

Christ?' I tried to lead the poor sufferer to the cross, showing to him that it was for guilty, and repenting, and contrite sinners that Christ died. I then read a portion of the tenth chapter of John, made some remarks, and then prayed; after which the evidently revived man said, 'Surely Christ showed me the first tokens of mercy in having sent you here.' As I gave some tracts to the man I found with him, and told him to distribute them on board the vessel, the sick man said, 'O, my dear friend, tell my comrades in the name of God, in the name of a dying man, and for the sake of the salvation of their souls, to return unto the Lord without delay. . . O let them not wait a moment; let them seek Christ, and not rest until they find Him; for it is bitterer than death itself to have to seek Him on the bed of death;' and breaking out again in loud lamentation, said, 'O merciful Jesus, let me die the death of the righteous.' Before I left him, I had to promise him to supplicate the Lord that He would graciously allow him a few days more for preparation for death.

Next morning I found that the Lord had heard our prayer, for the excruciating pain had left the sufferer, and he looked free and serene; he wept still from time to time, but these tears were no longer those of agony, they were expressions of tender gratitude to an everlasting Saviour. After prayer, he told me, among other things, that, though he was born and bred in England, his parents belonged to Scotland, and had been members of the Original Secession Church. When, at his demand, I told him that I was here the agent of the Scottish Society for the Conversion of Israel, and that the Directors of that Society resided in Glasgow, he took my hand and said, with an ardent affection, 'As I must go the way of all men, and shall hence not be able to express personally my gratitude to them for what I owe under God, to their instrumentality, promise me, sir, to do it for me when I am gone. O tell them that it pleased God to restore an agonized soul by the blessed instrumentality of one of their missionaries; convey unto them the most hearty thanks of a dying man (here tears choked his voice for a while). An Englishman, yea, a Scottish Presbyterian man: could I ever have thought to find a minister in this distant land to bring me comfort on the bed of death? A Glasgow Society has sent you here! wish them, in my name, all the blessings of heaven, and all success in their labours of love.' I promised him to do so, and, owing to this promise, I give you this narrative. After a few days' leisure, which the Lord left him to strengthen the new bond of faith, love, and hope, the most dreadful sufferings returned, which he bore with great patience. I then heard him often pray, that if it were the Lord's will He would take away the vital spark at once, and thus put an end to his agony, but he always added, 'Not mine, O Lord, but Thy holy will be done.' To everybody's astonishment, he kept on eleven days in this awful condition, whilst the ablest medical men in the hospital thought that he would not over-live two. On the afternoon of Sabbath, the 19th August, I found him quite exhausted, and, only with great difficulty, he expressed the wish for a little fresh water, which, when he took and was refreshed a little, he expressed his thanks to me in touching words, and then said, 'I am now dying fast, blessed be God, I am dying in Jesus;' taking my hand, for the last time, he said, 'pray the Lord to deliver me from the power of the tempter in the last struggle.' We prayed, and half an hour after, he fell asleep in his Redeemer. He was an intelligent young man, of about thirty years of age, and had his diploma as captain of a vessel.—*Jur. Mis. Mag.*

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY—DEEP OR ONLY DARK?

It has been zealously instilled in the minds of many, that Germany has something far more profound to supply than any thing hitherto extant in our native literature; though what that profound something is, seems not to be well understood by its admirers. They are, most of them, willing to take it for granted, with an implicit faith, that what seems such *hard* thinking must be very accurate and original; thinking also. What is abstruse and recondite they suppose must be abstruse and recondite wisdom; though, perhaps, it is what, if stated in plain English, they would throw aside as partly trifling truisms, and partly stark folly.

"It is a remark that I have heard highly applauded, that a *clear* idea is generally a *little* idea; for there are not a few persons who estimate the depth of thought, as an unskilful eye would estimate the depth of water. Muddy water is apt to be supposed deeper than it is, because you cannot see the bottom; very clear water.