

my own mind. Being a case of historical fact it is not to be confounded with the fictions of imagination; and if similar instances occur to the reader, the instruction they convey should acquire impressiveness according to their weight and number.

Mr. Allwood was born of parents who occupied the humblest place among the peasantry of a northern county of England. Extreme indigence marked his early days; and it was through the medium of humiliating drudgery, that he obtained the coarse and scanty food which he ate, and the miserable and ragged raiment which he put on. Thus circumstanced, but possessed of observation and acuteness, and animated by such an ambition as his condition seemed to justify, he looked with a species of longing envy to the youth, whose strength and stature indicated the attainment of manhood. In the progress of slowly successive days and years, as he deemed them, he reached this pinnacle of his first, though lowly ambition; and seized the opportunity it afforded him of entering the king's service as a common soldier. The variety of incidents which chequered a few of the following years of his life we pass over. Were they detailed, they would seem somewhat too wonderful for a romance. Suffice it to say, that avenues to gain soon opened before him; and that, with shrewdness to seize opportunities, and avidity to amass, in the progress of years, he became rich. He purchased property in his native country, and took his place among the great men of the earth.

Intemperance in the pursuit, and intemperance in the enjoyment of earthly good seldom meet in the same individual; for, as it has been often observed, the vices are generally incompatible with one another, while the virtues of all harmonize. In the case of Mr. Allwood, ardour in acquiring had early formed and fixed the habits of temperance in the enjoyment of earthly good. He lived to the age of Barzillai; and, with unabated eagerness, continued to the last to "add house to house, and field to field." But the time of need at length arrived, and the "treasures which he had been laying up for himself on earth were then found unavailing to his peculiar wants.

In connection with his extraordinary worldly prosperity, it may be proper to mention, that sickness, which God is pleased so frequently to bless, in producing the peaceable fruit of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby, had scarcely been known to him, till that illness came which proved to be his last. As he began to sink under his malady, he more and more distinctly perceived that he had been running a race—and with unusual success, as it seemed, at the time—at the goal of which no prize awaited him. What seemed at the time to be unalloyed gold,

In these circumstances, the friends—oh! much abused name—the friends of Mr. Allwood, they themselves being still under the delusion, which had now passed away from before his eyes, endeavoured to restore the power of fascination, of which he had as long been the dupe. They endeavoured also to adapt their contrivances to his peculiar propensities. They attempted to rouse him, as they termed it, by speaking of his large and rich possessions; and having, by previous concert, collected his stocks and heids within view, the sight of which they knew was wont to afford him such singular pleasure, they invited and assisted him to his window, bade him contemplate the goodly sight, and reflect that these were all his own. But, alas! these were found miserable comforters, now when he needed comfort most. Turning away from the scene with impatience, and seeming anguish, he treated that neither the world, nor any thing in it, should be mentioned to him more: he owned, that they had too long and too fatally engrossed him; that instead of yielding him pleasure now, they yielded him pain; and that he had spent a long life in acquiring that, which only imparted anguish unalloyed by hope. For the purpose of warning, enough has been said; and as nothing followed to gratify a kindly Christian wish, we cast the veil of oblivion over the closing scene.

Curiosity, perhaps, and in some a better feeling, may prompt a wish to know, "whose those things" became which Mr. Allwood had "provided." And as instruction may be communicated, while curiosity is gratified, the information shall not be withheld: for it is a short though melancholy tale.

The rich possessions of Mr. Allwood descended to an only son, a minor. The youth had been accustomed to hear wealth extolled as the only good; and as it had been largely acquired by the father without learning, it was not deemed necessary to bestow much expense or care on the education of the son. But where no diligence is bestowed in cultivating the soil and sowing it with good seed, we may expect weeds to abound. In the unformed mind of young Allwood, accordingly, they sprang up, and shot forth in most rank luxuriance.

I enter not upon the particulars of a painful recital. For the present purpose, it is enough to say, that, while yet in boyhood, he became thoroughly confirmed in all the vices of licentious manhood; and that when he had got but a little way beyond his boyhood, he sunk into an early grave, the shattered victim of manifold depravity; without a recollection that could give pleasure, and without a hope on which to pillow his dying head. Thus the noblest accumulations of the father were wasted on the vicious indulgences of the son; for those who call them pleasures misname them; and the result to that son was, that while he lived, he lived unloved and unhappy; and that, in early life, he died miserable and unlamented.

"O thou bounteous Giver of all good.
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away."

THE CHRISTIAN MIRROR.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1844.

SAINT PAUL.—No individual among the disciples or apostles of our Lord fills so large a space in the New Testament, as "Saul of Tarsus"—the man whom Longinus, the Greek critic, called "the patron of opinions not yet fully established." Of all the stars that shone in the firmament of the apostolic church, there was not one that filled so large an orb—there was not one that revolved in so ample a sphere; or that shone with so much splendour, as the gifted student of Gamaliel. But neither the eminency of his talents, nor the abundance of his labours, nor the weight of his afflictions, ever lifted up his soul to vanity, or blotted from his memory the record of what God did for him, when he transformed him from an arrogant pharisee into an humble but zealous preacher of "the everlasting gospel." He was always meek and lowly, constantly aspiring after the mind that was in Christ, feeling himself to be a debtor to both bond and free; learned and unlearned, he endeavoured to warn every man, and to teach every man, in all wisdom, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

This holy man, though not a whit inferior to the chief of the apostles, did not obtain the grace of conversion till after Jesus Christ had ascended to Heaven, and completed the number of his chosen witnesses. And although he was afterwards called to this office by a special revelation, and was munificently endowed with all the gifts and graces that had been imparted to the others, still he always felt his juniority, and was wont to say, "Christ was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. I am less than the least of all saints, and I am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God."

Upon this indefatigable servant of the Lord devolved, in a particular manner, the pastoral

solicitude of "the uncircumcision." God sent him to the Gentiles to open their eyes; and to turn them from darkness to light.

His duties were arduous, and of paramount importance. The responsibility attached to his sacred calling was always before him: he felt the care of the churches every day; he lived in the spirit of sacrifice all the time; to him the will of the Most High was a supreme law; the mind of God was his counsellor; the reproach of Christ was his glory: he preferred Mount Calvary above his chief joy; the cross "all stained with hallowed blood" was his favourite theme; He desired to spend and be spent in the service of his Divine Master; He was ready at any time to preach the gospel to the imperialists of Rome—to the gymnasophists of Corinth—or the rhetoricians of Athens. By dying daily he was crucified to the world, and the world was crucified to him, so effectual was "the grace of life" in him, that he was ready to be offered up at Jerusalem for "the faith he once endeavoured to destroy"—and to those who strove with him he said—"trouble me not, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus.

The enemies of St. Paul tried to disparage and degrade him. They said that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible. They called him a prating babler, and that he ought to be more ready to hear than to offer the sacrifice of fools. But neither Apollos with all his eloquence, nor Peter with all his vehemency, nor the sons of Zebedee with all their fervour, could charm or convince as he did. Idolators were struck with his announcements—infidelity turned pale at his miracles—poets, philosophers, and orators were unable to resist the wisdom with which he spoke. The Pantheon and the Areopagus witnessed his triumphs—and kings, warriors, statesmen, and judges quailed before him. The grace of apostleship was mighty in St. PAUL.

PORTFOLIO PICTURES FROM THE PULPIT

Some ministers of the Gospel, who in the first years of their labours, by rare talents, and untiring industry, earn for themselves a good reputation in the churches, are apt, in a more advanced period of their life, to become dull, prosy, and common place in their preaching; the reason probably is that they lean too much on the literary and biblical capital acquired in former years, without making any effort to increase their stock in after life.

The sermons of such ministers are like *old coins*. They are still valuable. Little can be said either in their praise or dispraise.—They are such as have come under your notice many times, without eliciting any special attention. They are grown rusty, and have lost that attraction they possessed, when they came fresh and beautiful from the mint of the mind.

A set of old hackneyed phrases and stereotyped expressions may be faultless to the divinity they contain; but the preacher who imagines that any congregation of Christians in these days will be satisfied with such performances is much mistaken.