

the daughter a constant occupation, highly beneficial in its influence upon both.

In the mean time, Maria, Mrs. Ainsworth's faithful attendant, did not lose sight of her insatuated mother. A small, but comfortable apartment, had been procured for this miserable woman, and the means of subsistence were regularly transmitted to her hand, yet such was her chagrin on finding herself thus deserted, that, instead of her punishment working out her cure, she seemed only to give herself up to more unlimited excess. It was on one of those occasions, when all her means of indulgence were exhausted, and when her spirits had sunk to the lowest depth of despair, that her husband having visited her obscure and humble dwelling, had used words of reproach and insult, which even her broken spirit had not been able to endure. Like too many others in his situation, he had treated her case as one of disgusting enormity, and instead of pointing out the ray of hope which still remained, he had harrowed up her soul by those personal allusions, which she was not yet sufficiently degraded to bear with patience or equanimity of mind.

In this state he had left her, when, rising from her lowly seat, she looked around her small apartment with a wild and hurried glance. She then took up the remnant of a tattered cloak, and, wrapping it closely round her, walked out into the street, where the gusty wind of an October afternoon was rolling the dust in thick clouds before her. Had the air of the city been less dense, it is probable it would have made little difference in her perceptions, for she walked straight onward for the space of half an hour, till her eye caught a glimpse of the cold waters of the Thames. The sight made her shudder, and she grasped her cloak still closer on her breast, and still she walked on.

At last her progress was arrested by a crowd of persons with whom she came in contact unawares. They were assembled round a speaker, whose dress and language were not those of a minister of religion, and yet he appeared to be as much in earnest, as deeply absorbed in the importance of the cause he was advocating, as if he had both the temporal and eternal interests of his auditors at heart. That he had many and bitter opponents was evident, from the rude vociferation of some of the lowest and meanest of the crowd; but that he was a dauntless and lion-hearted man, was equally evident from the cool and cheerful manner in which he repelled every attempt to put him down.

Gilbert Gray was nothing better than a tradesman, and that by no means of the highest order. His appearance, under ordinary circumstances, was that of a common man. He had neither the wildness of an enthusiast, nor the aristocratic bearing of a hero in disguise. He was no sectarian, nor did he take part in any of the disputes by which the religious world is so lamentably divided. He was no politician either, at least he interfered not with questions of public interest, farther than he had ability to understand, or power to influence them.

There was one question, however, of incalculable importance to the well-being of society, which he did clearly understand, and in which he felt himself imperatively called to act; because he believed it to be a righteous cause; and thus he went forth, in defiance of powerful opposition, of still more powerful ridicule and contempt, satisfied to be in his own individual person despised, contemned, and at times apparently borne down, because he knew that the glorious cause was progressing, that the mists of gross ignorance were passing away from the eyes of the multitude, that conviction was taking root in the high places of the earth, that the song of gratitude and joy was beginning to ascend from unallied lips in some of the lowest paths of human life, and that even the enlightened and the good were feeling that one effort more, one additional sacrifice, was richly worth their making, for the sake of the weak brothers, and the erring sisters, whom their example might thus be the means of saving.

And was not this true heroism? To stand forth before the eyes of men a mere commoner, unsupported by rank, or wealth, or influence—to stand forth in opposition to one of the most cherished, the most popular, and widely spread evils that ever infected with its deadly poison the understandings and the lives of men. Was not this true heroism, to dare to be accounted not a violator of his country's laws, for such men are sometimes honoured—but a body, a meddler, a fool, scarce worthy of the name of man? Yet, there, beneath the calm clear light of an autumnal sky when even the smoke of the great human hive was not able to obscure the golden glory of the setting sun—there, by the side of the broad river, whose banks were crowded with busy multitudes, and whose sleeping waters reflected the tall masts of the dark vessels, which lay along its sides—there, stood this fearless man, his head uncovered,

his forehead bold and clear, his look a blaze of energy, his air, his gestures, instinct with feeling, his voice the untwined music of a lofty mind, his language the eloquence of that genuine living, deep conviction, which the wisdom of the world is powerless to overthrow.

It was a motley crowd who formed the audience, in the centre of which this undaunted speaker stood. Some who composed it were labourers returning from their work, mechanics with their aprons folded round them, female servants stealing a few moments from a hasty errand, mendicants who had been out all day, and, worse than these, the lowest grade of human beings—men and women to whom no reputable abode was ever open. Amongst these, some laughed, some shouted, some threw stones; but there were some who listened with such intense and growing interest, that their strongly marked, and sometimes ghastly faces were stretched forward, while, by the expression of their wild and sunken eyes, they seemed to be inquiring—"are these things so?"

Amongst these was a woman of most appalling and repulsive aspect, who had already attracted the attention of the speaker: yet so entirely was her own mind absorbed with the momentous subject, that she knew not when her cloak fell back, leaving nothing but her gray hair, in loose elf-locks, to shade her haggard brow and cheek, where the track of burning tears was already beginning to be seen.

And was it not worth bearing all which that noble-hearted man had born, to see the wretched being who now stood before him, thus softened; to know that her guilty and degraded soul was touched; and to be able to pour into the wound the oil of consolation, by teaching her that even for her there was hope?

The speaker ceased at last, as the shadows of evening came on and the crowd dispersed; but not before they had become generally more attentive and respectful. That ghastly woman too, drew up her cloak, and retired to some little distance, though still evidently lingering near the spot, for she had seen her own daughter in the crowd, and she saw her still, in company with that good man, and they were evidently looking here and there for some one, but who it was she could not tell. She herself stood hid behind the buttress of a wall, until she saw them turn away, as if their search was in vain. She then ventured to follow, though at some distance, for she felt like one who treads with forbidden feet in the privileged steps of the happy and the pure.

And could it be true—all which that kind, that feeling man had told her—could there be hope even for her? Had he been a deceiver, he would not have entered with such faithfulness into all the details of her miserable experience. Had he been influenced by selfish or unworthy feelings, he would not have sought out for the objects of his pity, creatures so lost and fallen as herself.

(To be Continued)

The Cake Not Turned.

A Sermon, by Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh.

TEXT.—HOSEA vii. 8.—"EPHRAIM IS A CAKE NOT TURNED."

DOCTRINE.—"It is self-inconsistent in Christians to use or countenance the use of intoxicating drinks."

The art of writing is of very ancient date. It can be traced up to the days of Moses, for, in Exodus xvii. 14, we read, "The Lord said to Moses, write this for a memorial in a book;" which, by the way, is the earliest notice of writing and of books that is to be met with. All writings, till within a date comparatively modern, were manuscript. Printing was undiscovered, and books were few, expensive, and not generally accessible. How great are our privileges! how happy we, did we know them, and correspondingly improve them! Records are an artificial memory, where these are denied, the living voice is the great vehicle of information. Sentiment, when spoken and heard but once, is easily let slip, and unretrained flies never to be recalled. Hence the need of good and acceptable words. Hence, too, the wisdom of instituting associations between the tongue, the ear, and the eye. All are in aid of the memory, and thus, through it, for the supply of the understanding. For this purpose arose the class of sentiments, termed *Proverbs*; short, pithy, emphatic sentences linked by associations with facts, incidents, and usages, of a character so local and common, as almost to be rejectable as vulgar. Their very vulgarity, however,—that is, their commonness; their being mixed up with every day's life, and their adaptation to the meanest capacity, constituted their veriest fitness for the purpose meant to