

We arrived about four o'clock, p.m. Our men did not come till seven, one having fallen sick by the way.

Passing by Natei Linang, a large village of which he had never before heard, and peculiarly situated on the steep ascent of a hill, Mr. Thomson reached Sanggo. Of the wearisomeness of the day's walk, he writes—

This has been my longest and thus far my most wearisome day's journey. The country throughout is, so far as I can judge, all that need be desired for cultivation, and much more populous than I had been led to suppose. But on account of the wretchedness of the roads, or rather paths, and the general want of bridges, I can scarcely give an idea of such a day's travel. Some feeble conception of it may perhaps be formed, if, in view of the above remark, you remember that we had to pass in sunshine and rain, over mountains and hills, through valleys and ravines, crossing mills and brooks that roll along their transparent crystal streams, and ditches and meadows with mud and mire often far above the knees. We had scenes of the beautiful and the sublime, of the grand and the ridiculous, in intimate connection. Now appears the noble amphitheatre, a deep and lovely vale, or a pretty rising knoll in modest green, encompassed by hills and mountains covered with dense forests in dark majestic verdure; now the low and gloomy mountain pass, with awful heights on either side extending to the clouds; and then the little pleasant rill; and then the dreadful bog.

At six o'clock, however, contrary to all the predictions of my guide and others, we came alive and safe to Sanggo. Here the people seemed to be inspired with the same terror as in many other places in regard to the object of my coming. But happily I found some who could understand Malay, and once more enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of unfolding the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and making fully known the nature of our work. Oh how sweet it is to preach the gospel.

Passing two other villages, Mr. Thomson reached Kayang before mid-day of the 18th, over what, he says, was decidedly the worst path he ever travelled. Not was this uncomfortable travelling ended. His description of the next day's travelling, adventures and perils may teach the reader something of the self-denials and discomforts to which the missionary must occasionally be subjected.

The whole of this forenoon I had to wade through water most of the time over our knees, sometimes up to our waists, and once up to our hips. Twice we had to wait, standing knee deep in the water, for fifteen or twenty minutes, while a sort of bridge was constructed for us to cross over places beyond our depth. What a tale! not a little discomfort and danger to this position, the water in the midst of a dense swamp was chilling cold. My limbs fairly ached at the time, and the whole afternoon, when the going became better, being on dry ground, the rheumatic effects of the cold were such that it was with the utmost difficulty I could creep up and down the steep hills and mountain heights over which we had to travel. It will be a wonder indeed, if I do not feel some worse consequences of this day's exposure. About four o'clock, however, we were cheered with the sight of houses. And oh how glad I was to behold once more the habitation of men. This feeling was enhanced by the fact that we had been repeatedly tantalized by the recurrence of bamboo forests, through which we generally approach them. But it so happened in this case that we again and again entered these outer-porches of the dark's secluded abode only to be introduced early into the deep dark woods. Now at last we found ourselves in the rice fields of Tyap, and after a little rest were conducted to the

berna or village, where we were entertained as usual with every manifestation of cordiality, and arrangements were made to proceed to Sungei Tengah in the morning. Word was also sent thither beforehand to have a prahu or native boat, in readiness there to go up the river, as there is no footpath again till we come to Laur.

Got under way about half-past six, cheered with the assurance that we should have no more such bad walking as yesterday and the day before.

When we came to the penkalen, or place from which we were to embark, we found our boat all in order.

Here I am left to keep holy day once more, not only alone, but on the solitary banks of an unfrequented river, where it would seem scarcely a boat passes up and down on an average once a day. Yet I trust I am not all alone. The Lord is with me; and all tinworthily as I am, has made his word very sweet and precious to my soul.

From D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

THE FIRST BLOOD OF THE REFORMATION.

THE inquisitors of the Low Countries, thirsting for blood, scoured the neighboring country, searching every where for the young Augustines who had escaped from the Antwerp persecution. Esch, Voes, and Lambert, were at last discovered, put in chains, and conducted to Brussels. Egmondanus, Hochstraten, and several other inquisitors, summoned them to their presence. "Do you retract your opinion," inquired Hochstraten, "that the priest has no power to forgive sins, but that that power belongs to God alone?"—and then he went on to enumerate the other Gospel truths which he required them to abjure. "No: we will retract nothing," exclaimed Esch and Voes, firmly; "we will not disown God's Word; we will rather die for the faith!"

The Inquisitor. "Confess that you have been deceived by Luther."

The young Augustines. "As the apostles were deceived by Jesus Christ."

The Inquisitors. "We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burnt alive; and we deliver you over to the secular arm."

Lambert was silent. The prospect of death terrified him: distress and uncertainty agitated his heart. "I request four days' respite," said he, in stifled emotion. He was taken back to prison. As soon as this respite was expired, Esch and Voes were degraded from their priestly office, and handed over to the council of the reigning governess of the Low Countries. The council delivered them, bound, to the executioner. Hochstraten and three other inquisitors accompanied them to the place of execution.

Arriving at the scaffold, the young martyrs contemplated it with calmness. Their constancy, their piety and their youth, drew tears from the inquisitors themselves. When they were bound to the stake the confessors drew near, "Once more we ask if you will receive the Christian faith?"

The Martyrs. "We believe in the Christian Church, but not in your church."

Half an hour elapsed. It was a pause of hesitation. A hope had been cherished that the near prospect of such a death would intimidate these youths. But, alone tranquil of all the crowd that thronged the square, they began to sing psalms,—stopping from time to time to declare that they were resolved to die for the name of Jesus Christ.

"Be converted—be converted," cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil!" "No," answered the martyrs; "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the Gospel."

The pile was then lighted. Whilst the flame slowly ascended, a heavenly peace dilated their hearts; and one of them could even say, "I seem to be on a bed of roses." The solemn hour was come—death was at hand. The two martyrs cried with a loud voice, "O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy upon us!" and then they began to recite their creed. At last the flames reached them; but the fire consumed the cords which fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them, feeling his liberty, dropped upon his knees in the midst of the flames, and then, in worship to his Lord, exclaimed, clasping his hands, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!"

Their bodies were quickly wrapped in flame; they shouted "*Te Deum laudamus.*" Soon their voices were stifled—and their ashes alone remained.

This execution had lasted four hours. It was on the 1st of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the Gospel.

All good men shuddered when they heard of these events. The future was big with fearful anticipations. "The executions have begun," said Erasmus. "At length," exclaimed Luther, "Christ is gathering some fruits of our preaching, and preparing new martyrs."

But the joy of Luther in the constancy of these young Christians was disturbed by the thoughts of Lambert. Of the three, Lambert possessed most learning; he had been chosen to fill the place of Probst, as preacher at Antwerp. Finding no peace in his dungeon, he was terrified at the prospect of death, but still more by conscience, which reproached him with his cowardice, and urged him to confess the Gospel. Delivered, ere long, from his fears, he boldly proclaimed the truth, and died like his brethren.

A noble harvest sprung up from the blood of these martyrs. Brussels manifested a willingness to receive the Gospel. "Wherever Alexander lights a pile," remarked Erasmus, "there it seems as if he had sowed heretics."

"I am bound with you in your bonds," exclaimed Luther; "your dungeons and your burnings my soul takes part in. All of us are with you in spirit, and the Lord is above it all!"

He proceeded to compose a hymn commemorative of the death of the young monks; and soon, in every direction, throughout Germany and the Low Countries, in towns and in villages, were heard accents of song, which communicated an enthusiasm for the faith of the martyrs.

Flung to the headless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last,
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall bring a plentiful seed,
Of witnesses for God.

Jesus hath now received
Their latest living breath,—
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death.
Still—still—though dead, they speak
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a waking land,
The one availing Name.

PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.—We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits; but the fact is, that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is ever eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure. To such the present moment is every thing & the future as nothing; he borrows, therefore, from the future at a most usurious and ruinous interest; and the consequence is, that he finds the tone of his best feelings impaired, his self-respect diminished, his health of mind and body destroyed, and life reduced to its own draggled time when, humanly speaking, the greater portion of its comforts should be still before him.