

them out, these resolute and holy men resorted to the only channel left them for communicating with the hearts and consciences of men. It was the press. Had Baxter been a mere student and not a pastor, he would probably have made all his writing thorny, abtuse and sterile, as the works of those schoolmen whose writings he seems so fondly to have loved and studied so closely. And, in that case, where had been the usefulness of the Saint's Rest, and the Call to the Unconverted? Had he continued always a pastor he would have preached much more to the men of the 17th century; but it is very questionable whether he would have preached to men of the 19th century as he now does. Here then is a class of writers, in whose history God seems to have made special provision that they should be trained to become effective as the practical writers of the church, bringing to the experience of the pastor all the leisure of the scholar, and grafting upon the meditations of the study all the unction, the simplicity and the popular tact of the pulpit."—*Rev. Dr. Williams.*

#### THE REFORMATION.

When I recall to mind how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, shook through the black and settled night of ignorance and anti-Christian tyranny, after so many dark ages wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church, methinks sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush upon the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odor of the returning Gospel imbathes his soul with the fragraney of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened, Divine and human learning was raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the prince and cities came trooping apace to the newly-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.—*Milton.*

#### RAVAGES OF LOCUSTS.

In the "Life of a Travelling Physician," just published, the author, in describing his visit to a part of Russia, near Odessa, gives the following remarkable account of the devastations of locusts in that part of the world:—

"It is almost impossible to hope for credence from those who have not been eye-witnesses of the sight which the garden presented. The whole of the surface was covered, ankle deep, with these insects, clambering pell-mell over each other, but all proceeding in the same direction.—They did not allow us to tread upon them, but on our approach, rose on wing with

a whizzing noise, and, flying forward over the heads of the main body, settled down again in the vanguard of the main body of their army. This is the manner in which they alight from the wing: the first rank pitches upon the ground, and the others do not follow train, but precede it, alighting one before the other, so that the rearguard in flight is the vanguard when they are upon the field.

The sight of them upon the trees was most curious. The branches were bent to the ground by the incumbent weight, and the Italian poplars resembled weeping willows, from their lighter branches being reversed by the weight of the locusts. Several trees were already completely bared, for the insect destroys much more than it consumes. It gnaws the stem of the leaf, and not the body, so that the leaf drops upon the ground almost entire, its stalk only having been eaten.

When the insects are browsing upon the trees, they are not so easily scared away by the appearance of man as when merely settled upon the ground: they hold fast to their food, and the boughs must be shaken before they will leave their hold. This was a curious and amusing experiment; for it was something like magic to see a tree throw its branches up into the air, as soon as the locusts were shaken off. They avoid coming in contact with mankind in their flight. I have actually been in clouds of them without one having come near my face. Sometimes, from accident, or from injury, or from fatigue, a solitary one will drop down exhausted, just as we see the straggling sick of an army; but when in vigour, they stand clear of human kind.

When they arrive in full force in a country which is at all populous, the inhabitants drive them away by making noises with marrow-bones and cleavers, &c. They also burn straw or sedge, or whatever light fuel they may possess, to smoke them out. All these efforts go but a little way to accomplish their end; for the locusts, driven from one field, proceed to another; and wherever they appear, it may be truly said, in the language of Scripture, that 'The land is before them as the garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness.' It is possible to destroy great numbers by preceding them and cutting deep trenches across their path; they all walk into the trench, where they find lighted straw to receive and consume them. This is a common and most effectual way. Upon the same principle, a person in Odessa invented a kind of long iron roller, which was to be dragged with horses at full pace over their marching armies. All the means, however, resorted to at present, are more plausible than effectual, and have only destroyed the hundreds, to see the millions vanquish. It is asserted, that when they have devoured all that is green upon the earth, and are unable to procure more food, they are pushed by hunger to prey upon each other; the weak and the wounded thus feed