

rest upon the coffin. The grave is closed, now rests my fast by thine. Go home now, ye loved ones, and may the foretaste of that Heavenly peace which we enjoy glide to your souls. But return hitherward often and seek the grave of your old parents. When ye meet and pray there, we will be near you, and bring you heavenly gifts from the Lord. Henceforth take his hand as ye go. He will guide you safely; your old parents have proved this! And one day will he bring us all together again.

W. Amen. Thus it will surely be.

H. Hearst thou those sounds? What may it be. Strange and wonderful, like the mingled roaring of the sea, and sweetest flute notes, they come from that quarter and float through the wide Heaven. Hark! now from the other side melody arises, a wholly different note, and yet just as strange and enrapturing. What may it be?

W. They are angel choirs, which from immeasurable distance answer one another.

H. What do they sing?

W. Ever of One, who is the theme of eternal and ceaseless praise.

H. For some time already a form moves about there.

W. Observe it more closely and then tell me why it attracts thee so.

H. Pardon me, who am so lately called from the earth, and earthly childish comparison. At the home where I was born—thou knowest it well, though at the time thou wast no longer on earth—I had planted a garden. As the spring came, I devoted myself to its cultivation, and enjoyed myself over my plants, and their beautiful untoldings. There were many trees there, much shrubbery, and many flowers; yet I knew every shoot; I had myself planted and watered it, each in its turn came under my inspection, and when it put on its bright green, and blossomed beautifully and grew thriftily, then found I a heart friend in it. Thus seems to me that man to be the gardener in this Heavenly garden. He moves hither and thither quietly, and in mildest radiance; but one can see that everything here is familiar to him. He casts around on all besides a satisfied and friendly glance, and appears to find joy in all creation here. My heart! till this moment I have felt within me only soft, soothing emotions; but now a tempest is rising in my breast; I am dizzy: Heaven with its glory vanishes from my sight; I see Him alone. Now pain returns again to this pain there lives a higher blessedness. My soul burns with longing to approach Him. Yes, He, is indeed one known to me, though never before seen face to face. Now He turns thitherward, and looks upon us. He appears to rejoice over us. His eyes glisten with tears of joy. I can no longer restrain myself, I must away to Him. I must say to Him, that I love Him as I never loved aught before. He raises His hands—how! in those hands a mark, and from the mark rays darting forth? Yes, those are the pierced, the bleeding hands. He blesses us! Deep in my heart I feel His blessing. Now know I that I am in Heaven! Now know I that this is He!

W. Away, then, to Him.—Translated from the German of Theremin.

We have another Madiai case at Florence, the particulars of which are related in a letter from that city, dated March 30, and addressed to the *Christian Times*. The writer says—

"Domenico Cecchetti was seized last Sunday morning, at half-past four, hurried away from his children to the prison of the Bargello, condemned without trial, without any witnesses, by the Council of Prefecture, to a year's confinement in the Penitentiary of Imbrogiano, near Monte Lupo, whither he was conveyed in chains on the following morning, the crimes for which he was consigned to a dungeon being the possession of one Bible and two Testaments, and the avowal when examined by the Chancellor of the Delegation of Santa Maria Novella, that he considered Jesus Christ the sole Head of the church!

"Domenico Cecchetti is a workman employed in the tobacco manufactory of MM. Emanuel Ferzi and Co., the well-known bankers, who have for years farmed this monopoly. He was one of the best workman in the establishment, earning five pauls a day, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his employers in the highest possible degree. His age is about forty-three, and as he is a widower, with four boys, of whom the eldest is sixteen, and the youngest six, there has devolved on him not only the task of maintaining his family, but of discharging all those domestic duties which are a mother's peculiar province.

"Cecchetti lived on the first floor of a house in the Via Taddea, close to the tobacco manufactory. In a

rather small apartment on the same floor was lodged a young man, the apprentice of a vintner in Borgo La Noce who in the course of conversation and familiar intercourse learned that the father was in the habit of reading with his children and his friends the Bible. And in casual chat with his own master, he repeated this circumstance to him, expressing his belief that the Bible could not be such a very bad book, after all, when it produced such happy fruits.

"The vintner made his confession to Curate Buratti, who lost no time in denouncing Domenico Cecchetti to the Tuscan police as guilty of the crime of Protestant propagandism, and requiring them to watch over his proceedings, and if possible, to seize him in the act.

"Accordingly, some three months ago, four gendarmes suddenly entered Cecchetti's house, about nine o'clock in the evening, when they seized and carried off in triumph one copy of Diodati's Bible, and two copies of the New Testament.

"Cecchetti heard nothing more of the matter for nearly ten weeks. On the morning of Wednesday, the 14th instant, he received an order to appear before the Delegate of Santa Maria Novella, in the afternoon of the same day. Then and there he was examined by the Chancellor of the Delegation, and required to declare why three copies of Diodati's Bible and Testament were found in his possession. "Indeed, Signor Delegate," was the answer, "I only wish there had been five instead of three, for there are five of us, my four boys and myself, and we require a Bible apiece." The Cancelliere successively interrogated him as to his opinion regarding mass, confession, the authority of the Pope, on all which points he stated his opinion without reserve. He replied that Jesus Christ had been offered up once as a sacrifice for the sins of mankind; that no future sacrifice was or could be wanted. He said, "As to confession, when I have sinned it is my duty to confess my sin, first to Almighty God, and implore his pardon; then to my brother, if I have acted wrongly against my brother—to you Signor Cancelliere, for example, if I have offended you. As to the Pope being the head of the Church, I know," he said, "no headship save that of Jesus Christ. The Pope is—a constituted authority, like you, Signor Cancelliere!"

"Neither wheedling nor bullying could induce him to reveal the name of one of the Christian brethren with whom he read and discoursed upon the Scriptures. The Cancelliere, finding the attempt hopeless, then read over the minutes of the examination. Cecchetti himself perused it, and signed the same; and so, for the time, the affair terminated with the dismissal of the accused. The paper thus obtained was submitted to the Council of Prefecture, which, on the avowal it contained, sentenced Domenico Cecchetti to a year's imprisonment in the Penitentiary of Imbrogiano.

"On the morning of Sunday, the 25th, the gendarmes were charged with the execution of the sentence. They entered the house of Domenico Cecchetti at half-past four, and told him that they had been sent to convey him to the Bargello, from whence he was not likely soon to return. Hastily kissing his four boys, he bade them farewell, leaving them in the care of Him "with whom is strength and wisdom, and whose are both the deceived and the deceiver." On the following morning he was met at a quarter to seven, guarded by two gendarmes, heavily ironed, pale but calm, on his way to the terminus of the Leghorn railway, by which he was to go to Monte Lupo."

**THE TURKISH CAVALRY OFFICER.**—The "brave Skender Bey's name is Illinski, and he was born in the vicinity of Bender, in Bessarabia. He has led the most adventurous soldier's life of any man in the world. He fought in Spain against the Carlists, who kept him a prisoner for a time. He fought in Algiers and in Bosnia, and in six weeks reduced the Herzegovina to submission. He has been wounded fourteen times, and was never free from attacks of intermittent fever. I regret to see that he has again been severely hit in a cavalry action at Eupatoria where he lost four of his sword fingers.

"The motto on Skender's scimitar is—

"Altra cosa morire—altra parlare di morte."

"He never speaks—he acts; and few men have ever had such trophies to show. With 800 Bashî-Bazooks and regulars near Kraiova he attacked and destroyed Karaman's regiment of Hussars, and took from them our guns, which were brought in triumph to Schumla. Since his childhood he had not heard from his relations. But last summer near Bucharest he made a Cossack prisoner, who, on being questioned, declared that he came from the lands of Illinski. Skender grew pale at the name. He asked, 'How is Count Illinski—the old man?

'He is dead.' 'How is the Countess Illinski?' 'The countess is dead.' Skender's weather-beaten face changed, tears ran down the furrows of his cheek, and the Cossack bowed reverentially before this involuntary outburst of grief. Skender will never perhaps see his country more. Let us have sympathy and a tear for this undaunted exile."

A letter in the *Kilkenny Moderator* relates the gallant daring of Private James Neary, of the 67th, at the battle of Inkermann. "When at Inkermann, the 67th were surrounded by the enemy in almost overwhelming numbers. Neary saw a Russian level his musket at his colonel, Brigadier Goldie. He had himself just loaded, but had not time to cap. However, jumping forward, he at once knocked the Russian down with his musket. The colonel had seen his danger, and he at once said to Neary, 'Thank, you, my good fellow; you have saved my life.' 'I will save it better, sir, replied Neary, and capping his musket, he drove a ball through the head of the Russian soldier, who was in the act of getting on his feet again. The colonel called to Neary's captain—the brave and lamented Captain Stanley—to take down the name of the man who rendered this assistance. But, at that moment turning round, he saw the colours surrounded by the enemy, and at once cried to Neary—'Come, my brave fellow, our colours are in danger.' With that they hurried forward, and were just in time, aided by other soldiers whom they rallied, to save the colours—the colonel, by cutting down a Russian sergeant, and his deliverer, Private Neary, by extricating one of them from the body of one of his own officers, a brave young gentleman, who lost his life in defending them. Then came the tug of war, column after column of the enemy came rushing down on our gallant fellows, and the brave commanding officer cried—'Come, Die-hards—come on, boys, and let these fellows taste your steel!' and so they did, and no mistake—the Russians falling before bayonets like ninepins; our gallant leader ever foremost, cutting and slashing about him right and left, and bravely cheering on his handful of Die-hards. The colonel fell from his horse mortally wounded, and having been carried from the field, expired in about eight hours after, to the great regret of the regiment and the army; poor Captain Stanley died on the field, and will ever be remembered in his corps as a gallant officer and a good man: whilst Private Neary also came in for his share, having received a wound in the head, from the effects of which he has since been suffering in this hospital, occupying a bed contiguous to my own. However, he has now nearly recovered, and is ready to go in at Sebastopol with the best of them; and it is only to be regretted that he has not received the reward which would surely have been forthcoming had not both Colonel Goldie and Captain Stanley unfortunately fallen in the battle."

### The Fast Day.

#### A FORM OF PRAYER

To be used in all Churches and Chapels of the United Church of England and Ireland in the Province of N. S. on Friday 11th May, 1855, being the Day appointed by Proclamation for a solemn Fast, Humiliation, and Prayer before Almighty God:

In order to obtain Pardon of our Sins, and in the most devout and solemn Manner send up our Prayers and Supplications to the Divine Majesty, imploring His Blessing and Assistance on our Arms, for the Restoration of Peace to Her Majesty and Her Dominions.

#### THE ORDER FOR MORNING PRAYER.

¶ The Service shall be the same with the usual Office for Holydays, except where it is in this Office otherwise appointed.

¶ Let these Sentences of Scripture be read before the Exhortation.

O LORD, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing.

I will arise and go to my Father; and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.

¶ Instead of the Venite exultemus.

God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble.

Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved: and though the hills be carried into the midst of the sea. Though the waters thereof rage and swell: and the mountains shake at the tempest of the same.

The Lord of Hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge.

For I will not trust in my bow: it is not my sword that shall help me.

I will say unto the Lord: Thou art my hope and my stronghold; my God, in Him will I trust.

For it is thou that savest us from our enemies: and putteth them to confusion that hate us.