

Youth's Corner.

VACATION-JOURNEY

IN SWITZERLAND.
Continued.

On the following morning, Mr. Kapff felt disheartened, when he saw the sky covered with clouds, the rain falling plentifully, and the appearance of things altogether gloomy. The boys began to assemble, rather late; for after the fatigue of the preceding day's march, they all slept "like princes," as the Germans say—though that is not a correct saying, for it is the hard-working poor that sleep soundly much rather than the luxurious rich. The boys were rather dull at the prospect of confinement on account of the weather; but that kept their attention the less disturbed at morning devotion. Soon after that, their sober looks were dissolved into an uproar of laughter, at the apparition of a large pair of boots walking into the guest-room, with little besides a pair of shoulders and a head over them. It was one of the smallest of the troop, who had found a postillion's boots in the hall, and had contrived to get himself into them. They were of that old fashion still in use in France, which are made to secure the man's legs in case of a fall with the horse: so large and heavy that the postillion himself scarcely attempts to walk in them, but brings them right before the stirrup of his saddle-horse, where he gets into them with his shoes on, and then swings into the saddle and rides off. The pair of boots was surrounded by the whole party, and all forgot the weather and every thing over the fun that had broken out, until the postillion's rough voice: "what's become of my boots?" made the little man begin to think how to get out of them again and escape from the wrath of their rightful master. But the man himself could not help laughing, when he saw the culprit's fears and hurry; so he took him good-humouredly below his shoulders, shook the boots out from under him, and marched off with them to his horses.

Mr. Kapff, then, took occasion to describe to them the manner in which monkeys are sometimes caught. A man sits down under a tree where the monkey can observe his movements; he puts on a pair of boots, walks about in them, and then goes into some concealment where he can see what follows at the foot of the tree. There he has left a small pair of boots made to fit monkeys, and filled with stiff pitch. The monkey being fond of imitating, comes down the tree, puts on the little boots, and attempts to walk in them. Now the huntsman breaks forth from his retreat; poor monkey wants to throw off his boots, but they stick to him,—he can neither run fast nor climb the tree, and so he is caught through meddling with that of which he does not understand the use.

While the boys were keeping up the amusement of this monkey-story, Mr Kapff had engaged a passage for them upon two covered boats, and they not only traversed the lake comfortably, but had the pleasure of seeing the weather clear up before they landed at Spietz, about seven miles off across the lake, in a southern direction. They now took a south-eastern direction, having Mount Niesen on their right, and hilly land on their left, after they parted with the lake-shore; and soon the valleys contracted, and fatigue in their limbs indicated that they were continually ascending. From the mountain-peaks, now and then, they heard greetings shouted down by the herd-boys who took delight in seeing the young travellers; it took a little time, always, before the solitary boy on the height was discovered; but his salutation was promptly returned, and some of the boys would talk of the happy lot of those mountaineers who could spend all their time in familiar converse with the grandest scenes of nature. But Mr. Kapff pointed out to them, how scanty were the opportunities which these poor boys had for improving their hearts and forming their intellects; and how little, therefore, their minds were able to respond to the silent language addressed to them by the wonderful works of God before their eyes. Then he remarked upon the contrast which an intelligent look at mankind presents. Here you have many of those who are most conversant with the heights and elevations of natural scenery, degraded by the want of expansion to their minds; but when you observe those occupying the elevated stations in society, you find frequently that their minds are contracted, and those from the lower walks of society are pressing upwards to take the place of the high who prove unfit for the prominence assigned to them by their birth. Some of the boys to whom Mr Kapff gave these lessons belonged to families of the highest rank; they were at that time kept in the active exercise of their mental powers; but they could look forward to the possession of princely wealth, and the thought cast a gloom over their Tutor's mind; that one or other of them might sink down into luxurious ease, indolence and uselessness, after all the care taken to make him love exercise of mind and embrace his fellow-creatures with a loving heart, as partakers with him in the consequences

of the fall by Adam and in the promises of recovery through the Saviour.

But by this time they arrived at Kandersteg, their next halting-place.
To be continued.

THE GOOD MINISTER.

It was a fine morning in May; the sun shone with unusual brightness; the fields were decked with a variety of blooming flowers; the birds filled the air with their cheerful warbling notes; and the early chimes of the bells, reminded the villagers of the return of another Sabbath. Already the pious part of the people had finished their morning devotions, and were preparing to walk unto the house of God in company; little thinking that the doors would be shut against them, and that their beloved minister's voice, which had so often sounded in their ears with the praises of Immanuel, was now silent!

Ah! my dear readers, were you ever properly impressed with the solemn appeal in the Epistle of St. James?—"Ye know not what shall be on the morrow; for what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."—Happy, thrice happy, is that man who, like this pious pastor, can lie down to sleep at night with a sweet and scriptural assurance, that although he never awake again in this world, yet all will be well with him.—To him "to live is Christ, to die is gain."

The Sabbath morning found the minister very ill, indeed speechless; but, through divine mercy, his sickness was not unto death. A disorder in his throat, which he thought at first of little consequence, had now assumed the appearance of what is called a quinsy.—His sufferings for some days were great, and many an anxious fear was entertained that he would not recover. It was truly affecting to observe the sorrow which was generally pictured on the faces of his congregation. Many a fervent prayer was offered up for his recovery; and many a messenger was seen hastily passing along with anxious enquiries respecting him.

A small Bible was the constant companion of this good man during the whole of his illness. At every opportunity he was perusing its pages, examining himself by the marks there given of true Christians, and praying to be guided into all truth by its divine directions. Its invitations and promises were delightful to his soul; and the views which it gives of the love of God, and the joys of heaven, frequently made him earnestly desire to depart, and to be with Christ.

At the end of five days he was enabled to speak. From this time he gradually recovered his strength, so that, in the course of a fortnight, though very weak, he thought he would try to preach, and once more, from the overflows of a tender and affectionate heart, address his beloved congregation.—With a countenance that bespoke his very great reverence and esteem for that sacred book, he took a Bible into the pulpit, and preached from that passage which is contained in Rom. xii.—"Patient in tribulation;" he enlarged on its contents in reference to these words, in a most earnest and affectionate manner.

During the whole of his sickness, his meek and heavenly deportment had been a practical comment on this text. With a heart deeply impressed with his subject, though with a voice at times trembling through weakness, he pointed out to the believing part of his congregation, various reasons for patience and resignation.

Having spoken strongly against that proud and hardened spirit which is manifested by some, he said, "Let us consider, my afflicted brethren, that instead of a cloud, it might have been total darkness, and how much more heavily many others have suffered than we have;—why then should we complain?"

"Again, how far short have our sufferings fallen of what we deserve! God has not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. Are we real believers in Jesus Christ? Has divine grace converted our souls? All our sufferings then, how severe soever they may be, are blessings in disguise, and shall work together for our present and eternal good. 'It is good for me,' said the Psalmist, 'that I have been afflicted.' Oh! what lessons have many learnt on the bed of affliction! With what increasing joy and gratitude have they afterwards reviewed their daily mercies."

"And sure we must allow that afflictions may be made the means of promoting our eternal salvation.—Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." With how many gracious circumstances also have our trials been accompanied! How many drops of honey have been mingled even with our bitterest draughts! Ah! how different it was with our dear Redeemer! He was in truth a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. All his sufferings, too, were on our account, in order that he might free us from everlasting sufferings. 'He himself took our infirmities, and bore our sickness.'

The good minister had now got on his favourite subject "Jesus Christ, and him crucified." To exhibit Christ our Redeemer in all his offices; to enlarge upon his excellencies; to point out the sufficiency of his atonement, and his suitability for the great work of redemption; to invite, to entreat, to encourage poor perishing sinners to flee unto him for salvation; and to assure them of the gracious reception they would meet with—were subjects on which he ever discoursed with a full heart and heavenly fervour. But on this occasion many of his most pious hearers discovered a new savour and sweetness; and a few mourners were so comforted and established by his discourse, as to go on their way rejoicing.

He was too much weakened by his morning sermon, to venture to preach in the afternoon; by the evening, however, he was sufficiently recovered to address a few poor persons in his kitchen; which was always open for those of his neighbours who wished to join in his family devotions. These were frequently times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was indeed highly gratifying to observe the pleasure and attention which on these occasions were manifested by the different branches of the family; all of them evidently profited by these meetings; themselves, and very anxious that the poor neighbours, who had

assembled, should derive real benefit to their souls.

Does the reader enquire the reason of this concern they felt for others? I answer, that through the special grace of God, there was not one in the family that was not truly pious, (alas! how seldom is this the case!) and that when any one has found the Lord gracious to his own soul, it becomes his earnest desire that all around should be made the happy partakers of the same blessings.

Private and family devotions were no sooner finished on the Monday morning, than the worthy minister took a short walk in the village, partly that he might be made the honoured instrument of pouring the balm of consolation into the heart of a poor contrite sinner, who, of late, had been humbled under a deep sense of her unworthiness; but, through unbelief, had not yet ventured to look for mercy to the Lord Jesus Christ.

"What! still in tears, Mary?" said he, as he entered the poor woman's cottage, for it was evident from her appearance that she had been weeping. "Oh! Sir," she exclaimed, "the tears that I am now shedding, are tears of love, of joy, of gratitude. Oh! what a gracious Saviour is the Lord Jesus Christ! Oh! that I should ever have entertained hard thoughts respecting him!" "And how Mary?" enquired the minister, "came you to obtain this blessed change?—Let me see—it was I think, but the day before my illness, that I called upon you, and no promise that I then read to you, no account of God's kindness to poor penitent sinners, in all ages, could afford you any comfort. 'This,' you said, 'does not suit my case; and again, 'my heart is so hard that nothing can soften it; and now, even before I have spoken to you a word, I find that your sorrow and doubts are removed, and that you can praise your Saviour with joyful lips.'"

"Oh! Sir," replied the poor woman, "amidst all my fears and doubts, when you last called upon me, I had a sort of faint hope, that surely I should at length find mercy, and those gracious promises you pointed out to me in the Holy Scripture, and the kind advice and encouragement you gave me, were, I hope, made a real blessing to my soul. No sooner had you left my house, than I bolted the door, and on my knees, and from my very heart, I begged most earnestly of the Lord to lift up the light of his countenance upon me. Whilst at prayers, I felt my heart unusually softened: 'Save, Lord, (I cried,) or I perish.'"

"Thou Lord must begin, thou Lord must carry on, thou Lord must perfect the gracious work within me. I cast myself as a poor undone, ruined sinner, upon thy mercy. Hast thou not said, 'Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened?' Hast thou not promised 'though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they shall be as wool?' Now, O Lord God Almighty, make me to know, from blessed experience, that thou art a God ready to do exceeding abundantly unto those who pray unto thee, above all that they can ask or think. O, hear me, and bless me: O, save me for the sake of Jesus Christ, who shed his precious blood for the vilest of the vile."

"I now turned to those gracious promises, which you pointed out to me in the Bible, and I seemed, as it were, to behold them with new eyes. Surely, said I, as I went along, they are all for me; so suitable, so precious, so encouraging! It was at first a great trial for me to hear of your illness, and to find that I could not enjoy the privilege of hearing you preach; now that I had got such a desire for the word of God. However, dear Sir, I hope that I derived benefit even from this; for it led me, being unable to hear public preaching, to spend more time in private meditation, prayer, and reading the Scriptures. Thus did the Lord shew to me more plainly, than if I had heard the most excellent discourse, that the whole work was His, and that to Him must be all the glory."

"But, dear sir, what am I doing? I feel quite ashamed to talk in this way before you, and yet if you did but know what I feel—oh! sir, you would say, that if I held my peace, the very stones would cry out against me!"

"No apology, Mary," said the worthy minister, whilst a heavenly smile brightened his fine and placid countenance, and tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. "It rejoices my heart to hear of the goodness of God to you. Indeed the joyful news of the Lord's goodness to you, is like a cordial to my own heart, and is more refreshing to my own feelings than the wholesome air of this fine morning is to my enfeebled body."

He now congratulated her afresh on the change that had taken place in her mind; gently hinted that she must be careful not to trust too much to frames and feelings; gave her some wise regulations for her future conduct, and then concluded with a most impressive prayer and thanksgiving. He then took leave, and returned with a joyful heart to his habitation.

To be continued.

If two angels were sent down from heaven to execute the divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street, they would feel no inclination to change employments.

Seldom will Satan come to the Christian, at first, with a gross temptation. A green log and a candle may safely be left together. But bring a few shavings, and then some small sticks, and then some larger, and soon you may bring the green log to ashes.

A wise man looks upon men as he does on horses—all their comparisons of title, wealth, and place, he considers but as harness.

(Rev. John Newton.)

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