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"I want no Priest but Jesus."

[In the towns, the villages, on the mountain side, and across the wild moor, the truth of God is wafted, as it were, on the breeze; and free salvation, through the crucified Saviour, cheers the heart of many a sorrow-stricken son and daughter of Erin. "I want no priest but Jesus!" is often the cry of the dying peasant, who, a few years or even months before, consider the anointing of the Romish confessor indispensable to salvation, and a sure passport to eternal glory.—*London Irish Report*, 1850.]

"I want no priest but Jesus
To save my sin-sick soul;
I want no hand but Jesus
Put forth to make me whole.
The priest may lull and cheat the way,
But cannot light the dying day.

I want the love of Jesus
Enshrined within my soul,
Now that my footstep presses
Where Jordan's waters roll.
No thought so sweet—no grace so free,
As Jesus died—and died for me!

I see the hand of Jesus
Holding the lamp of light;
I see the smile of Jesus,
Like moonshine in the night.
Could priest have power, could aught but He
Make that dark pathway bright for me?

O! had we known of Jesus
When want and famine clung
Like clouds of night and darkness,
And round our cabins hung!
It may be these were cords of love,
To draw poor Erin's heart above!"

Dear Erin, think of Jesus,
How he hath loved thee,
And how he bore thee on his heart,
When bleeding on the tree!
Long years of coldness, years of blood,
Have never quenched that welling flood.

Come then, O blessed Jesus,
With all thy glorious power,
Make Erin's sons and daughters
Rise for that happy hour,
When round the isles the song shall be,
No priest but Jesus—none but He!

Short Tracts for the Times.

The practical working of Popery, wherever dominant, exhibits in fearful colours, the cruelty, the inhumanity, and the tyranny of the Papal system; and in view of what it has done, what it is now doing, and what it is prepared to do when opportunity serves, [illegible] ascendency in countries now professedly Protestant. Delicacy would lead us to draw a veil over parts of the following account; but in order to be righteously abhorred, popery must be seen in its native hideousness.

No. 2.

INTOLERANCE OF ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THE ISLAND OF CUBA.

[The following letter, which contains a thrilling narrative, was addressed to the Rev. Dr. Fairchild, Home Secretary of the American and Foreign Christian Union, by a respectable merchant in one of our cities, and was designed for the use of the great meeting recently held in New York, on the subject of religious freedom, and obtain the influence of our National Government in protecting American citizens, when abroad, in the enjoyment of the rights of conscience and of religious worship, and the burial of their dead, in such way as to them may seem most Christian and proper. The letter is from one whose character as a Christian and gentleman entitles it to entire credit as a truthful history.]—*Chris. Observer.*

January 24, 1854.

REV. DR. FAIRCHILD: *Dear Sir*,—In the winter of ——, the declining health of my wife seemed to make it imperative that I should take her to a warm climate, with the hope of her restoration. The Island of Cuba was selected. We arrived there early in December, and after many alternations of hope and fear in regard to her life, she died on the 20th of March. During our residence of some six weeks in the town of Matanzas, we became acquainted with many American invalids and their friends who accompanied them; as nearly every State in the Union was there represented, and some States by many sufferers. During the winter, from December to March, and previous to my wife's death, a number of Americans died there, and their friends were anxious to remove the remains to their own homes.—This, it was soon found, could not be accomplished, except at an enormous expense, entirely beyond the means of most of the parties interested. The reasons for these expenses, I will hereafter explain. The deceased persons and their friends being Protestants, and no religion being tolerated there nor allowed, under severe penalties, except the Roman Catholics, the rites of that Church were neither asked nor offered at the funerals. These and other reasons created a great antipathy against the idea of leaving the dear remains of friends in that strange land, and of burying them, in such circumstances, like dogs, without any religious ceremony at all. After witnessing the first interment, this antipathy grew into a perfect abhorrence. The chief reason for this abhorrence I must now explain, and will do it by describing the first funeral I attended.

A gentleman from Kentucky having died, his brother and myself made application to the church as directed, and after being detained several hours by a great many (to us) unmeaning forms and ceremonies, we obtained a permit, for which $17 was paid, including $2 extra for the privilege of burying in a coffin. This coffin was made of pine boards, stained black—and to gain its admittance into the ground we were required to place crosses in the breast and two ends, which was done with simple white tape. On proceeding to the ground, on the outer suburb of the town, we found an enclosure, the area of which was about ¼ of an acre, with brick walls about 15 to 20 feet high. We entered with the body, by going up a short declivity, through the gate at the top of the wall; this rise was necessary to reach the top of the mass, which filled the entire enclosure to within some 5 to 5½ feet of the top of the wall; as I remember we could look over the wall, as we stood on the mass of corruption. On entering this terrible place, we were nearly struck dumb with horror at the spectacle it presented. The whole surface of the ground was literally strewn with the smaller bones of the human body, and so thickly, that not a foot could be set down, nor hardly a finger placed on the ground, without placing it on some of the exposed bones of poor humanity. In every direction human jaws, with their naked teeth, seemed grinning in our faces, from the midst of fleshless ribs, arms and spinal bones, &c., while in two corners of the yard lay piled many cart-loads of sculls, thigh bones, and other of the larger portions of the human frame. These we were told, were thrown there to dry in the sun, and then to be burned; and we noticed the remains of many recent fires on the ground, with their charred and half-burned bones scattered around. An old superanuated negro, sent from the church had preceded us, to dig the grave. This we found to be an awkward, irregular hole, about 3 feet deep, out of which he had thrown no less than seven sculls, with most of the other remains of many individuals. . . . . Some of these still had a portion of the skin and hair upon their heads, also sinews and portions of partly decayed flesh still upon the frame. The sides and bottom of the hole were filled with other skeletons, the whole emitting a most disgusting and deathly effluvia, which forced us to finish our wretched work with the most indecent haste. You can judge what it would be to stand in such a place, with the scorching tropical sun beaming down upon you, and the mass of corruption under your feet. The coffin was placed in the hole, which, being too short, would not admit its reaching near to the bottom; it was stamped down as low as we could get it, and the old negro ordered to fill it in, which he did by taking the skeleton remains in his hands, and stowing them away with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable.—We could not wait for him to finish, and left him to cover the coffin, the top of which was within 15 to 18 inches of the surface.—Hardly a particle of the original earth could be observed. The whole stuff thrown from the grave seemed a mass of human matter, with portions of decayed clothing, &c.—Can you now wonder that the question of being allowed to take away our dead, became a most painfully exciting topic of discussion among Protestant Americans? Many were the promises then and there made to have the matter fairly represented to our government at home; but since that time I have never noticed any effort to that effect.

About three months before the death of my wife, we had removed from Matanzas to a coffee estate 12 miles in the interior, but belonging to the parish of Matanzas. There my wife died. A few days before, but, if possible, be taken home, to rest beside her departed loved ones. This, without hesitation, I promised should be done—and by the mercy of God, I was enabled to accomplish it; but through much tribulation and at great risk. At the end of six weeks after her death, my sacred promise was fulfilled. Immediately after her death, I had the body enclosed in a metallic coffin, and that packed in a suitable box—and then, through the American Consul, (an excellent man,) I made application for a permit to remove the body, offering to pay to the church five times the fees allowed by law; but all conditions were refused—except that I must bring the body to the town and bury it in the usual way. Then I employed a lawyer to draw up petitions to the Bishop at Havana, the Governor-General of the Island, and to some three or four minor authorities. When all these had agreed to it, and I had paid all charges, I would be allowed to remove the body. These charges, they told me, would amount to some $1500 to $2000, and the time required to get through the whole matter would be a month or six weeks. Of course we remonstrated, and argued the case in every possible way—all the influence of the American Consul (since deceased) being used in my favour without avail. The party to whom we applied, and who, we were told, had the power to grant permission for removal, I believe, was the Secretary of the Governor of that district. Finding all arguments fail, the Consul kindly tried to dissuade me, saying, "What possible difference can it make where the poor dust shall lie?" But in addition to my promise, the idea of associating the last of my beloved one with that horrible place, was too revolting to be borne; and I resolved to accomplish it at all hazards. The Consul himself warned me against undertaking the course which the authorities had pointed out, saying there was but one object in it, which was to wring from me all the money possible; and that if I should pay the $1500 or $2000 named, the object would not be accomplished, and other impediments would be thrown in my way, as long as they thought I could raise a dollar, or my friends for me.

I then told the Consul, that in that case I should take it away *without authority*.—He told me the consequences would be tremendous, if found out. The penalty would be $5,000 fine, and imprisonment for five years, at the option of the Church; and moreover, if found on board a vessel, the risk also of her confiscation, and no redress from the civil authorities, as it would be a violation of the Ecclesiastical Code, and the civil authorities would not interfere. It was then I found, on inquiry, that to bury in the woods, on the estate, or in fact anywhere, *except in that disgusting spot*, I would incur a penalty of $2,000. Under these cruel and embarrassing circumstances, I endeavoured to keep the box containing the body above ground, until I could find a captain bold enough to take it on board. I hid it in an old building on the estate, after having packed it myself, and driven, in fact, the nails in my own wife's coffin, not daring to trust the secret to others. But in a few days the Spanish overseer of the place found it out, and ordered its removal to town, threatening to report if not done.—Here was a painful dilemma; but as Providence willed it, the overseer was called the same day to a distant place, and during his absence, with the help of some negroes, I had the box taken a mile from the house, and "*stole a grave*" in a thicket of plantain trees. By dint of bribery, and threatening the negroes, I induced them to keep the secret from the overseer, although for the six ensuing weeks I was in constant dread of betrayal. I had one friend in the town, an American, who was in the secret; and *for me* he boarded every vessel that arrived, to find one that would receive the box on board at night, and convey it to any part of the United States, no matter to me where. None would take the risk at any price I could offer, until providentially an old acquaintance arrived, who said he had formerly received favours from me, and he at once volunteered to take the box, provided I would have it put on board, and guaranty his owners against the seizure of the vessel.

To this I agreed, and proceeded at once to find boatmen who would undertake to place it alongside the vessel. I was directed to two Spaniards, with whom I bargained, and at the time agreed on they came to the place—purchased of the overseer a load of fruit, to blind his eyes, but remained at the landing till after dark, and at 10 o'clock at night, while all were asleep, we took up the box from the ground, conveyed it on board the boat, and at 12 o'clock, midnight, in the midst of a howling storm, we started down the river towards the bay, at the head of which stands the town, where, half a mile from shore, rode a fleet of vessels at anchor, among which was that of my kind friend, who was waiting for me with my precious charge. Being well skilled in boating, I steered the boat—the two Spaniards rowing. We had to pass two forts before we could reach the shipping, and also to escape, as best we might, the "guard boat" that rows about, watching the shipping all night. On approaching the bar, where the river empties into the bay, we found the ocean heaving in heavy swells, which were breaking and foaming fearfully. After a short consultation with the Spaniards, we concluded there was no alternative but to risk the surf, and after having the boat partially filled several times, got over safely, without being hailed from the fort which stands at this point. The roar of the storm and surf and the darkness shielded us, and I saved some doubloons intended for the sentinel, to bribe him to let us pass. In the bay we found so heavy a sea, and breaking with the force of the gale, that we were near being swamped several times, and had to row eight miles across, to get under the lee of the land, so as to keep the boat's head to the sea. At last we made the lee, and coasted up, stealthily keeping close to the bank, when we neared the second fort, which stands upon a sharp promontory, jutting far out into the bay, and under the very walls of which our little boat glided without being hailed. An hour before daylight we were opposite the fleet. So far safe. There, under a dark bank, we waited near an hour before we could get sight of the guard boat, in the darkness. At last [illegible] in range, the Spaniards pulled as for life to the vessel I pointed out, and we were soon alongside. The kind captain, and his wife also, had been pacing the deck anxiously most of the night expecting us. He called some of his crew, and in a few moments the box was securely under hatches; and I was taken on board a small steamer just at daylight, and conveyed back to the plantation, feeling as though a millstone had fallen from my neck, and rejoicing once more in embracing my little girl, three years old, for whose situation among strangers I had suffered great solicitude during the perils of that fearful night, when I thought several times I should probably be drowned—and I tried most earnestly to thank the good and merciful God who had brought me safe through all, and, so far, kept me from the clutches of the human wolves which I feared much more than the denizens of the forest.

The storm continued three days, and then the brig got fairly to sea, and I thought my troubles on that score nearly over; but she could not take me and my little girl as passengers; and while waiting for another vessel in which to leave, (and which sailed a week after,) the Church authorities got on the track of the metal coffin, (which I had to get made in the town,) and sent a deputation to the country to look into it. While they were gone I placed my little girl with an acquaintance, who expected to visit the States in two months, and then I made preparations to fly to Havana, distant 60 miles, the good Consul having agreed to give me notice of the return of the coffin-hunters, and their success. Through the mercy of God they returned no wiser than they went, and I remained secure until the vessel was ready to sail, when, with my little girl, and my friend, who had alone been in the secret with me, I went on board, and we were soon bounding down the bay, with a fair wind, and in a few hours fairly at sea, with the pleasing sensation of having accomplished fully the object nearest my heart of all others, and saying among ourselves, "*How hideous is tyranny under the garb of false religion!*"

Smyrna and the Seven Churches of Asia.

Thus writes Rev. Mr. Prime, one of the editors of the *New York Observer*, from the Grecian Archipelago, under date of December 27th:—

Smyrna is far ahead of Constantinople in point of cleanliness, and the fires that have swept off many of its old and wretched quarters, have opened the way for new streets, well laid out, and houses that present as good an appearance as those we meet with in many European cities. But the mixture of people makes a variety in the style of houses and streets as marked as that of the dress. Smyrna has 150,000 people in it, and 80,000 of these are Turks, 40,000 are Greeks, 15,000 Jews, 10,000 Armenians, and 5,000 Franks. They have separate quarters of the town to themselves, and we wandered around among them to see the way they live.

Overlooking the city is Mount Pagus, on which the castle was erected, called, as in most of the Greek cities, the Acropolis, now in ruins. Within it are the relics of a temple reared to Jupiter. On the same hill-top may have been the site of the church of Smyrna, one of the "Seven Churches of Asia;" not probable, however; though there is little doubt that in this hollow, a short distance below the castle, the aged Polycarp suffered martyrdom, A. D. 166, and here is his sepulchre unto this day.

He was, for more than eighty years, pastor of the church of Smyrna. The persecution under Antoninus growing violent in that city, a general outcry was raised for the blood of Polycarp. On this he withdrew privately into a neighboring village, where he lay concealed for some time, continuing night and day in prayer for the peace of the Church. The most diligent search was, in the mean time, made for him without effect. But when his enemies proceeded to put some of his brethren to the torture, with the view of compelling them to betray him, he could no longer remain concealed. "The Lord's will be done!" was his ejaculation; on which he made a surrender of himself to his enemies, saluting them with a cheerful countenance, and inviting them to refresh themselves at his table, only soliciting one hour for prayer. His request was granted, and his devotions were prolonged to double that period, with such sweetness and fervor, that all who heard him were struck with admiration, and the soldiers repented of their errand. Having ended his prayer, he was placed on an ass, and was conveyed to the place of judgment. He was met on the way by one of the magistrates, who took him into his carriage, and tried to persuade him to abjure his profession; but he was unyielding. On his approaching the place of execution, the proconsul, ashamed of putting to death so aged and venerable a man, urged him to blaspheme Christ. It was then that he made the memorable answer, "Eighty six years have I served him, during all which time he never did me injury; how, then, can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" When further urged, his answer was, "I am a Christian." When threatened with wild beast, he said, "Bring them forth." When with fire, he reminded them of the eternal fire that awaited the ungodly. He died at the stake, uttering the words of praise rather than of prayer.

The most decided mark of Orientalism was the troop of camels coming into the city from the interior, with their great burdens so broad as to fill the narrow streets, and to make the walking difficult, if not dangerous. I counted forty of them in half an hour, and then, coming upon a hundred in one square, gave up counting. They walked in single file, six of them usually tied together, and the first one the most venerable being tied to a donkey, on which a man was riding as the guide of the rest. These camels moved on with a solemn, meditative pace, now and then making a shrieking kind of noise, but rarely; rather looking like the connecting link between the animal and machine: called, indeed, the "ships of the desert," but their rate of travel, not over three miles an hour, hardly justifies that title. Patient, however, and powerful to bear burdens and thirst, they are wisely made for travel and transport where no other means of conveyance are available.

As for goods in great variety, much of oriental fabric, shawls, carpets, caps, and scarfs, and thousands of things that come from Paris and London, showing the gradual and now the rapid progress which western civilization is making in the east. When a fire lays waste a part of the town, it is rebuilt in the western more than in the eastern style, and with the use of European dwellings all the comforts and luxuries of a more refined mode of life must follow. These bazars are covered streets, and the stores are small apartments, perhaps ten feet square, in the center of which the merchant sits, smoking his long pipe, and quite indifferent whether you buy or not. The customers stand in the street, and examine the goods as they are laid on a counter at the edge of the walk. Generally the price asked is one-third more than the sum to be paid, and sometimes the offer of half price makes a bargain.

The trade of Smyrna is very great, especially in fruits, being the natural outlet of Asia Minor, one of the finest fruit countries in the world. The camels bring in the ripe figs, which are picked and packed by women and children in drums and boxes, hastened on ship-board, and then commence the races across the seas; a prize of $150 being paid in London to the captain who arrives with the first vessel, and a much greater prize being won in the market by the vessel that arrives first in New York, after the fruit crop comes in. Smyrna is celebrated for its figs, but the market was better supplied with almost all other kinds of oriental fruit than figs when we were there, this having been a very poor season for them, as we were told.

The scholar is interested in Smyrna as the reputed birthplace of Homer—this being one of those of which it is said:

"Seven cities claim the Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The ancients celebrated it under the names of the lovely, the crown of Ionie, the ornament of Asia, and perhaps we should have admired it more, had we not recently come from the Bosphorus, where nature has done more to beautify the site of a town than in any other religion which I have yet seen in any part of the world. But the chief interest in Smyrna which the Christian traveller finds, is in the fact that here was one of the seven churches of Asia, of which mention is made by St. John in the Apocalypse, the others being in the same religion, and accessible by journeys of a few successive hours. *Ephesus*, were John resided, is only twelve hours off, and near the coast but the ruins of the great temple of Diana of the Ephesians, one of the seven wonders of the world, are no longer to be seen; even the site is not to be pointed out. It was burned by an incendiary, who wished to make his name immortal in connection with the ruin of such a temple. The wild beast prowls now where once was the most splendid edifice of its time on the face of the earth. *Laodicea*, another of the seven, is now deserted, though the ruins of temples and theaters plainly mark the site. *Philadelphia* has three thousand houses, and is the residence of the Greek bishop. *Sardis* consists of a few shepherds' huts, and a mill on the river Pactolus, whose golden sands were once so famed. *Thyatira* is full of ruins; the mouths of the wells are made of the capitals of beautiful columns, and the streets in many parts are paved with fragments of carved stone, relics of the ancient city. *Pergamos* is a magnificent tomb of former greatness, arches half buried, and columns in the sand, are the mournful memorials of the place where the faithful martyr Antipas suffered, and where Satan's seat was when the apostle John wrote his letters to the seven Churches. *Smyrna* is the only one of the seven cities that continues to be a place of any importance. And even Smyrna of the present is not on the site of the former. It is hard to make it a fact that time can work such changes, so that places which knew these vast cities, know them no more. Open to the second and third chapters of the Revelation, and read the prophecy and warning there uttered, and observe the wonderful fulfillment of every word. All this eastern world abounds in lessons of light and instruction on the pages of sacred truth, and every day of travel among the islands of the Archipelago, or the cities of Asia Minor, invests those pages with a reality that they never possessed before. All this is more than classic, it is hallowed scenery.

The Latest Excavations at Nineveh.

Of late the French government has made some renewed attempts, of which an account is given in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The *ensemble* of ruins in the environs of Khorsabad consists of a large rectangular space of great extent. From distance to distance small conical hills mark the spots where towers or fortified gates were defending the walls. M. Place knew that M. Botta had not excavated these little elevations and therefore paid great attention to this task.—The first object found consisted of some smaller articles of agate, marble, and cornelian; however, of such preservation and polish as if they had only now issued from the hands of the artist. In another of these hills was found a sort of large staircase, or rather a series of succeeding terraces, made of burnt and inscribed bricks. Below the lower of these terraces was a double *souterrain*, of whose destination and use no idea can yet be formed. It was built with great accuracy and mathematical correctness and will form a sort of enigma to be solved by further examination. Incisions, which were made in the east side of this hill, led to the discovery of brass hinges and pins, which belonged to doors, of which nothing but the metal and stones in which these were fixed had remained. In consequence of a lucky hit, M. Place arrived through a door at a hall which had received the name of the "Magazine of (water) Pitchers." No idea can be formed of the quantity of vases found in this locality; they are all shapes and sizes—pitchers large and small, broad, narrow, compressed, and contracted at their orifice. Most of them had been broken by the weight of the earth which fell and rested upon them; still M. Place discovered some which were perfect, and will form the nucleus of a collection of Assyrian ceramic art. They were filled with clay, which, however, had become so hard that it was impossible to remove it, without, in many cases, breaking the vases. Some contained articles made of cast-copper, among which was some heads of gazelles. They were used for bailing out the wine or oil contained in the pitchers. On the eastern side of the walls is another hall which M. Place had excavated. It contained pitchers, 1 metre 64 high; and the red precipitate found at their bottom proves that these halls were the wine-cellers of the monarchs, of Assyria. M. Place examined all parts of the palace, and wherever he found the subterranean galleries he perceived that the Assyrian architects had used both the pointed and round arch. M. Place next directed his attention to what M. Botta had called "the ruined building," but had left it unexplored. He, therefore, opened his *trenches* toward the front of one of these halls, but soon came to the conviction that, far from being what may be called a ruined building, this part of the palace was in the way of construction at the time the whole became a ruin. On inspecting the circumvalation of the city, M. Place remarked on the south-west side a pretty high hill, adapted to another unexplored mound of the same size, and equalling in extent of area that of the large palace. But it is not a single palace or palaces which await here further examination, but a whole Assyrian town may yet be discovered and exhumed.

Scenes on the Himalayan Mountains.

On the left I passed a very curious isolated pillar of rock, amongst the wild crags to the north-east, whose bases we skirted; it resembles the Capuchin on the shoulder of Mount Blanc, as seen from the Jardin.—Evening overtook us while still on the snow near the last ascent. As the sun declined, the snow at our feet reflected the most exquisitely delicate peach-bloom hue; and looking west from the top of the pass, the scenery was gorgeous beyond description, for the sun was just plunging into a sea of mist, amongst some cirrhi and stratus, all in a blaze of the ruddiest coppery hue. As it sank, the Nepai peaks to the right assumed more definite, darker, and gigantic forms, and floods of light shot across the misty ocean, bathing the landscape around me in the most wonderful and indescribable changing tints. As the luminary was vanishing, the whole horizon glowed like copper run from a smelting furnace, and when it had quite disappeared, the little inequalities of the ragged edges of the mist were lighted up and shone like a row of volcanoes in the far distance. I have never before or since seen anything, which, for sublimity, beauty, and marvellous effects, could compare with what I gazed on that evening from Choonjerma pass. In some of Turner's pictures I have recognised similar effects, caught and fixed by a marvellous effort of genius; such are the fleeting hues over the ice, in his "Whalers," and the ruddy fire in his "Wind, Steam, and Rain," which one almost fears to touch. Dissolving views give some idea of the magic creation and dispersion of the effects; but any combination of science and art can no more recall the scene, than it can the feelings of awe that crept over me, during the hour I spent in solitude amongst these stupendous mountains. The moon guided us on our descent, which was to the south, obliquely in the Yalloong valley. I was very uneasy about the coolies, who were far behind, and some of them had been frost-bitten in crossing the Kambachen pass.—Still I thought the best thing was to push on, and light large fires at the first juniper we should reach. The change, on passing from off the snow to the dark earth and rock, was so bewildering, that I had great difficulty in picking my way. Suddenly we came on a flat with a small tarn, whose waters gleamed illusively in the pale moonlight: the opposite flanks of the valley were so well reflected on its gloomy surface, that we were at once brought to a stand-still on its banks; it looked like a chasm, and whether to jump across it, or go down it, or along it, was the question, so deceptive was the spectral landscape. Its true nature was, however, soon discovered, and we proceeded round it, descending. Of course there was no path, and after some perplexity amongst rocks and ravines, we reached the upper limit of wood, and halted by some bleached juniper trees, which were soon converted in blazing fires. I wandered away from my party to listen for the voices of the men who had lingered behind, about whom I was still more anxious, from the very great difficulty they would encounter if, as we did, they should get off the path. The moon was shining clearly in the black heavens; and its bright light, with the pale glare of the surrounding snow, obscured the milky way, and all the smaller stars; whilst the planets appeared to glow with broader orbs than elsewhere, and the great stars flashed steadily and periodically. Deep black chasms seemed to yawn below, and cliffs rose on all sides, except down the valley, where, looking across the Yalloong river, a steep range of mountains rose, seamed with torrents that were just visible like threads of silver coursing down broad landslips. It was a dead calm, and nothing broke the awful silence but the low hoarse murmur of many torrents, whose mingled voices rose and fell as if with the pulsations of the atmosphere; the undulations of which appeared thus to be marked by the ear alone. Sometimes it was the faintest possible murmur, and then it rose swelling and filling the air with sound; the effect was that of being raised from the earth's surface, and again lowered to it; or that of waters advancing and retiring. In such scenes and with such accompaniments, the mind wanders from the real to the ideal, the larger and brighter lamps of heaven lead us to imagine that we have risen from the surface of our globe and are floating through the regions of space, and that the ceaseless murmur of the waters is the music of the spheres.—*Joseph D. Hooker, M. D., R. N.*

Class Leader's Difficulties.

After doing your best, you are sometimes found fault with, and this occasions your sorrow.

But, says the apostle, "He that judgeth me is the Lord." To your own master you stand or fall. There always will be captious and complaining persons in the church.—And frequently those who do least, complain the most. Now I know not that you have any thing to do with the careless and casual observations which may be made concerning the manner in which you discharge the duties [illegible] they have no authority over you. It will be time enough for suggestion is made by your minister, or for have committed an error, or when through other friendly council, you have intimated that there is room for improvement. But even in this case, if you have a proper view of the matter, you will perceive that nothing more is required than that you should make yourself more useful and available to the church. Further than this, you are not required to heed the rumors and suggestions which float upon the wings of the wind, and which in many cases, pass away with the breath that gave them currency.

Stand then to your post—pursue the even tenor of your way, through evil report; and so discharge your duty as ever to have impressed upon your mind, that you are to give account to God, and not to man. With an eye single to his glory, and the good of his cause, do your utmost in the station you occupy, without respect to the "honor" or "good opinion" which cometh from man.

Thus in the day of his coming you may say,—

"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

And then from your Lord you will receive the glad word,—

"Well and faithfully done! Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."—*Key's Class-leader's Manual.*

The Earlier, the Easier.

In youth, the *affections* are most ardent. It is peculiarly the season of love. The young are capable of the strongest and most self-sacrificing affection. The strongest appeals of Christianity are made to the affections. The only word which sums up the whole of piety is *love*. Therefore, youth is the best season for commencing a life of piety.

In youth the *hopes* are most bright. Then the future is adorned with the most brilliant and attractive hues; and Christianity presents the most gorgeous scenes in glowing imagery to imagination, to induce a life of piety.

Faith is most confiding in youth. The young are trusting, ready to believe. Religion demands implicit faith; youth most naturally gives it, and is therefore the best season for commencing a life of piety.

The mind is most *docile* in youth. As years advance, men become more and more tenacious of their own views and opinions. Entire submission to the teaching of inspiration is necessary to piety, and this is most easily given in early life.

The *habits* are most yielding in youth.—How important then, when they are forming, that they should be directed aright.

Youth is most *submissive* to authority.—It is the season of obedience. The unquestioning obedience which God demands is most easily rendered in early life.

The *energies* of youth are most active.—Young hands for labor! Years deaden the energies. Religion requires the exertion of all our energies to resist evil and do good. These are most active and most easily diverted in youth.

The *judgment* in youth is best fitted to appreciate the claims of piety. The judgment of impenitent age is prejudiced and blinded and warped by sin. One who has long indulged and loved sin cannot so easily as the more unpolluted mind form a correct judgment of the guilt of sin. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" then may ye who have been accustomed to do evil learn to do well.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Personality an Awful Gift.

The short verse, "Every man shall bear his own burden," opens to our consideration one of the deepest principles of our being. It singles us out from the multitude around us. It sets us alone with our own spiritual and moral character, as we have fashioned it, and reminds us that we must bear for ourselves that burden. It bids us remember that great truth which the world is ever seeking to hide from us, that we are each of us ONE; that we have that in us which does truly separate us from every other besides; that we are in reality alone. There is something awful in this truth, in whatever light we look at it. Though this is, indeed, our greatness—though it is in this, in a great measure, that our likeness to God consists, yet it is an awful thought. Our very greatness is appalling to us—but we cannot shake it off. We may, indeed, strive, in our shrinking weakness to break in upon the stillness of our solitary being by crowding others around us, but we cannot. We may forget our loneliness for a season, in the whirl of pleasure, or the fever of excitement, or the warm gushes of a loving sympathy; but in all the pauses of outward things the solemn voice comes back again upon the ear; the multitude of shadows fade into nothingness; and the great vision of our single, proper, solitary being, again overshadows our spirits. We have each one this burden of a separate soul, and we must bear it. Even ordinary life utters voices which add their witness to this truth, if we listen for them. How do all deep-thinking people, in the inmost current of their spirits, live apart from others, and, more or less, even feel that they do so.—*Bishop of Oxford.*

The Illuminated Bible.

BY JAMES HAMILTON, D. D.

Before the days of printing, the copyists sometimes took great pains with their manuscripts, and Bibles were then elaborately embellished. Traced in silver and gold and brilliant colours, occasionally executed on tinted parchment, the mere letters were often a gorgeous picture; and such illuminated manuscripts will always awaken the astonishment and delight of the tasteful antiquarian.

We do not print our Bibles in silver and gold; nor have we verses marked out from the others, by their vermilion ink, or their bolder character. And yet we have sometimes thought that every careful reader can illuminate his own copy as he proceeds.—The book is all bright with passages which, at one time or another, have stirred or strengthened him:—it is all radiant with texts which have accused, or rebuked, or consoled him. On this verse he heard a sermon which he never can forget; this chapter is associated with some affecting [illegible] a paragraph which gave rise to a dialogue or meditation, ever memorable. If all our Bibles compared, it would be found that in no two of them is the same set of passages marked and made prominent. Some may coincide; and a few emphatic sentences may be common to all; but, according to individual peculiarities or providential circumstances, it will turn out that portions fraught with glory to one eye are obscure or ordinary to every other.

To take two instances. Suppose that each man were to mark in vermilion the verse that first convinced him of sin, or first made him anxious for the saving of his soul. In the Bible of the Apostle Paul, the tenth commandment would be inscribed in red letters; for, as he tells us, "I had not known sin, except the commandment had said, Thou shalt not covet." In the Bible of Alexander Henderson it would be, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber;" for that was the shaft which pierced the heart of the unconverted minister. In the Bible of the Ironside soldier, the rubric would be found at Eccles. xi, 9; for it was there that the bullet stopped, which, but for the interposing Bible, would have pierced his bosom; and when the battle was over, he read, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Or, suppose that each were to mark in golden letters the text which has been to him the gate of heaven; the text through whose open lattice a reconciled God has looked forth on him, or through whose telescope he first has glimpsed the cross. The Ethiopian chamberlain would mark the fifty-third of Isaiah; for it was when reading about the Lamb led to the slaughter that his eye was directed to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, and he went on his way rejoicing. The English martyr, Bilney, would indicate the faithful saying, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" for it was in sight of these words that the burden fell from his back which fasts and penances had only rendered more weighty. There was "a stricken deer" who had long been panting for the water-brooks, but he had yet found no comfort; when, one day, listlessly taking up a Testament, it opened at the words, "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;" and instantly he realized the sufficiency of the atonement, and embraced the gospel; and, doubtless, the bard of Olney would signalize, by the most brilliant memorial, the spot where the Sun of Righteousness first shone into his soul. "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen." These were the words which instantly converted into a living temple the calm and stately mind of Jonathan Edwards; and we may be sure that—like Jacob, who, at Luz, would always see the light of the ladder lingering—every time he returned to the passage, even in his most cursory perusal, the devout theologian would perceive a surviving trace of that manifestation, which into his vacant wistful soul brought "the only wise God," and in glorifying that God gave him an object worthy of the vastest powers and the longest existence.

Such is the divine variety of Scripture; and thus from the stores of religious biography might be compiled a sort of historical commentary, showing what service in the way of "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness," the different passages have done. It would be found that in this quiver there are hundreds of arrows which have pierced the conscience and con-