a book that has only two leaves," was the reply. "Then it won't take you long to read it," said the other. Months passed away, and they met again. "Well, what are you doing now?" "I am still reading my little book." "What! and only two leaves in it?" "Yes, a white leaf and a red one." "I don't understand you." "Well, the white leaf is the holiness of God, and the red leaf is the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son. When I study the white leaf, and see my sin in the light of God's holiness, I am glad to turn to the red leaf and rest my eye on the blood of Jesus. And when I realise the preciousness and efficacy of the Saviour's blood, I feel a longing for holiness, and turn again to the white leaf. The little book will occupy me all my life, and I expect it will be my joyful meditation through eternity."

1443. Character.—The following

is extracted from Howell's "Familiar Letters":—"Be wondrous wary of your first comportments; get a good name, and be very tender of it afterwards; for it is like the Venice glass, quickly cracked, never to be mended, though patched it may be. To this purpose, take along with you this fable. It happened that Fire, Water, and Fame went to travel together; they consulted that if they lost one another how they might be retrieved and meet again. Fire said, "Where you see smoke, there you shall find me." Water said, "Where you see marsh and moorish low ground, there you shall find me." But Fame said, "Take heed how you lose me, for if you do, you will run a great hazard never to meet me again; there is no retrieving of me."

1444. Compass Lights.—The following is from a contemporary writer:—"It was night, and a heavy storm was brewing. A ship under close-reefed topsails ran before the gale. The evening had been very cloudy, and signs of a coming tempest were visible in the sky, but the captain thought that it would blow over, and had retired in the evening to rest, after giving the usual orders to the man at the helm. When the fierce wind began to whistle through the shrouds, he sprang out of bed and was speedily on deck. Safety now depended on a steady helm and lighted binnacle (the box which holds the compass), in which the needle of the compass trembled. It was hoped that all would be well if that monitor, the needle, was clearly seen and instantly obeyed. But suddenly a strong wave put out the binnacle light, and enveloped the compass in darkness. The steersman did his utmost to keep the ship's head to the wind. At this moment a second wave swept over the ship, carrying with it everything that was on the deck. Why were not the compass lights relighted? The fact was, the captain

had failed to watch the warnings of the coming storm, and was unprepared. Extra lamps had not been kept in readiness; it was too late to trim them in the hour of danger, and it was impossible at such a time to relight the one that had been put out. The captain did all that human skill and courage could do in that wild and dark and starless night; but the vessel reeled under a very heavy sea; nothing could avert the crisis that impended but a sight of the compass, and that was now impossible. The ship, after a few hours, struck on a rock and became a total wreck, and almost all on board perished. Had the captain exercised proper watchfulness, and kept the compass lights trimmed and burning, she might have weathered the storm. There was a second ship in that tempest. How did she escape? The captain had shown a watchful forecast. Before the horizon presented the least sign of disturbance, all things were got ready. In case the chains of the helm should part, his "relieving tackles" were hooked. A spare tiller was provided. Every precaution was made to sail before the gale. As the storm approached he watched anxiously lest a wave, travelling faster than the ship, should break over the deck. The first strength of the gale seemed spent; the wind lulled, and the captain went below to his chart. Out of sight of his men, his eye was constantly turned to the compass in the ceiling of his cabin. Soon a fresh squall came on, and again the captain was quickly by the side of the helmsman. In spite of good seamanship a wave struck the ship unfavourably, and breaking across the binnacle, extinguished the compass lights. For a moment the needle was lost to sight and the vessel was in the utmost peril. But instantly other lights were placed in the compass box, and were burning brightly. The lanterns had been trimmed, and were ready for the crisis. By the

dawn of the morning the storm had passed away, and in a few days the ship was safely moored in its destined port. "How important," thought a passenger in this latter vessel, on hearing the cause of the loss of the former, "is it to have the lights trimmed and ready for a coming storm!" He from that hour of danger read a lesson of life and its issues, as he learned how neglect and want of foresight on the one hand, and constant watchfulness and preparation on the other, made all the difference between shipwreck and safety.

1445. Considerate King.—When Henry IV. of France made excursions into his distant provinces, he used to stop the peasants whom he met and inquire where they were going, what they sold, and what was the price. One of his attendants, expressing his surprise at such familiarity, was answered by the monarch, "The Kings of France, my predecessors, thought themselves dishonoured in knowing the value of a teston. With respect to myself, I am anxious to know what is the value of half a denier, and what difficulty the poor people have to get it, so that they may not be taxed above their means."

1446. Earnest Worker.—Duncan Matheson, the Scottish evangelist, when in the Crimea, was not slow in seeking out men of his own spirit in the Army. His first acquaintance was Hector Macpherson, drum-major 93rd Highlanders, a soldier both of his country and of the cross, of whom the missionary used to tell the following story:—"One day, a chaplain, newly arrived, called on the sergeant and asked his advice as to the best method of conducting his work. 'Come with me,' said Hector, 'to the hill-top. Now look around you. See yonder the pickets of Liprandi's army. See yon batteries on the right, and the men at the guns. Mark yon trains of ammunition. Hear the roar of that cannon. Look where you may, it is all earnest

here. There is not a man but feels it is a death struggle. If we don't conquer the Russians, the Russians will conquer us. We are all in earnest, sir; we are not playing at soldiers here. If you would do good you must be in earnest too. An earnest man will always win his way.' "

1447. Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada.—It was a single banker that secured Queen Elizabeth against all the danger with which she was threatened by the so-called invincible Armada. When the Queen was apprised of the designs of Spain, she had no ships capable of being opposed to the Spanish fleet; a part of those which were lying in the ports and docks could only be used after twelve months, and great anxiety prevailed. This banker, however, being well acquainted with the state of the Spanish finances, knew that the Spanish fleet could not set sail but through the medium of bills which were to be drawn upon the Genoese bank. He therefore conceived the idea of buying up all the paper or bills that could be met with in every commercial town in Europe, and to deposit them in the bank of Genoa, that by his large remittances he might have the said bank so in his power as to incapacitate it whenever he chose from giving any aid to the Spaniards. Being well aware that it only required to let those remittances be so long at Genoa until the season should obstruct the sailing of the fleet, he calculated that these exchange operations would cost about £40,000 sterling, and he proposed to the Queen to extricate her at this price from the dilemma. The proposal was accepted and carried into effect with so much secrecy that Philip's hands were tied, and he could not send out the fleet till the following year.

1448. God Governs.—When Bulstrode Whitelock was embarked as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, in 1658, he was much disturbed in

mind, as he rested in Harwich on the preceding night, which was very stormy, while he reflected on the distracted state of the nation. It happened that a confidential servant slept in an adjacent bed, who, finding that his master could not sleep, at length said, "Pray, sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?" "Certainly." "Pray, sir, don't you think that God governed the world very well before you came into it?" "Undoubtedly." "And pray, sir, don't you think that He will govern it quite as well when you are gone out of it?" "Certainly." "Then, sir, pray excuse me, but don't you think you may trust Him to govern it quite as well as long as you live?" To this question Whitelock had nothing to reply, but, turning about, soon fell fast asleep till he was summoned to embark.

1449. God in the Heart.—A poor wounded boy was dying in the hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand upon his head, she said to him, "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large dark eyes opened slowly, and a smile passed over the young soldier's face, as he answered, "I am ready, dear lady, for this has long been His kingdom," and as he spoke he placed his hand upon his heart. "Do you mean," questioned the lady gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered; but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way through the "dark valley and shadow of death." And still he lay there with his hand above his heart, even after that heart had ceased to beat, and the soldier-boy's soul had gone up to its God.

1450. Heaven—where is it?—Plato points to the snowy summits of cold Olympus, and says, It is

there. Swedenborg beholds spiritual presences in all space, and says, It is everywhere. Wordsworth lives again through his youth, and replies, "Heaven lies above us in our infancy." Sage, theologian, and poet, we turn from you all and ask a little blind girl, and she replies, Heaven is where God is.

1451. Ignorance and Learning.—"I used frequently," says Cecil, "to visit Dr. Bacon at his living, near Oxford; he would frequently say to me, 'What are you doing? What are your studies?' 'I am reading so and so.' 'You are quite wrong. When I was young, I could turn any piece of Hebrew into Greek verse with ease. But when I came into this parish, and had to teach ignorant people, I was wholly at a loss; I had no furniture. They thought me a great man, but that was their ignorance, for I knew as little as they did, of what it was most important for them to know. Study chiefly what you can turn to good account in your future life.'"

1452. John Evelyn's Epitaph.—"Fell asleep the 27th day of February, 1705-6, being the 86th year of his age, in full hope of a glorious resurrection, through faith in Jesus Christ. Living in an age of extraordinary events and revolutions, he learnt (as himself asserted) this truth, which, pursuant to his intention, is here declared:—"That all is vanity which is not honest, and that there is no solid wisdom but in real piety.'"

1453. Little Difficulties.—When Queen Charlotte, wife of George III., was once visiting her nursery, a most amiable Princess, the Duchess of Gloucester, who was at that time about six years old, running up to her with a book in her hand and tears in her eyes, said, "Madam, I cannot comprehend it." Her Majesty, with true parental affection, looked upon the Princess and told her not to be

alarmed. "What you cannot comprehend to-day, you may comprehend to-morrow; and what you cannot attain to this year, you may arrive at the next. Do not therefore be frightened with little difficulties, but attend to what you do know, and the rest will come in time."

1454. Little Learning.—Lord Bacon, towards the latter end of his life, said that a little smattering of philosophy would lead a man to Atheism, but a thorough insight of it will lead a man back again to a first cause, and the first principle of right reason is religion; and seriously professes that, after all his studies and inquiries, he durst not die with any other thoughts than those of religion taught, as it is professed, among Christians.

1455. Motive of Work.—"Some years ago," writes a gentleman, "I was brought in contact with a coloured man. He was nothing but a cobbler—he said himself he was not a decent shoemaker, and I can testify to that from some experience of his work. But if not elegantly done, it was thoroughly done, and that was the point. He told me that when he became too old and crippled to work in the field and house, he took to cobbling. I said to him, 'My friend, after this cobbling on earth has done, how about that other world? Have you any hope for a better world?' 'Ah, master,' said he, 'I am nothing, as I told you, but a poor cobbler, but I feel when I sit here and work at my stool, that the good Master is looking at me, and when I take a stitch, it is a stitch, and when I put on a heel-tap, it is not paper, but good leather. It is not the work we do upon earth that makes the whole of life, but it is the way in which we do that work—it is the motive. 'Thou God seest me.'"

1456. Not his own.—It is related of the missionary Henry

Martyn, that when at college "he never lost an hour;" but then every moment was spent in seeking honour for himself. When, however, he had obtained the highest honours, he was disappointed in finding that he had grasped a shadow. A friend told him one day that he ought to attend to his studies not to obtain the praise of men, but that he might be better fitted to promote the glory of God. He thought such a demand very strange, and when his sister spoke to him on the subject, and begged of him to give his heart to God, he did not like to listen to her, because he felt that he would have to give up many things if he became religious. At length, however, a great change came over him—a change of heart; and he resolved to "seek first the kingdom of God." His prospects were every day becoming brighter and brighter; but the love of God had entered his heart, and he was enabled to conquer his ambition and love of fame. He became a minister of the Gospel, and greatly esteemed for his learning and amiable manners. He began now, more than ever, to feel that he was not his own, and therefore that he must not live to himself; and although he might have risen to posts of distinction in his native land, he chose rather to be a missionary to the heathen. He sacrificed home, friendship, worldly comfort, health, earthly love, and last of all, life itself, that he might tell the heathen of the true God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, who died to save sinners; for, as he said, "he could not endure life if Jesus were not glorified." He left all that he might follow Jesus. He felt that it was what God required of him, and he acted in the spirit of his Divine Master, who gave himself for the sins of the world.

1457. Religion Pure and Unde-
filed.—A gentleman near London went to visit a woman who was sick. As he was going into the

room he saw a girl kneeling by the side of the poor woman's bed. The little girl rose from her knees as soon as she saw the gentleman, and went out of the room. "Who is that child?" the gentleman asked. "Oh, sir," said the sick woman, "that is a little angel who often comes to read her Bible to me, to my great comfort; and she has just now given me sixpence." The gentleman was so pleased with the little girl's conduct that he wished to know how she had learned the Word of God and to be so kind to poor people. Finding that she was one of the scholars of a neighbouring Sunday-school, he went to the school and asked for the little girl, who was afraid when she was called to the gentleman; but he was very kind to her, and asked her if she was the little girl that had been to read the Bible to the sick woman. She said she was. The gentleman said, "My dear, what made you think of doing so?" She answered, "Because, sir, I find it is said in the Bible that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction." "Well," said he, "and did you give her any money?" "Yes, sir." "And where did you get it?" "Sir, it was given me as a reward."

1458. Robertson and Hume.—Hume wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature, and Dr. Robertson wrote on the necessity of revelation and the insufficiency of the light of nature. Hume came one evening to visit Robertson, and the time was spent in conversation on this subject. The friends of both were present, and it is said that Robertson reasoned with unusual clearness and power. Whether Hume was convinced by his reasoning or not we cannot tell; but, at any rate, he did not acknowledge his conviction. Hume was very much of a gentleman in his manners, and, as he rose to depart, bowed politely to

those in the room, while, as he retired through the door, Robertson took the light to show him the way. Hume was still facing the door. "Oh, sir," said he, "I find the light of nature always sufficient;" and continued, "pray, don't trouble yourself, sir," and so he walked on. The door was opened, and presently, as he went along the hall, he stumbled over something concealed, and pitched down the steps into the street. Robertson ran after him with the light, and as he held it over him, whispered softly, "You had better have a light from above, Mr. Hume;" and raising him up, he bade him good night, and returned to his friends.

1459. Silence Gold.—A courtier in the retinue of Alexander the Great paid a visit to the studio of Apelles, the celebrated painter, and was received with the consideration due to his rank. This excited his vanity and talkativeness, which, unhappily, sallied forth upon the fine art in question, exposing his ignorance in a variety of questions and criticisms. Apelles interrupted him at length in an undertone: "Do you see those boys that are grinding my colours? While you were silent, they admired you, dazzled with the splendour of the purple and gold with which your habit glitters, but ever since you began to talk about what you do not understand, they have done nothing but laugh at you."

1460. Sure Compass.—We read of a country lad who was about leaving his Sunday-school and friends to go up to the metropolis to take a situation, that he was accompanied to his starting-place by a Christian friend, who kindly said to him, "Now, my boy, recollect you are going to launch your craft on a dangerous ocean." "Yes, I know it," said the boy; and, taking a Bible out of his pocket, and holding it up, he added, "but you see I have got a safe compass to steer by."

1461. Three Methods.—The celebrated Haydn was in company with some distinguished persons. The conversation turned on the best means of restoring their mental energies, when exhausted with long and difficult studies. One said, he had recourse in such a case to a bottle of wine; another that he went into company. Haydn, being asked what he would do, or did do, said that he retired to his closet and engaged in prayer, and that nothing exerted on his mind a more happy and efficacious influence than prayer. Haydn was no enthusiast.

1462. Town Clerk of Ephesus.—Cotton Mather often quoted the remark of a friend, that "there was a gentleman named in the 19th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, to whom we were more indebted than to any other man in the world. This was the prudent 'town clerk,' who earnestly advised the excited people to do nothing rashly. On all occasions of consequence, or of urgent haste, he would say, 'Friends, let us first advise with the town clerk of Ephesus.'"

1463. True Source of Comfort.—The following pleasing fact is related of her present Majesty:—When King William IV. expired at Windsor Castle about midnight, the Archbishop of Canterbury immediately hastened to acquaint the Princess Victoria of her succession to the throne. Our beloved Sovereign was then residing at Kensington, and on the arrival of the prelate, before daylight, she at once hastily prepared herself for the interview. On receiving the momentous intelligence the youthful Queen became much agitated, but her first words were, "I ask your prayers on my behalf." They knelt down together, and our Queen began her reign in the spirit of Solomon of old, by imploring from the King of kings "a wise and understanding heart."

1464. Understanding by the Grace of God.—As a specimen of Christian activity in church members, Mr. Fisch, a French pastor, and for thirteen years minister at Lyons, related the following at a festival of Christians of all denominations, held in Barmen. A member of his church, a poor old shoemaker, worked in a place which was more like a large box than a room. Besides himself, there was only space enough to accommodate one person, who sat upon a board brought in for that purpose, but that seat was seldom empty. Generally some person sat there to whom the shoemaker preached Christ while he was at work. Mr. Fisch once met a learned professor of the University of Paris, a member of the Legion of Honour, at the house of a friend in the country, where they spent a couple of weeks together. In the course of conversation, the professor told Mr. Fisch that he had tried to be satisfied with the religion of Roman Catholicism, and again with that of Protestantism, but both attempts had only alienated him from Christianity the more. Mr. Fisch advised him to make a third attempt, and recommended to him the reading of the New Testament, especially the Epistle to the Romans. The professor thought such reading was fit only for old women, but consented to try it. After some days, being questioned as to his progress, he replied, "Evidently it is not a book for old women. I have read the Epistle to the Romans, and I assure you I cannot understand a word of it. And if I cannot understand it, how can anyone understand it?" Mr. Fisch maintained that there were persons who understood the Epistle, and offered to introduce the professor to them. Half in sport and half from curiosity, the professor accepted the offer, and Mr. Fisch brought him to the old shoemaker, and put him into his box, remaining himself without, that the professor might have the seat upon

the board. The learned man, with a smile of compassion, now asked the shoemaker if he understood the Epistle to the Romans. Upon which the latter answered, with joyous sincerity, "Yes, by the grace of God." The professor made several visits to the humble shoemaker, and at length confessed to Mr. Fisch, "The shoemaker does indeed understand the Epistle to the Romans." This was not all. The shoemaker was the instrument, in the hand of God, of the professor's conversion, and the latter, after some time, bowed as an ignorant sinner at the feet of Jesus and found peace in Him.

1465. Vain Wisdom.—Hillel the wise had a disciple whose name was Maimon. In natural gifts he greatly delighted. But soon Hillel perceived that his youthful friend trusted too much in his own wisdom, and wholly discarded the aid of prayer. The youth said in his heart, "Why should we pray? Does the Almighty need our words in order to aid and bless us? Then is He human. Can man's sighs and petitions change the counsels of the Eternal? Will not the All-merciful of Himself bestow what is good and needful?" Such were the young man's thoughts. But Hillel was grieved in his soul that Maimon considered himself wiser than the Divine Word, and he determined to reprove him. One day, when Maimon went to Hillel, he found him sitting in his garden, leaning his head upon his hand, and he said, "Master, where are thy thoughts?" Then Hillel raised his head and answered in these words, "I have a friend who lives upon the produce of his lands, which until now he has cultivated with care, and has been richly rewarded for his pains. But now he has thrown aside plough and mattock, and no more cultivates his field. Thus he will soon come to poverty, and lack the necessities of life." "Has a spirit of ill-humour seized him, or has he become a fool?" asked the youth.

"Neither," answered Hillel; "he is well skilled in all human and sacred wisdom. But he says, 'The Lord is almighty, so that He can easily supply my wants without my bending my head to labour. He is good, so that He will open His kind hand to bless my table.' And how can it be contradicted?" "How!" said the youth; "is it not tempting the Lord God? Hast thou not told him so, master?" Then Hillel smiled, and said, "I will do so now. Thou, my beloved Maimon, art the friend of whom I spake." "I!" said the youth in amazement. "Ay," said the old man; "dost thou not tempt the Lord? Is prayer less than labour? and are spiritual gifts less than the fruits of the field? And is He who commands thee to labour for earthly goods other than He who bids thee raise thy heart to heaven to implore heavenly blessings? O my son, be humble, believe and pray!" So spake Hillel, and Maimon went away to pray, and henceforth his life was a godly one.

1466. Warnings not to be Despised.—A celebrated preacher thus illustrates contempt of God's admonitions:—"A very skilful bowman went to the mountains in search of game. All the beasts of the forest fled at his approach. The lion alone challenged him to combat. The bowman immediately let fly an arrow, and said to the lion, 'I send thee my messenger, that from him thou mayest learn what I myself shall be when I assail thee.' The lion, thus wounded, rushed away in great fear, and on a fox exhorting him to be of good courage, and not to run away at the first attack, 'You counsel me in vain, for if he sends so fearful a messenger, how shall I abide the attack of the man himself?'"

1467. Wise Choice.—When the Sidonians were once going to choose a King, they determined that their election should fall upon the man who should first see the sun on the following morning. All

the candidates, towards the hour of sunrise, eagerly looked towards the east, but one, to the astonishment of his countrymen, fixed his eyes pertinaciously on the opposite side of the horizon, where he saw the reflection of the sun's rays before the orb itself was seen by those looking towards the east. The choice instantly fell on him who had seen the reflection of the sun.

1468. Word Fitly Spoken.—It is related of a farmer who had long neglected the house of God and indulged in the use of profane language, that he one day lost a bank-note in his barn. He searched for it in vain. At length he said, "That note is in the barn, and I will search for it until I find it." Accordingly he went to the barn, and carefully moved the hay and straw, hour after hour, till he found the note. A few weeks before this he had been awakened to a sense of his need of a Saviour, and had earnestly sought to live a better life. His anxiety increased. A few weeks after he lost the note he sat by the fire musing on the state of his soul, when he turned to his wife and asked, "What must one do to become a Christian?" "You must seek for it," she replied, "as you sought for the bank-note."

1469. Young Student.—Gasendi, who flourished in the middle of the seventeenth century, exhibits one of the most striking instances of the precocity of the human intellect. "At the age of four years," says Bernier, "he used to declaim his little sermons; at the age of seven he used to steal away from his parents and spend a great part of the night in observing the stars. This made his friends say that he was born an astronomer. At this age he had a dispute with the boys of the village whether the moon or the clouds moved. To convince them that the moon did not move, he took them behind a tree and made them take notice that the moon kept its situation between the same leaves

whilst the clouds passed on. This early disposition to observation induced his parents to cultivate his talents, and the clergyman of his village gave him the first elements of learning. His ardour for study became then extreme, the day was not long enough for him, and he often read a good part of the night by the light of the lamp that was burning in the church of the village, his family being too poor to allow him candles for his nocturnal studies. He often took only four hours' sleep in the night. At the age of ten he harangued his Bishop (who passed through Gassendi's village on his visitation) in Latin with such ease and spirit that the Prelate exclaimed, 'That lad will one day or other be the wonder of his age.' " The modest and unassuming conduct of Gassendi gave an additional charm to his talents. "He complained," says St. Evremond, "that nature had given such a degree of extent to our curiosity and such very narrow

limits to our knowledge. This, he assured me, he did not say to mortify the presumption of any person, or from an affected humility, which is a kind of hypocrisy. He did not pretend to deny but that he knew what might be thought on many subjects, but he dared not venture to affirm that he completely understood any one. He was in general silent, never ostentatiously obtruding upon others either the acuteness of his understanding or the eloquence of his conversation; he was never in a hurry to give his opinion before he knew that of the persons who were conversing with him. When men of learning introduced themselves to him, he was content with behaving to them with great civility, and was not anxious to surprise their admiration. The entire tendency of his studies was to make himself wiser and better; and to have this intention more constantly before his eyes he had inscribed all his books with these words, '*Sapere aude.*' "

WONDERS IN THE DEEP.

Job xli. 31; Psalm cvii. 23-30; Eccles. iii. 10; 1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

1470. Dreadful Night.—The *Halsewell*, one of the finest ships in the service of the East India Company, commanded by Captain Pierce, an officer of distinguished ability and exemplary character, sailed from the Downs on the 1st of January, 1786. Besides the crew and a body of soldiers, there were a considerable number of passengers on board. The vessel, after being driven about by contrary winds for some days, struck on the rocks near Leacombe, on the Isle of Purbeck, at a part of the shore where the cliff is of vast height and rises almost perpendicular from its base. At this particular spot, where it was the peculiar misfortune of the *Halsewell* to be driven, the foot of the cliff is excavated into a cavern of ten or twelve yards in depth, and of breadth equal to the length of a large ship. The sides of the cavern

are so nearly upright as to render it extremely difficult of access, and the bottom is strewn with sharp and uneven rocks which seem by some convulsion of the earth to have been detached from its roof. The ship lay with her broadside opposite to the mouth of this cavern, with her whole length stretched almost from side to side of it. When there was no longer the hope of being able to keep the vessel afloat, and the ship had separated in the middle, the crew, who had been very remiss in their efforts, quitted the vessel in great numbers. Some of them reached points of the projecting rocks, from which they afterwards fell, while others were dashed to pieces against the sides of the cavern. Twenty-seven persons gained the rock, but only a few of them succeeded in scrambling beyond the reach of the returning

tide. Captain Pierce remained on board the vessel, and sat down between his two daughters in the round-house. It was now night, and there were no hopes of rescuing the ladies until daylight. Those who had reached the rock felt some expectation that the vessel would remain entire, for in the midst of their own distress the sufferings of the females on board affected them with the most poignant anguish, and every sea that broke inspired them with terror for their safety. But, alas! their apprehensions were soon fatally realised, and within a very few minutes of the time that the third mate had gained the rock, a general shriek, in which the voice of female distress was lamentably distinguished, announced the dreadful catastrophe. In a few moments all was hushed except the roarings of the winds and the dashing of the waves, the wreck was buried in the deep, and not an atom remained to mark the scene of this dreadful catastrophe. The shock which this gave to the trembling wretches in the cavern was awful. Though hardly rescued from the sea, and still surrounded by impending dangers, they wept for the fate of their unhappy companions. Many who had gained a precarious station, weakened with injuries, benumbed with cold, and battered by the tempest, forsook their hold, and, falling on the rocks, perished beneath the feet of their miserable associates. Their dying groans and exclamations only tended to awaken more painful apprehensions and increase the terror of the survivors. At length, after three hours, which seemed as many ages, the break of day showed their wretched situation in all its horrors. The only prospect of saving themselves was to creep along the edge of the cavern to its outward extremity, and, on a ledge scarcely as broad as a man's hand, to turn the corner and endeavour to scramble up a precipice almost perpendicular and nearly two hundred feet from

the bottom. Desperate as the attempt was, some made the effort and succeeded, while others, trembling with fear or exhausted by the preceding conflict, lost their footing and were dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The first two persons who gained the top hastened to the nearest house, and made known the condition of their comrades. The steward to the Purbeck Quarries immediately collected the workmen, and, procuring ropes with all possible despatch, made the most humane and zealous exertions for the relief of the survivors; but it was a task of great difficulty, as the rocks hung over so much that it was not easy to throw a rope to their relief. Many persons in attempting to gain the rope missed it and perished. At last, when the officers and seamen who had been saved were mustered, they were found to amount to seventy-four, the only persons saved out of rather more than two hundred and forty that were on board the *Halswell* when she sailed through the Downs. It was supposed that about fifty more had reached the rocks, but were either washed off or fell from the cliffs.

1471. Foundering of the "London."—We take the following account of the loss of this vessel from an excellent discourse upon it published at the time by Dr. Jobson: "The steamship *London* reached Plymouth on Friday, Jan. 5, 1866. The passengers waiting for her arrival went on board in the afternoon of that day, and a little past midnight the vessel steamed out from within the Breakwater and proceeded on her outward voyage—the weather being calm, with a light wind ahead. She had encountered strong winds and heavy currents on her passage down the Channel, and had been laid to anchor for intervals, both at the Nore and at Spithead; and it was not without difficulty, and even loss of the pilot's life, that she had

been brought within the Break-water at Plymouth. But when she left, though the barometer had greatly fallen, yet, as the wind and sea had moderated, it was not deemed necessary to detain her. During the whole of Saturday the ship had full steam on, and she proceeded satisfactorily. On Sunday, the 7th, though the wind had freshened somewhat, there was nothing to raise alarm in the voyagers, and Sunday service was held in the chief saloon—Dr. Woolley, Professor of Sydney University, and Mr. Draper being associated in conducting it. Sunday night the wind increased to a strong gale, heavy squalls were encountered, and the sea rose considerably. On Monday morning, January 8th, the ship was well clear of land, and had reached the open Bay of Biscay, where, in stormy weather, the huge waves of the Atlantic—from cross-currents of opposite seas—heap themselves up fearfully. The heavy swell of the waters continuing, Captain John Bohun Martin stopped the engines and set his topsails, that the ship might better accommodate herself to her circumstances, and still move slowly ahead. At noon of Monday the wind lulled; the engines were again set in motion, and the ship continued to make progress. On Tuesday morning, January 9th, while the captain was endeavouring to keep the ship in her course by means of the screw, the violence of the storm broke over the vessel, dismantled her of much of her masts and rigging, and swung them to and fro in broken splinters and shreds over the affrighted passengers. Still, there was no serious alarm as to the ultimate safety of the ship, and, dismantled as she was, she was kept steaming slowly forwards. On Tuesday afternoon the wind increased to a hurricane, the sea ran mountains high, broke over the vessel, and carried the port life-boat clean away. The long dreary night of Tuesday wore

away, and as the storm gave no signs of abatement, the captain ordered the ship to be put about, intending to run back to Plymouth for repairs. Within half an hour of the altered course, the full fury of the heavy sea struck the ship, swept away the starboard life-boat, and stove in the starboard cutter. The *London* and her passengers and crew were now about two hundred miles south-west of the Land's End. Heavy cross-seas ran with the wind dead astern of the vessel, and she rolled and pitched fearfully. About half-past ten that Wednesday evening, January 10th, 'a mountain of water,' as described, fell suddenly on the waist of the ship, swept away the main hatchway, flooded the engine-room, extinguished the furnaces, and filled the lower decks, until the engineer was up to his waist in water. All possible and available means, by sails, blankets, and mattresses, were employed to cover the hatchway, and to bale out the water that flooded the ship, but without success, and it was officially reported that the engines would work no longer. Then it was the captain began to express some fear of the destiny of his vessel, and said, in seamanlike phraseology, 'Boys, you may say your prayers.' The fury of the storm strengthened still more, and on Wednesday, at midnight, Mr. Draper held a prayer-meeting in the saloon, thronged with the passengers and crew; the captain, who happily had learned to pray before he went on board, snatching a few moments now and then with the worshippers, and then hastening to his place on deck. Many prayed earnestly to God. Some fetched their Bibles, opened and read them for Divine direction and comfort. And first one and then another went up to the minister in the midst of them, and said, 'Pray with me, Mr. Draper,'—'a request,' say the survivors, 'that was always complied with.' The faithful servant of the Lord, who, for twenty-four hours previous

to this, had been incessantly going forth among the people exhorting them to seek salvation through Jesus Christ, and praying with them that they might obtain it, now went to and fro through the vessel, seeking to save them that were lost, and crying aloud as he went, 'O God, may those that are not converted be converted now,—hundreds of them.' The ship surged heavily along,—a helpless gaping hull, no longer pliant to the waves, and the water every moment increasing upon her. Early on Thursday morning, the sea in full force behind carried away four of her stern ports, and broke with overwhelming fury into the after-part of the ship, so that she began to settle down more quickly. The captain now felt it incumbent upon him to announce to all on board that there was no further hope of saving the ship, and that she was sinking fast. Previous prayers and exhortations had prepared them for the awful announcement. There was no shrieking, no wild agony, but bowed submission to their impending doom; and they prepared, with calm and determined resignation, to meet it. Mothers clasped their infants to their bosoms, and blessed them for the last time. Fathers gathered their children around them, that they might sink with them hand in hand. Husbands and wives embraced each other, and pledged eternal love. Aged couples retired to die together, resolving that in death they would not be divided. Friends grasped each other's hands, and bade one another 'Farewell,' before they went to their long home. And the silent tragic-actor, Brooke, who, with herculean vigour had laboured at the pumps until they would work no more, and who on stage-boards and amidst mock scenes had soliloquised in the 'Tempest,' mimicked danger, and talked loftily of dying, now beheld death's stern approach in dread reality, and, folding his arms, with sunken chin upon his breast, prepared to meet the last enemy.

Amidst all this, Mr. Draper, the shipwrecked minister, stood in the circle of his drowning and awe-stricken congregation, and cried, 'The captain of this sinking ship says, "There is no hope!" But the Captain of our salvation says there is hope for all that will flee to Him.' And no doubt, with many other words than those preserved for us by the survivors, did the faithful preacher of the free and universal love of God to sinners exhort that perishing crowd to flee to Christ, the never-failing Refuge of sinners. Some last desperate efforts were now made to escape from the sinking vessel in the two small boats remaining; but one of them was swamped, and the other seemed more likely to founder than the ship itself. At the call of authority, the second engineer took command of the port-cutter, with as many as would venture in her, and received from the firm voice of the captain the memorable words,—'There is not much chance for the boat. There is none for the ship. Your duty is done; mine is to remain here. Get in and take charge of the few it will hold.' As they dropped into the boat, the engineer urged the captain to join them. 'No,' said the brave Englishman, with his strong sense of duty, 'I will go down with the passengers; but I wish you God-speed and safe to land!' Still considerate of others, in this time of mortal extremity, he threw them a compass, and gave them their course, saying, 'East-north-east to Brest, ninety miles.' At that instant, a lady, bare-headed, with dishevelled hair, and with 'livid horror on her face,' shrieked aloud amidst the wind, 'A thousand guineas for a place in that boat!' The doctor's assistant offered five hundred pounds for a seat in it, and pleaded his official relation to the crew. It was too late. The small boat, with sixteen seamen and three second-class passengers, was pulled away in desperation, and within five minutes afterwards the far-famed

steamship, the *London*—two hundred and sixty-seven feet in length, of two-hundred horse power in her engines, with her estimated freight of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, exclusive of her own value, and, most of all, with her living cargo of more than two hundred and twenty immortal men, women, and children—was seen to settle stern foremost, throw up her bows in the air, and then plunge headlong down through the dark whelming waters into the deep grave of the ocean; the last remembered figure on board being Mr. Arthur Angel, with his obedient hand upon the donkey-engine, and the last remembered words being Mr. Draper's energetic call, 'Prepare to meet thy God!' The small boat—a frail bark, with its freight of nineteen human beings, all but destitute of food and water—was wondrously preserved by Him who 'doeth according to His will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth,' and after contending through the night with the maddened sea, which broke over it again and again, and nearly swamped it, the cutter was sighted at length by a friendly Italian vessel, and the survivors were rescued, and treated with the utmost generosity. Had it not been so, and if all had perished, the fate of the *London* would not have been conjectured for months; and then the heroic conduct of Captain Martin, who, British-sailor-like, could die, but not desert his duty; the calm soothing influence of religious instruction and prayer upon the passengers and crew; the love that is stronger than death in parents and children, husbands and wives; and the unreserved devotedness of the faithful minister of Christ, as exemplified in the self-forgetful efforts of the Rev. Daniel James Draper to save, in the last lingering moments of his life, the lost around him, would not have been told. It is said that when the cutter was pulled away from the sinking ship, the drowning passengers

waved their hands and handkerchiefs, and gave tender messages for their friends, as if desirous that some at least should escape to tell the hapless fate of those whom they left perishing on board."

1472. Raft of the "*Méduse*."

In July, 1816, the French frigate the *Méduse* was wrecked on the coast of Africa, when part of the ship's company took to the boats, and the rest, to the number of one hundred and fifty, had recourse to a raft hastily lashed together. In two hours after pushing off for the shore, the people in the boats had the cruelty to bear away and leave the raft, already labouring hard amid the waves, and alike destitute of provisions and instruments for navigation, to shift for itself. After the first transports of passion at this dastardly conduct had subsided, the sole efforts of the people on the raft were directed to the means of gaining the land to procure provision. All that they had on board consisted of twenty-five pounds of biscuit and some hogsheads of wine. The imperious desire of self-preservation silenced every fear for the moment; they put up a sail on the raft, and every one assisted with a sort of delirious enthusiasm; not one of them foresaw the real extent of the peril by which they were surrounded. The day passed on quietly enough, but night at length came on; the heavens were overspread with black clouds, the winds, unchained, raised the sea mountains high, terror again rode triumphant on the billow. Dashed from side to side, now suspended betwixt life and death, bewailing their misfortune, and, though certain of death, yet struggling with the merciless elements ready to devour them, the poor offcasts longed for the coming morn, as if it had been the sure harbinger of safety and repose. Often was the last doleful ejaculation heard of some sailor or soldier weary of the struggle rushing into the embrace of death. A

baker and two young cabin-boys, after taking leave of their comrades, deliberately plunged into the deep. "We are off!" said they, and instantly disappeared. Such was the commencement of that dreadful insanity which afterwards raged in the most cruel manner, and swept off a crowd of victims. In the course of the first night twelve persons were lost from the raft. "The day coming on," says M. Sévigne, from whom this account is taken, "brought back a little calm amongst us; some unhappy persons, however, near me, were not come to their senses. A young man, scarcely sixteen, asked me every moment, 'When shall we eat?' He stuck to me, and followed me everywhere, repeating the same question. In the course of the day, Mr. Griffen threw himself into the sea, but I took him up again. His words were confused; I gave him every consolation in my power, and endeavoured to persuade him to support courageously every privation we were suffering. But all my care was unavailing,—I could never recall him to reason; he gave no sign of being sensible to the horror of our situation. In a few minutes he threw himself again into the sea, but by an effort of instinct held to a piece of wood that went beyond the raft, and he was taken up a second time." The hope of still seeing the boats come to their succour enabled them to support the torments of hunger during this second day, but as the gloom of night returned, and every man began as it were to look in upon himself, the desire of food rose to an ungovernable height, and ended in a state of general delirium. The greater part of the soldiers and sailors, unable to appease the hunger that preyed upon them, and persuaded that death was now inevitable, took the fatal resolution of softening their last moments by drinking of the wine till they could drink no more. Attacking a hog-head in the centre of the raft, they

drew largely from it; the stimulating liquid soon turned their delirium into frenzy; they began to quarrel and fight one with another, and ere long the few planks on which they were floating between time and eternity became the scene of a most awful contest for momentary pre-eminence. No fewer than sixty-three men lost their lives on this unhappy occasion. Shortly after, tranquillity was restored. "We fell," says M. Sévigne, "into the same state as before. This insensibility was so great that next day I thought myself waking out of a disturbed sleep, asking the people round me if they had seen any tumult, or heard any cries of despair. Some answered that they too had been tormented with the same visions, and did not know how to explain them. Many who had been most furious during the night were now sullen and motionless, unable to utter a single word. Two or three plunged into the ocean, coolly bidding their companions farewell; others would say, 'Don't despair; I am going to bring you relief; you shall soon see me again.' Not a few even thought themselves on board the *Méduse*, amidst everything they used to be daily surrounded with. In a conversation with one of my comrades, he said to me, 'I cannot think we are on a raft; I always suppose myself on board our frigate.'" It was now the third day since they had been abandoned, and hunger began to be most sharply felt. "We tried to eat the belts of our sabres and cartouch boxes," says M. Sévigne, "and succeeded in swallowing some small pieces; but we were at last forced to abandon these expedients, which brought no relief to the anguish caused by total abstinence." As evening drew on they were fortunate enough to take nearly two hundred flying-fishes, which they shared immediately. On the fourth night a third fit of despair swept off fifteen more; so that, finally, the number of miserable beings was

reduced from one hundred and fifty to fifteen. "A return of reason," says M. Sévigne, "began now to enlighten our situation. I have no longer to relate the furious actions dictated by dark despair, but the unhappy state of fifteen exhausted creatures reduced to frightful misery. Eight days' torments had rendered us no longer like ourselves. At length, seeing ourselves so reduced, we summoned up all our strength, and raised a kind of stage to rest ourselves upon. On this new theatre, we resolved to wait death in a becoming manner. We passed some days in this situation, each concealing his despair from his nearest companions. Misunderstanding, however, again took place on the tenth day after being on board the raft. After a distribution of wine, several of our companions conceived the idea of destroying themselves after finishing the little wine that remained. 'When people are so wretched as we,' said they, 'they have nothing to wish for but death.' We made the strongest remonstrances to them, but their diseased brains could only fix on the rash project which they had conceived. A new contest was therefore on the point of commencing, but at length they yielded to our remonstrances. The 17th, in the morning, thirteen days after being forsaken, while each was enjoying the delights of his poor portion of wine, a captain of infantry perceived a vessel on the horizon, and announced it with a shout of joy. For some moments we were suspended between hope and fear. Some said that they saw the ship draw nearer; others, that it was sailing away. Unfortunately these last were not mistaken, for the brig soon disappeared. From excess of joy we now fell back into despair. For my part, I was so accustomed to the idea of death that I saw it approach with indifference. I had remarked many others terminate their existence

without great outward signs of pain; they first became quite delirious, and nothing could appease them; after that they fell into a state of imbecility that ended their existence, like a lamp that goes out for want of oil. About six o'clock on the 17th, one of our companions, looking out, on a sudden stretched his hands forwards, and scarcely able to breathe, cried out, 'Here's the brig almost alongside!' and in fact she was actually very near. We threw ourselves on each other's necks with frantic transports, while tears trickled down our withered cheeks. She soon bore down upon us within pistol-shot, sent a boat, and presently took us all on board. We had scarcely escaped when some of us became delirious again; a military officer was going to leap into the sea, as he said, to take up his pocket-book, and would certainly have done so but for those about him; others were affected in the same manner but in a less degree. Fifteen days after our deliverance, I felt the species of mental derangement which is produced by great misfortunes; my mind was in a continual agitation, and during the night I often awoke, thinking myself still on the raft, and many of my companions experienced the same effects. One François became deaf, and remained for a long time in a state of idiocy. Another frequently lost his recollection, and my own memory, remarkably good before this event, was weakened by it in a sensible manner. At the moment in which I am recalling the dreadful scenes to which I have been witness, they present themselves to my imagination like a frightful dream. All these horrible scenes, from which I so miraculously escaped, seem now only as a point in my existence. Restored to health, my mind sometimes recalls those visions that tormented it during the fever that consumed it. In those dreadful moments we were certainly attacked with a cerebral

fever in consequence of excessive mental irritation; and even now, sometimes in the night, after having met with any disappointment, and when the wind is high, my mind recalls the fatal raft. I see a furious ocean ready to swallow me up, hands uplifted to strike me, and the whole train of human passions let loose,—revenge, fury, hatred, treachery and despair, surrounding me.”

1473. Seaman's Bravery.—Some years back a vessel from Rochelle, laden with salt, and manned by eight hands, and two passengers on board, was discovered making for the pier of Dieppe. The wind at the time was so high, and the sea so much agitated, that a coasting pilot made four fruitless attempts to get out and conduct the vessel safe into port. Boussard, a bold and intrepid pilot, perceiving that the helmsman was ignorant of latent danger, endeavoured to direct him by a speaking-trumpet and signals, but the captain could neither see nor hear on account of the darkness of the night, the roaring of the winds, and the extraordinary swell of the sea. The vessel in the meantime grounded on a flinty bottom, at the distance of thirty yards from the advanced mole. Boussard, touched with the cries of the unfortunate crew, resolved to spring to their assistance, in spite of every remonstrance, the entreaties of his wife and children, and the apparent impossibility of success. Having tied one end of a rope round his waist, and fastened the other to the mole, he plunged headlong into the boisterous deep. When he had got very near the ship, a wave carried him off, and dashed him on shore. Twenty times successively was he thus repulsed, rolled upon flinty stones, and covered with the wreck of the vessel, which the fury of the waves tore rapidly to pieces. He did not, however, abate his ardour. A single wave dragged him under the ship—he was given up for lost,

but he quickly emerged, holding in his arms a sailor who had been washed overboard. He brought him on shore, motionless and just expiring. In short, after an infinity of efforts and struggles, he reached the wreck, and threw his rope on board. All who had strength enough to avail themselves of this assistance tied it about them, and were successively dragged to land. Boussard, who imagined he had now saved all the crew, worn down by fatigue, and smarting from his wounds and bruises, walked with great difficulty to the lighthouse, where he fainted through exhaustion. Assistance being procured, he began to recover. On hearing that groans still issued from the wreck, he once more collected the little strength that was left him, rushed from the arms of those who succoured him, plunged again into the sea, and had the good fortune to save the life of one of the passengers, who was lashed to the wreck, and who, in his languid state, had been unable to profit by the assistance administered to his companions.

1474. Terrible Sufferings.—Many years ago, the *Encas*, with three hundred and forty-seven souls on board, struck on a rock near the coast of Newfoundland, at four o'clock in the morning, when she received so much damage that her total wreck became instantly inevitable. On the first alarm, the women and children clung to their husbands and fathers, until a tremendous wave at one fell swoop buried two hundred and fifty of them in the ocean. Thirty-five of the survivors were floated on a part of the wreck to a small island about a quarter of a mile distant, but not an article of any kind was saved from the ship. After passing one night on this little island, they constructed a raft, which enabled thirty of them to reach the mainland. Four of the seamen had died, and another, who had both his legs broken, was

missing, as he had crawled away from his comrades that he might die in quiet. Eight days afterwards he was found alive, though in a shocking state, as his feet were frozen off, but he lived to reach Quebec some months after. The party, finding that they were in Newfoundland, and, as they supposed, about three hundred miles from the town of St. John's, set forward, and directed their course towards the rising sun. Three of the men were unable to walk from bruises, and at the end of the first day, Lieutenant Dawson, of the 100th Regiment, became incapable of keeping up with the remainder. Two soldiers remained with him, and they toiled onwards at a slow pace, without any food, except the berries which they found. Lieutenant Dawson was soon unable to stand, and he entreated his faithful attendants to make the best of their way, and leave him to his fate. This they did with great reluctance, and not until, as one of the poor fellows said, "they did not know whether he was dead or alive." The two survivors continued wandering in a weak and feeble state for twelve days longer, when they were found by a man belonging to a hunting party, who, little expecting to see human beings in that desolate region, took them for deer, and had levelled his gun at them, when his dog, leaping towards them, began to bark, and discovered his master's error. When they related their shipwreck, and the sufferings they had endured, tears stole down the cheeks of the huntsman, who, taking the moccasins from his feet, gave them to these poor men, and invited them to his hunting-cabin, saying it was only a mile off, although the real distance was at least twelve miles. By degrees he enticed them to proceed, and at length they gained the hut, when four or five men came out with long bloody knives in their hands, to the great terror of the soldiers, who supposed they would immediately be

butchered at least. They soon discovered their mistake, for the men had been cutting up some deer, the fruits of their chase, and, on learning the misfortunes of the soldiers, they brought them some stimulants, which refreshed them very much. The generous hunters ministered every possible comfort to the unfortunate wanderers, and set out in quest of the remainder of the crew, but only succeeded in finding the poor fellow who remained the first day on the island, and two others who were unable to leave the shore. These five were all that could be found out of the thirty-five who survived the wreck of the transport, and were the only persons remaining out of the three hundred and forty-seven who were on board when the vessel struck on the rocks.

1475. Wondrous Deliverance.—In a dreadful hurricane which took place at Antigua, a number of vessels were lost, and among others the *Duke of Cumberland* packet. Every precaution had been taken, by striking the yards and masts, to secure the vessel, and the cable had held so long that some faint hope began to be entertained of riding out the gale, when several of the crew were so indiscreet as to quit the deck for some refreshment. No sooner had they sat down than a loud groan from the rest of the crew summoned them on deck. The captain ran forward, and exclaimed, "All's now over! Lord have mercy upon us!" The cable had parted; the ship hung about two minutes by the stream and kedge, and then began to drive broadside on. At this moment the seamen, torn by despair, seemed for a moment to forget themselves; lamentations for their homes, their wives, and their children resounded through the ship. Every man clung to a rope, and determined to stick to it as long as the ship remained entire. For an hour they drifted on without knowing whither, the men continuing to hold fast by the

rigging, while their bodies were beaten by the heaviest rain and lashed by every wave. The most dreadful silence prevailed. Every one was too intent on his own approaching end to be able to communicate his feelings to another, and nothing was heard but the howling of the tempest. The vessel drove towards the harbour of St. John's, and two alarm-guns were fired in order that the garrison might be spectators of their fate, for it was in vain to think of assistance. They soon drove against a large ship and went close under her stern. A faint hope now appeared of being stranded on a sandy beach, and the captain therefore ordered the carpenter to get the hatchets all ready to cut away the masts in order to make a raft for those who chose to venture on it. The vessel, however, drove with extreme violence on some rocks, and the crackling of her timbers below was distinctly heard. Every hope now vanished. In order to ease the vessel, and if possible prevent her from parting, the mizenmast and foremast were cut away, the mainmast being suffered to remain, in order to steady the vessel. The vessel had struck about two o'clock, and in half an hour afterwards the water was up to the lower deck. Never was daylight more anxiously wished for than by the crew of this vessel. After having hung so long by the shrouds, they were forced to cling three hours longer before the dawn appeared. The sea was making a complete breach over the ship, which was lying on her beam-ends, and the crew, stiff and benumbed, could with difficulty hold against the force of the waves, every one of which struck and nearly drowned them. The break of day discovered to the wretched mariners all the horrors of their situation; the vessel was lying upon large rocks, at the foot of a craggy overhanging precipice, twice as high as the ship's mainmast; the wind and rain beat upon the crew with unabated vio-

lence, and the ship lay a miserable wreck. The first thoughts of the crew in the morning were naturally directed to the possibility of saving their lives, and they all agreed that their only chance of doing so was by means of the mizenmast. The topmast and topgallant-mast were launched out, and reached within a few feet of the rock. An attempt was made by one of the crew to throw a rope with a noose to the top of the rock, but instead of holding by the bushes it brought them away. Another seaman, who seemed from despair to have imbibed an extraordinary degree of courage, followed the first man out on the mast, with the intention of throwing himself from the end upon the mercy of the rock; he had proceeded to the extremity of the topgallant-mast, and was on the point of leaping among the bushes, when the pole of the mast, unable to sustain his weight, gave way, and precipitated him into the bosom of the waves, from a height of forty feet. Fortunately he had carried down with him the piece of the broken mast, and instead of being dashed to pieces as was expected, he kept himself above water until he was hoisted up. All hopes of being saved by the mizenmast were now at an end, and while the crew were meditating in sullen silence on their situation, the chief mate, unknown to any one, went out on the bowsprit, and having reached the end of the jibboom, threw himself headlong into the water. He had scarcely fallen when a tremendous wave threw him upon the rock, and left him dry; there he remained motionless until a second wave washed him still further up, when, clinging to some roughness in the cliff, he began to scramble up the rock, and in about half an hour he with infinite difficulty reached the summit of the cliff. The crew anxiously watched every step he took, and prayed for his safety, conscious that their own preservation depended solely upon it. The mate immediately went round to

that part of the precipice nearest the vessel, and received a rope thrown from the maintop, which he fastened to some trees. By means of this rope the whole of the crew were, in the space of three hours, hoisted to the top of the cliff. The whole of the ship's company, having assembled on the rock, bent their steps towards town. The plain before them had, in consequence of the

heavy rains, become almost impassable, but, after wading about three miles through fields of cane, and often plunged up to the neck in water, they reached St. John's in safety, where they would have died for want of food and necessities, had it not been for the kind offices of a Mulatto tailor, who supplied them with clothes, beds and provisions.

WORSHIP.

Lev. xix. 30; Psalm xxix. 2, lxxxiv. 4; Isa. lxvi. 1, 2; John iv. 24; 1 Tim. v. 4.

1476. **Dr. Morrison and the Little Child.**—Dr. Morrison, the well-known Chinese missionary, was once a poor boy, but he rose to do a great work in the world. His father, who belonged to the Great Market Presbyterian congregation in Newcastle, was a last-maker, and brought up little Morrison to the carpentering trade. When a young man he had to work twelve or fourteen hours a day, but he still managed to redeem time from sleep for study and prayer. On Saturday evening he might have been seen putting in order the little shop, which was afterwards to be used for a prayer-meeting. The desire to be a minister—especially a missionary to the heathen—grew on his mind, and, after proper training, he was sent forth, the first Protestant missionary to the teeming millions of China. A little incident in his journey, when he first set out for China, shows the value which even little children sometimes set on prayer. He travelled by way of America, and the first night he stayed in New York he was placed, we are told, in an apartment where a little child had already gone to sleep. Awakening in the morning, she turned as usual to talk to her mother, but, seeing a stranger where she expected to find her parents, she raised herself with a look of alarm, and, fixing her eyes steadily on his face, she said, "Man, do you pray

to God?" "Oh yes, my dear," was the reply, "every day. God is my best friend." She then laid her head back on her pillow and fell asleep, as if she felt there could be no danger, even for her being alone in the room with the stranger, if he prayed.

1477. **Fearless of Human Malice.**—Dr. Newton tells of an old slave, called Uncle Ben, noted as a man of prayer. His masters resolve that there shall be no more praying on their plantations, and in order to terrify Ben, they brutally kill another slave, put his head upon a pole, and march to Ben's dwelling. "Do you know that head, Ben?" "Yes, massa, I know him." "Well, that's what he got by his praying; and the next time we catch you praying, we'll do just the same for your head." All are waiting anxiously to see what will occur, when the old Negro turns to his companions, and says, "Brethren, let us pray."

1478. **Forgotten Obligations.**—A Puritan writer thus illustrates ingratitude for Divine blessings: "The Emperor Augustus, hearing that a gentleman of Rome, notwithstanding a great burden of debt wherewith he was oppressed, slept quietly and took his ease, desired to buy the bed that he lodged on, remarking that it seemed to him a wonderful bed whereon a man could sleep that was so

deeply involved. If we thought of our daily obligations to our God, could we lie down to sleep or rest in peace without having rendered to Him the tribute of our praise?"

1479. **Godly Household.**—"A soldier, who greatly loved the Lord Jesus, related to me," says a Christian writer, "somewhat of his former life, which had been an eventful one. Much did he tell me of hairbreadth escapes, of adventures both by sea and land; but of these I will not speak now, but will tell you how he came to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus: and I pray God that the story of this man's conversion may be blessed to the reader of my narrative. He was above thirty years of age at the time of my acquaintance with him. 'I have,' said he, 'been ten years a soldier, and have marched with my regiment through the whole of Hanover, have crossed the border, and have fought in Schleswig-Holstein. I have lived in cities, in towns, and in villages, and am well acquainted with both lands and peoples. I have marched on foot, and have travelled by rail; I have lived in plenty, and suffered want; I have danced in ball-rooms and sighed in hospitals. Owing to a naturally amiable disposition, I was a favourite with both officers and men, and wherever our regiment was quartered I made myself friendly with the people. If I had been asked what religion I professed, I should have called myself a Christian; but alas! of Christianity I knew nothing. I went, indeed, to church on certain occasions, but whether it was that our officers always remained standing outside while we attended Divine service, or whether it was the preacher's fault, I know not, but of Christianity and of Christ I learned nothing. My religion consisted in this—that it was a disgrace to steal, and a duty to be obedient to one's superiors. I did not know that it was the greatest sin of all for a man to live without God, for

a Christian to live without Christ. I had no Bible, I could not pray; and never, in the whole course of my experience, had I heard the sound of prayer or the singing of psalms but in the church, where I joined in neither. It seems strange to me now that in this godless state I committed no gross sins or crimes. The reason may be that I prided myself on being an orderly and well-living man. Yet I felt a want—an unsatisfied longing—for what, I knew not. Once, when on the King's birthday our regimental band played the chorale, "Now all thank God," tears filled my eyes—I knew not for what. How dreadful,' said he, 'to think of living for thirty years in Protestant Germany, to serve in a Christian army, to live in Christian towns and villages, and yet never, during all that time, to hear anything of God or of Christ! One day I came to a village where we were to rest eight days, and it fell to my lot to be quartered with a farmer. He received me very kindly, and after showing me the room he had assigned to me, asked whether I would dine alone or with his family. I replied that I preferred doing the latter, and he led me into a room where the family and a number of farm-servants were sitting at table. But how astonished was I when, after dinner had been served, all rose and stood with the greatest reverence while the farmer with devout voice began: "All eyes wait upon Thee, Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season;" "Thou openest Thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." Then followed the Lord's Prayer and the conclusion of Luther's blessing before food, and the words, "May God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, bless this food to us. Amen." All, even the youngest children, stood reverently with folded hands, and one could see that they prayed inwardly. I had stood also, out of courtesy, but I trembled from inward emotion.

I ate but little, and the farmer, thinking that my want of appetite arose from bashfulness, pressed me kindly to take more food. When all were finished—and a right joyful meal had it been—all stood as at first; and the farmer said, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever;" and so on to the end of the psalm. Then all shook hands kindly and heartily, and gave one another the usual salutation, "Gesegnete Mahlzeit," and all went away, the children to school, the servants to their work. Quiet and thoughtful, I had seated myself in a corner of the room, when the youngest child, a boy of three years, came, and, climbing up to my knee, looked up in my face, and with winning frankness said, "Tell me about the dear Saviour." I began, in my confusion, to tell him of sheep and goats, of dogs and of horses; for of the dear Saviour I knew nothing. This amused him for a while, but he soon renewed his petition that I should tell him about the Saviour, and I was obliged to confess that I knew nothing of Him. "And you so big," said the child, "and know nothing about the Saviour! Then you cannot go to heaven." It was true, indeed, that I had never thought of heaven; but to hear my condemnation from the lips of a child, the thought was too dreadful. I went out and visited my comrades in the village; still I could not shake off my uneasiness, and I determined to let supper-time pass without going home. At nine o'clock I returned. Supper was over, but a portion had been kept for me. I began to eat, when the youngest child, who was just going to bed, ran up to me and said, "First pray, then eat!" This was a new and sorer thrust. I could not pray, but the child clasped his hands and prayed for me: "Come, Lord Jesus, be our Guest, and bless what Thou hast prepared. Amen." "So pray," said the child, and ran off to bed. I sat overpowered with emotion. The servants entered, and

family worship was made. First singing—such singing as thrilled my heart; then a chapter of the Bible was read, and a difficult passage here and there was explained. Prayer followed, in which forgiveness of sins, the anointing of the Holy Ghost, and the protection of God's holy angels against the wiles of Satan were besought. All seemed like a dream to me. I dared not open my eyes, and yet I felt glad at heart. Then followed kind good-nights, and each left the room with his Bible. The farmer and his wife remained to read a chapter for themselves; and he, seeing me, reached me a Bible—"if perhaps I would like to read a few more of God's blessed words." I thanked him, read a few words, of which I understood nothing, and retired; but, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed, "God, Thou God of this house, be my God also." The next day was a decisive one for me. All went to church except one, who remained, as they expressed it, to keep watch at home; and that day I held a God's service which I shall never forget. Since then I have lived a new life, and I now love the Lord Jesus with my whole heart, and know and rejoice that I shall go to heaven."

1480. Human Equality.—"It is related of the Duke of Wellington," says Mr. Foster, "that once, when he remained to partake of the sacrament at the parish church, a very poor old man knelt known by his side. Some one whispered to the poor communicant to move farther away, or to wait until the Duke had received the sacred elements. But the eagle eye of the great commander had caught the meaning of the touch and whisper. He clasped the old man's hand to prevent his rising, and said firmly and reverentially, 'Do not move; we are all equal here.'"

1481. Idolatry Confuted.—A heathen once said to St. Augustine, pointing to the sun, to his idol gods, and various objects about

them, "Here are my gods; where is thine?" upbraiding him with worshipping a God he could not see. St. Augustine answered, "I show you not my God, not because I have not one to show, but because you have not eyes to see Him."

1482. Life Worship.—A zealous divine once met a man in ordinary attire to whom he wished a good morning. "I never had a bad morning," replied the man. "That is very singular; I wish you may always be so fortunate." "I was never unfortunate," said he. "I hope you will always be as happy," said the divine. "I am never unhappy," said the other. "I wish," said the divine, "that you would explain yourself a little." "That I will cheerfully do," said he. "I said that I never had a bad morning, for every morning, even if I am pinched with hunger, I praise God. If it rains, or snows, or hails, whether the weather be serene or tempestuous, I am still thankful to God, and therefore I never have a joyless morning. If I am miserable in outward circumstances and despised, I still praise God. You wish that I might be always fortunate, but I cannot be unfortunate, because nothing befalls me but according to the will of God, and I believe that His will is always good, in whatever He does or permits to be done. You wished me always happy, but I cannot be unhappy, because my will is always resigned to the will of God."

1483. Orderly Worship.—About the close of the last century, the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, of Inverkeithing, Scotland, went to London, in order to be present at a large missionary meeting; and, being there on the Sabbath, he had an opportunity of preaching in the metropolis and of witnessing London manners. A journey from Scotland to the great city at that period was of much rarer occurrence than it is now, and would have been regarded as an important

event in one's lifetime. Mr. Brown felt it so, and as he had an opportunity of seeing many things not commonly known at home, he resolved to give his people the benefit of his experience. On the first Sunday after his return, he took occasion to state, in the course of his forenoon sermon: "My friends, I have three wonders to tell you of to-day, which I saw when in London;" and then went on with his discourse without further reference to the matter, finished the sermon, and concluded the service by prayer and praise and the benediction in the usual way. In leaving the church, many looks were cast at the worthy minister, as much as to say, "You have forgotten to tell us the three wonders." The thing got wind in the village in the interval, and there was a large turn-out in the afternoon, the church being completely filled by the time Mr. Brown made his appearance. All was expectation, and the people were not doomed to disappointment a second time. After concluding the public worship, Mr. Brown said, "Well, my friends, I have now to tell you the three wonders I saw in London." With that all the people sat down in breathless silence. "The first wonder I have to tell I saw in London is, when I came into the pulpit in the morning, the folks were a' waiting on me; I did na need to wait for them; and I never saw the like o' that in Inverkeithing. The second wonder I have to tell you I saw in London is, that when I was drawing the prayer to a conclusion, there was no jostling and making a noise and sitting down; they a' stood till I said Amen; and I never saw the like o' that in Inverkeithing. And the third wonder I have to tell you I saw in London is, that there was nae reaching for hats, and a bundling up o' Bibles, when the last psalm was a-singing, and no a' coming down the stairs when the blessing was being pronounced; but they a' waited till the Amen, and then they sat down a wee; and I

never saw the like o' that in Inverkeithing till this afternoon."

1484. Pious Pagan.—"There is," says a popular preacher, "an old legend which shows how the Christian should act when decision for Christ is called for. After the disgraceful defeat of the Romans at the battle of Allia, Rome was sacked, and it seemed as if at any moment the Gauls might take the Capitol. Among the garrison was a young man of the Fabian family, and on a certain day the anniversary of a sacrifice returned, when his family had always offered sacrifice upon the Quirinal Hill. This hill was in the possession of the Gauls; but when the morning dawned, the young man took the sacred utensils of his god, went down from the Capitol, passed through the Gallic sentries, through the main body, up the hill, offered sacrifice, and returned unharmed."

1485. Service Interrupted.—Mr. Whitefield was once preaching in Boston, on the wonders of creation, providence, and redemption, when a violent tempest of thunder and lightning came on. In the midst of the sermon it attained to so alarming a height that the congregation sat in almost breathless awe. The preacher closed his note-book, and, stepping into one of the wings of the desk, fell on his knees, and with much feeling and fine taste repeated—

"Hark! the Eternal rends the sky!
A mighty voice before Him goes—
A voice of music to His friends,
But threatening thunder to His foes:
Come, children, to your Father's arms;
Hide in the chambers of My grace,
Till the fierce storm be overblown,
And My avenging fury cease."

"Let us devoutly sing, to the praise and glory of God, this hymn: Old Hundred." The whole congregation instantly rose, and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly accompanied by the organ, in a style of pious grandeur and heartfelt devotion that was probably never surpassed. By the time the hymn was finished the

storm was hushed, and the sun, bursting forth, showed through the windows, to the enraptured assembly, a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed the desk and his discourse, with this apposite quotation:—"Look upon the rainbow; praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle; and the hands of the Most High have bended it." The remainder of the service was calculated to sustain that elevated feeling which had been produced; and the benediction, with which the good man dismissed the flock, was universally received with streaming eyes, and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude.

1486. Unbeliever Rebuked.—A man of great learning and talents, but an unbeliever, was travelling in Manila. He was escorted by a native of rank, and, as they were about starting, the native, with the refined politeness which characterises his class, requested the white stranger to pray to his God. This was probably the only thing he could have been asked to do without being able to comply, and, on his declining, the native said, "Well, some god must be prayed to, so you will excuse me if I pray to mine."

"Full many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer never meant."

And so it was in this case. The unbeliever was rebuked by the heathen, and the man of science, who had gone there in quest of natural curiosities, returned, having found the "pearl of great price." His next visit was with the missionaries to preach Christ.

1487. Widow's Love.—A certain King would build a cathedral, and, that the credit of it might be all his own, he forbade any one to contribute to its erection in the least degree. A tablet was placed in the side of the building, and on

it his name was carved as the builder. But one night he saw in a dream an angel who came down and erased his name; and the name of a poor widow appeared in its stead. This was three times repeated, when the enraged King summoned the woman before him, and demanded, "What have you been doing, and why have you broken my commandment?" The trembling widow replied, "I loved the Lord, and longed to do something for His name, and for the building up of His church. I was forbidden to touch it in any way, so in my poverty I brought a wisp of hay for the horses that drew the stones." And the King saw that he had laboured for his own glory, but the widow for the glory of God, and he commanded that her name should be inscribed upon the tablet.

YOUNG.

Prov. xxiii. 15, 16, 24-26; Eccles. iv. 13; Mark x. 16; Ephes. vi. 1-3; 1 Tim. v. 4.

1488. Apostle whom Jesus Loved.—A little boy had taken great interest in hearing incidents read from the life of the apostle John—that he had leaned on the breast of Jesus at supper, and was called the "beloved disciple." Being too young to read, some time elapsed ere he happened to listen to the passage, "Then all the disciples forsook Him and fled." "What! all the disciples?" said the child. "Did he whom Jesus loved go?" Then, bursting into a passion of tears, he said, "Oh, why did John go? How could John go away?" Nor was he easily comforted for the fault of the character he had so admired, not being able to understand how the dear Saviour, who had so loved His friend and follower, could ever have been forsaken by him.

1489. Atheist Rebuked.—A noted and outspoken infidel had caused his creed to be briefly written over the mantel in his study, "God is Nowhere." His little child coming in, in artless faith, slowly spelled out the motto thus: G, o, d, God; i, s, is; n, o, w, now; h, e, r, e, here! "God is now here!" It is said that this simple incident was the means of that infidel's conversion.

1490. Book for the Young.—A godson of Dr. Johnson called to see

him a short time before his death. In the course of the conversation the Doctor asked him what books he read. The young man replied, "The books, sir, which you gave me." Dr. Johnson, summoning up all his strength, and with a piercing eye fixed upon the youth, exclaimed, "Sam, Sam, read the Bible; all the books that are worth reading have their foundation and their merits there."

1491. Boy Artist.—The first display of talent in the infant mind of Benjamin West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America, his native spot, had scarcely a specimen of the arts, and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print; his pencil was of his own invention; his colours were given to him by an Indian savage; his whole progress was a series of inventions, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson, but an instinctive passion. When only seven years of age, he was one day left in charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. After some time it happened to smile, and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure which he had never before experienced; and, observing some paper on a table, together

with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait, although at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture. Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing; but the old lady, observing his confusion, inquired what he was about, and asked him to show her the paper. He obeyed, entreating her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, "I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally!" and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say that if it would give her any pleasure he would make pictures of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened, and he felt that he could imitate the forms of any of those things which pleased his sight. Young West continued to make drawings with pen and ink, until camel-hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat's tail. In the following year a cousin sent him a box of colours and pencils, with several pieces of canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings. The box was received with delight, and in the colours, the oils, and the pencils young West found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to a room in the garret, where he spread his canvas, prepared a palette, and began to imitate the figures in the engravings. Enchanted with his art, he forgot the school hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to his studio in the garret, and for several days successively he thus withdrew and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned the neglect of school, went into the garret, and found him employed on a picture. Her anger

was soon appeased by the sight of the performance. She saw not a mere copy, but a composition from two of the engravings. She kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede with his father to pardon him for absenting himself from school. Sixty-seven years afterwards this piece, finished when the artist was in his eighth year, was exhibited in the same room with the sublime painting of "Christ Rejected," and West declared that there were inventive touches in his first and juvenile essay which all his subsequent experience had not enabled him to surpass.

1492. Christ the "Strong Man."

—A few years ago a little boy lay upon his death-bed. Starting suddenly up he exclaimed, "O mother, mother! I see such a beautiful country, and so many little children who are beckoning me to them, but there are high mountains between us, too high for me to climb. Who will carry me over?" After thus expressing himself, he leaned back upon his pillow, and for a while seemed to be in deep thought, when, once more rousing himself, and stretching out his little hands, he cried as loud as his feeble voice would permit, "Mother, mother! the Strong Man's come to carry me over the mountains," and then fell peacefully asleep. The Strong Man had indeed come to carry the little one over.

1493. Christian Practice with Children. — The Rev. Thomas Guthrie tells a touching anecdote of his own school, to show the power of Christian practice when brought to bear on the young, however obdurate and depraved. "Last season Mr. Gibb was not a little cast down by finding that as the skies grew warmer the school grew thinner, and the roll shortened with the length of the day. It was necessary to pass a law, which was done with the approbation of the school, that no boy shall go away from school until he is prepared to

remain away altogether, or to submit on his return to a certain measure of punishment. The law was passed with acclamation, and our teacher thought all was right. Next day, however, a dozen had absconded. On being brought back, they said they wished to remain at school; but the four ringleaders refused obedience, declining the punishment. Mr. Gibb was resolved to make an example; but though he told them that as he had threatened so he must perform, and that they must either submit to be punished or go away, they were obstinate, and refused to yield, which to him was a great grief, as they were biggish boys, and stood most of all in need of such a school. He could not break them—he resolved to try to bend them by an appeal to their better feelings, and said, ‘Boys, we will not compel you to accept of the food and instruction of which hundreds like you would be glad who have it not. If you like to remain, submit to the rules, and you are welcome. Will you do it?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Would you have me tell a lie, by not acting up to my word?’ ‘No, sir.’ ‘Would you like to remain, and be allowed to do as you please?’ ‘No: because we would go wrong, sir.’ ‘Why, then, not submit to the rule you agreed to?’ ‘We’ll stop if you’ll no lick us, sir—if you’ll no gi’e us palmies.’ ‘Boys, were you ever punished before, and why?’ ‘Because we deserved it.’ ‘And don’t you deserve it now? Take it, and be done with it.’ After trying them in this manner for some time, without any success, Mr. Gibb addressed them in a farewell speech, suited to the taste, and calibre, and character of those he spoke to, saying—‘Well, then, boys, I think I have done—I can do nothing for you—I dare not let you pass. You are going away, and it may be that I shall never see you more. Perhaps I shall see you rich and respectable men. Perhaps I shall see you masters of a fine shop, standing behind the counter, with your hair nicely curled, and dressed like gentlemen.

Or, may be, when I am an old man, and walk leaning on a staff, I shall see you rolling by in a fine carriage, drawn by two grey horses, attended by grand servants; and when you see me you will say, “Look, there’s the ragged-school master that used to lick us when we were laddies. Here, Mr. Gibb, there’s something to put in your pocket.” Now, these things may be; but ah! my boys, I much fear that if ever I see you riding, it will be in one of those dark, gloomy carriages, with the locked door and iron gratings, conveying you—you know where to?’ ‘Yes, sir.’ ‘And is it not likely, if you go away from the school, that you will be obliged to sink to begging again? And then your next step down will be to stealing; and down and down you go. But whether I may see you again in this world or not, I do not know. One thing, however, is certain, we shall meet again—and where?’ Their heads, before erect, now began to hang down; and as one or two answered, ‘At the last day, sir,’ they, and the greater number of the children, as if by a sudden shock of electricity, burst into tears. The superintendent of work, who had worn the red coat for upwards of thirty years, turned on his heel, and the tear glistened in the old soldier’s eye, while nothing was to be heard but sobs and sighing. Now was Mr. Gibb’s time to drive home the wedge; and so, though nearly overcome himself, he said, ‘All that I ask of you now, my boys, is a shake of your hand, and we part good friends.’ This being done by him, the assistant teacher, and old veteran, nothing now remained for the poor fellows but to go. Moving slowly to the door, and all the while crying bitterly, they shook hands with their companions and—went? No; all remained! They melted on the threshold, yielding to the master’s last appeal, fairly conquered, and proving the almost omnipotent power of Christian wisdom, combined with Christian affection.”

1494. Cleanliness.—A lady wanted a trusty little maid to come and help her to take charge of a baby. Nobody could recommend her one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of girl. One day she went through a by-lane, and met a little girl with a clean apron, holding a baby in the door of a small house. "That is the maid for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother. "Mother has gone out to work," she answered modestly; "father is dead, and now mother has to do everything." "Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady. "I should like to help mother somehow," said the little girl. The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother when she was at home; and the end of it was, the lady took the maid to live with her, and she found what indeed she expected to find—that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits, she was no friend to dirt; but everything she had to do with was folded up and put away, and kept carefully. The lady takes great comfort in her, and helps the poor mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron;" and who will say it was not a good one?

1495. Early Impressions.—When Lindley Murray was at school, a very strong and, he thought, beneficial impression was made upon his mind, in his eighth or ninth year, by a piece which was given him to write. The sheet was decorated with a framework of "pleasing figures," in the centre of which he was to transcribe the visit and salutation of the angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem. To use his own words, "The beauty of the sheet, the property I was to have in it, and the distinction which I expected from performing the work

in a handsome manner, prepared my mind for relishing the solemn narrative, and the interesting language of the angels to the shepherds. The impression was so strong and delightful, that it has often occurred to me through life with great satisfaction; and, at this hour, it is remembered with pleasure. If parents, and others who have the care of young persons, would be studious to seize occasions of presenting the Holy Scriptures to them under favourable and inviting points of view, it would probably be attended with the happiest effects. A veneration for the Sacred Scriptures, and a pleasure in perusing them, may be excited by agreeable and interesting associations; and these impressions, thus early made, there is reason to believe would accompany the mind through the whole of life."

1496. Early Talent.—Miss Logan, a lady of great literary ability, first discovered a predilection for the Muse at an early age, and gave a very remarkable instance of the power of her memory. When she had nearly attained her fourth year, Pope's "Essay on Man" happening to lie on the window, it was taken up and the first line read aloud: "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things;" to which the child very archly added, "To low ambition and the pride of kings;" and thus suggested the attempt at teaching her the whole essay. The effort was so completely successful, that on her birthday in the following February, when she completed her fourth year, she repeated the whole four epistles to a neighbouring clergyman, who came on purpose to hear her, almost without making a single mistake.

1497. Gardener's Child.—Befürchte (gardener to the consort of Frederick II. of Prussia) had one daughter, with whose religious instruction he had taken great pains. When this child was five years of age, the Queen saw her one day while visiting the royal gardens.

Schoenhausen, and was so much pleased with her that a week afterwards she expressed a wish to see the little girl again. The father accordingly brought his artless child to the palace, and a page conducted her into the royal presence. She approached the Queen with untaught courtesy, kissed her robe, and modestly took her seat, which had been placed for her, by the Queen's order, near her own person. From this position she could overlook the table at which the Queen was dining with the ladies of her court, and they watched with interest to see the effect of so much splendour on the simple child. She looked carelessly on the costly dresses of the guests, the gold porcelain on the table, and the pomp with which all was conducted, and then folding her hands she sang with her clear childish voice, these words:—

“Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
Are all my ornament and dress;
Fearless with these pure garments on,
I'll view the splendour of Thy throne.”

All the assembly were struck with surprise at seeing so much feeling, penetration, and piety in one so young. Tears filled the eyes of the ladies, and the Queen exclaimed, “Ah, happy child! how far are we below you!”

1498. God's Kingdom.—“A King of Prussia,” it is related, “was once travelling in his dominions, and passed through a pretty village, where he was to remain an hour or two. The villagers were delighted to see their King, and had done their utmost in preparing to receive him. The school children strewed flowers before him, and one little girl had a pretty verse of ‘welcome’ to say to him. He listened most kindly, and told her she had performed her task well, which pleased her very much. He then turned to the schoolmaster, and said he would like to ask the classes a few questions, and examine them in what they knew. Now there happened to be a large dish of oranges on the

table close by. The King took up one of these, saying, ‘To what kingdom does this belong, children?’ ‘To the vegetable kingdom,’ replied one of the little girls. ‘And to what kingdom this?’ continued he, as he took from his pocket a gold coin. ‘To the mineral kingdom,’ she answered. ‘And to what kingdom do I belong, then, my child?’ inquired he, expecting of course that she would answer, in right order, ‘To the animal kingdom.’ But she paused and coloured very deeply, not knowing what to say. She feared that it would not sound respectful to answer to a King that he belonged to the animal kingdom, and she puzzled her little brain for a reply. Remembering the words in Genesis, where it says that God ‘created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him,’ she quickly looked up and said, ‘To God's kingdom, sir.’ The King stooped down and placed his hand upon her head. A tear stood in his eye. He was moved by her simple words. Solemnly and devoutly did he answer, ‘God grant that I may be counted worthy of that kingdom.’ A good answer. In this respect, little children are on a level with kings, for Jesus has said: ‘Of such is the kingdom of heaven.’”

1499. Good for Evil.—“A boy at school had one great trial in his life,” relates Mrs. Geldart; “for although he had a kind master, and most of his schoolfellows were good-natured and obliging, there was one of them who was a constant annoyance to him, and indeed to every one in the house. John Ferguson was his name, and poor Willy Reynolds used to think that no one was ever so tried and tormented as he was by this school-fellow. He sat next to him at school, was in the same class, and in the same bedroom, and being next in age, was in fact almost constantly with him. Again and again had his mother—to whom Willy used to write all his school trials

and difficulties—encouraged him to try to win over the troublesome lad by kindness and love, and by practising the golden rule of returning good for evil. She had often related to him the lesson which the Saviour gave to Peter in answer to the question given in the story of the debtor, who, forgetting how much his lord had forgiven him, had no pity on the fellow-servant who owed him one hundred pence. But forgiveness is not easy to practise, and poor Willy often found it hard to exercise the loving, forgiving spirit which he knew was right. One day John Ferguson was taken ill, and with a sorrowful heart, as he lay on his bed, he remembered the injuries he had done to Willy, of whom he now scarcely liked to ask a favour which was much on his heart. This was to attend to some favourite canaries which were just then sitting on their nests, and would, as he knew, at the time of hatching, need much care and watchfulness. Only the night before Ferguson had tormented a favourite rabbit of Willy's, by locking it up in a box for some time, and when the poor creature was at last let out it seemed quite faint and exhausted; and now to beg his pardon for this offence was too much for the boy's proud heart. Day after day passed on, and he was content to take his chance rather than humble himself to Willy; and to Willy, with the injury fresh as it was in his remembrance, it was not a very easy matter to do his sick schoolfellow an unasked favour. But the words of the text came into Willy's mind as he stood by the canaries' cage, and he determined to forgive, even though, as he believed, it were for the seventy times seventh time; so, without Ferguson knowing it, he attended to the birds. A fortnight passed away, and John recovered. What was his surprise, when he went to the cage, to find five little canaries all healthy and thriving, and the whole affair as clean and neat as could be! This

favour, however, although it touched John a little, did not really affect him so deeply as another thing which occurred a short time after. A fever broke out in the Fergusons' family, and John was forbidden to return home for the Midsummer holidays. Poor Willy! it was a hard struggle, and he felt obliged to ask very earnestly for God's help before he could bring his mind to write the letter; but at length the spirit of love prevailed, and he wrote home begging permission to bring his old enemy back with him for the vacation. The request was granted, and truly John found Willy's kindness to be to him like coals of fire heaped on his head. 'Teach me,' he said to his schoolfellow, 'oh, teach me your forgiving spirit. Where did you learn it?' 'Where you may learn it too,' replied Willy, opening his little well-read Bible, and pointing to the text. 'God will teach you as He taught me, for indeed it is not natural in me to forgive; but I have had so many great sins forgiven me that it would be strange indeed if I did not forgive your small injuries to me.' John made no reply, but that night, when he knelt down as was his custom, and began to repeat the Lord's Prayer carelessly and irreverently, he paused at the words, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.' 'Ah,' he thought, 'if I were only forgiven as I forgive, what would become of me?' and for the first time in his life he asked God earnestly to take away his evil temper and to create in him a new heart."

1500. Good Name.—A Friend writes that when he was a youth his father said to him one day,—“Henry, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?” “I would rather be a tanner than a farmer,” replied Henry. “Very well,” responded his father, who was willing to let Henry follow his own tastes, as he

was now seventeen years old—"very well, my son, I will try to find a place for you." Very shortly after a place was found for Master Henry with a good Quaker. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said, "Henry, if thee will be a good boy I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain that I will make by thee is that thee shall do as well by me as I do by thee." "Very well, sir," said Henry, "I will try what I can do." Henry now went to work with a hearty goodwill. He worked hard, read his Bible, was steady, honest, and good-natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. Hence the Quaker was satisfied. Henry was happy, and the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away. Just before Henry became of age, his master said to him, "Henry, I think of making thee a nice present when thy time is out." Henry smiled pleasantly at this scrap of news, and said, "I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may please to make me, sir." Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Henry and added, "I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but it shall be worth more than a hundred pounds to thee." "More than a hundred pounds!" said Henry to himself, his eyes sparkling at the thought of such a costly gift. "What can it be?" That was the puzzling question which buzzed about like a bee in Henry's brain, from that time until the day before he was of age. On that day the Quaker said to him, "Henry, thy time is out to-morrow; I will take thee and thy present home to-day." Henry breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth more than a hundred pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself, "Perhaps the Quaker has forgotten it." At last they reached Henry's

home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned to him and said, "Henry, I will give thy present to thy father." "As you please, sir," replied Henry, now on the very tiptoe of expectation. "Well," said the Quaker, speaking to Henry's father, "thy son is the best boy I ever had." Then turning to Henry, he added, "This is thy present, Henry—a GOOD NAME." Henry blushed; perhaps he felt a little disappointed because his golden visions were so suddenly spirited away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling a little waggishly, "I would rather hear you say that of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth; for a 'good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'"

1501. *Good Resolutions.*—A little girl of six years old was a little while ago called home to God. About a year before her death she had a small writing desk given her. After her death her mother unlocked it and found this writing,—it looked like her first writing: "The minute I wake up in the morning I will thank God. I will mind my father and mother always. I will try to have my lessons perfect. I will try to be kind and not get cross. I want to behave like God's child." Five very precious rules for a little child to make his or her own.

1502. *Happy Device.*—As a number of boys were skating on a lake in a remote part of Yorkshire, some years since, the ice happened to break at a considerable distance from the shore, and one of them unfortunately fell in. No house was near where ropes or the assistance of more aged hands could be procured, and the boys were afraid to venture forward to save their struggling companion, from a natural dread that where the ice had given way it might give way again, and involve more of them in jeopardy. In this

alarming emergency, one of them, of more sagacity than the rest, suggested an expedient which, for its scientific conception, would have done honour to the boyhood of a Watt or an Archimedes. He might probably remember having seen that, while a plank placed perpendicularly on thin ice will burst through, the same plank, if laid horizontally along the ice will be firmly borne and afford even a safe footing; and, applying with great ingenuity and presence of mind the obvious principle of this difference to the danger before them, he proposed to his companions that they should lay themselves flat along the ice in a line, one behind another, and each push forward the boy before him, till they reached the hole where their playmate was still plunging, heroically volunteering to be himself the first in the chain. The plan was instantly adopted, and, to the great joy of the boys and their gallant leader, they succeeded in rescuing their companion from a watery grave, at a moment when, overcome by terror and exertion, he was unable to make another effort to save himself.

1503. History of Heroes the History of Youth.—“Almost everything that is great has been done by youth,” writes the elder D’Israeli. “For life in general there is but one decree. Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret. Do not suppose that I hold that youth is genius; all that is genius, when young, is divine. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at five-and-twenty! Youth, extreme youth, overthrew the Persian empire. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five—the greatest battle of modern times. Had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been Emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood a victor on the plain of Ravenna. Every one remembers

Condé and Rocroy at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at thirty-eight. Look at his captains: that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only thirty-six when he died; Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at forty-five. Cortes was little more than thirty when he gazed upon the golden cupolas of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died at thirty-two, all Europe acknowledged the loss of the greatest captain and the profoundest statesman of the age. Then there is Nelson, Clive—but these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do not; I worship the Lord of hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of the Popes, was the despot of Christendom at thirty-seven. John de Medici was a cardinal at fifteen, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his statecraft Ferdinand of Aragon himself: he was Pope as Leo X. at thirty-seven. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at thirty-five. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley; they worked with young brains. Ignatius was only thirty when he made his pilgrimage and wrote the ‘Spiritual Exercises.’ Pascal wrote a great work at sixteen, the greatest of Frenchmen, and died at thirty-seven. Ah, that fatal thirty-seven! Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palaces of Rome? He died at thirty-seven. Richelieu was Secretary of State at thirty-one. Then there are Bolingbroke and Pitt, both Ministers before other men leave cricket. Grotius was in great practice at seventeen, and Attorney-General at twenty-four. And Acquaviva—Acquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every Cabinet in Europe, and colonised America, before he was thirty-seven. What a career! It is needless to multiply instances. The history of heroes is the history of youth.”

1504. Honouring God.—There was once a boy working in a

factory. He received only five shillings a week, but that was the principal dependence of his poor mother. He was a good boy, and always went to church on Sunday. His employer was not a Christian man. He had a short memory. He forgot God. On one occasion he was in a hurry to get some work done, and he gave notice to his hands on Saturday that he wanted them to work all the next day. Willie was very much tried to know what to do. He could not bear to think of breaking the Sabbath; yet if he could not go to work he was afraid he should lose his place, and then what would his poor mother do? At last he resolved to do right, and leave the rest to God. So he went to church and kept the Sabbath as God commanded. The next morning, as he was going into the factory to work, his master met him. "Where were you yesterday, sir?" "I went to church, sir," said Willie. "Then you may go to church again to-day, for I don't want you here," was the reply. Poor Willie felt very miserable. When he thought of his mother he could not help crying. But he thought that would do no good, so he wiped away his tears and set out to look for a new situation. He called at several places, but the only answer was, "We don't want any boys." At last he called on a gentleman who asked him why he had left his last place. "Because I would not work on Sunday, sir." The gentleman was pleased with this, so he engaged him to work and promised him ten shillings a week. So Willie found that God blessed him for keeping the Sabbath.

1505. Inquiring Mind.—The great philosopher Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1623. He never had any preceptor but his father. It was his habit, when very young, if he met with anything which he could not clearly understand, never to rest satisfied until he had received a thorough

explanation of it from some one. It is related of him, that one day, when he was at dinner, somebody at table happened to strike a china plate with a knife: he noticed that the plate made a great sound, and that the sound stopped immediately when the hand was laid upon it. He inquired the reason; and from this simple circumstance he was led to make a variety of experiments, the result of which was, that at twelve years of age he had composed a very able treatise on sound.

1506. Kind Action Blessed.—A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of "Fire! fire!" suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames, but in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The only thought now was self-preservation. The burning mass was headed for the shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him, "Please, sir, can you swim?" A child's blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul as he looked down upon her. "Yes, child, I can swim." "Well, sir, won't you please to save me?" "I cannot do both," he thought. "I must save the child, and lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for this whole ship's company: now I am doubting whether I shall exchange a human life for paltry gold." Unbuckling the belt, he cast it from him, and said, "Yes, little girl: I will try to save you." Stooping down, he bade her clasp her arms around his neck. "Thus, child; not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make to the land." The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened, and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them; still the brave man held out,

and the dear child held on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earliest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute but eloquent benedictions.

1507. "Lead, but do not Drive."

—"A mother sitting at her work in her parlour," says a writer in a monthly magazine, "overheard her child, whom an older sister was dressing in an adjoining bedroom, say repeatedly, as if in answer to his sister, 'No, I don't want to say my prayers.' 'How many believers, in good standing,' thought the mother to herself, 'often say the same thing in heart, though they conceal, even from themselves, the feeling!' 'Mother,' said the child, appearing in a minute or two at the parlour-door—the tone and the look implied that it was only his morning salutation. 'Good-morning, my child.' 'I am going to get my breakfast.' 'Stop a minute; I want you to come here and see me first.' The mother laid her work down on the next chair as the boy ran towards her. She took him up. He knelt in her lap and laid his face down upon her shoulder, his cheek against her ear. The mother rocked her chair slowly backwards and forwards. 'Are you pretty well this morning?' said she, in a kind tone. 'Yes, mother, I am very well.' 'I am very glad you are well. I am very well, too, and when I waked up this morning and found that I was well, I thanked God for taking care of me.' 'Did you?' said the boy, in a low tone, half a whisper. He paused after it,—conscience was at work. 'Did you ever feel my pulse?' asked his mother, after a minute of silence, at the same time taking the boy down and setting him in her lap, and placing his fingers on

her wrist. 'No, but I have felt mine.' 'Well, don't you feel mine now—how it goes beating?' 'Y-e-s,' said the child. 'If it should stop beating I should die at once.' 'Should you?' 'Yes; and I cannot keep it beating.' 'Who can?' A silent pause. 'You have a pulse, too, which beats in your bosom here, and in your arms, and all over you; and I cannot keep it beating, nor can you. Nobody can but God. If He should not take care of you, who could?' 'I don't know, mother,' said the child, with a look of anxiety, and another pause ensued. 'So when I waked up this morning, I thought I would ask God to take care of me, and all the rest of us.' 'Did you ask Him to take care of me?' 'No.' 'Why?' 'Because I thought you would ask Him yourself. God likes to have us all ask for ourselves.' A long pause ensued. The deeply thoughtful and almost anxious expression of countenance showed that the heart was reached. 'Don't you think you had better ask for yourself?' 'Yes,' said the boy, readily. He knelt again in his mother's lap, and uttered, in his own simple and broken language, a prayer for the protection and blessing of heaven."

1508. Learning to Read.—

When Alfred the Great had reached his twelfth year he had not even learned the alphabet. He was first prompted to apply himself to books by his mother showing to him and his brothers a small volume, illuminated in different places with coloured letters, and such other embellishments as were then in fashion. Seeing that it excited the admiration of her children, she promised that she would give it to the boy who should first learn to read it. Alfred, though the youngest, was the only one who had spirit enough to attempt obtaining it on such a condition. He immediately went and procured a teacher, and in a very short time was able to claim the promised reward. When he

came to the throne, notwithstanding his manifold duties and a tormenting disease, he employed his leisure time either in reading or hearing the best books. His high regard for the best interests of the people he was called to govern, and the benevolence of his conduct, are well known.

1509. Loving the Saviour.—A little boy, between four and five years of age, was one day reading to his mother in the New Testament, and when he came to these words, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," his eyes filled with tears, and, with a child's unrestrained gush of feeling, he said to his mother, "I am sure, mamma, if I had been there I would have given Him my pillow."

1510. Make Instruction Pleasant.—Dr. Johnson's testimony shows how desirable it is to make religion a source of pleasure and not a task to the young. "Sunday was a heavy day to me when a boy. My mother made me read the 'Whole Duty of Man,' from the greater part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I read the chapter on theft, which from my infancy I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before, so there was no accession of knowledge. I fell into an inattention to religion, or an indifference about it, in my ninth year. The church where we had seats wanted repairing, so I was to go and find a seat in other churches, and having bad eyes, and being awkward at this, I used to go and read in the fields. I then became a sort of lax talker against religion, though I did not much think against it, and this lasted till I went to Oxford." Many well-meaning parents might take warning by these impressive words.

1511. Man's Chief End.—A boy was engaged one evening in committing to memory some rules in

arithmetic, when a gentleman who happened to be in his father's house at the time put some rather difficult questions in arithmetic to him, with a view to try his knowledge. The little fellow could not answer some of them, and was much chagrined on the gentleman observing, "I think I have puzzled you." The boy appeared confounded; but recovering himself, he said, with a good deal of archness, "Sir, you have puzzled me, but I think I can puzzle you." "Try," returned the gentleman. "I shall be very glad if you can; but I do not think you will be able. Put any question you like to me." The boy then, looking very seriously in his face, said, "Can you tell me, sir, what is the chief end of man?" The gentleman, upon this question being proposed, was more perplexed than the boy had been. He remained silent for a short time, and at length observed, "You have indeed puzzled me;" and turning to the boy's father, asked him what he conceived to be the chief end of man. "Nay," replied his father, "you must ask him," meaning the boy, "for he can tell more about these things than I can." The boy was then required to reply to the question, and answered, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever." The gentleman acknowledged that it was, and observed that the boy had taught him a lesson which he should not forget.

1512. Mouth of a Babe.—It is told of a beautiful infant who had been taught to say—and it could say little else—"God will take care of baby," that it was seized with a sickness at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die. Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The

mother wept aloud; when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looked lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, "God will take care of baby!"

1513. Obedient Child.—On one of the railroads in Prussia a pointsman was just taking his place, in order to turn a coming train, then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in a contrary direction. Just at this moment, on turning his head, he discerned his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. What could he do? Thought was quick at such a moment of peril. He might spring to his child and rescue him, but he could not do this and turn the points in time, and for want of that, hundreds of lives might be lost. Although in sore trouble, he could not neglect his greater duty; but, exclaiming with a loud voice to his son, "Lie down!" he went to his post and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him, and the fearful heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers dream, as they found themselves quietly resting on that siding, what terrible anguish their approach had that day caused to one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful lest he should find only a mangled corpse, but to his great joy and thankful gratitude he found him alive and unharmed. Prompt obedience had saved him. Had he paused to argue, to reason whether it were best, death and fearful mutilation of body would have resulted.

1514. Parents Bereaved of Children.—Mrs. Susanna Wesley had seen much affliction. Her husband had been in prison for debt, she had suffered from poverty and sickness, some of her children had died, and others married unhappily. She wrote thus to her brother in bereavement:—"O, sir,

happy, thrice happy are you; happy is my sister that buried your children in infancy! Secure from temptation, secure from guilt, secure from want or shame or loss of friends, they are safe beyond the reach of pain or sense of misery. Being gone hence, nothing can touch them further. Believe me, sir, it is better to mourn ten children dead than one living, and I have buried many."

1515. Quarrelsome Boys Reconciled.—Near the close of his life John Wesley was preaching at Midsomer Norton, and spending a few days at the house of Mrs. Bush, a lady who kept a boarding-school in the place. One day at supper time, while Mr. Wesley was there, two of the boys quarrelled and got into a fierce fight. Mrs. Bush went out and brought them before Mr. Wesley. He took each by the hand, and after talking very affectionately to them, repeated Dr. Watts's lines:

"Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

"Now, boys," said he, "you must be reconciled. Go and shake hands with each other." They did so. "Now put your arms around each other's neck, and kiss each other." This they did also. "And now," said Mr. Wesley, "come to me." He then took a piece of bread and butter, and having folded it together, directed them each to take a piece. "Now you have broken bread together." Then handing them a cup of tea, the good man bade each to drink of it. "You have now drunk of the same cup, and I will bless you." So, laying his hands upon their young heads, and tenderly invoking the blessing of the Great Shepherd to be on them and follow them, Mr. Wesley sent them away cured of all their angry feelings. The instruction and blessing of this occasion were never forgotten. One of these boys lived to be a magistrate of Berkshire,

and himself took pleasure in relating this story of his boyish days.

1516. Reconciled to God.—A young and simple-minded American girl said one day, "Mother, can you know whether or not I am a Christian by my feelings?" "My dear," replied her mother, "I must first know what your feelings are." The daughter smiled and said, "Well, then, you know, when you have been angry with a person, and it is all made up, how happy you feel. Now, I have been a long time angry with God, and it is all made up, and I feel so happy." Thus she expressed a sense of reconciliation to God through Christ Jesus her Redeemer.

1517. Respect for Children.—Think of possibilities, and respect children. It is said of that German schoolmaster, John Trebonius, the instructor of Martin Luther, that he always appeared before his boys with uncovered head. "Who can tell," said he, "what may yet rise up amid these youths? There may be among them those who shall be learned doctors, sage legislators, nay, princes of the empire." Even then there was among them that "solitary monk that shook the world."

1518. Scolding Children.—There was a clergyman, who was of nervous temperament, and often became quite vexed by finding his little grandchildren in his study. One day, one of these little children was standing by his mother's side, and she was speaking to him of heaven. "Ma," said he, "I don't want to go to heaven." "Do not want to go to heaven, my son!" "No, ma, I'm sure I don't." "Why not, my son?" "Why, grandpa will be there, won't he?" "Why, yes; I hope he will." "Well, as soon as he sees us, he will come scolding along, and say, 'Whew, whew, what are these boys here for?' I don't want to go to heaven if grandpa is going there. That is my reason."

1519. Seek the Lord Early.—Mr. Pomfret, who became an eminent Christian minister, was converted at the age of nineteen; yet the remembrance of so large a portion of life spent in impenitence ever after affected his heart, and he used often to repeat the words of Austin, "O Lord, too late I loved Thee!"

1520. Shepherd Artist.—Cimabue's pupil, Giotto, a famous Italian painter, to whom the revival of the arts owes a vast deal more than to his master, was the son of a labourer at Vespignano, near Florence, who placed him at an early age with some shepherds, to assist in tending their flocks. While engaged in this employment, he was found by Cimabue drawing upon a flat stone, with a pointed one, the figure of a sheep. The good-humoured and discerning artist asked the boy if he should like to go home with him and learn to paint. The boy replied, "Very willingly, if his father would give him leave." Permission being obtained from the father, Cimabue took Giotto with him to Florence. In a short time he not only learned to imitate his master, but to paint from nature. He left off the use of labels, aimed at real expression, and obtained it. His fame soon spread very widely, and all the cities of Italy became competitors for the labours of his pencil.

1521. Stubborn Boy.—A rough-looking man brought his son into a school, saying, "I have brought my boy here, and would like to see if you can do anything with him. I confess he is more than I can manage. Of all the stubborn boys I know, he is the worst." The teacher said he thought they would get along very well, and gave the boy a seat with a good, quiet scholar. He watched the boy for some days, but discovered nothing amiss in his conduct, though he seemed to shun every one, and did not join in the sports at play hour. One day, as the teacher was

passing along by the desks, he laid his hand kindly on his shoulder; but the boy shuddered, and shrank from him. "What is the matter, Henry?" asked the teacher. "I thought you were going to strike me." "Why should I strike you?" "Because I am such a bad boy." "Who says you are a bad boy?" "Father says I am a bad boy, and mother says so, and every one says so." "But you are not a bad boy,—at least I think not, and you can be as good a boy as any one. Ask God to help you to be good, and you will be sure to succeed." The poor boy's eyes filled with tears. He was not used to such kind words, and when his teacher left him he thought, "Can I be a good boy when every one says I'm so bad? But he did not say I was bad; he said I could be a good boy. I will be a good boy." From that time a marked and beneficial change was observed in the boy.

1522. Tenderness for Children.

—It has been well said that he that makes a child happy for half an hour is a co-worker with God. Wesley was emphatically the children's friend. He caught largely of the spirit and walked in the footsteps of Him who took them in His arms, whispered blessings in their ear, and declared "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Fifty years before Robert Raikes began his work John Wesley was catechising all the children in Savannah on Sundays before the evening service. It was under him the Sunday-school system was first fully developed. Visiting Birmingham, he was frequently entertained at the house of one John Mason, who had a little daughter. Wesley would often seat her on his knee, place his hand upon her head, give her his blessing, and simply afford her such wise counsels as she could understand: these made an indelible impression upon her heart. He once presented her with a bright sixpence, which she preserved to the day of her death. Wesley

used to keep a number of coins by him, the newest and brightest, on purpose to please the taste of the lambs of his flock. Visiting Rathby, to preach in the church, as he ascended the pulpit a child sat on the steps directly in the way. Instead of inquiring, "Why is that child allowed to sit there?" he gently took the little one in his arms, kissed her, and then placed her on the same spot where she had been sitting.—Yet another anecdote of this eminent man. Dr. Leifchild, at a missionary meeting in Leeds, said, "Few present remember John Wesley. I am one of that few, and I think I have had a greater privilege than any one present. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of stopping at my father's house on his visits to my native town. On one of these visits, early one morning (you know Mr. Wesley was a very early riser), I went up to him and gently pulled his dressing-gown, in order to attract his attention. My father very sharply reproved me, but Mr. Wesley put his hand upon my head and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and he took me up in his arms and blessed me. None ever obeyed the command, 'Feed My lambs,' more than Mr. Wesley."

1523. Three Questions.—

Several gentlemen were visiting a French school, in which was a boy both deaf and dumb. One of them asked him who made the world. The boy took his slate, and wrote the first verse in the Bible: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." He was then asked, "How do you hope to be saved?" The child wrote, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The last question proposed was, "How is it that God has made you deaf and dumb, while those around you can hear and speak?" The poor boy appeared puzzled for a moment, and a suggestion of unbelief

seemed to pass through his mind; but, quickly recovering himself, he wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

1524. Token of Reconciliation.—The following anecdote appeared in the pages of a religious magazine. "The son of a minister had by some means displeased his father. His father thought it right to be reserved for an hour or two, and when asked a question about the business of the day, he was very short in his answer to his son. An hour or two elapsed. The time had nearly arrived when the youth was to repeat his lesson. He came to his father's study and said, 'Papa, I cannot learn my lesson unless you are reconciled. I am sorry I have offended you. I hope you will forgive me. I think I shall never offend you again.' His father replied, 'All I wish is to make you sensible of your fault. When you acknowledge it, you know all is easily reconciled with me.' 'Then, papa,' said he, 'give me the token of reconciliation, and seal it with a kiss.' The hand was given, and the seal most heartily exchanged on each side. 'Now,' exclaimed the dear boy, 'I will learn Latin and Greek with any boy,' and fled to his little study. 'Stop, stop!' said his father; 'have you not a heavenly Father? If what you have done be evil, He is displeased, and you must apply to Him for forgiveness.' With tears starting in his eyes, he said, 'Papa, I went to Him first. I knew, except He was reconciled, I could do nothing.' And with tears falling he added, 'I hope—I hope He has forgiven me; and now I am happy.' His father never had occasion to look at him with a shade of disapprobation from that time to his death."

1525. Truant's Career.—One of the most affecting sights ever beheld was the "farewell" between a poor heart-broken widow and her son. The young man was chained to a fellow-convict, and was about

to leave his native country, probably for ever. The history of the poor prisoner was that of thousands of others who are now following in his sad career. When a child, he was allowed to have his own way. When his mother ought to have firmly but kindly enforced obedience, she foolishly yielded to his whim. The effect of this unwise home-training became yearly more apparent. When sent to school, he was idle and would not learn. He soon began to play truant. His mother scolded the master for punishing her headstrong boy. With bad companions, he was soon found robbing orchards and cruelly treating dumb animals. His career was from bad to worse. At last, for a highway robbery he was convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

1526. Unseen, yet Loved.—A kind mother had one day been talking with her little girl about the duty of loving God. The child replied, "Mother, I have never seen God, how can I love Him?" The mother made no answer then. A few days after, she received a package from a friend who lived a great way off; and in the package was a beautiful picture-book for the little girl. The child took the book, and was for some time entirely engrossed in looking at the pictures; but soon she exclaimed, "Oh, mother! how I do love the good lady that sent me this book!" "But you never saw her, my dear," said the mother. "No," answered the child; "but I love her because she sent me this beautiful present." "My child," said the mother, "you told me the other day that you could not love God, because you had never seen Him. And yet you love this kind lady, whom you have never seen, because she has given you a present. Now you have all around you the presents which God has given you. Why cannot you love Him for His presents?"

1527. Value of Cultivation of Memory.—The house of Dr. Todd, author of "Addresses to Children," was once destroyed by fire. One of his children, a little girl, had a library of 116 volumes, which was destroyed in the conflagration; and next day, while mourning over her loss, she suddenly jumped up, wiped away her tears, and running to her mother, said, "Mother, I will not be sorry any more. I am glad I learnt so many hymns." "There," said Dr. Todd, when narrating the story, "though all things material shall be burnt up, the impressions on the living tablet of the mind will last for ever."

1528. "What Saith the Scriptures?"—"A mother of a family," writes the Rev. Adolphe Monod, "was married to an infidel who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children; yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer:—'Because to the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have always seen the Bible upon my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent, that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, re-proved, or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'"

1529. Wise Pupil.—Ben Syra, when a child, begged his preceptor to instruct him in the law of God; but he declined, saying that his scholar was as yet too young to be taught these sacred mysteries. "But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial-ground, and measured the graves, and find

some of them shorter than myself; now, if I should die before I have learned the Word of God, what will become of me then, master?"

1530. Witnessing in a Child.—A little girl, nine years of age, was a witness against a prisoner who was on his trial for a crime committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being put in the witness box, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath." "I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer. "There, your Honour," said the counsel, addressing the Court, "is there anything further necessary to show the force of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not know the nature of an oath." "Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my little girl." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked up confidently in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge. The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir." She thought he meant to inquire if she had ever blasphemed. "I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw his mistake. "I mean, were you ever a witness before?" "No, sir; I was never in a court before," was the answer. He handed her a Bible, open. "Do you know that book?" She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible." "Do you ever read it?" he asked. "Yes, sir, every evening." "Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge. "It is the word of the great God," she answered. "Well, place your hand upon the Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually given to witnesses. "Now,"

said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness. Will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?" "I shall be shut up in prison," answered the child. "Anything else?" asked the Judge. "I shall never go to heaven," she replied. "How do you know that?" asked the Judge again. The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to this one—"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." "I learned that before I could read." "Has any one talked to you about your being witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge. "Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments; and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said." "Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion. "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice that showed that her conviction of its truth was perfect. "God bless you, my child," said the Judge; "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined." She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel asked her many troublesome and awkward questions, but she varied from her first statements

in nothing. It needs to be added that the man was found guilty, and that he was sent to prison for two years.

1531. Witty Truth.—Jeremy Taylor, when a boy, was very remarkable for his talents and knowledge. He was educated in the free school at Cambridge, his native town, and at thirteen years of age he entered Caius College, of which he was soon chosen fellow. At a very early period he began to preach, and afforded great pleasure to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, who, however, declined to ordain him on account of his extreme youth. "But the youth," says one of his biographers, "humbly begged his Grace to pardon that fault, and promised, if he lived, he would mend it." The Archbishop encouraged him to pursue his studies; and his subsequent career and great usefulness are matter of history.

1532. Youthful Perseverance.—A strange little boy was one day brought before the magistrate at the police office, New York, reported on the watch returns as being a lodger. This extraordinary child, ten years of age, was very thinly clad, and but four feet two inches high, of delicate make, and weak eyes. On being asked by the magistrate who he was, and whence he came, he gave the following account:—"My name is De Grass Griffin; I am ten years old; my father is a boatman in Killingworth, Connecticut; my mother left there last summer: she parted from my father; he don't take any care of me. About four weeks ago I started from Killingworth for Philadelphia, to see my mother; had not a cent when I started; walked part of the way, and rode part. My sister, who is a married woman, told me in what part of Philadelphia I would find my mother. When I got there, I found that she was dead; I remained there, going about the town, about a week; I then started

to come back. A gentleman in Philadelphia gave me a twenty-cent piece, an eleven-penny bit, and a five-penny bit; I have the twenty-cent piece yet. I got into this town yesterday morning; had nothing to eat all day yesterday, till the evening, when I got some clams at a little stand near the river. I calculate to start for home this morning, and to get a stage-driver to give me a ride." Magistrate: "I will send you to the almshouse over the way, that you may get your breakfast and be taken care of." Answer: "Very well, but I wish to start on." It was truly astonishing to behold such a child perform (in the depth of winter) a journey of upwards of two hundred miles, with such a trifle of money, without warm clothing, and the snow on the road nearly as high as himself. His deportment was mannerly, his answers prompt, clear, and brief; he appeared to feel no want, asked for nothing, nor made any complaint; but had perfect confidence in his own powers and ability to get to the end of his journey on his twenty-cent fund. The decision and fortitude of this little destitute boy might furnish a profitable example to many an irresolute and desponding individual of riper years.

1533. Youthful Precocity. — Sigismund Maximilian Wilhelm Otto von Praum, the son of a captain of cavalry in the Austrian service, was born at Tyrnau in Hungary, on the 1st of June, 1811. When but an infant, he showed a singular desire for instruction; and in his second year he had acquired such a readiness in the knowledge of his letters, in reading, and in deciphering prints of subjects from general and natural

history, that on the 1st of November, 1818, when but two years and five months old, he was deemed qualified to enter the second form of the principal national school of Tyrnau. Having attended the school about ten months, on the 26th of August, 1814, he was examined with the rest of the pupils, and bore away the highest prize from seventy of his juvenile competitors, in reading and writing German, in Hungarian orthography, his catechism and drawing. On the examination of the 17th of March, 1815, this child, who had then attained the age of three years and three quarters, was again pronounced the greatest proficient among the one hundred and twenty-four pupils of his form, in reading the German, Hungarian, and Latin languages, in arithmetic and his catechism. This infant prodigy excited still greater attention, from the extraordinary and more rapid progress he made in music. From his second year he had studied the violin with so much success, that after the examination of the 17th of March he astonished those who were assembled to hear him, namely, the magistracy, all the teachers of the principal national schools, and a number of amateurs of music, with taking the leading part in a duet and trio of Pleyel's. This he repeated on the 18th of April following, at a party given by Prince Schwartzenberg, at Tyrnau, before a numerous circle of nobility. Nor was the progress he made in acquiring foreign languages, fencing and drawing, inferior to his other advancements. During the summer of 1815, this boy gave a public concert at Vienna, where the astonishment and admiration of all present were unbounded: the produce of it he bestowed on the Invalid Fund.

YOUTHFUL INFLUENCE.

Psalm xxiii. 15; Prov. x. 1, xxix. 3; Eccles. xi. 9, 10; 1 Tim. iv. 12.

1534. Babe's Rebuke. — Two young children, with their nurse, were sent to take an airing at the sea-side. On the way, one of them fell down on his knees, and said to his nurse, "O Bell, I came away, and forgot to say my prayers." A young lady who saw him was conscience-struck, and thought, "Here is a babe rebuking me: when did I pray in all my life?" This simple means was the instrument which the Father of spirits was pleased to use to awaken her from the sleep of sin. She remained with the nurse and children all the time they were bathing; when she returned home, she sent for a Christian friend, that she might converse with him, and subsequently died with a firm trust in the Saviour.

1535. Blessed are the Peacemakers.—A gentleman called in at a Sunday-school in Southwark. As he was looking over one of the classes, the teacher took him aside and said, "Sir, Lucy, whom you have just noticed, is one of the most extraordinary children I ever knew." "How so?" said he. "Why, sir, she is remarkably diligent, gentle, and, above all, remarkably humble. She is very forgiving to those who have injured her; and there never is a quarrel in the school but she interferes, and is not satisfied until she has reconciled the parties. I am almost afraid of loving her too much." After school the gentleman addressed her, "Lucy, I am pleased to hear you give satisfaction to your teacher. What is it makes you so desirous to oblige your schoolfellows, and settle their disputes." She blushed, and hesitated some time, and at last said,

in a meek voice, full of earnestness, "Sir, I hope it is because our Saviour has said, 'Blessed are the peacemakers.'"

1536. Blessed Words. — A mother, with her three children, was clinging to the wreck of the steamer *Bohemian*, when the mother said she must let go and be drowned. Her little girl replied, "Hold on a little longer, mother! don't let go now. Jesus walked on the water, and saved Peter, and perhaps He will save us." The little girl's words so strengthened her mother, that she held on a few moments more, when a boat was sent to them, which took them safely to shore.

1537. Child's Influence. — In one of the Western States lived a little girl named Annie Gale. She was led to embrace Christ as her Saviour. The news of her conversion soon spread through the place. One day a friend called on her father, and said, "It's all nonsense for your Annie to think she has been converted. She was just like a little angel always. I don't believe in religion making her any better: she was good enough before. If Dan Hunter could be turned round and made a Christian of, I'd believe in it." Annie heard the conversation, and her heart beat with pity for poor Dan. She knew him to be one of the worst and vilest of characters. Impelled with love for his soul, she went to his wretched dwelling, and began to talk to him in tender tones about Jesus, and God's love to the chief of sinners. After referring to her own conversion, she asked him if he was not a sinner, and if he did not need the same Saviour whom she had found. Poor Dan's heart

was touched; he wept, he fell upon his knees, and cried out, "Lord ha' mercy on the worst of sinners." God heard that earnest, penitent cry; and Annie left the old man praising the mercy which could save a wretch like him. It was Dan's business now to tell to all the story of God's love. He would say, "It's the same Gospel, the very same Gospel, that so blessed little Annie Gale. You wouldn't think it could be—such a dreadful sinner as I've been!—but the same good Lord who takes little children in His arms and blesses 'em, saves the chief of sinners too. It's true, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

1538. *Drunkard's Child.* — A labouring man, who had given way to drink, had three children under seven years of age, and the family all slept in the same room. The man came home one night drunk; his wife remonstrated with him, and he struck her. The woman cried very much, and continued to cry after she got into bed; but a little creature, two or three years old, got up, and said, "Pray, father, do not beat poor mother." The father ordered her to get into bed again. The little creature presently arose, knelt down by the side of the bed, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and concluded in this simple language:—"Pray God, bless dear father and mother, and make father a good father. Amen." This went to the heart of the drunkard; the man covered his face with the bed-clothes, and his first thoughts in the morning were thoughts of regret that he should stand in need of such a remonstrance from such a young child, and it produced in him self-examination and amendment of life. The family afterwards became united to a Methodist chapel in the neighbourhood.

1539. *Goodly Persuasion.* — A Christian minister announced a public discourse to the young on a given day. One of his auditors

presently thought, "I should like to bring some young person who does not attend upon any means of grace to hear that sermon." After a little consideration a certain individual was selected, who was known to be utterly irreligious, but of good moral character, sober, and industrious. The plan was formed for inviting his attention to the service. A suitable religious tract was presented to him, with a request that he would read it, which he very readily consented to do. Shortly afterwards it was mentioned to him that on such a day a sermon was to be preached to the young, and he was invited to attend. But an objection to this was immediately raised:—"I am a stranger to the place and the people, and most likely it will be so full that I shall not find a seat." The answer was, "But I have a seat there, and if you will engage to go, I will give up my seat to you." "Well," said the young man, "upon that condition I will go." The time came; the young man was shown by his kind friend to his seat. That friend then went to seek another seat, or to stand during the service, with a heart lifted up in fervent desire for the Divine blessing. The service was new and impressive to the mind of the young man. He heard what he had never heard before, but what commended itself to his understanding and his heart. He retired deeply affected, convinced of sin, and inquiring for a Saviour. Of course the impression was observed by the watchful friend who had drawn him to the house of God. The first invitation was followed up: he became a regular attendant upon the means of grace. The work was deepened in his heart, and in due course he made known his case to the pastor whose ministry had been blessed to his conversion. It was soon perceived that he possessed talents for usefulness, and they were, after due deliberation, called into exercise in Sunday-school engagements. For several

years he continued to pursue his worldly calling, and to employ his Sundays in doing good to others. After a time thus spent, his attention was turned to the ministry; and, upon careful examination, he was encouraged to quit his worldly occupations and devote himself to study. That individual is now, and has been for some years, usefully engaged in ministering to a village congregation in a dark and destitute part of England, where God is giving him both comfort and usefulness in a humble but happy sphere. The thought of doing good was crowned with success.

1540. Infidel Father.—An unbelieving father allowed his wife to send their two children to a Sunday-school. One of them not long after was seized with illness, and it soon appeared from the nature of the disease he could not recover. The father came home on the last evening of the child's life from an infidel meeting, under the influence of the sentiments and principles usually taught in such societies, when his wife said to him, "James is dying." The father went upstairs, approached the bedside of his dying child, and while the father was looking upon him the child said, "Father, I am very happy; I am going to heaven; will you meet me there, father?" and immediately expired. This appeal was too much for him. He made many efforts to efface the impression from his mind, but without effect. He confesses that he was a drunkard, a blasphemer, and to use his own language, "the vilest wretch living." The appeal continued to be more and more affecting to him; and one Sabbath, having driven a party a few miles from town, he put up his horses quickly and went to church. One of the lessons for the day was 2 Sam. xiii., containing the reflections of David on the death of his child. When he heard the words, "I shall go to him, but he shall not

return to me," he thought, "It is impossible." His past life and infidel ridicule of heaven forbade the hope that he should ever meet his child in that happy world. While in this state an agent of the City Mission called upon him; the man disclosed his state of mind, and the instructions, counsels, and prayers of the agent were blessed by the Holy Spirit. Man and wife became regular worshippers in the house of God, cherishing the hope that they shall meet their child in heaven.

1541. Kiss for a Blow.—In a magazine for the young we read: "A boy about seven years of age, talking to his younger sister, doubled his fist and struck her on the head. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand at once to strike him in return. The teacher saw her, and said, 'Mary, you had better kiss George.' Mary dropped her hand and looked up at the teacher, as if she did not fully understand her. She had never been taught to return good for evil. She thought that if her brother struck her, she of course had a right to strike him back again. The teacher looked kindly at her, and said again, 'Mary, my dear, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks.' Mary looked at George. He looked sullen and dejected. Her resentment was soon gone, and love for her brother returned to her heart; she threw both her arms about his neck and kissed him. The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow, his feelings were touched, and he burst into tears."

1542. Little One's Prayer.—A little child knelt near the broken lattice. Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her father, she clasped her wan hands, and murmured, "O God, make father leave his evil ways; make him my own dear father once again! Make

mother's sad looks go away, and make her old smile come back; Thy will always be done." Just then the mother entered the room, and taking her husband by the arm, she said, "Hearken to Minnie; she is praying." "O God, make father love me as once he did, and make him forsake his bad ways!" murmured the little one again. "Oh, Paul—husband!" cried the mother; "by our past joys and sorrows, by our marriage vows, our wedded love, blight not the life of our little one! Oh, let us all be happy again!" The conscience-stricken man bowed his head and wept, then clasping his hands, he said, "With God's help, you will never be made to sorrow on my account again." And he kept his vow.

1543. *Philosopher Shamed.*—A young man from the provinces, who was sent to Paris to finish his education, had the misfortune of getting into bad company. He went so far as to wish, and finally to say, "There is no God; God is only a word." After staying several years at the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a respectable house where there was a numerous company. While all were entertaining themselves with news, pleasure, and business, two girls, aged respectively twelve and thirteen, were seated in a bay window, reading together. The young man approached them and asked, "What beautiful romance are you reading so attentively, young ladies?" "We are reading no romance, sir; we are reading the history of God's chosen people." "You believe, then, that there is a God?" Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks. "And you, sir, you do not believe it?" "Once I believed, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, mathematics, and politics, I am convinced that God is an empty word." "I, sir, was never in Paris; I have never studied philosophy,

nor mathematics, nor any of those beautiful things which you know. I only know my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the egg comes?" "A funny question, truly; the egg comes from the hen." "Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?" "I really do not know what you intend with this question and your hen; but yet that which existed first was the hen." "There is a hen, then, which did not come from the egg?" "Beg your pardon, miss, I did not take notice that the egg existed first." "There is then an egg that did not come from a hen." "Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—" "I see, sir, that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or hen before the egg." "Well, then, I say the hen." "Very well, there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me now who made this first hen, from which all other hens and eggs come." "With your hens and your eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry dealer." "By no means, sir. I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs came?" "But for what object?" "Well, since you do not know, you will permit me to tell you. He who created the first hen, or, as you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same who created the world, and this being we call God. You, who cannot explain the existence of a hen or an egg without God, still wish to maintain and to be able to explain the existence of this world without God." The young philosopher was silent; he quietly took his hat, and, full of shame, departed, if not convinced of his folly, at least confounded by the simple questioning of a child.

1544. *Prayerful Child.*—When the deceased Rev. T. Reader, of Taunton, was but a child of eight years old, he felt the importance of religion, and could not be happy

without private prayer. One evening, his father's house being full of company, he had not a convenient place for his secret devotions; but, unwilling to omit what he knew to be his duty, he went into his father's wool-loft to enjoy the pleasure of communion with God. At first he felt some childish fears, on account of his lonely situation, but afterwards his mind was so filled with God and the joys of religion that he forgot the gloominess of the place. During his childhood, a person being on a visit at his father's, Thomas was appointed to sleep with him. After the gentleman had retired to his chamber, the pious little boy knocked at the door, requesting him to let him go through his room to an inner closet, which he used to frequent for the exercise of prayer. The conscience of the visitor severely smote him. "What!" thought he; "is this little child so anxious to obtain a place for devout retirement, while I have never prayed in my life?" It led him to serious reflections, which, through the Divine blessing, were the happy means of his conversion.

1545. *Sunday-Scholar's Veneration for the Bible.*—A little Sunday-scholar was one day sent by his mother to a shop for some soap, when the shop-woman, having weighed it, took a leaf from a Bible that was placed on the counter for waste-paper; at which the boy was greatly astonished, and eagerly exclaimed, "Why, mistress, that is the Bible!" "Well, and what if it be?" replied the woman. "It is the Bible!" repeated the boy; "and what are you going to do with it?" "To wrap up the soap," was the answer. "But, mistress, you should not tear up that book, for it is the Bible!" cried the boy, with peculiar emphasis. "What does that signify?" said the woman, sharply. "I bought it for waste-paper to use in the shop." The boy still, with increasing energy, exclaimed, "What, the Bible! I wish it was mine. I would not tear it up like that."

"Well," said the woman, "if you will pay me what I gave for it, you shall have it." "Thank you," replied the boy; "I will go home and ask my mother for some money." Away he went, and said, "Mother, mother, please to give me some money." "What for?" said the mother. "To buy a Bible," he replied; "for the woman at the shop was tearing up the Bible, and I told her she should not do it; then she said she would sell it to me. Oh, mother, do give me some money to buy it, that it may not be torn up!" His mother said, "I cannot, my dear boy; I have none." The child cried, still begged for some money, but in vain. Then sobbing, he went back to the shop, and said, "My mother is poor, and cannot give me any money; but, O mistress, don't tear up the Bible, for my teachers have told me that it is the Word of God!" The woman, perceiving the boy greatly concerned, said, "Well, don't cry, for you shall have the Bible, if you will go and get its weight in waste-paper." At this unexpected but joyful proposal, the boy dried up his tears, saying, "That I will, mistress, and thank you too." Away he ran to his mother, and asked her for some paper. She gave him all she had, and then he went to the neighbours and begged more; and having, as he hoped, collected enough, he hastened with the bundle under his arm to the shop, and on entering it exclaimed, "Now, mistress, I have got the paper!" "Very well," said the woman, "let me weigh it." The scale turned in the boy's favour, and he cried out, with tears of joy sparkling in his eyes, "The Bible is mine!" and seizing it, exclaimed, "I have got it! I have got it!" and away he ran home to his mother, crying, as he went, "I have got the Bible! I have got the Bible!"

1546. *Things of Cæsar's.*—A lad, about nine years of age, who frequented a Sunday-school at Sunderland, requested his mother

not to allow his brother to bring home anything, when he went to sea, that was smuggled. "Why do you wish that, child?" He answered, "Because my catechism says it is wrong." The mother replied, "But that is only the word of a man." He asked, "Mother, is it the word of a man that says, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's'?" This reply entirely silenced the mother; but his father still attempting to defend the practice of smuggling, the boy said to him, "Father, which is worse—to rob one, or to rob many?"

1547. Wreckers and the Child. —A little girl lived with her father in a lighthouse on the coast of Cornwall. The father, mother

(who was a pious woman), and their little girl lived alone, amidst the howlings of the great wide sea. One day the keeper went ashore, and when there was seized and kept prisoner by a band of wreckers, who thought if they could only keep him prisoner, the lighthouse would be unlighted at night, and vessels would be wrecked, of which they would get the spoils. But his little daughter was left in their watery home; and when no father came home at night, though her heart sank within her at his absence, she thought of the poor sailors who might be lost, and, brave girl that she was! she went up to the top of the lighthouse and lighted all the lamps, till the whole sent forth the clear and welcome blaze.

ZEAL.

Psalm lx. 4; Isa. lix. 17; Matthew v. 16; 1 Cor. ii. 1-4, 13; Gal. iv. 18; Jude 3.

1548. Athens Rebuilt by Zeal. —The Athenians began to rebuild their city, which had been almost entirely destroyed by the Persians, after the war of Media; and further, proposed to surround it with strong walls, in order to secure it from future violence. The Lacedæmonians, having intelligence of this, became apprehensive that if Athens, which was already very powerful by sea, should go on to increase in strength by land also, it might presume in time to give laws to Sparta, and deprive her of that authority and pre-eminence which she had hitherto exercised over the rest of Greece. They therefore sent an embassy to the Athenians, to represent to them that the common interest and safety required that there should be no fortified city out of the Peloponnesus, lest, in case of a second invasion, it should serve for a place of arms for the Persians, who would be sure to settle themselves in it, as they had

done before at Thebes; and who, from thence, would be able to invest the whole country, and make themselves masters of it speedily. Themistocles, who, since the battle of Salamis was held in great respect at Athens, easily penetrated into the true design of the Lacedæmonians, though it was gilded over with the specious pretext of public good; but as they were able, with the assistance of their allies, to hinder the Athenians, by force, from carrying on the work, in case they should positively and absolutely refuse to comply with their demand, he advised the Senate to make use of cunning and dissimulation, to evade their opposition. The answer, therefore, which they gave to the envoys was, that they would send an embassy to Sparta, to satisfy the commonwealth concerning their jealousies and apprehensions. Themistocles got himself to be nominated one of the ambassadors, and persuaded the Senate

not to let his colleagues set out along with him, but to send them one after another. The matter was executed agreeably to his advice, and he accordingly went alone to Lacedæmon, where he allowed a great many days to pass without waiting upon the magistrates or applying to the Senate. On their at last pressing him to have his audience, and asking him the reason why he deferred it so long, he made answer that he waited for the arrival of his colleagues, that they might all have their audience of the Senate together, and seemed to be very much surprised that they were so long in coming. When some time had elapsed, his colleagues at last arrived; but all came singly, and at some distance of time from one another. During all this time the work was carried on at Athens with the utmost zeal, industry, and vigour. The women, children, strangers, and slaves, were all employed on it; nor was it interrupted night or day. The Spartans were not ignorant of the matter, and made great complaints on the subject. Themistocles, however, positively denied the truth of the information they had received, and pressed them to send other deputies to Athens, in order to inform themselves better of the fact, desiring them not to give credit to loose and flying reports without foundation. At the same time he secretly advised the Athenians to detain the Spartan envoys as so many hostages, until he and his colleagues were returned from their embassy; fearing, not without good reason, that they themselves might be served in the same manner at Sparta. At last, when all his fellow ambassadors were arrived, he desired an audience, and declared in full Senate that it was really true the Athenians had resolved to fortify their city with strong walls; that the work was almost completed; that they had judged it absolutely necessary for their own security, and for the public good of the allies; telling them

at the same time, that after the great experience they had had of the Athenian people's behaviour, they could not well suspect them of being wanting in their zeal for the common interest of their country; that, as the condition and privileges of all the allies ought to be equal, it was just the Athenians should provide for their own safety by all the methods they judged necessary, as well as the other confederates; that they had thought of this expedient, and were in a condition to defend their city against whoever should presume to attack it; and that, as for the Lacedæmonians, it was not much to their honour that they should desire to establish their power and superiority rather upon the weak and defenceless condition of their allies, than upon their own strength and valour. The Lacedæmonians were extremely displeased with this discourse; but, either out of a sense of esteem and gratitude for the Athenians, or from a conviction that they were not able to oppose their enterprise, they dissembled their resentment; and the ambassadors, after all suitable honours had been paid them, returned home rejoicing.

1549. Benevolent Zeal.—The footway from Hampton Wick, through Bushey Park, to Kingston-upon-Thames, had been for many years shut up to the public. An honest shoemaker, Timothy Bennett, of the former place, "unwilling" (it was a favourite expression) "to leave the world worse than he found it," consulted an attorney upon the practicability of recovering this road for the public good, and the probable expense of a legal process for that purpose. "I do not mean to cobble the job," said Timothy, "for I have seven hundred pounds, and I should be willing to give up the awl, that great folks might not keep the upper leather wrongfully." The lawyer informed him that no such sum would be necessary to try the

right. "Then," said the worthy shoemaker, "as sure as soles are soles, I'll stick to them to the last." Lord Halifax, the then Ranger of Bushey Park, was immediately served with the regular notice of action; upon which his lordship sent for Timothy, and on his entering the lodge, his lordship said, with some warmth, "And who are you that has the assurance to meddle in this affair?" "My name, my lord, is Timothy Bennett, shoemaker, of Hampton Wick. I remember, an't please your lordship, to have seen, when I was a young man sitting at work, the people cheerfully pass by my shop to Kingston market; but now, my lord, they are forced to go round about, through a hot sandy road, ready to faint beneath their burden; and I am unwilling to leave the world worse than I found it. This, my lord, I humbly represent, is the reason why I have taken this work in hand." "Begone," replied his lordship; "you are an impertinent fellow!" However, upon mature reflection, his lordship, convinced of the equity of the claim, began to compute the shame of a defeat by a shoemaker, and desisted from his opposition, notwithstanding the opinion of the Crown lawyers, and reopened the road. Honest Timothy died two years after, in the 77th year of his age, and was followed to the grave by all the inhabitants of his native village.

1550. Christ before Liberty.—John Bunyan often preached throughout the country, especially in Bedfordshire and its neighbourhood, until, on the restoration of Charles II., he was thrown into prison, where he remained twelve years. During his confinement, he preached to all to whom he could gain access; and when liberty was offered to him, on condition of abstaining from preaching, he constantly replied, "If you let me out to-day, I shall preach again to-morrow."

1551. Do your Best.—A statuary, who was at work forming a figure out of a faulty block of marble, was called to account by a neighbour of his, who told him that it was absolutely impossible to make a perfect figure out of such imperfect materials. "All this is very true," replied the statuary; "but this block of marble, such as it is, was sent to me to be formed into a statue; and as I cannot make it better, I must content myself in forming the best figure out of it that I can." "What a pity it is," said a grazier to a small farmer who had just entered on a little farm, "that that pasture of yours is so overrun with thistles!" "It is a pity," was the reply of the small farmer; "but if I fret myself into a consumption, it will not free the thistles out of the ground, so I will try whether labour and good management will not put it into better order." A nurseryman about to plant a number of young saplings, some straight and some crooked, thus reasoned with himself:—"These straight saplings will no doubt grow up to be fine trees, without much attention on my part; but I will see if, by proper training, I cannot make something of the crooked ones also. There will be more trouble with them, no doubt, than with the others, but for that very reason I shall be the better satisfied should I succeed."

1552. Evil Counsellors.—Louis XIV. gave early signs of a very despotic character. Several of his courtiers were one day entertaining the young monarch in public with an account of the polity of the Turkish Government, assuring him that the Sultan had nothing to do but say the word, whatever it was, whether to take off a great man's head, or to strip him of his estate or employment, and there was a crowd of servants called mutes who executed his commands without reply. "Why," said the youthful monarch, "this is, indeed, to

be a king." The old Count de Grammont, who was present, heard with indignation these vile corrupters of youth, and with honest zeal and loyalty immediately stepped forward, and said, "Sire, but of these same Sultans, whose authority is represented as so enviable, I have known three strangled by their own nutes within my memory." The Duke of Montausier was so pleased with this noble freedom, that he forced himself through the crowd of courtiers, and openly thanked Grammont for his bold and zealous admonition.

1553. Faithful unto the End.—Richard Baxter, after he had spent many years in the advancement of the glory of God, by laborious and constant preaching, unceasing pastoral labours, and numerous publications from the press, was yet unwilling to give himself ease, even amidst the infirmities of disease and age. An old gentleman who heard him preach related that when he ascended the pulpit, with a man following him to prevent his falling backwards, and to support him if needful in the pulpit, many persons would be ready to say he was more fit for a coffin than for labour; but all this he would soon forget, and manifest the fervour and energy of youth in his labours. It was feared, the last time he preached, that he would have died in the pulpit. And yet, such was his humility, that when reminded of his labours on his death-bed, he replied, "I was but a pen in God's hand; and what praise is due to a pen?"

1554. Freely ye have Received, Freely Give.—A remarkable instance of zeal in the dissemination of the Gospel is afforded in the case of Sarah Price, an invalid of Hammer-smith, who was reduced by rheumatism to such helplessness as to be unable to raise herself from her couch. Brought to Percy Chapel, where the Rev. J. H. Stewart ministered, her heart was stirred up to circulate his tracts.

She formed the plan of sending a copy to seventy clergymen on New Year's Day. Seven hundred were sent. The work grew, and in less than a fortnight fourteen thousand were circulated. Thousands more of his tracts were issued, though nearly the whole of her share was done in bed, and her limbs were so contracted that she could scarcely feed herself. Yet through her instrumentality almost every minister in the three kingdoms, missionaries abroad, and students at home, received a message and tract on the importance of seeking Christ.

1555. Pastoral Perseverance.—The Rev. S. Thornton had often unsuccessfully urged an old parishioner to attend to the duty of coming to public worship. At last the man was laid up in bed from illness. The curate on hearing this called upon him. Entering the cottage, he asked to see him. The old man, recognising his voice, and perhaps hearing his request, called out rudely, "I don't want you here; you may go away." The next day Mr. Thornton again presented himself, with inquiries after him, and an expressed desire to see him; calling out from the stairs, "Well, my friend, may I come up to you to-day?" Again he was answered, "I don't want you here." Twenty-one days successively did the patient clergyman come to the cottage with the same request, and on the twenty-second obtained admittance to the bed-side of the sick man. Henceforth he was permitted to read God's Word to him, pray by him, and impart such instruction as was blessed to the poor man's soul. The aged sufferer recovered, and became one of the most regular attendants on the services of the Church.

1556. Patriotic Zeal.—The war of 1812 in Russia incontestably proved that extraordinary efforts of zeal, under a despotic government, do not always proceed from despotic measures, and that the system of slavery to which the Russian

peasant was subject was not such as to extinguish all love of his country. The Carthaginian matrons have been celebrated for the sacrifice of their hair for the defence of their city, when attacked by the Romans. The zeal of all ranks in Russia, during the invasion by the French in 1812, was exhibited in an equal, though more efficient manner. Voluntary offers of men and money, and of whatever might assist the prosecution of the war, were presented to the Emperor from every quarter, and with an earnestness that would not be denied. The Grand Duchess, his sister, set the example, by offering to raise a regiment on her estates, to combat the powerful adventurer who had solicited her hand. The imperial city of Moscow magnificently proposed to arm and equip 80,000 men. The veteran Platoff, whose blood had been so often shed in defence of Russia on former occasions, now showed his ardour for the cause in which he was engaged, by promising his daughter and 200,000 roubles to the hero who should rid the world of the invader; and frequent instances occurred of young men of fortune who were content to serve as subalterns in the corps which they had raised, and to yield the command to abler officers. Nor was this enthusiasm confined to the higher orders; the peasantry flocked from all quarters to avail themselves of the general permission to enlist in the army. The success of the English in the Peninsula had reached their ears, and they were often heard to exclaim, "What! shall a small state like Portugal succeed in expelling the French, with the assistance of England; and shall Russia not avenge the blood of those who fell at Eylau and Friedland?" But the most extraordinary instance of activity was shown in the creation of a galley fleet, for the purpose of transporting a body of 15,000 men from Finland to the relief of Riga. Within the short space of six weeks, above a hundred gunboats were

built and equipped, and sailed to fulfil the object for which they were intended. History does not present to us, replete as it is with scenes of blood and slaughter, any event more strikingly tremendous than the conflagration of Moscow, or any instance of resolution and patriotism more strongly exemplified than in the conduct of the governor and inhabitants of this great city, at this critical period. When Moscow had been laid in ashes by an act of noble patriotic devotion, Rostopchin, the governor, with his forces, retreated. His country palace, situated at Voronovo, a short distance from Moscow, was the only asylum which remained to him; but on the approach of the French he set fire to it with his own hands, leaving the following letter to the enemy on the occasion, which strongly marks his character:—"I have for eight years embellished this country house, and I have lived happy in it in the bosom of my family. The inhabitants of this estate, to the number of 1,720, quit it at your approach; and I set fire to my house that it may not be polluted by your presence. Frenchmen, I have abandoned to you my two Moscow houses, worth half a million of roubles; here you will only find ashes. — (Signed) Count TEDOR ROSTOPCHIN." His example stimulated the peasants of the neighbourhood to unheard-of sacrifices; and they were seen in all directions, on the approach of the enemy, setting fire to the fagots which they had previously placed against their houses.

1557. Poet's Zeal.—When Germany was struggling to emancipate herself from a foreign yoke, Theodore Körner, the young hero whose energetic poems helped so powerfully to kindle a patriotic spirit among his countrymen, could no longer endure the indolent occupations of a poet. He left Vienna in March, 1813, and joined a distinguished free corps, in which he soon

rose to rank, and became the idol of his comrades. He courted danger and death with the cool devotion of heroism; and his poems perpetually breathe a quiet foreboding of his approaching fate. He was killed in an engagement with the French at Rosenberg, in Mecklenburg, on the 26th of August, 1818. On the morning of that day he wrote in his pocket-book, and read to a friend, when the signal for attack was given, his exquisite dialogue with his sword, called "The Sword Song." The effect of Körner's spirit-stirring strains on the indignant and struggling Germans was electrical. They struck on the soul with all the power of the most inspiring martial music, and at this day they are universally loved and admired. They revive the recollections of glory, and penetrate the hearts of the Germans like the notes of the trumpet of victory, or the triumphant din of battle melting in the distance. This youthful hero fell at the age of twenty-two. One of his patriotic songs, entitled "Men and Dastards," was commenced in a bivouac hut on the Slesknitz, on the morning of an engagement.

1558. Power of the Word.—There is an Austrian Bible agent who was once an idle, careless young man, utterly ignorant of Christian truth, and spending his days in folly and dissipation. But one day he happened to be in the house of his wife's mother, and, wishing to light his pipe, he looked about for a piece of paper. The first object his eye rested upon was a book, so he took it, and was coolly beginning to tear out a page, when his mother-in-law called out to him to stop, as the book which he was tearing was a Bible. "What is a Bible?" said he, being in utter ignorance on the subject. The woman explained to him as well as she could, and he took the book home that he might look into it. His interest was soon awakened, and the Lord opened his heart to

attend to the things that were written, so that in a short time he completely changed his course, and became not only sober and steady, but a devoted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. He and his wife may now be seen in certain towns, one going down one side of the street whilst the other goes down the other, selling Bibles and Testaments to all who will buy.

1559. Prudence and Zeal.—Two ships were aground at London Bridge. The proprietors of one sent for a hundred horses, and pulled it to pieces; the proprietors of the other waited for the tide, and with sails and rudder directed it as they pleased.

1560. Sword and Arm.—In ancient history, there is a story of a valiant Captain whose banner was almost always first in the fight, whose sword was dreaded by his enemies, for it was the herald of slaughter and victory. His King once asked to see the sword. He took it, quietly examined it, and sent it back with this message: "I see nothing wonderful in the sword. I cannot see why any man should be afraid of it." The Captain sent the reply: "Your Majesty has been pleased to examine the sword; but I did not send the arm that wielded it. If you had examined that, and the heart that guided the arm, you would have understood the mystery."

1561. Too Much Zeal.—An Indian, having heard from a White man some strictures on zeal, replied, "I don't know about having too much zeal; but I think it is better the pot should boil over, than not boil at all."

1562. Two Warnings.—A story is told of a traveller who was journeying in the darkness of night along a road that led to a deep and rapid river, which, swollen by sudden rains, was chafing and roaring within its precipitous banks. The bridge that crossed the stream

had been swept away by the torrent, but he knew it not. A man met him, and, after inquiring whither he was bound, said to him in an indifferent way, "Are you aware that the bridge is gone?" "No," was the answer. "Why do you think so?" "Oh, I heard such a report this afternoon; and though I am not certain about it, you had perhaps better not proceed." Deceived by the hesitating and undecided manner in which the information was given, the traveller pushed onward in the way of death. Soon another meeting him cried out in consternation, "Sir, sir, the bridge is gone!" "Oh yes," replied the wayfarer, "some one told me that story a little distance back; but from the careless tone with which he told it, I am sure it is an idle tale." "Oh, it is true, it is true!" exclaimed the other. "I know the bridge is gone, for I barely escaped being carried away with it myself. Danger is before you, and you must not go on." And in the excitement of his feelings, he grasped him by the hands, by the arms, by the clothes, and besought him not to rush upon manifest destruction. Convinced by the earnest voice, the earnest eyes, the earnest gestures, the traveller turned back, and was saved. The intelligence in both cases was the same; but the manner of its conveyance in the one gave it an air of a fable, in the other an air of truth.

1563. Zeal Evoked.—Patrick Henry was the son of Colonel John Henry, a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, and born at Studley, in the county of Hanover and State of Virginia. In his youth he gave no signs of future greatness. No persuasion could induce him either to read or to work; but he ran wild in the forest, and divided his time between the uproar of the chase and the languor of inaction. He married at eighteen. He was for some time a farmer, and then entered into

mercantile undertakings, which in a few years rendered him a bankrupt and reduced him to a state of wretchedness. He now determined to try the bar. About this time the famous contest between the clergy on the one hand, and the Legislature and the people of Virginia on the other, concerning the stipends of the former, took place; and he exhibited such displays of eloquence in "the parsons' cause," as it was termed, as drew the admiration of all his fellow-citizens. His exertions were so unexampled, so unexpected, so instantaneous, that he obtained the appellation of "The Orator of Nature." When the question first came to be agitated concerning the right of the British Parliament to tax America, he gave, as has been truly remarked, "the first impulse to the ball of the Revolution." Men who were on other occasions distinguished for intrepidity and decision, hung back, unwilling to submit, yet afraid to speak out in the language of bold and open defiance. In this hour of despondency, suspense, and consternation, Henry arose to cheer the drooping spirits of his countrymen, and to call forth all the energies of the Americans to contend for their freedom. When the House of Burgesses was within three days of its expected close, Henry produced and carried the far-famed resolutions concerning the Stamp Act, which formed the first firm opposition to the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. In 1774 he appeared in the venerable body of the old continental Congress of the United States, when it met for the first time. Henry broke the silence which for a while overawed the minds of all present, and, as he advanced, rose with the magnitude and importance of the subject to the noblest displays of argument and eloquence. "This," said he, "is not the time for ceremony; the question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. It is nothing less than freedom or slavery. If we wish to be free, we

must fight. I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of hosts is all that is left us. It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace! peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms; our brethren are already in the field, why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear and peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God. I know not what course others may take, but as for me," cried he, with both his arms extended aloft, his brows knit, every feature marked with the resolute purpose of his soul, and his voice swelled to its boldest note of exclamation, "give me liberty or give me death!" He took his seat, and the cry "To arms!" seemed to quiver upon every lip and beam from every eye. Henry lived to witness the glorious issue of that Revolution which his genius had set in motion; and, to use his own prophetic language before the commencement of the Revolution, "to see America take her station amongst the nations of the earth."

1564. Zeal for the Distribution of God's Word.—Some years ago, relates a Christian writer, an excellent Princess in Russia met with Mrs. —, and after conversing with her a short time, the Princess said, "Are you not an English-woman?" She answered, "Yes." "Do you ever go to chapel?" "No." "Then come along with me," said the Princess: "step into my carriage: I am going, and I will take you thither." She consented, and it may be truly said that now commenced her happiness. Before this period she was an intelligent, industrious, and kind-hearted woman: now she became a religious one. Her labours were transformed into Christian labours, and were followed up with an ardour and

perseverance seldom exceeded. In her visits to the poor, she now carried books and tracts, as well as food and raiment; and when she found persons unable to read, which was frequently the case, she made it a point to read to them, and to explain what they could not understand. Her prompt assistance was, in a great measure, instrumental to a zealous agent becoming extensively engaged in the circulation of the Holy Scriptures. She gave him two of the first Finnish Bibles that ever passed through his hands; and when there was a great demand for the sacred volume in that language, she actually sold her watch, in order to furnish one hundred Bibles to the poor at reduced prices. This was a noble effort in the cause of God: it augured well as to future usefulness, and the expectations which were excited by it have been more than realised. We hear of ladies in England taking part of a district, and using every effort to put the inhabitants of it in possession of the Word of God. We rejoice at it; we bless God for it. But this zealous woman took a whole city for her sphere, perambulated it alone, and succeeded beyond all expectations. In the course of a few months she sold more than one thousand five hundred Bibles, and Testaments, and Psalters; and in this blessed work she continued perseveringly to engage. In labours so abundant, a variety of interesting particulars presented themselves. One of the most striking and important is as follows:—She furnished a certain poor family with a Psalter: it was the first sacred book they ever possessed, and it was hoped that great good would result from it. Accordingly, in the course of a week, she called to see what had become of the newly-purchased volume. As she entered the room, she found a young person reading it; and after a few observations on the excellency of the Scriptures, Mrs. — took the Psalter and read the 32nd Psalm, which begins with, "Blessed is he whose

transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered . . . unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile." A thin partition separated this family from several others, some of whom, hearing an unusual conversation, came in. Another and another followed, until seventeen persons were sitting or standing around her, listening to the word of eternal life. This was a fine opportunity, and it was not permitted to pass unimproved. She explained to them the nature of Divine forgiveness, and the only way in which it can be obtained; showed them how desirable it was to possess such a blessing; and then pressed home the important question to their consciences, "Do you possess this blessedness? Do you see your need of it? Do you earnestly desire it?" At these solemn appeals one woman began to weep, and walked away. "Stop," said this warm-hearted lady, "stop. Remember that our Lord Jesus Christ shed tears over the sins of others, and it is no disgrace to weep over your own sins. Come back, and hear more about it." The woman returned, the subject was continued, and soon all present were bathed in tears. The lady afterwards formed a school, and hundreds derived advantage from her visits.

1565. Zealous Convert.—A New Zealand missionary, while visiting the sick, went to the hut of a poor cripple. He found him with a New Testament lying by his side, and asked if he could read. He replied that he could. He was asked, "How did you learn to read?" as he had never attended school. He said, "I used to creep about, and after raking the rubbish thrown out of my neighbours' houses, pick up all the bits of printed paper I could find. Sometimes I got half a leaf of a New Testament, and sometimes a bit of a leaf of the Prayer Book. These pieces, which I got from time to time, I used to sew together. Then

to learn to read I pointed to a word, and asked my brother to tell me its meaning. This I often did, till at last I could manage to read a whole verse, and then a chapter." The missionary then asked, "Do you esteem the Word of God?" He replied, in his expressive language, "It is my pillow."

1566. Zealous Preacher.—Of the few clergymen who entered into the views of John Wesley, and heartily co-operated with him, Jean Guillaume de la Flechère, or, as he was more generally called, Fletcher of Madely, was the most remarkable for his intellectual powers. Although a minister of the Church of England, and vicar of Madely in Shropshire, yet from the day of his ordination he connected himself with the Methodists. His parishioners were principally engaged in the collieries and iron works, and their character such as, to the reproach of England, it generally is wherever mines or manufactories have brought together a crowded population. Fletcher set about zealously to reform them, and devoted not only his life, but his whole fortune in doing good. When some of his remote parishioners excused themselves for not attending the morning service, by pleading that they did not awake early enough to get their families ready, for some months he set out every Sunday at five o'clock with a bell in his hand, and went round the most distant parts of his parish to call up the people. Whenever hearers could be collected in the surrounding country, within ten or fifteen miles, he went thither to preach to them in the week days, though he seldom got home before one or two in the morning. At first the rabble of his parishioners resented the manner in which he ventured to reprove and exhort them; but he soon won upon them, rude and brutal as they were, till at length his church, which at first had been so scantily attended that he was discouraged

as well as mortified by the smallness of his congregation, began to overflow. The death of this good man is particularly interesting. His health had been long on the decline, when he said, "My little field of action is just at my door; so that if I happen to overdo myself, I have but to step from my pulpit to my bed, and from my bed to my grave." As he got worse he could not be induced to relinquish preaching; no persuasion could prevail on him to stay from church on the Sunday before his death, nor would he permit any part of the service to be performed for him; he had not however proceeded far in the service, when he grew pale and faltered in his speech, and could scarcely keep himself from fainting. The congregation were greatly affected and alarmed; and Mrs. Fletcher, pressing through the crowd, earnestly entreated him not to persevere in what was so evidently beyond his strength. He recovered however, when the windows were opened, exerted himself against the mortal illness which he felt, went through the service, and preached with remarkable earnestness and not less effect, for his parishioners plainly saw that the hand of death was upon him. After the sermon, he walked to the communion table, saying, "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim, before the mercy seat." "Here" (says his widow, who must be left to describe this last extraordinary effort of enthusiastic devotion) "the same distressing scene was renewed with additional solemnity. The people were deeply affected while they beheld him offering the last languid remains of a life that had been lavishly spent in their service. Groans and tears were on every side. In going through this last part of his duty he was exhausted again and again; but his spiritual vigour triumphed over his bodily weakness. After several times sinking on the sacramental table, he still resumed his sacred work,

and cheerfully distributed with his dying hand the love memorials of his dying Lord. In the course of this concluding office, which he performed by means of the most astonishing exertions, he gave out several verses of hymns, and delivered many affectionate exhortations to his people, calling upon them at intervals to celebrate the mercy of God in short songs of adoration and praise. And now having struggled through a service of near four hours' continuance, he was supported with blessings in his mouth from the altar to his chamber, where he lay for some time in a swoon, and from whence he never walked into the world." On the following Sunday he breathed his last without a struggle or a groan. "Such," says Southey, in his "Life of Wesley," "was the death of Fletcher of Madely, a man whom Methodism may be well proud of as the most able of its defenders, and whom the Church of England may hold in remembrance as one of her most pious sons."

1567. Zealous Scholar.—There was a little boy who some years back entered Harrow School, and was put into a class beyond his years, wherein all the other boys had the advantage of previous instruction. His master used to reprove his dulness, but all his efforts could not raise him from the lowest place in the form. But the boy, nothing daunted, procured the grammar and other elementary books which the others had previously studied; he devoted the hours of play and not a few of the hours of sleep to the mastery of these, till, in a few weeks, he began gradually to rise, and it was not long before he shot far ahead of his companions, and became not only the leader of his class but the pride of Harrow. The statue of that boy, who thus zealously began his career, is in St. Paul's Cathedral; for he lived to be the greatest Oriental scholar in modern Europe. His name was Sir William Jones.

INDEX.

(The figures indicate the numbers of the paragraphs, not the pages of the book.)

- ACCEPTED Time, 1325.
- Account, Day of, 291.
- Action, Incentive to, 238.
- Action, Kind, Blessed, 1506.
- Admonition and Reproof, 1—11, 1063, 1075.
- Admonition, Undesigned, 9.
- Advice, Good, 127.
- Affection, Filial, 814.
- Affection, Holy, 342.
- Affection of a Son, 311.
- Affection, Parental, 769.
- Affection, Test of, 675.
- Affliction, 12—18.
- Affliction, Fortunate, 13.
- Affliction, God's Word in, 14.
- Age, Comfort of Old, 413.
- Age, Old, 353.
- Aged, Respect for the, 733.
- Aid, Best, 885.
- Aid, Delicate, 343.
- Alexander and Hephæstion, 341.
- Alexander and his Conquests, 349.
- Alexander and his Physician, 1373.
- Alexander and the Pirate, 1264.
- Almighty, Terrors of the, 541.
- Alphabet, Twenty-four Letters of the, 844.
- Altar, Family, 755, 1071.
- Ambition Never Satisfied, 1081.
- Ambition, Noble, 357.
- Anatomist Convinced, 368.
- Angels, Ministry of, 683.
- Anger, 19—24.
- Anger, Death in, 20.
- Anger, Sun going down on, 23.
- Animals, Mercy to, 603.
- Another's Welfare, 1176.
- Answer, Soft, 117, 693, 824.
- Apostasy, Episcopal, 27.
- Apostle of the Indies, 705.
- Apostle whom Jesus loved, 1488.
- Appeal, Eloquent, 893.
- Appeal, Solemn, 796.
- Appeal, Successful, 580, 892.
- Appearances, Judge not by, 438, 552.
- Appointment, Keeping an, 1337.
- Argument, Temper in, 319.
- Arise and Believe, 240.
- Arkwright's Rise, 508.
- Armada, the Spanish, 1447.
- Army of Martyrs, 684.
- Ask and Receive, 857.
- Assembling together, 247.
- Association, 1404.
- Atheist Confounded, 1543.
- Atheist Rebuked, 1489.
- Athens Rebuilt by Zeal, 1548.
- Atonement, Emblem of, 1153.
- Auction for the Soul, 1234.
- Author, Wise Advice to an, 11.
- Avarice Defeated, 615.
- Avarice Punished, 1082.
- Awakening, Blissful, 1149.
- Aylmer and his Congregation, 884.
- BABE, Mouth of a, 1512.
- Backsliding, 25—28, 1326.
- Barbarity Avenged, 962.
- Bascom and his Host, 963.
- Baseness Punished, 389, 1069.
- Beauty and Deformity, 109.
- Beggars, Lady Huntingdon and her, 39.
- Beginnings, Results from Small, 973, 1216, 1409.
- Believing, 1165.
- Bells, Dr. Guthrie's, 1235.
- Benefactor, True, 382, 854.
- Benefits, Remembered, 390.
- Benevolence and Well-doing, 29—45, 591, 854.
- Benevolent Zeal, 1549.
- Bereavement, Luther's, 1227.
- Bereavement of Parents, 1514.
- Berkeley and his Neighbours, 659.
- Best, Do your, 1551.
- Bethels, Foreign, 1248.
- Bible and Priest, 58.
- Bible and Sceptic, 535.
- Bible Cart, 46.
- Bible, Gift of, 55.
- Bible Knowledge, 491.
- Bible Leaves, 69.
- Bible, Literary Excellence of, 54.
- Bible Preservation, 73.
- Bible Rejection, 504.
- Bible, Sabbath Scholar's, 773.
- Bible, Scholar's Testimony about, 62.

- Bible Shield, 1148.
 Bible Student, 489.
 Bible Student, Royal, 60.
 Bible, Study of the, 52, 254.
 Bible, Sunday Scholar's Veneration for the, 1545.
 Bible Suppression, 72.
 Bible, The, 46—73.
 Bible the Word of God, 47, 56.
 Bible, Zeal to Possess, 251.
 Bibles, Costly, 51.
 Bigotry, 782.
 Bird in the Bosom, 814.
 Birth, New, 240.
 Bishop, Faithful, 294.
 Blasphemer Disgraced, 1.
 Blessing Disguised, 12.
 Blessing of a Dying Father, 749.
 Blessings and Suffering, 1048.
 Blind Girl's Gift, 696.
 Blind Man's Ingenuity, 511.
 Bliss, Foretaste of, 422.
 Bliss, Way to, 10.
 Blood of Jesus, 1220, 1405.
 Blossom in the Desert, 1270.
 Boaster's End, 558.
 Boasting, Vain, 363, 1845.
 Boating Party, 1117.
 Boldness in Declaring the Truth, 1392.
 Boldness, Unsparing, 308.
 Book for the Young, 1490.
 Book, Little, 1360.
 Book with Two Leaves, 1442.
 Bottles Old and New, 1406.
 Bountiful Giver, 858.
 Bountifulness of a Princess, 589.
 Boy Artist, 1491.
 Boys, Quarrelsome, Reconciled, 1515.
 Boy, Stubborn, 1521.
 Branches, Barren, 241.
 Brand Plucked out of the Fire, 85, 1352.
 Brands and Green Sticks, 1319.
 Bravery and Honesty, 429.
 Bravery in a Child, 725.
 Bravery in a Son, 309.
 Bravery of a Seaman, 1473.
 Bravery, True, 202.
 Bread Cast upon the Waters, 49, 1853.
 Bribes, Proof against, 549.
 Brotherly Love, 579.
 Brothers, Two, 24.
 Bruce and the Spider, 830.
 Bruce the Traveller, 848.
 Bunyan, the "Prating Tinker," 918.
 Burdens, Bear Ye One Another's, 1289.
 CÆSAR'S, Things of, 1546.
 Calumnies, 258.
 Calumny Inevitable, 616.
 Calumny of a Priest, 261.
 Calumny Utilised, 259.
 Canaan's Language, 260.
 Captive Christian, 965.
 Captivity, Profitable, 519.
 Casuistical Preachers, 1393.
 Caution, Right, 709.
 Caviller Silenced, 1012.
 Chaplain, Conscientious, 890.
 Character, 1443.
 Character, Inconsistency of, 147.
 Charity, 74—83, 524.
 Charity in the East, 1290.
 Charity, Minister's, 82.
 Charity Suffereth, 74.
 Charity, the Roman, 778.
 Charles I.'s Conversation, 949.
 Cheerfulness and Health, 710.
 Child, Gardener's, 1497.
 Child, Godly, 756, 1497.
 Child of God, 279.
 Child Management, 1507.
 Child, Obedient, 1513.
 Child, Prayerful, 1544.
 Children, Christian Practice with, 1493.
 Children, Exemplary, 754.
 Children, Parents Bereaved of, 1514.
 Children, Respect for, 1517.
 Children, Scolding, 1518.
 Children, Tenderness for, 1522.
 Chiselling, Only the, 1229.
 Choice, Best, 1010.
 Choice, Wise, 1467.
 Christ among Sinners, 698.
 Christ and the World, 233.
 Christ before Liberty, 1550.
 Christ, Bound for, 1011.
 Christ, Call of, 86.
 Christ, Conquering through, 1244.
 Christ, Consolation in, 242.
 Christ, Following, fully, 624.
 Christ, Happiness in, 89.
 Christ in Sermons, 914, 922.
 Christ, Knowledge of, 90.
 Christ, Looking unto, 93.
 Christ Near, 1376.
 Christ Only, 208, 453.
 Christ or the World? 128.
 Christ, Peace in, 95.
 Christ Preached, 908, 1171, 1180.
 Christ, Prisoner for, 819.
 Christ Rejected, 1243.
 Christ, Something about, 99.
 Christ, Speaking a Word for, 180, 1233.
 Christ the Only Refuge, 1354.
 Christ the Saviour, 84—100.
 Christ the "Strong Man," 1492.
 Christ, Way to, 933.
 Christ's Colours, 290.
 Christ's Kingdom, 1329.
 Christ's Mediation, 1407.
 Christ's Strength, 1049.
 Christ's Yoke, 1014.

- Christian Graces, 109—126.
 Christian Life, 127—137.
 Christian, Need to be a, 229.
 Christian Religion, Lord Lyttelton on, 105.
 Christian, Royal, 459.
 Christianity, 101—108.
 Christianity, Fruits of, 116.
 Christianity, Truth of, 108.
 Christianity Vindicated, 526.
 Christians and Heathens, 660.
 Chrysostom's Courage, 193.
 City Besieged, 1147.
 Civilisation Put to Shame, 1199.
 Civility, 110.
 Cleanliness, 1494.
 Cleansing from all Sin, 1200.
 Clemency, 144, 926.
 Clemency, Imperial, 572.
 Clergyman's Duty, 145.
 Clergymen, Dr. Johnson's Opinion of, 785.
 "Cling close to the Rock, Johnnie," 1377.
 Coachman, Cautious, 709.
 Coals of Fire, 333, 336, 338.
 Cocles, Horatius, 1131.
 Collins's One Book, 50.
 Colporteur, Poor, 704.
 Comfort, True Source of, 1463.
 Commandment, New, 605.
 Commandment, Third, 960.
 Commandments, Ten, 137.
 Companions, Fond, 344.
 Company, Vicious, 1219.
 Compass Lights, 1441.
 Compass, Sure, 1460.
 Composure in Danger, 281.
 Conceited Author, 1430.
 Condescension, 848.
 Conduct, Equitable, 427.
 Conduct, Upright, 551.
 Conduct, Wayward, 655.
 Confucius and his Grandfather, 750.
 Congregation, Dilatory, 1834.
 Conqueror, Pride of a, 943.
 Conscience, 138—142.
 Conscience a Guide, 139.
 Conscience Awakened, 138.
 Conscience, Guilty, 140.
 Conscience of a Brigand, 1201.
 Conscience, Prince's, 360.
 Conscience, Stings of, 1217.
 Conscience-stricken Son, 726.
 Conscientiousness of a Pagan, 274.
 Conscientious Sacrifice, 1133.
 Considerate King, 1445.
 Consideration for Others, 1330.
 Consideration for the Poor, 849.
 Consistency, 143—153.
 Consistency in Religion, 146.
 Consistency, Power of, 149.
 Consistency Rewarded, 1119.
 Conspirators put to Shame, 688.
 Constancy in God's Service, 1015.
 Constancy, Reward of, 406.
 Contented Spirit, 162.
 Contention and Warfare, 154—160.
 Contention, Religious, 156.
 Contentment, 161—166, 417, 742, 1178.
 Contest, Glorious, 1182.
 Contrast, Awful, 1194.
 Contrasts, 1245.
 Controversy, Absurd, 488.
 Conversion, 167—185, 529, 618, 825, 983, 999.
 Conversion, Train of, 1005.
 Convert, Zealous, 1565.
 Converted Pirate, 174.
 Converted Prizefighter, 123.
 Converted Soldier, 184.
 Converted Translators, 70.
 Converted Youth, 183.
 Converts, Loving, 1293.
 Conviction, Arrow of, 1350.
 Conviction at a Ball, 190.
 Conviction of Sin, 186—191.
 Conviction, Progress of, 59.
 Conviction, Unexpected, 1869.
 Coolness in Disputation, 19.
 Cornelia, Mother of the Gracchi's Jewels, 751.
 Corrupt Suitor, 566.
 Counsel, Sir Philip Sidney's, 136.
 Counsellors, Evil, 1552.
 Countess Reproved, 937.
 Courage, 192—203.
 Courage, Christian, 678, 1150.
 Courage, Chrysostom's, 193.
 Courage in Burning Ship, 192.
 Courage in Doing Right, 196.
 Cowards in View of Death, 194.
 Cranmer's Unworthy Hand, 679.
 Creation, God Revealed by, 376.
 Creator Proved, 368, 383.
 Criminal Prince, 567.
 Criminal Reprieved, 568.
 Cræsus's Pride, 938.
 Cross, Enduring the, 802.
 Crown of Glory, 134.
 Crown of Righteousness, 204.
 Crown, Wearing a, 365.
 Crowns, 125, 134, 204.
 Cruelty, 144.
 Cruelty Reproved, 1305.
 Crusade, Preaching the, 841.
 Cup of Cold Water, 75.
 Curiosity, 361.
 Curiosity, Vain, 747.
 Custom, Cruel, 482.
 DANGER, Boldness in Face of, 282.
 Danger, Composure in, 281.
 Dangers Everywhere, 205.

- Daughter, Affectionate, 317.
 Day of Account, 291.
 Days, after many, 1348.
 Dealing, Upright, 442.
 Death, 204—230.
 Death a Friend, 206, 687.
 Death and Cowards, 194.
 Death and its Terrors, 207.
 Death, Fear of, 215, 221, 450.
 Death, Happy, 1272.
 Death in Anger, 20.
 Death, In Face of, 909.
 Death, Life in, 217.
 Death of a Christian Soldier, 208.
 Death, Pause before, 355.
 Death, Preparation for, 223.
 Death, Readiness for, 224, 225.
 Death, Rescue from, 661.
 Death, Self-deception regarding, 227.
 Death, Snatched from, 1173.
 Death, Sudden, Averted,
 Death, Solemnity of, 228.1000.
 Death the Leveller, 209.
 Death, Unprepared for, 1175.
 Death without Mercy, 210.
 Death's Sting Banished, 680.
 Death-beds, 211, 222, 226, 230, 255,
 448, 536.
 Decay, Hidden, 1205.
 Decision, 231—234, 712.
 Decision, Wise, 480.
 Declension from Grace, 25.
 Deed, Generous, 665.
 Deep, Wonders in the, 1470—1475.
 Deist Converted, 1355.
 Delay Dangerous, 1332.
 Delay Fatal, 234.
 Deliverance, Wondrous, 1475.
 Delusions, 492, 506.
 Depths, Black, 1197.
 Desires, Foolish, 1181.
 Detraction, Living Down, 321.
 Detractors Silenced, 262.
 Device, Happy, 1502.
 Device of a Preacher, 919.
 Devotion, Brotherly, 1132.
 Devotion of a Negro, 1141.
 Devotion of a Wife, 465.
 Devotion, Soldierly, 1146.
 Dickinson the Peacemaker, 807.
 Difficulties, Little, 1453.
 Difficulties, Overcoming, 837.
 Diligence, 235—239.
 Diligence, Blind Reader's, 235.
 Diligence, Worldly, 366.
 Diligent Husbandry, 236.
 Disciple, Secret, 135.
 Discontent, 735.
 Discourse, Religious, 1311.
 Discovery of India, 831.
 Dishonest Servant, 528.
 Dishonesty, 153, 1085.
 Disinterestedness, 1086.
 Disobedience, 727, 728.
 Disputation, Coolness in, 19.
 Dispute Happily Ended, 1178.
 Dissolute Parent, 752.
 Divine Will, 1050.
 Divines, School for, 927.
 Do unto others as ye would they
 should do unto you, 103, 119.
 Do your Best, 1551.
 Doctrine, Ask of the, 1351.
 Doctrine, Everybody's, 894.
 Doctrine, Good, 699.
 Doctrine of the Resurrection, 1065.
 Doddridge, Dr., and his Mother, 763.
 Doing and Living, 120.
 Doubts and Fears, 240—245.
 Doubts Dispersed, 244.
 Dream, Lesson of a, 1161.
 Dreaming and Awake, 170.
 Dress, Coxcomb's, 619.
 Dress, Extremes of, 939.
 Dress, Lady's, 635.
 Dress, Modesty of, 640.
 Drink—First Step, 556, 716.
 Drink—Man and Beast, 557.
 Drowning Men Saved, 1152.
 Drunkard and his Wife, 891.
 Drunkard Reproved, 967.
 Drunkard Saved, 968.
 Drunkard's Child, 1538.
 Drunkard's Cloak, 721.
 Drunken Crew, 554.
 Drunken Mockery, 555.
 Drunkenness, Vice of, 724. *See also*
 "Intemperance."
 Drusus, Julius, and his House, 634.
 Duelling, 590, 1202.
 Duellist Answered, 620.
 Dues, 569.
 Duties, 129.
 Duties of Life, 548.
 Duty, 145, 195, 203.
 Duty and Friendship, 544.
 Dying in Sin, 26.
 Dying Prayer, 861.
 Dying Unprepared, 213.
 EARNESTNESS, 246—252.
 Earth's Splendours, 1090.
 Eccentricity, Curious, 617.
 Economy, Industry, Perseverance, 833.
 Eddystone Lighthouse and Engineer,
 834.
 Education, Barbarian, 490.
 Effort, Worthless, 1107.
 Elizabeth and the Spanish Armada,
 1447.
 Emblem of Sin, 1203.
 End, Man's Chief, 1511.
 Enemies, Cruel, 300.
 Enemies, How to Treat, 588.

- Enemies, Noble, 435.**
Enemy, Feeding an, 592.
Enemy, Last, 1414.
Enemy, Saving an, 1187.
Envy Punished, 1204.
Epaminondas, Self-denial of, 1189.
Epicure, Infatuated, 714.
Epitaph, John Evelyn's, 1452.
Equality Hereafter, 622.
Equality, Human, 1480.
Equanimity, 112.
Escape from Persecutors, 969.
Escape, Wonderful, 1167.
Eternity, 253—257.
Evil Counsellors, 1552.
Evil, Overcome, with Good, 331, 691.
Evil, Resist not, 688.
Evil, Returning Evil for, 325.
Evil Speaking and Slandering, 258—266.
Example, 267—277.
Example, Bird's, 1242.
Example, Lovely, 1258.
Example of Princes, 275.
Example, Setting an, 152, 397, 493, 623.
Examples of Self-denial, 1177.
Expediency, Wicked, 1221.
Exploit, Daring, 1151.
Eye, All-seeing, 367, 1116.
- FACTORY Girl's Work, 1301.**
Failings of Others, 76.
Faith, 278, 279.
Faith and Repentance, 1038.
Faith built upon a Rock, 278.
Faith, Child's, 283, 1223.
Faith, Cowper's, 243.
Faith Illustrated, 282.
Faith, Small Beginnings of, 289.
Faith, Walking by, 284.
Faithful unto Death, 663, 1247.
Faithful unto the End, 1553.
Faithfulness Unshaken, 307, 545.
Fall of Pride, 940.
Family, Loving, 312.
Family, Minister's, 765.
Fanaticism, Fruit of, 496.
Fare, Plain, 708.
Farmer, Exemplary, 1018.
Fashion, Lady of, 1432.
Fashionable Profanity, 951.
Father and Sons, 664.
Father, Bereaved, 1047.
Fault-finding, 530.
Fear, Superstitious, 221.
Fearless of Human Malice, 1477.
Fears and Doubts, 240—245.
Fellow-feeling, 606.
Ferocity Subdued, 268.
Fetishes, Pagan, 502.
Fidelity, 290—308.
Fidelity of a Governor, 295.
- Fidelity of a Peasant, 299.**
Fight, Good, 1222.
Fight, Refusing to, 685.
Fighting against Friends, 131.
Filial Affection, 309—317, 733.
Flattery's Reward, 900.
Food, Hoarding, 850.
Footsteps, Slipping, 1367.
Forbearance, 318—324.
Forbearance, Conqueror's, 318.
Forbearance, Instances of, 320.
Foreigner's Testimony, 1120.
Forgive One Another, 1306.
Forgiveness, 325—340, 815.
Forgiveness and Love, 689.
Forgiveness, Father's, 326.
Forgiveness, Kingly, 576.
Forgiveness, Power of, 334.
Forgiveness, Romish, 327.
Forgiving Spirit, 327, 815.
Fortitude and Resignation, 1053.
Fortune, Throwing up a, 1036.
Foundering of the *London*, 1471.
Franklin's, Benjamin, Industry, 510.
Fraud, Audacious, 1193.
Fraud Defeated, 570.
Freely ye have Received, Freely Give, 1554.
Friendship, 341—348.
Friendship and Duty, 544.
Friendship, Chinaman's, 392.
Friendship, Human, 1412.
Friendship, Youthful, 346.
Friends, Loving, 1140.
Friends, Ten Good, 1192.
Friends, Three, 1035.
Frivolity Rebuked, 3.
Frugality, Bishop's, 708.
Frugality, Cyrus's, 711.
Frugality of a Tradesman, 514.
Fruit after Many Days, 902.
Fruit, Blessed, 1269.
Fuller and his Flock, 904.
Fuller's Memory, 32.
Futility of Human Efforts, 1481.
- GALILEO and the Inquisition, 505.**
General Honoured, 1072.
General Rebuked, 21.
Generous Invalid, 1292.
Generous Patron, 593.
Generous Soldier, 594.
Generous Widow, 78.
Generous Youth, 455.
Generosity and Justice, 575.
Generosity of a Merchant, 33.
Generosity of an Emperor, 328, 851.
Generosity of an Indian, 345.
Generosity Rewarded, 396.
Generosity, Want of, 1102.
Genius in Low Estate, 625.
Gentleness, Power of, 692, 694.

- George III. and his Servants, 626.
 George III. and the Poor Man, 34.
 Gift, Disinterested, 29.
 Gift, Free, 1154.
 Gift from Heaven, 971.
 Gift, Most Precious, 55.
 Gift, Precious, 316.
 Gift, Unexpected, 1006.
 Gifts of the Poor, 35.
 Girl, Brave, 1131.
 Giver, Bountiful, 858.
 Giving, Blessedness of, 846.
 Giving, Cheerful, 697.
 Giving for Another, 30.
 Giving Freely, 31, 77, 115.
 Giving Quickly, 79.
 Giving up a Legacy, 36.
 Glory of Man, 349—366, 1087, 1090, 1091, 1098.
 Glory, Recognition in, 423.
 Glory to God, 104.
 "Go" and "Come," 237.
 God and His Attributes, 367—383.
 God before All, 466.
 God, Committing the Issue to, 805.
 God, Communion with, 1118.
 God, Ever-present, 817.
 God, Glory to, 104.
 God Governs, 1448.
 God, Honouring, 1504.
 God in the Heart, 864, 1449.
 God, Never Forget, 380.
 God, Not Forgotten by, 15.
 God, Peace of, 808.
 God Precise, 373.
 God, Reconciled to, 1516.
 God Revealed by Creation, 376.
 God the Creator, 368.
 God, the Christian's, 369.
 God's Business First, 143.
 God's Care, 387.
 God's Existence Proved, 374.
 God's Hand, 975.
 God's Judgments, 560, 571.
 God's Kingdom, 1498.
 God's Mercy and Justice, 579.
 God's Name, 953.
 God's Presence, 1307, 1317.
 God's Providence, 375, 972.
 God's Will be Done, 1316.
 God's Will, Resisting, 1056.
 God's Word a Comfort in Affliction, 14.
 God's Word Precious, 53.
 God's Word, Zeal for the Distribution of, 1564.
 Gold, Curse of, 1084.
 Gold in the Heart, 1088.
 Good, Delights of Doing, 414.
 Good, Doing, in Secret, 1017.
 Good for Evil, 124, 263, 335, 595, 1499.
 Good in all Things, 377.
 Good Name, 1500.
 Good Resolutions, 1501.
 Good, Trying to Do, 44.
 Goodness, Waldensian, 1300.
 Gospel, Deaf to the, 784.
 Gospel in the Heart, 126.
 Gospel Invitation, 1358.
 Gospel, Power of the, 1029.
 Gospel, Preaching the, 1333.
 Gospel, Spirit of the, 107.
 Grace, 384—388.
 Grace before Meat, 398.
 Grace, Declension from, 25.
 Grace, Divine, 246.
 Grace of God, 1156.
 Grace, Renewed by, 385.
 Graces, Christian, 109, 1216.
 Grain, Winnowing the, 798.
 Grass, Flower of, 353.
 Gratitude, 389—411.
 Gratitude, Courageous, 393.
 Gratitude, Sailor's, 407.
 Gratitude to God, 757.
 Gratitude, Tribute of, 410.
 Grave, No Device in the, 1092.
 Greatness, Human, 356.
 Greatness, Vicissitudes of, 654.
 Guest, Poor, 80.
 Guides, Blind, 48.
 Gustavus Adolphus's Prayerfulness, 865.
 Guyot and his Aqueduct, 38.
 HABIT, Power of, 1028.
 Haman as a Type of Selfishness, 1421.
 Happiness, 412—420.
 Happiness in Low Estate, 359.
 Happiness, Source of, 420.
 Happiness, True, 166, 525.
 Harvest from One Seed, 1251.
 Haughty Spirit Bent, 942.
 Heads, Uncovered, 653.
 Hearers, Careless, 783.
 Heart and Bible, 285.
 Heart, Bad, lets in the World, 1318.
 Heart, Good, 628.
 Heart, Renewed, 175.
 Heart, Speaking from the, 252.
 Heart, Stubborn, Melted, 160.
 Heart Talking, 1273.
 Hearts, Thankful, 777.
 Heathen Changed, 701.
 Heathen Obstinate, 703.
 Heathen Sacrifice, 1135.
 Heaven, Build in, 1252.
 Heaven, Buying, 351.
 Heaven, Fitness for, Needed, 421.
 Heaven, Joy in, 1255.
 Heaven, Steps to, 462.
 Heaven, Way to, 426.
 Heaven, Where is it? 1450.
 Helmsman, Strange, 998.

- Help, Divine, 1378.
 Helping, 277.
 Hephæstion and Alexander, 341.
 Hero at Play, 759.
 Heroes and Youth, 1503.
 Heroism and Humanity, 598, 1136, 1137.
 Heroism, Peasant's, 1170.
 Hewers of Wood, 456.
 Hiding-place, 1411.
 History of Heroes the History of Youth, 1503.
 Holiness, All, 470.
 Holy Spirit's Influence, 1321.
 Home, Going, 666.
 Honest Indians, 141, 434.
 Honest Peasant, 1320.
 Honest Widow, 433.
 Honesty, 427—445.
 Honesty in a Child, 430.
 Honesty in Little Things, 1431.
 Honesty the Best Policy, 1253.
 Honour, 126.
 Honouring God, 1504.
 Hope, 446—451.
 Hope, Blessed, 446.
 Hope, Christian's, 447.
 Hope, Good, 1019.
 Hospitable Recluse, 629.
 Hospitality of an Archbishop, 599.
 Hospitality of a Merchant, 600.
 Hospitality Rewarded, 601.
 Household, Godly, 1479.
 Human Efforts, Futility of, 1431.
 Humane Bishop, 1139.
 Humanity and Kindness, 587—612.
 Humanity of a King, 597.
 Humanity Rewarded, 399.
 Hume and Robertson, 1458.
 Hume, David, and the Little Girl, 527.
 Humility, 452—463, 1039.
 Humility, False, 941.
 Humility, General's, 354.
 Humility in the World, 454.
 Humility of Bacon, 452.
 Hungry Fed, 974.
 Huntingdon, Lady, and Beggars, 39.
 Husbandman, Careful, 734.
 Husband's Affection, 674.
 Husbands and Wives, 464—480.
 Hypocrisy and its Hopes, 739.
 Hypocrisy Everywhere, 1021.
 IDLENESS, 630, 1347.
 Idol Ridiculed, 486.
 Idol Worship Abused, 481.
 Idolater, Dying, 212.
 Idolatry, 481—487, 813, 842.
 Idolatry, Abjuring, 231.
 Idolatry Confuted, 1481.
 Idolatry, Two Kinds of, 487.
 Ignorance, 488—506.
 Ignorance and Learning, 1451.
 Ignorance, Effects of, 494.
 Illumination, Divine, 1016.
 Imitation, 631.
 Immortality of the Soul, 1236.
 Impatience, Regal, 804.
 Importunity, 573.
 Impostor Discovered, 561.
 Imprecation Answered, 954.
 Impressions, Early, 1495.
 Impressions, First, 1271.
 Incorruptible Senator, 547.
 India, Discovery of, 831.
 Indian, High-minded, 1158.
 Indolence, Cure for, 1331.
 Indolence, Slave to, 648.
 Industry, 507—525, 833.
 Infidel Converted, 1037.
 Infidel Father, 761, 1540.
 Infidel Saved, 866.
 Infidel's Confession, 102.
 Infidelity and Scepticism, 526—542.
 Infidelity, Seed of, 272.
 Infidelity Self-condemned, 531.
 Infidelity, Superficial, 540.
 Influence, Child's, 1537.
 Influence, Holy Spirit's, 1321.
 Influence, Sunday Scholar's, 775.
 Influence, Youthful, 781, 1534—1547.
 Influences, Unseen, 1218.
 Ingenuity Misapplied, 803.
 Ingratitude, Empress's, 395.
 Injuries, Forget, 338.
 Injustice Denounced, 197.
 Injustice Rebuked, 1206.
 Injustice Resisted, 198.
 Innocent Saved, 976.
 Inquiring Mind, 1505.
 Inquisition, The, and Galileo, 505.
 Instruction—make it pleasant, 1510.
 Instructor, Skilful, 1312.
 Integrity, 543—552.
 Intemperance, 553—557, 713, 716, 718, 724.
 Intercession, A Wife's, 340.
 Intrusive Visitor Admonished, 1346.
 Inventor of Ship's Timekeeper, 836.
 JEALOUSY of a King, 350.
 Jehovah-jireh, 977.
 Jest, Fearful, 1110.
 Jest, Vain, 1108—1115.
 Jesus the Saviour, 84—100.
 Jesuitry, 1254.
 "Jesus can save me," 1379.
 Jesus Christ is God, 1022.
 Jesus, Love of, 416.
 Jesus the Way, 1166.
 Jew Converted, 978.
 Jewish Parent and Child, 1159.
 Jews, Scattered, 372.

- John, St., and the Robber Captain, 28.**
Johnson, Dr., and his Mother, 762.
Johnson's, Dr., Truthfulness, 1400.
Journey, Hazardous, 468.
Journey, Wonderful, 845.
Judge, Corrupt, 1070.
Judge of all the Earth, 562.
Judgment, 558—565.
Judgment-day, 559.
Judgment-day, Remembrance of the, 253.
Judgment, Witty, 444.
Judgments, God's, 560, 571.
Jupiter, Shooting at, 1438.
Just Emperor, 574.
Justice and Mercy, 546, 566—586.
Justice, Mockery of, 577.
Justice, Retributive, 563.

KIND Action Blessed, 1506.
Kindness, Acts of, 587.
Kindness and Humanity, 587—61.
Kindness and Tact, 789.
Kindness, Indian's, 667.
Kindness, Little One's, 670.
Kindness, Power of, 1309.
Kindness Reciprocal, 405.
Kindness Recompensed, 403.
Kindness Remembered, 401.
Kindness Requited, 979.
King and Artisan, 1121.
King of Kings, 910.
King, Preaching to a, 923.
Kingdom of God, 1498.
Kiss for a Blow, 1541.
Knights of Old and their Squires, 402.
Knowledge and Love, 669.
Knowledge of God, 378.
Knowledge, Striving after, 521.

LAMP, Wayfarers', 784.
Lamps, Trimmed, 746.
"Lead, but do not Drive," 1507.
Learning and Ignorance, 1451.
Learning, Little, 1454.
Learning to read, 1508.
Learning, Too Much, 923.
Learning, Vanity of, 947.
Legacy, Timely, 1004.
Liberality Rewarded, 980.
Liberty, Love of, 499.
Lie, Acting a, 1391.
Life, 613—657.
Life, Casting Away, 1328.
Life, Christian, 127—137.
Life, Dream of, 736,
Life Eternal, 682.
Life for Another, 1162.
Life, Golden Rule for, 132.
Life, Holy, 269.
Life Lost for Appearance' Sake, 1433.
Life or Death? 1054.
Life, Three Rules for, 652.
Life, Uncertainty of, 613.
Life, Well-spent, 45.
Life Worship, 1482.
Life, Worthy, 657.
Life, Zealous, 239.
Light before Men, 1207.
Light, Fountain of, 1410.
Light out of Darkness, 867.
Lights True and False, 740.
Living and Doing, 120.
Living and Dying, 218.
Living Honestly, 443.
Living on Providence, 981.
Living to God, 637, 1456.
Living with God, 219.
Locke and the Three Noblemen, 6.
London, Foundering of the, 1174.
Look Upwards, 1163.
Looking at the Clock, 7.
Lord Gave, Lord Taketh Away, 1055, 1225.
Lord, Save Me, 870.
Lord, Seek the, Early, 1519.
Lord's Chastening, 1226.
Lord's Prayer, 869.
Lord's Table, 1023.
Lost and Found, 1164.
Lost by an Inch, 1338.
Lost or Saved? 1073.
Love, 658—677.
Love, Brotherly, 579.
Love, Child's Idea of, 658.
Love, Contest of, 310.
Love, Motherly, 766.
Love of God in the Heart, 1024, 1026.
Love One Another, 671.
Love, One Way to Win, 673.
Love, Widow's, 1487.
Loyalty, Disinterested, 394.
Loyalty of a Fisherman, 301.
Luther's Bereavement, 1227.
Luther's Joachim, 40.
Luther's Unselfishness, 41.
Luxury, Growth of, 1183.
Lying Accounted for, 1208.
Lying. See "Untruthfulness."

MAGNANIMITY of a Conqueror, 332.
Making a Man Glad, 42.
Malice Refuted, 121.
Malice Vindictive, 829.
Man at his Best Estate, 1434.
Man, Glory of, 349—366, 1087, 1090, 1091, 1098.
Man's Chief End, 1511.
Man's Work for Man's Day, 1122.
Manners, Good, 118.
Mansion, Heavenly, 1089.
Martyr's Fearlessness, 199.
Martyrs, 678—687.

- Martyrs, Army of, 684.
 Master and Servant, 672.
 Master, Feeling, 1291.
 Masters, Serving Two, 1033.
 Materialist's Loss, 1237.
 Mediation, Christ's, 1407.
 Mediator, One, 94, 1407.
 Mediæval Churchmen, 497.
 Mediæval Ignorance, 498.
Méduse, Raft of the, 1472.
 Meekness, 114, 688—694.
 Memory, Fuller's, 32.
 Memory, Porson's, 639.
 Memory Restored, 982.
 Memory, Value of Cultivation of, 1527.
 Mercy and Justice, 546, 566—586.
 Mercy to Animals, 603.
 Mercies Remembered, 403.
 Mercies, Thankful for Small, 409.
 Mercifulness of God, 379.
 Merit or Birth? 469.
 Metaphor Well Used, 604.
 Metempsychosis, 499.
 Methods, the Three, 1461.
 Mind, Inquiring, 1505.
 Mind, Secret of a Quiet, 165.
 Minister and Hearer, 790.
 Minister, Faithful, 786.
 Minister, Honest, 788.
 Minister, Poor, 988.
 Minister's Devotion, 250.
 Minute, Value of a, 1344.
 Miracle, Fed as by, 970.
 Miracles, Constant, 370.
 Miser, Strange, 649.
 Misfortune, Dignity in, 352.
 Mission Sabbath Scholar, 1274.
 Missionaries, Earnest, 248.
 Missionary, Gentle, 483.
 Missions and Missionaries, 695—707, 1228.
 Missions, Giving to, 702.
 Moderation and Temperance, 708—724.
 Modesty of a Hero, 458.
 Moffat and the African Chief, 1066.
 Money-boxes, Three, 1100.
 Monument, Living, 1361.
 Morrison, Dr., and the Little Child, 1476.
 Mother and Child, 273, 500.
 Mother of a Sailor, 189.
 Mother's Memory, 313.
 Mouth of a Babe, 1512.
 Murderer Convicted, 1210.
 Murderer's Conversion, 983.
 Murderer's End, 984.
 Murmuring, 985.
 Music, Love of, 638.
 NAIL Fastened by Master of Assemblies, 911.
 Name, Good, 1500.
 Negligence Reproved, 1275.
 Negro Reasoning, 56.
 Neighbour, Loving One's, 81.
 Nervous Preacher, 912.
 Nests, Human, 1413.
 New Testament and the Infidel, 173.
 New Testament Copied, 57.
 Night, Dreadful, 1470.
 Noble-mindedness in a Boy, 330.
 Noble-mindedness in a Son, 1142.
 Not His Own, 1456.
 Notions, New, 913.
 Nunnia's Trust, 1880.
 OBEDIENCE, 725—738, 853.
 Obedient Child, 1513.
 Obligation Cancelled, 348.
 Obligations Forgotten, 1478.
 Offered, Ready to be, 1310.
 Omniscience of God, 371.
 One Thing Needful, 1026.
 Opportunity and Satan, 386.
 Oppression of the Poor, 852.
 Orphans' Friend, 1295.
 Outcast Saved, 1276.
 PAGAN, Pious, 1484.
 Panoply, God's, 738.
 Parable, Application of a, 1441.
 Parables and Similitudes, 734—748.
 Parental Honour, 677.
 Parental Neglect, 758.
 Parents and Children, 749—781, 1047.
 Parents Bereaved of Children, 1514.
 Passage through the Waters, 986, 1374, 1381.
 Passion Restrained, 358, 717.
 Pastor, Graceless, 906.
 Pastor, Untiring, 797.
 Pastoral Perseverance, 1555.
 Pastors and Flocks, 782—798.
 Paths, Crooked, 148.
 Patience, 799—805, 1323.
 Patience, Christian, 676.
 Patient Suffering, 16.
 Patriot Bribed, 543.
 Patriotic Zeal, 1556.
 Patriot's Duty, 297.
 Patriot's Exhortation, 1094.
 Patriotism, 298.
 Patriotism of an Artist, 296.
 Paul's Mantle, 533.
 Paul, Who is? 934.
 Peace, 1168.
 Peace and Peacemakers, 806—812, 1535.
 Peace in Christ, 95.
 Peacemakers, Blessed are the, 1535.
 Peacemaking, 159.
 Pearl of Great Price, 96, 1169.
 Peasant's Industry, 516.
 Perfection out of Trifles, 517.

- Perfidiousness Punished, 1211.
 Perplexity of a Preacher, 916.
 Persecution, 813—829, 1230.
 Persecutors Foiled, 987.
 Persecutors Smitten, 179.
 Perseverance, 112, 518, 830—845.
 Perseverance, Pastoral, 1555.
 Perseverance, Youthful, 1532.
 Persevering Prayer, 872, 876.
 Persuasion, Goodly, 1539.
 Perversity Punished, 1076.
 Peter the Great and the Clergyman, 791.
 Peter the Hermit and the Crusade, 841.
 Petition, Ingenious, 638.
 Petrarch's Truthfulness, 1396.
 Philanthropist, True, 602.
 Philosopher Shamed, 1543.
 Philosophy and Religion, 1027.
 Philosophy, Vain, 542.
 Piece of Paper, 1362.
 Piety and Obedience, 853.
 Piety, Hooker's Filial, 760.
 Piety, Influence of, 271.
 Piety Rewarded, 1123.
 Pilate's Question Answered, 1398.
 Pit, Recovery from the, 1172.
 Pleasure, Love of, Reproved, 358.
 Pleasure-seekers, 1124.
 Pleasure-seekers' Sabbath, 1125.
 Poet's Struggles, 840.
 Poet's Zeal, 1557.
 Politeness, 642.
 Polycarp's Boldness, 681.
 Polynesian View of the Resurrection, 1067.
 Pomp, Vain, 364.
 Poor, 846—854.
 Poor, Gifts of the, 35.
 Poor Man's Trust, 1382.
 Poor Rich Man, 1095.
 Poor yet Rich, 106.
 Port, Missed the, 1415.
 Posterity, Caring for, 391.
 Poverty, Blessings of, 964.
 Poverty, Fighting against, 513.
 Power of the Word, 1558.
 Power of United Prayer, 873.
 Pray, Unable to, 780.
 Prayer, 855—882, 1461.
 Prayer and its Effect, 1417.
 Prayer Answered, 288, 856, 874, 881, 990.
 Prayer, Brother's, 168.
 Prayer, Earnest, 862.
 Prayer, Effortless, 863.
 Prayer, Family, 171.
 Prayer, Little One's, 1542.
 Prayers, Good Man's, 1249.
 Prayerful Child, 1544.
 Prayerfulness of Gustavus Adolphus, 865.
 Prayers, Long and Short, 868.
 Prayers, Mother's, 767.
 Prayers, Unbought, 306.
 Praying before Strangers, 875.
 Praying Machines, 485.
 Praying Mother, 771.
 Preacher, Afflicted, 885.
 Preacher, Blind, 888.
 Preacher, Earnest, 249.
 Preacher, Little, 1224.
 Preacher, Persecuted, 1816.
 Preacher, Zealous, 1566.
 Preacher's Requirements, 793.
 Preachers and Sermons, 883—935.
 Preachers, Casuistical, 1398.
 Preaching and Practising, 1143.
 Preaching and Praying, 877.
 Preaching, Extemporaneous, 895, 896.
 Preaching, Faithful, 897.
 Preaching, Fearless, 292.
 Preaching, Open-air, 915.
 Preaching, Prolix, 924.
 Precocity, Youthful, 1533.
 Preferring One Another, 1277.
 Prescription, Forgotten, 737.
 Prescription, Good, 37.
 Present, Well-timed, 1009.
 Pride, 936—948.
 Pride of Croesus, 938.
 Pride Rebuked, 944.
 Pride, True, 946.
 Priest and Bible, 58.
 Prince of Peace, 810.
 Prisoner's Solace, 474.
 Privileges of the Sunday-school, 1278.
 Probity Rewarded, 436.
 Procrastination, 1389.
 Prodigal Reproached, 772, 1259.
 Profane Prelate, 820.
 Profanity, 949—961.
 Profession and Practice, 150, 151, 1030.
 Profligate Son, 186.
 Promises, God's, 560.
 Prophecy and Scoffer, 1112.
 Prophecy, Infidel and, 172.
 Prophecy, Testimony of, 68.
 Protecting Cloud, 1383.
 Protection, Best, 1268.
 Proud Resisted, 945.
 Providence, 962—1009.
 Providentially Fed, 821.
 Prudence and Zeal, 1559.
 Public Spirit, 1144.
 Punctuality, 1340.
 Punishment for Sin, 1214.
 Pupil, Beloved, 1046.
 Pupil, Wise, 1529.
 QUAKER'S Home, 811.
 Quaker's Principles, 812.
 Questions, Three, 1523.

- RAFT of the *Méduse*, 1472.**
Rage Subdued, 22.
Raikes and Queen Charlotte, 1279.
Railer Forgiven, 805.
Ransom, Life, 92.
Read, Learning to, 1508
Reading, Advantages of, 507.
Reason, Appeal to, 1349.
Rebels Disarmed, 989.
Rebuke, Child's, 859, 1013, 1534.
Rebuke, Christian, 1198.
Rebuke, Power of a Gentle, 1213.
Rebuke, Severe, 1437.
Rebukes, Happy, 4, 1111, 1185.
Recantation Regretted, 822.
Recognition, Joyful, 668.
Reconciliation, Happy, 467.
Reconciliation, Means of, 871.
Reconciliation, Token of, 1524.
Record of Sin, 1419.
Redeemer, Trust in, 88.
Redemption, 1157.
Refining, 1420.
Reformed Family, 276.
Regeneration, 122.
Rejoicing in Bonds, 419.
Relapse, Awful, 1241.
Reliance upon God, 1384.
Religion, 1010—1036.
Religion before Luther, 1031.
Religion Carried too Far, 169.
Religion, Christian, Lord Lyttelton on, 105.
Religion, Consistency in, 145.
Religion, Pure and Undeiled, 1457.
Religion, What it can do, 538.
Remorse at Death, 1342.
Remorse, Bitter, 695.
Repentance, 1037—1045.
Repentance, Spelling, 1043.
Repentance, Tower of, 1045.
Repetition, Advantage of, 799.
Repining, Sinful, 1057.
Report, Common, 1108.
Reproof and Admonition, 1—11, 1063, 1075.
Reproof, Fearless, 2.
Reproof, Kingly, 955.
Reproof, Severe, 1034.
Reproof, Spurning, 1343.
Reproof, Timely, 1063, 1115.
Resignation, 1046—1064, 1310.
Resignation to God's Will, 878, 1050, 1062.
Resolutions, Good, 1501.
Resolve, Good, 729.
Respect for Children, 1517.
Restitution, 437, 1042, 1324.
Restoration, Singular, 439.
Result, Unlooked-for, 1299.
Results After Many Days, 1303, 1348.
Resurrection, 1065—1068.
Results, Great, from Small Beginnings, 973, 1216, 1409.
Retort, Pointed, 956.
Reward of a Preacher, 920.
Rewards and Punishments, 1069—1080.
Riches and Power, 1081—1107.
Riches, Spiritual, 1060.
Riches, True, 1101.
Rich Man's Need, 1097.
Rich yet Poor, 1095, 1326.
Ridicule and Vain Jestng, 1108—1115.
Ridicule, Ill-timed, 187.
Ridicule of a Preacher, 188.
Ridicule Overcome, 1113.
Righteous Self and Unrighteous Self, 1186.
Righteousness, Crown of, 204.
Risers, Early, 1335.
Robbers, Disconcerted, 991.
Robertson and Hume, 1458.
Root, Going to the, 787.
Ruin, First Steps to, 1394.
SABBATH-BREAKING, 1126, 1127.
Sabbath-keeping, 1128.
Sabbath Observance, 1116—1130.
Sacrifice, 1131—1146.
Sacrifice, Voluntary, 303.
Sacrifices, Noble, 315.
Safe with God, 1385.
Safety, Secret of, 1386.
Safety, True, 1387.
Sagacity, 1078.
Sailor and Tract, 1363.
Sailors, Best, 101.
Saint Worship, 1032.
Salvation, 1147—1175.
Salvation, Laying Hold On, 1160.
Salvation, Luther upon, 329.
Salvation, Precious, 418.
Salvation to the Uttermost, 97.
Samaritan, Good, 122.
Sanctification, 122.
Satan and Opportunity, 386.
Savages Subdued, 607.
Savages, Taught by, 733.
Saved by a Dog, 992.
Saved by a Tiger, 993.
"Saviour" in Esquimaux, 98.
Saviour, Loving the, 1509.
Saviour, the, 84—100.
Saviour, to know that Christ is, 84.
Saying and Doing, 43, 523, 706.
Sceptic and Bible, 535.
Sceptic Converted, 167.
Sceptic's Confession, 61, 1079.
Scepticism and Infidelity, 526—542.
Scepticism in Face of Death, 536.
Scholar, Zealous, 1567.
Scholar's Infatuation, 644.
Scholars, Dull, 801.
Scholars, Indian, 1308.

- Scoffer and Whitefield, 191.
 Scoffer Silenced, 537.
 Scoffer Smitten, 176.
 Scoffing Youths, 177.
 Scolding Children, 1518.
 Scorned Scorned, 1114.
 Scripture, Reading of, 67, 1280.
 Scripture Scraps, 63.
 Scripture, Stray Verses of, 66.
 Scriptures Forbidden, 823.
 Scriptures, Ignorance about, 501.
 Scriptures, Searching the, 1260.
 Scriptures, the Holy, 46—73.
 Scriptures, What Saith the? 1528.
 Seaman's Bravery, 1473.
 Seamen, Address to, 1370.
 Seed by the Wayside, 1261, 1364.
 Seed that Fell on Good Ground, 1365.
 Seeking in Darkness, 64.
 Self, 1176—1192.
 Self Lost, 1190.
 Self, Righteous, and Unrighteous Self, 1186.
 Self-control, 715, 719.
 Self-convicted Criminal, 564.
 Self-delusion, 1188.
 Self-denial, 730, 795, 1189.
 Self-destruction Prevented, 995.
 Self-ignoring, 457.
 Self-importance, Absurd, 936.
 Self-reliance Illustrated, 645.
 Self-restraint, 720.
 Self-sacrifice, 408.
 Selfishness, Haman's, 1421.
 Selfish Prayer, 879.
 Sensibility, Painter's, 641.
 Sentinel, Faithful, 302.
 Sentinel, Trusty, 1389.
 Sermon, Best, 886.
 Sermon, Bishop's Last, 887.
 Sermon, Farewell, 898.
 Sermon for Cardinals, 928.
 Sermon, Forgotten, 901.
 Sermon, Fruitful, 903.
 Sermon, Silent, 929.
 Sermon, Telling, 1044.
 Sermons and Preachers, 883—935.
 Sermons, Composition of, 889, 905.
 Sermons, Fine, 899.
 Sermons, Missionary's Three, 700.
 Senator, Incorruptible, 632.
 Servant, Faithful, 545, 1134.
 Servant, Ungrateful, 581.
 Servants, 647, 731, 847.
 Servants, Rebellious, 743.
 Servants Reproved, 1129.
 Service, Faithful, 1051.
 Service, Ill-paid, 1184.
 Service, Interrupted, 1485.
 Sheaves, Neglected, 1416.
 Shepherd Artist, 1520.
 Shepherd, Voice of, 584.
 Shield, Luther's, 287.
 Ship's Time-keeper, Inventor of, 836.
 Shipwreck, Saved from, 994, 1145, 1426.
 Shipwrecked Soul, 1238.
 Sidney, Sir Philip, and Soldier, 1191.
 Sidney, Sir Philip's, Counsel, 136.
 Silence, 1459.
 Silence, Virtue of, 723.
 Similitudes and Parables, 734—748.
 Simony, 142.
 Simplicity, 133.
 Simplicity, Advantages of, 883.
 Simplicity of Life, 614.
 Sin, 1193—1221.
 Sin Confessed, 460.
 Sin, Dying in, 26.
 Sin, Emblem of, 1203.
 Sin Found Out, 565, 1215.
 Sin, Old in, 1040.
 Sin, Record of, 1419.
 Sin, Sense of, 1366.
 Sinner's Sole Dependence, 744.
 Sinners, Christ came to Save, 87, 91.
 Sins, Little, 1208, 1256.
 Slander Rebuked, 266.
 Slandering, 258—266.
 Slave Trade, Wilberforce and the, 611.
 Slave's Sermon, 930.
 Sleep, Last, 216.
 Soldier's Obedience, 732.
 Soldier without Fear, 1422.
 Soldiers, Faithful, 293.
 Soldiers, Wounded, 612.
 Solicitude, Maternal, 764.
 Son, Good, 835.
 Sons, Faithful, 662.
 Sorrow and Suffering, 1222—1233.
 Sorrow, Sinful, 1058.
 Sorrow, Soldier's, 958.
 Soul, 1234—1239.
 Soul and Paganism, 532.
 Soul, Cardinal Richelieu upon the, 256.
 Soul, Despair about the, 245.
 Soul, Divine Message to the, 384.
 Soul, Nobility of, 471.
 Soul, What is it? 1239.
 Sowing and Reaping, 1240—1267.
 Speaking Ill, 4, 258—266.
 Speaking, Plain, 792.
 Speech, Plain, 917.
 Spelling-book, Strange, 1313.
 Spirit, Independent, 270.
 Spirit, Meek and Quiet, 690.
 Spirit, Ministering, 1294.
 Spirit, Noble, 1074.
 Spiritual Joy and Comfort, 412.
 Spiritual Light, 65.
 "Spud" and Weeds, 1423.
 "Steer straight to me, Father," 1424.
 Step, Beware of First, 1195.
 Steps of a Good Man Ordered, 997.

- Stewardship, 1099.
 Stewards in the East, 745.
 Stolen Book, 181.
 Stolen Penny, 440.
 Stones, Living, 741.
 Stow's Industry, 520.
 Strangers, Sheltering, 608.
 Strength or Weakness, 1231.
 Strength, Source of, 1059.
 Struggles, Early, 832.
 Stubborn Boy, 1521.
 Student, Young, 1469.
 Study, Profitable, 1418.
 Study under Difficulties, 475, 512.
 Style in Sermons, 931.
 Suffering for Christ, 686.
 Suffering, Patient, 16.
 Sufferings, Terrible, 1474.
 Suicide Arrested, 1001.
 Snitor, Pertinacious, 839.
 Sunday Scholar's Belief, 1314.
 Sunday Scholar's Career, 1282.
 Sunday Scholar's Gift, 1283.
 Sunday-school Attendance, 1284.
 Sunday-school Ticket, 1285.
 Sunday-schools, 1268—1288.
 Sun Going Down on Anger, 23.
 Superstition, Madness of, 1022.
 Superstition, Power of, 770.
 Superstitious Heathen, 503.
 Supplication, Child's, 860.
 Swearing, Christopher Wren's Action against, 950.
 Swearing, Folly of, 952.
 Swearing, Futile, 1395.
 Swearing Soldiers, 182, 201, 959.
 Sword and Arm, 1560.
 Symbol of the Resurrection, 1068.
 Symbols and Types, 1404—1429.
 Sympathy, 1289—1302.
 Sympathy and Duty, 596.
 Sympathy Remembered, 1296.
 Sympathy, Results of, 1297.
 Sympathy Rewarded, 1298.

 TABLE in the Wilderness, 1002.
 Tact and Kindness, 789.
 Tact, Courtly, 362.
 Talent and Vices, 650.
 Talent, Early, 1496.
 Talking and Doing, 523.
 Tangles, 1425.
 Taste, 651.
 Teacher, Confession of a, 1304.
 Teacher Taught, 1315.
 Teachers and Scholars, 1303—1317.
 Teaching, Sanctified, 1281.
 Temper, Evenness of, 113, 722.
 Temper, Evil, Banished, 415.
 Temptation, 1318—1324.
 Temptation Resisted, 300, 441.
 Text, Pointed, 1212.
 Thankfulness, Poor Man's, 404.
 Thanksgiving, 1052.
 Theme, Loving, 700.
 Thief, Detected, 966.
 Things Not Seen, 423.
 Things of Cæsar's, 1546.
 Thoughtfulness, Conjugal, 464.
 Thoughtfulness Taught by a Bird, 1003.
 Three R's, Preacher's, 921.
 Time, 1325—1347.
 Time, Behind, 1327.
 Time, Improving the, 1336.
 Time Lost, 220.
 Time Present Precious, 1077.
 Time, Redemption of, 1341.
 Time-serving, 304.
 Tolerant King, 827.
 Tongue, Good and Evil Member, 627.
 Tower of Repentance, 1045.
 Town Clerk of Ephesus, 1462.
 Tract, What a, did, 1263.
 Tracts and Tract Distribution, 1348—1372.
 Trade or Man? 8.
 Trade Tricks, 153.
 Tradesman and Prince, 1130.
 Traveller, Patient, 838.
 Treasure, Laying Up Earthly, 1257.
 Tree Planted, 1427.
 Trial, Patient under, 1323.
 Trial, School of, 17.
 Trial, Support in, 1232.
 Trial, Terrible, 1061.
 Trials, Missionary, 1228.
 Trials of a Traveller, 843.
 Trifles, Perfection out of, 517.
 Trinity, Symbol of the, 381.
 Trouble and Prayer, 880.
 Troubles, Train of, 18.
 Truant's Career, 1525.
 Trust, 1373—1390.
 Trust, Boy's, 1375.
 Trust, Ground of, 1020.
 Trust in God, 1388.
 Truth, 71.
 Truth, Boldness in Declaring the, 1392.
 Truth, Receiving, 1399.
 Truth the best Policy, 305.
 Truth, Witty, 1531.
 Truthful Scholar, 1287.
 Truthfulness, 71, 1391—1403.
 Truthfulness with Children, 779.
 Tyndale's Tract, 1368.
 Types and Symbols, 1404—1429.
 Tyre, 1083.

 "UNBELIEF, Help Thou mine," 286.
 Unbelief, Stubbornness of, 539.
 Unbeliever Rebuked, 1486.
 Understanding by the Grace of God 1464.

- Ungrateful King, 411.
 Unity, Dwelling in, 753.
 Unity, Love of, 322.
 Unrenewed Man, 1429.
 Unseen, yet Loved, 1526.
 Unselfishness, 550.
 Untruthfulness. *See* Truthfulness.
 Untruthfulness in Business, 1401.
 Untruthfulness, Watching against, 1403.
 Upright Emperor, 582.
 Upright Judge, 588.
 Uprightness and Humanity, 552.

 VAIN Wisdom, 1465.
 Vanity, 1430—1440.
 Vanity Fair, 828.
 Vanity of a Poet, 1435.
 Vanity of Earthly Desires, 1439.
 Vengeance Averted, 339.
 Vengeance, Refraining from, 643.
 Vengeance Restrained, 324.
 Vice, Hardened in, 1250.
 Vine and Branches, 100.
 Violence and Gentleness, 694.
 Virtue at the Scaffold, 1064.
 Virtue, False, 428.
 Virtue, Intrepid, 818.
 Virtue, Philosopher's, 1397.
 Visit, a Long, 347.
 Visit Unexpected, 1007.
 Vow in Prayer, 882.
 Vows, 1428.
 Vows, Sick-bed, 1041.

 WAGES, Bitter, 1196.
 Wall of Snow, 1008.
 War, Horrors of, 154.
 War, Prince Eugene on, 156.
 War, Results of, 155.
 Warfare and Contention, 154—160.
 Warning, Awful, 553.
 Warning, Words of, 1262.
 Warnings Not to be Despised, 1466.
 Warnings, Two, 1562.
 Washington's Hatchet, 1402.
 Watchfulness, Necessity for, 1322.
 Water, Sweet, 1286.
 Waters, Passing through the, 986, 1374, 1381.
 Way to Bliss, 10.
 Weakness, Royal, 1436.
 Wealth, Insignificance of, 461.
 Wealth, Passion for, 1093.
 Wealth, Unexpected, 1105.
 Wealth, Useless, 1103, 1104.
 Weeds and "Spud," 1423.
 Well-doing and Benevolence, 29—45, 591, 854.
 Wesley and the School Maid, 83.
 Wesley, John, and the Officer, 5.
 Wesley, Samuel and John, 774.
 Wesley, Samuel, and the Officer, 957.
 Whitefield and the Lawyers, 925.
 Whitefield's Humility, 948.
 Wicked, Tender Mercies of the, 826.
 Wicked, Terrors of the, 1080.
 Widow's Gift, 1390.
 Widow's Lamp, 610.
 Widow's Love, 1487.
 Widow's Sacrifice, 707.
 Wife, Exemplary, 472.
 Wife, True, 476.
 Wife, Winning a, 479.
 Wisely Resolution, 478.
 Wilberforce and the Slave Trade, 611.
 Will, Rebellious, 776.
 Will, Resignation to God's, 878, 1050, 1062.
 Wings, Two, 477.
 Wisdom, 1441—1469.
 Wise Choice, 1467.
 Wise Rules, 586.
 Wise, Truly, 463.
 Wish, a Beautiful, 470.
 Witnessing for Christ, 1233, 1371.
 Witnessing in a Child, 1530.
 Wives and Husbands, 464—480.
 Wives, Praying, 473.
 Wolsey's Rise, 509.
 Woman, Exemplary, 267.
 Woman's Sympathy, 1302.
 Wonders in the Deep, 1470—1475.
 Woodward, Dr., and the Actor, 1109.
 Word, Cleansing, 1408.
 Word, Doers of the, 111.
 Word, Entrance of the, 1246.
 Word Fitly Spoken, 935, 1468.
 Word in Season, 656, 961.
 Word Not in Vain, 185, 1288.
 Word of God, Zeal for the Distribution of, 1564.
 Word of Peace, Preaching, 809.
 Word, Power of the, 1558.
 Word, Searching, 794.
 Word *versus* Bond, 445.
 Words, Blessed, 1536.
 Words, Hard, 907.
 Words, Soft, 609.
 Work, 1265.
 Work, Encouragement to, 1357.
 Work for All, 451.
 Work for the Lord, 1266, 1301, 1346.
 Work, Motive of, 1455.
 Work of God, Noblest, 768.
 Work, Perseverance in, 518.
 Work *versus* Idleness, 1347.
 Worker, Earnest, 1446.
 Works, Good, 1155.
 World and the Soul, 1106.
 World, Bad Heart lets in the, 1318.
 World, End of the, 495.
 World Hereafter, 257.
 World or Christ? 128.

World, Separate from the, 200.
 Worldling's End, 214.
 Worldly Man's Confession, 1440.
 Worship, 130, 1476—1487.
 Worship, Life of, 1482.
 Worship of Pictures, 484.
 Worship, Orderly, 1483.
 Worth, Neglected, 515.
 Wrath Turned Away, 1267.
 Wreck of the *London*, 1174.
 Wreckers and the Child, 1547.
 Wyat, Sir Henry, and the Cat, 996.
 XIMENES, Cardinal, 411.

YEARS, After Many, 1240.
 Young, 1488—1533.
 Youth, Example for, 623.
 Youth, the History of, the History of
 Heroes, 1503.
 Youthful Influence, 1534—1547.
 ZEAL, 1548—1567.
 Zeal Evoked, 1563.
 Zeal of a Convert, 1372.
 Zeal, too much, 1561.
 Zealous Convert, 1565.
 Zealous Preacher, 1566.
 Zealous Scholar, 1567.

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