

Before she was eighteen, Elmira was married to one of the idle, gay frequenters of her parties, whose only attractions were a fashionable dress and deportment, and a considerable estate derived by inheritance. Before she was twenty, that estate was nearly squandered by dissipation and gambling, her young husband sought for gratification in any place rather than home, his affections were entirely alienated from her, and wandered after others, and she now became serious enough. But it was not the seriousness of piety. She was a pining, heart-broken girl.

In an hour of compunction and bitter sorrow she sent for her former pastor. He found her sick. Her mother and a servant were with her. The companions of her gaiety were not those who minister in sick chambers, and soothe the hours of solitude and pain with their sympathies and kindness. They lived to amuse themselves, and there is no amusement in visiting the sick. Death had pressed his cold hand upon her brow, and the pastor saw with inexpressible grief that she was surely marked for an early grave. He conversed with her earnestly, desiring to lead her back to the Saviour from whom she had so wiffully departed. He spoke of the infinite compassion and love of Jesus, and Elmira wept, bitterly wept. "Ah!" said she, "I have wiffully wandered from him and deliberately chosen the world as my portion and its pleasures as my joy. Is there any hope for me?" "Do you ever pray?" "Pray! I cannot pray; I have not even attempted the form of prayer for a long, long time." After a long interview, the pastor bowed by her bedside in fervent supplication, and departed. He visited her again and again. But no hope dawned upon her soul. No peace soothed her disturbed spirit. He was at her bed-side at the last hour of life and witnessed the closing struggle. After praying for her, while the choking tears scalded the hearts of the remorseful mother and father, the pastor bowed over her, and trembling, inquired, "Can you not trust your soul in Jesus' hands?" "Have you not hope in his mercy?" She sadly shook her head, and with a despairing gesture pushed him from her, closed her eyes, and after a few quick, hard breathings, her soul was in eternity.

The heart-broken mother in a few months returned in penitence to the church from which she had so guiltily wandered, but for years she never sat at the table of the Lord without weeping bitterly as she thought of the daughter who had once in youthful beauty sat beside her in that holy place.

BUONAPARTE'S WOUNDS.

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds—one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign in Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded it was always kept a secret in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmuchi. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sidney Smith, fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized and closely embraced me, one in front, and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting: one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied that as soon as they sent him back the leg that he lost at Moscow he would surrender the fortress." "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in imminent danger. At Areola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuran, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which

was destined for me. He fell at my feet, the blood spurted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, 'Vive l'Empereur!'"—From "A Voice from St. Helena."

The great Captain of our salvation has soldiers under him, but he seldom witnesses such devotion as this. His followers often see him in danger, and hesitate to sacrifice themselves for his safety. When he was at their head in person, and his enemies laid violent hands on him, and led him away to judgment and to death, they all forsook him and fled."

As it was with his primitive disciples, so has it been with many who have since enlisted under the banners of the cross. In the sunshine of peace and prosperity they are loud in their professions of attachment, and each one is ready to say with Peter, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee." But when the storms of persecution come, when the hour of trial has arrived, their courage proves as faint as his whose boast they imitate. And cowardice or desertion would be almost excusable if there were nothing worse. But not content with denying Christ and not saying that they know not the man, they turn upon him and deeply wound his cause and Him. When he is asked, "What are these wounds in thy hands," he is compelled to answer "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." The soldiers of the Corsican hero would throw themselves between their general and death. They would receive the fatal blow themselves that was about to fall on him. But how few of Christ's followers peril life for him who counted not his own life dear when their salvation was in danger. Christ delivered his people by their own suffering. He died in their stead. "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

And if he has set us such an example of heroic suffering for others, what treachery to him do not those discover who follow him afar off, or desert him altogether, or turn upon him and wound him when he asks their sympathy and aid. When the cause of Christ is assailed by the ungodly, when the enemy comes in like a flood, and religion is unpopular, and apostacies are many, and truth falls in the streets, then should the true-hearted rally and manfully contend for the cross. Then will the sincerity of professions be tested. Then will those be known, who have followed Christ "for the loaves and fishes," and those who have denied themselves for his service, and are as ready to go with him to prison and to death, as to a throne and crown.

DEFICIENCY IN CHRISTIANS.

"Will you forgive me, my excellent and aspiring fellow-Christian, if I venture to state one point in which we both are deficient, and have much before us. We are not yet sufficiently humbled into the attitude of dependence on the Spirit of God. We do not yet bow with enough of veneration at the name of Christ for sanctification. There is in our attempts at the service of God. I speak my own intimate experience when I say that, as the result of all this presumption, I feel as if I had as yet done nothing. I can talk, and be impressed, and hold sweet counsel with you; but in the scene of trial I am humbled by my forgetfulness of God, by my want of delight in the doing of His commands, by the barrenness of all my affections, by my enslavement to the influence of earth and of time, by my love to the creature, by my darkness, and hardness, and insensibility as to the great matters of the city that hath foundations, of the new

heavens and the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. In these circumstances, let us flee for refuge to the hope set before us in the gospel. Let us keep closer to Christ than we have ever yet done. Let us live a life of faith on the Son of God. Let us crucify all our earthly affections, and by the Spirit mortify the deeds of the body, that we may live. And, oh, that this ceaseless current of years and of seasons were teaching us wisdom, that we were numbering our days, that we were measuring our future by our past, that we were looking back on the twinkling rapidity of the months and the weeks which have already gone, and so improving the futurity that lies before us, that when death shall lay us in our graves, we may both, on the morning of the resurrection, emerge into a scene of bliss too rapturous for conception, and too magnificent for the attempts of the loftiest eloquence!—Chalmers.

THEIR LIGHT DID NOT SHINE

"A professor of religion, say you? But I have known her these last two years, and she never once mentioned the subject in my presence." So said a lady a day or two since who was herself a professor. It brought to mind the words of Jesus to his disciples—"Let your light shine." Here were two professed followers of Christ, neighbours for two years, and conversing often with each other, without either discovering that the other was a professed Christian. And what was the reason? *Their light did not shine.* Instead of putting it upon a candlestick, it had been hid under a bushel. How many pleasant and profitable hours would those two years have afforded, had these individuals spoken often to each other of God's mercies! How much more brightly would have glowed the flame of Christian love in their hearts! How much more strength might they have acquired to resist the adversary!

Their light did not shine. What opportunities for doing good passed away in those two years! How many happy influences might have been exerted upon those around them which were not improved! What an opportunity was there for the powers of darkness to work! How many tares the enemy must have sowed during that long night of two years!

Their light did not shine. He who purchased them with his own precious blood commanded them to let it shine. It was a duty they owed to Him, their Saviour and Redeemer, to let it shine. It was a duty, for the neglect of which they will have to give an account in the day of judgment. In contact with one another for two whole years, and not know that each other were professors of religion! How little did they feel for the temporal and eternal welfare of each other's souls.—Walchman & Reflector.

How to keep an Unruffled Temper.

A venerable father, in reply to the question, "How shall one constantly preserve an unruffled temper?" said, "Always endeavour to keep in the light of God's countenance. When that blessed light is shining fully upon the soul, it will be difficult for any cause to disturb its calmness. When men are walking in the darkness, they are disturbed by many things which would have no effect on them if they were walking in the sunlight; and so when men are walking in spiritual darkness, their souls will be disturbed by many things which would have no effect if they were walking in the light of God's countenance. Some say, 'Be always on your guard against anger.' That is very well, but what is the best way of being on one's guard? It is by cherishing a sense of the presence of God. 'I must not do that,' said the boy, 'for my father sees me, and he loves to see me behave like a gentleman.' 'I must not get angry,' says the Christian, 'for God sees me, and he loves to see me act