

person I could recommend but Joseph; and after overcoming the repugnance of my partner, who was unwilling to be deprived of so valuable an assistant, Joseph was duly received into the firm of Richard Fairbrothers & Co. Prosperity attending Joseph in his new undertaking, and never suffering a penny difference to appear in his transactions, he so completely won the confidence of his senior partner, that he left him the whole of his business, as he expressed in his will "even to the very last penny."

#### REMARKABLE SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

A correspondent of the New York *Observer* furnishes the following remarkable cases of special providence:

It is an authentic fact that during the terrible massacre in Paris, in which many eminent Christians were cruelly killed, the celebrated preacher, Peter Moulin was preserved for further usefulness, to the cause of the Gospel in a most remarkable manner.—He crept into a brick oven to conceal himself but had little hope of remaining undiscovered in the ferreting search for slaughter that was carried on. In the kind providence of God a spider immediately crawled to the opening of the good man's retreat, and wove a web across it. The dust blew upon the airy screen, and made it dingy; so that the place appeared to have been long unfrequented. The enemies of the Christians soon passed by, and one of them carelessly remarked, "No one could have been in that oven for several days!"

What a touching idea does this incident give of our heavenly father's love for his children!

An anecdote similar in character is related of Mr. Churchill, a native of England who had taken up his abode in India, about two miles from Vizigapatam. Soon after sunset on one occasion, while he was sitting in his dwelling, of which the outer door was thrown open, meditating with deep sorrow upon the recent loss of his wife and the helplessness of his little children, who were lying asleep near him, he was suddenly thrilled with terror to observe a monstrous tiger cross the threshold of his house, and enter the room, with glaring eyes and a ferocious howl. But the animal caught sight of his full-sized image reflected in a large mirror opposite the door, and rushing at it with all his fury, breaking it into a thousand fragments, he suddenly turned and fled from the spot. Thus providentially did God preserve two little children and their father from the jaws of a wild beast!

Less thrilling, but not less remarkable, is the incident related in the following epitaph, which is copied from a tomb near Port Royal in the Isle of Jamaica.

"Here lieth the body of Louis Calda, a native of Montpellier, France, which country he left on account of the revocation. He was *swallowed up by an earthquake* which occurred in this place in 1692, but by the great providence of God, was by a second shock *flung into the sea where he continued swimming till rescued by a boat*, and lived forty years after."

It is said of John Knox the great Scottish reformer, who had many friends and many enemies, that it was his frequent custom, while in his own house, to sit at the head of a table with his back to the window. On one evening, however, he would not take his usual seat, and gave a positive order that no one of his family should occupy it. He took another chair in a different part of the room and shortly afterward a gun was fired, the bullet of which passed through the favourite window, grazed the top of his vacant seat, and shattered a candlestick that stood upon his

table! This was not the only wonderful escape he had from his malicious and determined foes.

In the Bartholomew massacre, which we have already mentioned, at the order of the King of France, the Admiral deColigny was put to death in his own house. His chaplain, the pious Merlin, fled from the murderers, who designed also to take his life, and hid himself in a loft of hay. After the days of blood were over, and the Protestants were suffered to keep their lives and their religion, a Synod was convened of which he was Moderator. In this assembly, when it was stated that many who had taken refuge in similar retreats perished from starvation, he was asked how he contrived to keep himself alive. He replied—giving thanks to God while he said it—that a hen had laid an egg every day during his concealment, in a nest, which he could reach with his hand!

The celebrated Dr. Calamy, in his "Life and times," relates that he knew a sea captain named Stevens, of Harwich, England, who was once by a wonderful providence, preserved from drowning, together with his whole crew. While on a homeward passage from Holland, the vessel sprang a leak, and the water gained in the hold so rapidly that, in spite of the pumps, which were worked with the energy of despair, all on board soon gave themselves up for lost. Suddenly, however, and to the surprise of all, the water ceased to gain in depth, and the pumps being again plied, the ship safely reached her harbor. After her arrival it was discovered, on examination, that the body of a fish had become so firmly wedged in the leak, that it could with difficulty be taken out whole! It is of but little consequence, though it is an established fact, that the fish was preserved in alcohol, and kept as a curiosity in the family of Captain Stevens.

In view of these striking evidences of Divine providence, how can we think of our Father in heaven and not be touched with the thought of that tender love which leads him to take such wonderful care of his children. Truly, we may "cast all care on him, for he careth for us."

From a Nantucket Paper.

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A SAILOR'S LIFE.

A few days ago a man was speaking to me of the emotions with which he was overwhelmed when he bade adieu to his family on the last voyage. The ship in which he was to sail was at Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. The packet was at the wharf which was to convey him from Nantucket to the ship. He went down in the morning and saw all his private sea-stores packed away in the sloop, and then returned to his home to take leave of his wife and children. His wife was sitting at the fireside, struggling in vain to restrain her tears. She had an infant a few months old, in her arms, and with her foot was rocking the cradle, in which lay another little daughter about three years of age, with her cheeks flushed with a burning fever. No pen can describe the anguish of such a parting. It is almost like the bitterness of death. The departing father imprinted a kiss upon the cheek of his child. Four years will pass away ere he will again take that child in his arms. Leaving his wife sobbing in anguish, he closes the door of his house behind him. Four years must elapse before he cross that threshold again.

A lady said to me, a few evenings ago. "I have been married eleven years, and counting all the days my husband has been at home since our marriage, it amounts to but three hundred and sixty days. He is