

has risen upon the world of souls. While floods of light and torrents of fire inundate the external world, I have within me another world which remains dark and cold. Winter wraps it in her frosts like an eternal winding sheet. Let those wæp who have no spring."

We gave another passage, in which he shows still more strongly the misery of a soul "without God and without hope in the world:"

"When faith, which unites man to God, fails, the effects are frightful. The soul left to its own weight, falls, falls unceasingly, unceasingly, carrying with it an intelligence detached from its source, and which catches, now with painful uneasiness, and now with delirious joy, at every thing it meets in its fall. Tormented with emptiness of life, the soul pursues amidst the void of fanciful abstractions, of floating shadows, forms without substance. Soon all its noble instincts are buried in profound slumber, all its secret powers are either extinguished or inflict upon it a sort of inward punishment, the unknown cause of which casts it into indescribable despair. Unhappy man! his soul is famished; what shall he do? He would kill his soul, not finding for it, where it is, any nourishment. He suffers, because he is too elevated. Descend, then, descend even to the animal, to the plant! make thyself a brute! make thyself a stone! But this cannot be! Into the abyss in which he is sunk, he carries with him his spiritual nature; and the echoes of the universe repeat the bitter complaints of this creature, who, leaving the place assigned him by the Supreme Creator in his vast plan, and unable to find a fixed place, floats without rest upon the bosom of things, like a disabled vessel which the winds drive forward and backward in every direction upon the desert ocean."

A CHRISTIAN SUFFERER.

The privilege is respectfully solicited of making known to your readers, a living example of the power of a living Saviour to support the soul amidst appalling sufferings. The case about to be presented is an extraordinary one, both in respect to the nature and duration of the disease, and the heavenly serenity and patience of its victim. Some publicity having been given to the facts at the close of a pathetic little narrative, entitled "The Rhode Island Cottage," the name and residence is given without invading the hallowed domain of private feeling, or wounding the delicacy of friends. The sufferer is a female, now about 31 years of age. Her name is Purbeck. She resides with her aged parents in the house No 34 Church street, Salem, Mass. (only about a stone's throw from a part of the Rail Road Tunnel.)

She has been confined to the chamber she now occupies, for 11 years; years, to her of almost incessant agony by night and by day. Her disease is a most complicated affection of the spine and nervous system, which baffles medical skill to classify or to cure; and its effects so strange as to remind one of the days of witchcraft and even of the demoniac possessions in the time of our Saviour. Her reason is generally unclouded, the will calmly enthroned over the moral feelings and intellect, but its control is every moment liable to be lost upon the whole nervous and muscular organization.

This seems to be actuated as by an independent force, which throws her with spasmodic violence into almost every conceivable position of body. And, in whatever posture the spasm leaves her, in that posture she must remain till the next succeeding spasm throws her into another and a different. This may occur after the lapse of a few hours or days, or not for months. Her position, however unnatural, cannot be altered. If, for instance, the hand be thrown back upon the arm, the joints remain as immovably fixed, as the bone itself. Her sufferings meanwhile are intense, but the volitions of the will exert no more influence over the nerves of motion than of sensation. It seems miraculous that her head,

and indeed her whole frame has not been crushed by the terrific violence with which she has been hurled against the partition of the room. One most wonderful feature in her case, is the privation of natural sleep. The facts in this particular must be learnt from the attending physicians, being quite too marvellous for common credence. She eats every little solid food. Some months since, her jaws were locked during a period of twenty days, when she was nourished by liquid aliment received through the opening caused by the removal of teeth. One of her most assiduous medical friends has remarked that he rarely saw her when the mysterious disease had not assumed some new aspect. Reader would you know her present state, please favor me with your company on a visit to that afflicted child of God. We ascend the staircase and enter the darkened chamber. She is now sitting upright in the bed, unsupported, in which position she has remained about eight months.

During three months past she has had intervals of unconsciousness, (except to a vague and dreadful sense of pain,) which last from half an hour to two hours. Her arms are thrown up and down convulsively, the hands striking the face of thrown behind the back, and her shoulders apparently dislocated from the intense action. But now, her deepened groans and struggles announce returning consciousness. The involuntary shrieks, the heaving of the convulsed lungs, and other manifestations of great suffering during the paroxysm, are soon succeeded by her usual calm, clear state of perfect consciousness. We approach and take her hand. Her sufferings are still terrible, the spasmodic action of the hands and arms much the same; but her mind! amid all the wildness of bodily anguish, it is serene and untroubled as the still waters of heaven. The voice is mild and firm. The brow is placid; thought seems to sit there as tranquilly as if all around was peaceful, though the expression of pain blends with that of confiding love and patient hope in the lineaments of the countenance. You listen with astonishment to her thanksgivings for favors received of God, her eager inquiries about the progress of His kingdom whom her soul loves, and to her expressions of conscious unworthiness. She "tries to suppress her groans, but cannot; is consoled by knowing that Jesus groaned and wept." The writer's last visit was made but a few days since—she was much the same, no murmuring—free to converse—full of pain. Suddenly she struggled as for breath, and sunk in an unconscious spasm, during which he left her. He would love to repeat some of her thoughts, but does not feel free to do so. And, after all, what are mere words? There is a true, deep language of the soul, which cannot be printed.

She utterly disclaims all idea of inherent merit, as the ground of acceptance with God. Her holiness is not innate, or the result of her own cultivation. Jesus Christ is her atoning Saviour, her righteousness, as well as her exemplar. And this leads us to notice the source of her peace. She feels utterly guilty and lost, but forgiven and justified by God for the sake of Jesus Christ. She deliberately and determinedly watches and strives against sin, and endeavors by keeping very close to Christ, in His strength, to feel and think aright. Her salvation is a living, conscious salvation from sin. She does not hope to be happy hereafter merely because Christ died, if she persists in rejecting that great salvation,—oh no; her free and eternal salvation is evidenced by present salvation from the prevailing love and dominion of sin. And herein differs the peace which Christ gives, from the delusive peace which Satan sometimes gives. She believes that all things work for good to those who love God, love him now—not for those who now hate Him, and hope somehow to love him after death.

Do not depreciate any pursuit which leads men to contemplate the works of their Creator! The Linnæan traveller, who, when you look over the pages of his journal, seems to you a mere botanist, has in his pursuit, as you have in yours, an object that occupies his time, and fills his mind, and satisfies his heart. It is as innocent as yours, and as disinterested, perhaps more so, because it is not so ambitious. Nor is the pleasure which he partakes in investigating the structure of a plant less pure or less worthy, than what you derive from pursuing the noblest productions of human genius.—*Southey.*

THE TRAVELLER.

RUINS OF ANCIENT CITIES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

There cannot, we think, be found a more appropriate emblem of the transitory and perishable nature of human glory, whether individual or national, than that presented by these ruined cities.

Embowered in woods which seem to be the growth of ages, they stand the sole monuments of a people, who had evidently attained a much higher degree of civilization and refinement than any of the tribes by whom this continent was inhabited when the enterprise and cupidity of Europeans first led them to its shores; and hence the enquiries are irresistibly, though vainly suggested, "Whence came they?" "Who are they?" "What has become of them?" "One thing I believe," says Mr. Stephens, in his description of Copan,— "One thing I believe, that its history is given on its monuments, but no Champollion has yet brought to them the energies of his enquiring mind. Who shall read them?"

The hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt had remained undeciphered throughout the lapse of ages, until Champollion discovered the key that unlocked their stores, though history had recorded the actions, the habits, the laws, the government, the religious observances of the people, and the natural productions of the country, from the earliest ages; nay, not a few of their symbolical representations were well understood. But no such aids presented themselves to him who would read the origin, or unfold the history of Copan or Palenque: for the race by whom they were built have "perished for ever, and their memorial with them."

Yet among those kings and heroes who founded, enlarged, or embellished those superb edifices,

"Where now the fox securely feeds,
And where the poisonous adder breeds;"

who extended their dominions, and spread the terror of their arms through surrounding regions, whom Mr. Stephens suppose to have been deified, and to have had sacrificial altars erected to them, there were no doubt some who, proudly surveying the fabrics they had reared, exclaimed in the spirit of the Babylonish monarch, "Is not this the 'great city' that I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Vain boast! The monarch and his subjects, the conqueror and the vanquished, the deified and the worshipper have alike passed away. Oblivion has thrown her mantle of impenetrable darkness over every circumstance connected with their history, their origin, their achievements and their end; and Silence, with finger on her lip, points, in mockery, to the unintelligible records, sculptured on monuments now upheaving from their foundations, by the tangled roots of forests which have usurped the kingdom, overrun the cities, and planted themselves in the palaces of those by whom these monuments were reared.

Yet the very existence of such records declares that they were intended to perpetuate the fame of those whose "inward thought was," like that of too many in our own days, "that their houses should continue for ever, their dwelling places to all generations;" forgetful, or regardless, of the humbling truth, that "man, being in honor continueth not, but is like the beasts that perish."

Do we then desire an emblem of the instability of all human power, of the evanescent nature of all earthly honor, compared with "the honor that cometh from God only?" Let us contemplate, not the shapeless mounds of rubbish, those "scanty relics of a mighty name," which are all that constitute the remains of Nineveh and Babylon, but the splendid and still comparatively entire remains of those cities, buried in the depth of transatlantic forest, the only relics of an evidently once powerful and cultivated race,

"The sole memorial of whose lot
Is, that they were—and they are not.

STILL MORE REMARKABLE RUINS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—We have lately looked over some drawings made by a traveller, recently returned from Central America, representing the ruins of an ancient city, not yet visited by any traveller, which are, perhaps, more remarkable than