

The Berean.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—Acts xvii. 11.

VOLUME III.—No. 43.]

QUEBEC, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1847.

[WHOLE NUMBER 147.]

THE ATLANTIC'S BELL.

[The Rev. B. G. C. PARKER, in his eloquent sermon in reference to the wreck of the Atlantic, mentions the fact that the bell of that ill-fated vessel still continues to ring, as the waters dash against the remains of the wreck.] See BERGAN of Dec. 10, p. 147.

Far, far o'er the waves, like a funeral knell,
Mourningly sounds the Atlantic's bell,
Midst the wind's wild shriek and the surge's roar,
As the waters break on the rock-bound shore,
Mourningly, sternly it soundeth on,
Like a knell for the dead, with its solemn tone,
O'er the dashing waves and the swelling sea
It ringeth and ringeth continually.

Of all the gay throng on whose ears it rang,
When the gallant bark to the waters sprang,
Like some glorious bird in its beauty and might,
Breasting the waves, 'midst the evening light,
There were none that now list to its awful toll,
Or heed its dull clang 'midst the wave's free roll,
And yet, like a knell, o'er that wintry sea,
It ringeth and ringeth continually.

Then where is the throng on whose listening ear,
It once rang in clear tones of pleasure and cheer?
Ask the waters that dash without hindrance or check,
Through the clattering wheels and the planks of the wreck;
Ask the land and the sea; one hath opened its graves,
One hath yielded its bed for down "neath its waves;
In the depth of the sea, and beneath the fresh sod,
The lost ones are waiting the trumpet of God.

How quickly, how sadly they passed away,
Like shadows of night at the dawning of day;
There were genius and learning and worth in the train,
There were some that liv'd nobly and liv'd not in vain;
There were those for whom pleasure had wreath'd her
Bright crown,
And some for whom earth's wealth was long garnered up,
The young in their beauty, the old in their years,
With hearts that beat gaily or melted in tears.

Yet, far o'er the waves, like a funeral knell,
Mourningly sounds the Atlantic's bell,
'Tis a warning to all, 'mid the opening year,
In the midst of our life as we draw out each breath,
How swiftly we haste to the caverns of death;
May the fate of the lost ones our own warning be,
Like a death knell rung out o'er life's treacherous sea.
J. W. B.

Prof. Churchman.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE STATE OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

From a Sermon preached by the Right Rev. Daniel Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta, just previous to his embarkation to return to his Diocese.

I cannot pretend, and do not pretend to enumerate all the steps which God has enabled us to take at home since I left in June 1832; and I only venture to give the impression which some of them have made on my mind, in order that I may excite my countrymen to gratitude to the God of our salvation, and lead them on, relying on His Grace, to new exertions.

1. The first thing that struck me on my arrival, and filled me with thankfulness and exultation, was, the immense number of new Churches erected to the glory of Christ in the densest and the most destitute populations of different parts of our country. Nothing like it has been seen since the blessed period of the Reformation. In one of the large manufacturing districts in Yorkshire, I found four Churches built, almost within sight of each other, by the proprietors of factories, for the benefit of their operatives. The Metropolitan with its fifty or sixty new churches, the Dioceses of London, and of Chester, of Winchester, and Ripon, and other Seats—of which what is done in London itself is a specimen—speak for themselves.

2. The number of active, pious, laborious Clergy seemed to me greatly increased. Here I speak with much diffidence and reserve, from my limited opportunities of observation; but I cannot but record to the glory of the Giver of all good what appeared to me to be the case. I planned myself, for instance, in the retired village of Surrey where I was Curate in 1801—the improvement all about was immense. In the larger towns also which I have visited, numbers of Clergy, sometimes more than 100, pressed around me, and described the general rise of spiritual-mindedness and activity in their neighbourhoods as of the same character.

3. The fine Protestant spirit throughout our country, called out by the numerous and disgraceful apostasies amongst our Clergy and Laity to Rome, and by the late infatuated movement in that direction, which led, and by necessary consequence led, to those defections, makes me hope that a general revival of pure, sound, scriptural Christianity is beginning in our Church. God seems to be overruling the insidious attacks on our Protestant faith to a salutary reaction, which is the more satisfactory, and likely to be the more permanent, because it is connected with an enlightened and moderate, but most determined attachment throughout the masses of our people to our own Protestant Apostolical Church as settled at the blessed period of the Reformation—and not as unsettled by the School of Laud and the Non-jurors and Movement men—and because it has not been irritated into reprisals by the wild attacks of the political Anti-state Church Associations, which seem to me to leave no further steps to be taken but those of physical force. Such rabid onslaughts are as far from the piety, moderation, and loyalty of the old Non-conformists as can be conceived—and can only result in a warmer love to our mild and tolerant Church in our people, if we are stealthful to the simplicity of Christ.

4. The efforts to diffuse the blessings of Christian education, the new Colleges established, the multitude of Normal Schools raised, the Government grants in aid of individual efforts, the ardent endeavours made to benefit the masses of our uneducated population—all this, allowing for large deductions in the present working of things, appears to me a mark of the Divine mercy towards us.

5. The larger support given to our Societies for Foreign Missions, scanty and defective comparatively as that support still is; and the number of pious and able youths devoting themselves to the holy cause, filled me with joy. Here I should be most ungrateful if I did not mention with especial

thankfulness the prodigious strides made by the Church Missionary Society, now happily under the patronage of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

6. The strenuous efforts made to diffuse Christianity at home and in our Colonies and foreign possessions, are, again, an honour to God's name before our people. The Colonial Bishops' Fund, the Bishops' established at Jerusalem, (at the consecration of the second Prelate of which I was honoured to preach) the Parliamentary measures for giving incomes to Clergymen in new and populous districts, the Society for building and enlarging of Churches, King's College, London, St. Augustine's College at Canterbury, the Pastoral Aid and Additional Curates' Societies, the Scripture Readers' Institution, the Translation Fund of the Christian Knowledge Society, and the continued and increasing energy and success of the noble British and Foreign Bible Society—all these I look at in their ultimate results, if only they are still conducted in the simplicity of the Gospel, with unmingled thankfulness and hope.

7. The variety of ways in which the details of Christian benevolence are carried out, struck me as novel and most important. The Societies for District Visiting, for what are termed Ragged Schools, the Infirmary for Consumption, for providing Washing conveniences and better lodgings for the poor, for the relief of Needlewomen and Governesses, and the reduction of Factory hours as respects the young, are blessed symptoms of the philosophy of Christian charity.

8. The arts subserving Christianity appear also to have taken a spring contemporary with the improved religious feeling of our country. I was filled with surprise on visiting the prodigious establishments for printing Bibles and Prayer-books at Oxford—and the almost marvellous cheapness with which they were produced. No the means of steam communication both internally and by sea—apparently only in their infancy still—are pregnant with results which no human mind can foresee or appreciate.

9. The more pacific character of our statesmen and public men is, again, a token for good. This is perhaps a topic beyond my province; but I cannot avoid noticing the friendly feelings now studiously cultivated between a great neighbouring country and our own, which have resulted already in a more than thirty years' tranquillity in Europe—an event unexampled in modern history. The glory of peace seems to have superseded that of war; and national jealousies to be yielding to mutual sympathy and esteem. Blessed be God!

10. If I mention last the near liberality which has appeared in many individuals, it is in order that I might take occasion to return my warmest and best thanks to this great parish of Islington, and other parishes and individuals throughout England. The subscriptions to the Cathedral Mission at Calcutta, and for the completion of the buildings and preparing it for consecration on my return, have amounted already, in Islington alone, notwithstanding their numerous local objects, to nearly £600, and will be, I trust, largely augmented by the collection of this morning; when I plead, and for the last time, for love's sake, for Christ's sake, for the Gospel's sake, for the honour of God's great name amongst 130 millions of heathens and Mohammedans.

FICTITIOUS NARRATIVE.

There is one class of fictitious narratives, in regard to which, as I am led to the consideration of the subject, I would desire to subjoin a few words of friendly caution to the Christian reader. I allude to fictitious narratives of a religious character, in the perusal of which much circumspection is required, and much moderation should be employed. I am far, indeed, from thinking that there is any reasonable or scriptural objection, to employing fiction as a vehicle for the conveyance and inculcation of religious truth. The parables of our blessed Lord (which there is every reason to believe are fictitious stories) appear decisively to warrant the employment of fiction as a medium of religious instruction. And the example thus given by the highest of all authorities has been, in many instances, most happily and successfully followed by Christian authors, who have combined the charms of a brilliant imagination with soundness of judgment and sobriety of spirit; and thus enlisted, in the service of the sanctuary, that love of interesting narrative, and delight in the embellishments of graceful composition, which are so closely interwoven into the very texture of our mental frame. Need I do more, to substantiate this assertion, than allude to that

“Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale Sweet fiction, and sweet truth alike prevail— Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style, May teach the gayest—make the gravest smile; Witty, and well employed, and like his Lord, Speaking in parables His slighted Word.”

Who that loves the Saviour's name but must echo the heartfelt tribute, thus paid to Bunyan, by the saintly Cooper and, with him,

“Revere the man, whose pilgrim marks the road, And ends the progress of the soul to God.”

But while I thus gladly appeal to this exquisite allegory, as a proof how effectually fiction may be made to subserve the cause of truth, I cannot refrain from subjoining an admonitory hint to those who may be disposed to indulge too largely in a style of religious reading which requires to be rather sparingly enjoyed, and its results to be very carefully watched. There can be no doubt, that an excessive indulgence in the perusal of works of religious fiction, (to which many professing Christians, in our day, are, I fear, quite too prone) tends to generate a species of sentimental piety which may be easily mistaken for that devoted love to the Saviour, and zeal for His glory, without which all religious profession is an empty name. The characters are often delineated with such extravagant colouring, as monsters of faultless perfection, and the scenes described with such romantic interest, as surpassingly strange or delightful, that the Christian characters and scenes which real life exhibits, appear in the comparison unattractive and uninteresting. The inconsistencies that the former exhibit, and the revolting circumstances by which the latter are so often accompanied, in the abodes of actual wretchedness, excite dissatisfaction and disgust. The pleasure derived from the perusal of a well told

tale, diversified with striking incidents, and rendered entertaining by the development of the characters and destiny of the different personages, introduced into the story, is fearfully liable to be mistaken for a harmony of sentiment with the piety which pervades the work. And thus the reader is in danger of being satisfied with his own state, because he finds himself capable of sympathizing with the spiritual joys and sorrows of the religious characters whose history he is engaged in studying. The truth may be, that what awakens and sustains his interest in the work, is exclusively the story, altogether independent of its religious complexion. And thus may a most dangerous delusion be fostered, by an unrenewed mind being led to mistake its real condition, and to fancy itself influenced by a vital principle of godliness, because it relishes a narrative of scenes and characters in which that principle prevails.

One of the surest tests, by which the sincerity of this supposed congeniality with those characters and scenes may be ascertained, is, whether there is a proportionable pleasure in secret communion with God by prayer, and in the private perusal of the Word of God. For we may feel assured, that if, while our interest in reading a religious work of fiction is very intense, communion with God in prayer, and the perusal of His word, are felt to be wearisome, we are either deceiving ourselves in the idea that we are spiritually alive at all, or our spiritual life is at a low ebb indeed. Nor should we ever indulge the hope that any style of religious reading is profitable to us, if we do not find that it additionally endears to us the word of God, and leads us to study that blessed Book with increased relish and delight. We would therefore affectionately caution the Christian reader against indulging in a taste for religious fiction, in preference to those more solid and sober religious works, which tend to invigorate the mind, to regulate the passions, and give firmness and stability to the character. We would say to him—Be much in the study of more practical and profitable works, especially those of the older divines. They will furnish you with substantial and really nutritious food for your mind. Familiarize yourself with those writers in whose pages you will find the precious truths of the Gospel enforced with seriousness, faithfulness, and impressiveness; and at the same time recommended by the subordinate attractions of talent and taste. Select, as your favourite companions, the works of Latimer and Ridley, of Jewell and Reynolds, of Beveridge and Baxter, of Hall and Hooker, of Watts and Doddridge, of Usher and Leighton; or those latter lights of the Church—Flavel and Fletcher, Walker and Harvey, Gurnall and Edwards, Newton, and Romane, Bode and Howe, Scott and Henry, Venn and Lath Richmond, Cecil and Simeon, Martyn, Witherspoon, and Hannah More. Or to name but a few living authors, whose pages will equally supply profit and delight, study with attention the writings of Sumner and Chalmers, Bickersteth and Taylor, O'Brien and Abercrombie, McNeill and Bradley, Charlotte Elizabeth and Caroline Fry, Cunningham and Close, Bridges and Blunt. Christian Biography will also furnish a rich feast of profitable and pleasurable reading, far more improving, and, to a sound and well regulated mind, more interesting than the pages of religious fiction can supply. Milner's Church History will open a wide field for delightful study; and Edwards on Redemption will develop, in the most attractive manner, God's providential government of the world, in connection with the glorious scheme of redeeming love. Home's introduction to the critical study of the Scriptures is a condensed library of religious knowledge. The lives of distinguished missionaries, especially Bainerd and Elliott, Swartz and Maityn, Carey and Morrison, and the records of missionary labours, particularly Ellis' and Williams', will supply safe and even salutary gratification for that love of strange and interesting adventures, which is so natural to the youthful mind. But there is one work, I would emphatically recommend to the young and imaginative Christian, as it combines all the fascinations of romantic fiction, with all the solidity of historical truth, and recommends evangelical sentiments by the charms of a vigorous and attractive style. I need scarcely add that I mean D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation. While, however, we thus recommend, to the Christian, other styles of religious reading, above all we should say, let the Bible be to you the book of books—“your guide, companion, and familiar friend;” gather in this field every morning the daily portion of heavenly manna, to sustain and nourish your soul to everlasting life! there, too, to take but a glance at the diversified character of its contents—you will find suitable provision for every faculty, every taste. The Bible is, in fact, a divine Encyclopedia in itself. It contains history, the most authentic and ancient, tracing back to the first creation of our world; and prophecy, the most important and interesting, tracing forward to its first consummation; journeys, surpassing all others in the marvellousness of their adventures, and the dignity of their guide, for they were marked by miracles at every step, and in every movement directed by God; the travels of the most distinguished missionaries, the first preachers of the Gospel; and the lives of the most illustrious personages, including the biography of the Son of God; events, more wonderful than romance ever imagined; and stories more fascinating than fancy ever sketched; the finest specimens of poetry and eloquence, of sound philosophy and solid argument; models of virtue, the most attractive; and maxims of wisdom, the most profound; forms of prayer, the most appropriate in every variety of spiritual experience; and songs of praise, that would not be unworthy of an angel's tongue—precepts of unparalleled importance; and parables of unrivalled beauty; examples of consistent piety, suited to every situation; and lessons of divine instruction, adapted to every age! But, above all, this blessed Book deserves and demands your persevering and prayerful study, because it reveals the only way of salvation, by testifying of Him who is the only Saviour—who is Himself “the Way, the Truth, and the Life”—“the Alpha and Omega of a sinner's hopes—the sum and substance of a sinner's salvation!” This is the only book in which you are certain of finding “truth without any mixture of error”—the only one which you are sure that the Holy Spirit has indited by His infallible inspiration, and whose de-

vout perusal, engaged in with prayer for His divine teaching, He has promised and pledged Himself to bless!

Beware, then, of substituting any style of religious reading, however excellent in itself, for the perusal of the word of God! If you do so, that God, who is jealous of the honour of His own word, will withhold His blessing from the book (were it even the most spiritual and heavenly-minded ever composed by uninspired man) which is allowed to usurp, in your regard and study, the place which is exclusively the prerogative of the oracles of divine truth. The consequence will be, that, however you may be amused, you will not be profited by such reading. Unaccompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, it will not communicate a single particle of spiritual strength or refreshment to your soul. The light that shines on the pages of the book, however brilliant, will not warm your heart with a Saviour's love. No dew of divine grace will distil from its leaves, however rich in piety or genius, to revive your drooping soul. Try, then, I would affectionately advise you, the effect of all your religious reading by the test I have proposed—what influence it appears to exercise over your relish for the reading of the Bible. If you find a decided increase in your taste for the study of this blessed Book; if you feel it to be more precious to your soul; that your desire for it is quickened, and your delight in it deepened; then may you hope that a blessing is resting on whatever religious works you are studying, when they are thus regarded, and valued only as hand-maids to the word of God. But if you find a contrary effect produced; that you take up the religious work, especially if it be a work of fiction, with desire, peruse it with delight, and lay it down with regret, while you commence the study of the Bible with reluctance, continue it with weariness, and close it with a feeling of satisfaction because the task, which conscience compelled you to undertake, is finished, then be assured, your religious reading, however excellent in itself, or fascinating in its effects, is unattended with the blessing of God, or any profit to your own soul.—From “The Gospel promulgator of true happiness” by the Rev. Hugh White, A. M.

THE LIFE OF FAITH EXEMPLIFIED AND RECOMMENDED.

DEAR BROTHER—Yours I received, and thought on that question being, “How to live in this world, so as to live in heaven.” It is one of the common pleas of my heart, which I have often occasion to study, and therefore takes me not unprovided. It is hard to keep the helm up against so many cross winds as we meet withal upon this sea of life and glass. That man knoweth not his own heart that finds it not difficult to break through the entanglements of the world. Creature smiles stony and entice away the affections from Jesus Christ; creature-frowns encompass and tempestuate the spirit, that it thinks it doth well to be angry; both ways grace is a loser. We had all need to watch and pray lest we enter into temptation. The greatest of your conflicts, and causes of complaints, seem to have their original here. Temptations follow tempests. As there are two predominant qualities in the temper of every body, so there are two predominant sins in the temper of every heart. Pride is one in all men in the world.

I will tell you familiarly what God hath done for my soul, and in what frame my soul keeps towards himself. I am come to a conclusion to look after no great matters in the world, but to know Christ and him crucified. I make the best way in a low gate. A high spirit and a high sail together will be dangerous; and, therefore, I prepare to live low. I desire not much. I pray against it.

My study is my calling; so much as to tend that without distraction, I am bound to plead for, and more I desire not. By my secluded retirements, I have the advantage to observe how every day's occasions insensibly wear off the heart from God, and bury it in self, which they who live in care and labour cannot be sensible of. I have seemed to see a need of every thing God gives me, and to want nothing that he denies me.

There is no dispensation, though afflictive, but either in it, or after it, I find I could not be without it; whether it be taken from me, or not given to me, sooner or later God quiets me in himself without it. I cast all my concerns on the Lord, and live secretly on the care and wisdom of my heavenly Father. My ways, you know, are, in some sense, hedged up with thorns, and grow darker and darker daily: but yet I distrust not my God in the least, and live more quietly in the absence of all, by faith, than I should do, if I am persuaded, if I possessed them. I think the Lord deals kindly with me, to make me believe for all my mercies before I have them; they will then be Isaacs—sons of laughter. The less reason has to work upon, the more freely faith casts itself upon the faithfulness of God. I find that while faith is steady, nothing can disquiet me, and when faith totters, nothing can establish me. If I tumble out amongst men and creatures, I am presently lost, and can come to no end; but if I stay myself on God, and leave him to work in his own way and time, I am at rest, and can sit down and sleep in a promise, when a thousand rise up against me. Therefore, my way is not to cast beforehand, but to work with God by the day: “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

I find so much to do continually with my calling, and my heart, that I have no time to puzzle myself with peradventures and futurities. As to the state of the times, it is very gloomy and tempestuous; but “Why do the heathen rage?” Faith lies at anchor in the midst of the waves, and believes the accomplishment of the promise through all those overturnings, confusions, and seeming impossibilities. Upon this God do I live, who is our God for ever, and will guide us to the death. Methinks I lie becalmed in his bosom, as Luther in such a case, I am not much concerned, let Christ see to it. I know the prophecies are now dark, and the books are sealed, and men have all been deceived, and every eastern falls; yet God doth continue faithful, and faithful is he that promised, who will do it.” I believe these dark lines will give birth to a bright morning.

Many things more I might have said; but enough. O brother! keep close to God, and then you need fear nothing. Maintain secret and inti-

mate communion with God, and then a little of the creature will go a great way. Take time for duties in private. Crowd not religion into a corner of the day. There is a Dutch proverb, “Nothing is got by thieving, nor lost by praying.” Lay up all your good in God, so as to overbalance the sweetness and bitterness of all creatures. Spend no time anxiously in fore-hand contrivances for the world; they never succeed; God will run his dispensations another way. Self-contrivances are the effects of unbelief: I can speak by experience. Would men spend those hours they run out in plots and devices in communion with God, and leave all on him by venturesome believing, they would have more peace and comfort.

I leave you with your God and mine. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit. Pray for your own soul, pray for Jerusalem, and pray earnestly for:

Your poor brother, J. B.

Letter found in the study of a minister after his decease, publ. by Rel. Tract Society.

ANNIE SHERWOOD'S FIRST EVENING IN THE CITY.

A large coal fire burned briskly in the breakfast-room of the handsome and luxuriously furnished residence of Mr. Robert Morton, in one of our eastern cities. It was at the close of a cold day in the cheerful month of November, and the wind whistled merrily without; but its wailings were unnoticed by the cheerful family group, that were seated under the bright gas-light, around a tea-table covered with delicacies. Mr. Morton, who in a rich dressing-gown and slippers sat at his head, was a fine looking man in the meridian of life; and his wife, whose countenance still bore the traces of what in youth must have been uncommon beauty, presided with dignity and ease, often glancing with a mother's fondness on the youthful faces that were gathered around the board. Of these, Julia Morton, (the eldest,) fair and lovely in appearance, was seated beside her father, and next was her brother Henry, a bright lad of seventeen, with a countenance glowing with health and humour; while opposite to them were their younger sisters Helen and Maria, the former a merry laughter-loving girl of fifteen, and the latter, (the youngest member of the household,) an affectionate, yet spoiled child of seven years of age. Besides these, at Mrs. Morton's right and next to Henry, sat a young lady, about the age of Julia Morton, whose travelling dress made her appear as a newly arrived guest. She had indeed just joined the circle of which she now formed a part.

Amid questions and answers, the moments flew quickly by, and Annie, seated among her kind relatives around the cheerful fire, had begun to feel quite at home, when the door-bell rang, and some visitors were announced. Her uncle and Julia immediately went down into the parlour, expressing much regret at being obliged to leave Annie, and saying they would not ask her to allow them to introduce her to their friends this evening, as she must feel fatigued. Mrs. Morton soon followed, yielding to Annie's earnest request that she would not be detained on her account, and Helen's laughing assurance that she and Harry and Maria could entertain their cousin “charmingly,” remarking, as she left the room, “Do not sit up late, girls, but retire as soon as you feel disposed to do so.”

Helen and her brother exerted themselves to banish her sad thoughts, and an hour passed pleasantly, when a domestic entered to remind Maria that it was her time for retiring. Helen asked Annie if she did not feel disposed to accompany her, saying, “That she was ready to go, too.”

“Shall we not see uncle and aunt again to-night?” inquired Annie.

“O! no, not unless we sit up late,” said Helen. “Mr. and Mrs. Wallace always stay late, and Frank Banker, too; so it is not worth while to wait.”

Annie still hesitated; then after a moment's silence she asked in a serious tone, “Do you not have prayers in the evening, Helen?”

“Sometimes—that is, when father has no company. Julia always has visitors when she is at home in the evening, and mother is generally in the parlour with her, but father gets away whenever he can, and stays with us, and then he has prayers with us and the domestics. We have very few quiet evenings now,” said Helen; “father sometimes sighs and talks about the time when we were all little children, and he and mother seldom left us, and but few visitors; now it is different, for mother says that they must go into society for Julia's sake. Shall we follow Maria, or wait longer? Just as you please, cousin.”

“O! I think we may as well follow her,” returned Annie, in a discouraged tone, for she longed to be alone, that she might be able to think over the new and startling ideas suggested by the occurrences of the evening, respecting the mode of life her uncle's family led, and how far it would be her duty to conform to it.

“Well, if you will go, I suppose I must entertain myself as I best can,” exclaimed Henry, drawing his chair closer to the table, and settling himself in an easy position to read a small pamphlet, the pages of which he had been carelessly looking over, the last few minutes—“Helen, is this interesting?”

“Yes, very much so; you will not miss us if you once begin that. So good night, Mr. Henry,” and she took up a lamp as she spoke.

Annie followed her example, but paused as she passed Harry. “Shall I see what is so interesting?” she asked playfully. He smiled, and held up the book for her inspection. She glanced at the title-page;—it was a romance by one of the most unprincipled novelists of the present age, published in the cheap form, for the purpose of securing a wide circulation. Annie shrunk back as if from pollution—“O cousin, do you read such books?” she involuntarily exclaimed, in a tone of much surprise.

“Why, what is the matter with it?” said Henry, laughing; “you look as if it were something poisonous.”

“And so it is poisonous, and worse than poisonous to the mind and heart, Henry,” returned Annie warmly; “and this is what I have often heard father say of them; that a man whose principles and life are such as this author's were, cannot write any thing pure or excellent.”