

to another house; and in removing him down stairs, his head struck against a stone, which broke his head; but still he did not move. I now found that his pulse was not quite so strong, nor had he any sweats as when I before saw him. I again tried him by stopping his nose and mouth, but to no purpose. A gentleman then ran a large pin into his arm; but he gave no token of his being sensible of any thing we did to him.

In this manner he lay till November 19th, when his mother hearing him make a noise, immediately ran up to him, and found him eating. She asked him how he did, when he replied, "Very well, thank God." The poor woman now left him, to acquaint his brother of this change, but on her return she found him in a sound sleep. From this time to the end of January, he continued to sleep, though not so sound as before; for on their calling him by name he seemed to be somewhat sensible, though he could not answer them. About the time above-mentioned he awoke, not remembering any thing that had passed.—*Philosophical Transactions.*

Christian Cabinet.

THE MINES.

"Is there danger in the mines, old man," I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arm bent, leaned against the side of an immense vault, absorbed in meditation—"it must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half broken sentences he uttered "Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?—where has not death left some token of his presence?"

"True," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—and the soldier in the battle field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands, to-morrow may be his tomb." "It is so indeed," replied the old man—"we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—it is a strange riddle; who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those vicissitudes to which you have just now alluded."

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength—and I filled too with a father's vanity. Where are they now?—I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprung up into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came;—there was no cry—no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash, and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment—but time that changeth all things brought relief—and I had still two sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his

sight had no price—and told him that he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die in the mines?" "You have indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"From Heaven—God gave and he hath taken away—blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.—*Cardiff Chronicle.*

From Cecil's Remains.

ON A CHRISTIAN'S ASSOCIATING WITH IRRELIGIOUS PERSONS FOR THEIR GOOD.

CHRIST is an example to us of entering into mixed society. But our imitation of him herein must admit of restrictions. A feeble man must avoid danger. If any one could go into society as Christ did, then let him go; let him attend marriage-feasts and Pharisees' house.

Much depends on a Christian's observing his call—the openings which Providence may make before him. It is not enough to say that he frequents public company in order to retard the progress of evil.

But, when in company of people of the world, we should treat them kindly and tenderly—with feeling and compassion. They should be assisted, if they are inclined to receive assistance. But if a Christian falls into the society of a mere worldling, it must be like the meeting of two persons in vain—they will part as soon as possible. If a man loves such company, it is an evil symptom.

It is a Christian's duty to maintain a kind intercourse, if practicable, with his relatives. And he must duly appreciate their state: if not religious, they cannot see and feel and taste his enjoyments; they accommodate themselves to him, and he accommodates himself to them. It is much a matter of accommodation on both sides.

Avoid disgusting such friends unnecessarily. A precise man, for instance, must be humoured. Your friends set down your religion, perhaps, as a case of humour.

Cultivate good sense. If your friends perceive you weak in any part of your views and conduct, they will think you weak in your religion.

Avoid vain jangling. There is a disposition in such friends to avoid important and pinching truth. If you will converse with them on the subject of religion, they will often endeavour to draw you on to such points as predestination. They will ask you what you think of the salvation of infants and of the heathen. All this is meant to throw out the great question.

Seize favourable occasion—not only the "*motus temporis fundi*;" but when public characters and public events furnish occasions of profitable reflection.

Bring before your friends the extreme childishness of a sinful state. Treat worldly amusements as puerile things. People of the world are sick at heart of their very pleasures.

HUMAN NATURE.—Loskiel's "Account of the Moravian Missions among the North American Indians," has taught me two things. I have found in it a striking illustration of the *uniformity with which the grace of God operates on men*. Crantz, in his "Account of the Missions in Greenland," had shewn the grace of God working on a man-fish; on a stupid—sottish—senseless creature—scarcely a remove from the fish on which he lived. Loskiel shews the same grace working on a man-devil: a fierce—bloody—revengeful warrior—dancing his infernal war-dance with the mind of a fury. Divine grace brings these men to the same point. It quick-