

style composed chiefly of the words of French origin, while it is less intelligible to the lowest classes, is characteristic of those who, in cultivation of taste, are below the highest. As in dress, furniture, and deportment, so also in language, the dread of vulgarity constantly besetting those who are half-conscious that they are in danger of it, drives them into the extreme of affected finery. So that the precept which has been given with a view to perspicuity, may, to a certain degree, be observed with an advantage in point of elegance also."

The plain and perspicuous, yet graceful, language of Archbishop Whatley, himself confirms the truth of his decision. In like manner, none will deny the praise of a graceful style to the best portions of Mr. Wesley's writings, any more than to those of Addison, who appears to have been, next to the holy Scriptures, his chief model of style. And yet both of them, as we have hinted, are remarkable for the large proportion of pure English terms which they use.

The Preacher of the ancient church sought to find out acceptable words; words that could pierce as goads, and fasten as nails, in the assemblies he addressed. All this care about language is, indeed, beneath the attention of an ambassador of Christ, except so far as it is a means to the accomplishment of an end. To warn and teach every man in all wisdom, and to do this "in the demonstration of the Spirit, and of power," is his high and honourable calling. And still he bears in mind that, without the power of the divine Spirit, no success can attend his labours. But, in advising those to whom the Gospel is entrusted to use great plainness of speech, the plainest parts of their own language, we are certain that we recommend what is most likely to accomplish their object, and that which cannot but be approved by the great Master whom they serve.

December 10th, 1836.

D. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WORTH OF A DOLLAR.

THE following narrative is a simple history of facts:—About the year 1797, Mr. M. was travelling from a town on the eastern border of Vermont, to another on the western side of the same state. Passing over the mountainous part of the country between the Connecticut and Onion rivers, he perceived the heavens to be gathering blackness; the sound of distant thunder was heard, and a heavy shower of rain was seen to be fast approaching. The traveller was then in a forest; no place of shelter appeared, and he hastened on until he arrived at a small cottage on the extreme border of the woods. The rain, just then, began to rush down with power. He sprang from his horse, pulled off his saddle, and without ceremony darted into the house. Surprised to see no family but a single female with an infant child, he began to apologize for his sudden appearance; hoped she would not be alarmed, but permit him to tarry till the rain abated, it was so violent. The woman replied, she was glad that any one had happened to come in, for she was always much terrified by thunder. "But why, madam," said he, "should you be afraid of thunder? It is the voice of God, and will do no harm to those who love him, and commit themselves to his care." After conversing with her awhile on this topic, he enquired whether she had any neighbours who were religious. She told him she had neighbours about two miles off, but whether they were religious she knew not; only she had heard that some man was in the habit of coming there to preach once in a fortnight. Her husband went once, but she had never been to their meetings. In regard to every thing of a religious kind, she appeared to be profoundly ignorant.

The rain had now passed over, and the face of nature smiled. The pious traveller, about to depart, expressed to the woman his thanks for her hospitality, and his earnest desire for the salvation of her soul.

He earnestly besought her to read her bible daily, and to give good heed to it as to "a light shining in a dark place." She, with tears in her eyes, confessed she had no bible. They had never been able to buy one. "Could you read one, if you had it?" "Yes, sir, and would be glad to do so."—"Poor woman," said he, "I do heartily pity you; farewell."

He was preparing to pursue his journey. But he reflected:—"This woman is in very great need of a bible. O, that I had one to give her! But I have not. As for money to buy one, I have none to spare; I have no more than will be absolutely necessary for my expenses home. I must go: but if I leave this woman without the means to procure the word of God, she may perish for lack of knowledge. What shall I do?" A voice seemed to whisper, "He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord. Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." His heart responded, "I will trust the Lord." He took a dollar from his purse, went back, and desired the woman to take it, and as soon as possible procure for herself a bible. She promised to do so, saying that she knew where one could be obtained. He again took his leave, and set off. As there were then but few taverns on the road, he asked for lodging at a private house near which he found himself when night overtook him. He had yet a few pieces of change in his pocket; but as a journey of two or more days was before him, he purposed to make his supper on a cold morsel which he happened to have with him. But when the family came round their table to take their evening repast, the master of the house very urgently invited the stranger to join with them—not only so, but to crave God's blessing on the meal. He now began to feel himself among friends, and at liberty to speak freely on divine things. The family appeared gratified in listening to his discourse till a late hour: it was a season of refreshing to their thirsty souls. In the morning, the traveller was urged to tarry till breakfast, but declined, the distance he had to travel requiring him to set off early. His host would take no compensation, and he departed, giving him many thanks. He travelled on till late in the morning, when, finding no public house, he stopped again at a private one for refreshment. While waiting, he lost no time to recommend Christ, and him crucified, to the family. When ready to depart, he offered to pay the mistress of the house, who had waited upon him very kindly, for his repast, and the oats for his horse; but she would receive nothing. Thus he went on, calling for entertainment as often as he needed it, and recommending religion wherever he called; and always offering, as an other traveller would do, to pay his expenses; but no one would accept his money, although it was not known but that he had a good supply, for he told them not, and his appearance was respectable: at home, he was a man of wealth. "What," thought he, "does this mean? I was never treated in this manner on a journey before." The dollar given to the destitute woman recurred to his mind; and conscience replied, "I have been well paid. It is, indeed, safe lending to the Lord." On the second day after he left the cottage in the wilderness he arrived safely at home; and still had money for the poor, having been at no cost whatever.

About one year and a half after this, a stranger called at the house of Mr. M. for some refreshment. In the course of the conversation, he observed that he lived on the other side of the mountain, near Connecticut river. Mr. M. inquired for some gentlemen there with whom he was acquainted, and was pleased to find that the stranger knew them well. He then asked whether the people in that vicinity paid much attention to religion. The traveller replied, "Not much; but in a town twenty or thirty miles back from the river, where I am acquainted, there has been a powerful revival. The commencement of it was very extraordinary. The first person that was awakened and brought to repentance, was a poor woman who lived in a very retired place. At the time of