

hungry mother, who appeared to have fasted for a month, when she would just taste it, and give it to her child, when, perhaps, that very child, instead of returning grateful service to the infancy of old age, leaves that mother to perish from hunger.—*Rev. R. Moffat's Southern Africa.*

### THE PROFLIGATE'S DREAM.

CONCLUDED.

For several days he did not quit his bed, nor would he permit his servant to admit any one into his chamber. He confined himself day after day to his bed, but sleep or rest he could not enjoy. Terror and anguish overwhelmed his soul—the awful sights which he had seen were ever present to his eye, and the words which he had heard resounded fearfully in his ears day and night.

The result was, that he formed the resolution of abandoning the Profane Society for ever: and that there was none among his boon companions that could prevail with him to attend the next anniversary, were he to live to see that period.

His companions were much amazed at his conduct. They gathered around him, and they employed every means and stratagem in their power to win him back, and to remove the melancholy which evidently seemed to prey upon his mind. They were much afraid that he was about to forsake them, for he was the life of their society, but he manfully withstood their solicitations. One of his foolish sinful companions entered his chamber one day, as he was employed in reading his Bible. A deep crimsoned blush suffused the face of the miserable youth, as he concealed the sacred book under his pillow. What shameful and foolish conduct! Had he now had sufficient fortitude and energy to read the Book of God, and to pray for the Spirit's enlightening and sanctifying influence, how blessed, how happy he might have been! After several schemes which they devised for removing his melancholy feeling had proved abortive, one of the members of the Infernal Society pretended that he was under deep concern for his soul—that he was much distressed on account of his guilt and danger. He thus, under the mask of hypocrisy, prevailed upon the young man to disclose the cause of his melancholy. At length he told his dream, and concealed nothing of what we have just related. He acknowledged that his dream was that which produced those serious and melancholy feelings under which he laboured, and which induced him to abandon the Society with which he was so long connected, and to enter upon a new and reformed career of life. The object of his companion was attained. He told all that he had heard. They again assembled around him; and by the powerful influence of sarcasm and ridicule, it is easy to believe that they soon prevailed with the unfortunate youth, who consented to return to his former path of sin and folly.

It is unnecessary to relate the melancholy recital. He gradually forgot the good resolutions which he had formed. The prayers which he offered up to God while under the influence of the gloomy feelings above described, became cold, lifeless and few. He delighted in the society of those companions whom he had for a while forsaken. He became a backslider, but not without many a severe struggle, without fear and remorse of conscience.

The ruddy bloom of youth faded from his cheek, and was succeeded by the pale hue of disease, the sure harbinger of approaching dissolution.

The time now approached when their anniversary was to be held, and he resolved that there was no power on earth that should induce him to attend it. His associates, aware of his determined purpose, resolved at all hazards to overcome all his scruples. O! how diligent, how pains taking, how inconsistent, how untable the sons of men, without the strength and grace of God!

How it happened we know not, and perhaps he knew not himself; but the day arrived on which the anniversary was to be held, and we grieve to say that this ill-fated young man formed one of the number who were present on that occasion.

Feelings of the most painful nature possessed his mind, so that he almost lost the use of his senses when he heard the first part of the Presi-

dent's address. "Gentlemen," said he, "ye members of the Infernal Society, there are precisely twelve months since we assembled here before."—Scarcely did this youth hear one word more of what was spoken. He was seized with an universal tremor, his knees smote the one against the other when he heard the awful words, "this day twelve months," for he instantly recollected the warning which he received twelve months before that day.

"We shall meet again, but we shall never separate any more." The first desire which awakened within him, was to arise and return home; but the united contempt and derision of the company he could not withstand. How many are there in this wide world, who like the young man of whom we speak, sell their immortal souls in like manner, and who have more fear of the laugh and scorn of their sinful companions than a dread of the wrath of Almighty God! His companions used every possible means to render him cheerful, and gay as usual, but in this they failed. His heart sank within him. He repeatedly endeavoured to join in the laugh and gaiety which he saw on every side of him, but this he found impossible. There was something unnatural in his voice and laughter. His unearthly appearance and manner terrified his associates.

The night was dark and cloudy—a flash of vivid lightning illumined at intervals the midnight darkness. The young man ordered his servant to saddle his horse, informing the company at the same time that he felt extremely ill. He looked at the company which sat at the table with a wild and vacant stare as he arose from his seat. His horse was in one moment at the door. He mounted the saddle. He rode homewards with all speed. But in the morning, the horse was found with the saddle on his back, quietly grazing in a field which was near the dwelling-place of this man, and at a little distance from the door was found the lifeless corpse of this unfortunate youth!

Reader, have you ever been warned by the voice of Providence and of conscience: Have you ever been deeply concerned for the welfare of your never-dying soul! Have you formed good resolutions, that you would at some future period reform your life and manners, and have you acted up to these resolutions? Beware! Ere the expiration of twelve months you may be summoned to prepare to meet your God.

Reader, have you been accustomed to sit in the company of the profane, and to join in drinking of the inebriating cup? Awaken from the sleep of death! Arise, and leave them without a moment's delay, lest you open your eyes in that miserable place where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever.

The reality of the dream is unquestioned.—We have endeavoured to record it as it had been told by the unfortunate young man who dreamed it, but alas! heeded not the awful warning which it conveyed. The dream was related by him shortly after it occurred, and there yet live many who can recollect the miserable fate of the dreamer.

### THE TRAVELLER.

From the New York Christian Advocate & Journal.

#### LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. DURBIN.

My Dear Dr. Bond.—It is now eight o'clock Christmas eve. The report of guns and fireworks fills the air. The streets are full of life and gaiety, but my thoughts are with my home and friends. I should like to be in my own native land for one day, but this may not be until next spring—if Providence permit, we shall accomplish our tour thoroughly, and shall return wiser if not better men.

France is a beautiful country, just recovering, physically and morally, from the shock of the French Revolution. Public and private order is firmly established: and the morals of society are more modest and decent externally, if not sounder under the surface: and there is a returning sense of religion in the nation, and with it a corresponding return of the Church to power and alliance with the government, with which it was at variance, or rather which was at variance with it, six or seven years since. There is also a great improvement in the public and private morals of the clergy: and all these things taken together, close up, rather than open, the field to Protestants. Liberal principles pervade the

French nation, and this produces the conflict between the parties. The friends of liberty distrust the citizen king, and he distrusts the people: hence the vigour with which he prosecutes the fortifications around Paris, notwithstanding there is no apprehensions of foreign war. They are meant to control the capital, and thus the nation. The hostility of France to England is wonderful, perhaps inexplicable.

In Switzerland there is the combination of the rugged and sublime with the delicate and beautiful. The magnificent image of Mt. Blanc is actually thrown the distance of sixty miles over the rich fields and hills, and reflected in the deep blue waters of the Lake Lemman. As I sailed down from Villeneuve to Geneva, on a beautiful day; with vineyards, villas, and towns on one side, and the snowy Alps on the other, I felt the wondrous charms that attracted Gibbon, Byron, Madame de Stael, Rousseau, Voltaire, and other great minds, to its banks. But the Lake of the Four Cantons (Lake of Lucerne) is the most wild and sublime sheet of water I have ever beheld; it is literally Alp-bordered, and the hundred snowy and thunder-riven crests and turrets which look down into its deep clear waters are reflected back as if another Alpine world was below you. Yet the great charms of this lake are the associations of patriotism and daring with which the Swiss patriots have invested it. On its banks the three laid the conspiracy against the Austrian tyrant. On its banks Tell leaped on shore in the storm, and escaped to the head of the lake and shot Gesler. As I gazed on these consecrated spots I felt; the sublimity of great and patriotic deeds. I can never forget the castellated Rhine, any more than the arroyo Rhone. From the Rhinegan to Mayence the scenery is wild, sublime, and rendered magical by the ruined towers which beetle over every lofty point that hangs over the waters. These were the castles of noble chiefs, who laid a toll upon the transit of goods on the river, and often determined the amount by their avarice, and balanced the scales by their swords, and not unfrequently turned away the unfortunate merchant empty-handed. These exactions, together with the piracy of the Northmen in the German and Baltic seas, produced the Hanseatic league, which extended itself until it embraced seventy or eighty free cities, all of which have been absorbed into the surrounding governments, except Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubec.

Holland! what a wonder is Holland! I shall never forget her canals, her dikes bearing up against the sea-floods, her wind-mills working like giants in the air; her gardens, pleasure-grounds, and tea-rooms, the latter built on the edge of the great road, and not unfrequently over a ditch of green stagnant water. Amsterdam is a great curiosity: large, rich, watered by a hundred sluggish canals, and crowded with a world of shipping. But Rotterdam I dislike, because it rained when I arrived, and I was put into a damp room, and took cold; so I hastened away to Antwerp, once the northern capital of the commercial world; with 200,000 people within her walls, 2500 ships on the bosom of her noble Scheldt; and a race of artists to decorate her; but when I saw her, her streets were deserted, her artists had gone to the grave with Rubens, and only one or two lonely ships were anchored in her stream. Superstition drove away her active and intelligent children, and she is now reaping the fruit of a narrow, bigoted religious policy. London took her place commercially, and has had the good sense to preserve her ascendancy.

Belgium is a pretty little country; her capital an epitome of Paris; her churches rich, and her people religious in their way. I walked over Waterloo, the grave of Napoleon's power, and the liberty-field of Europe; examined the positions of the two greatest generals of any age, judged of their plans and movements, picked up the arm-bone of some warrior, and hastened away to Ostend, and over to London. London is like Mt. Blanc, or Vesuvius, in one respect—the imagination is fatigued in endeavouring to take in the mighty. I cannot write of London tonight. I well remember that stepping out of a shop into the street was like leaping from a quiet nook on the banks of a river into the rapid whirling stream so dense, irresistible in the crowd into which you plunge. As I brushed hurriedly by a man, the buttons of my coat caught his watch-guard, and away went his gold key upon the pavement; to stop to look after it was hazardous, for one sta-