

not swear any more. This engagement they adhered to, at least to the end of the voyage, and no profane language was heard during the remainder of the passage. When landed at Dunkirk, and the parties were separating to proceed to their respective destination, the young man begged the little girl would oblige him by giving him the tracts he had read, that he might carry them with him. This she very readily did, and they parted, probably never to meet again in this world. The other tracts she took with her, and read them to the family in whose care her father left her, and who were very glad to hear them, and during her stay, frequently requested her to read them over again. After a residence of about a month, she returned to England in another vessel, leaving behind her, at the particular request of the family, all her little books. She arrived in the River Thames about 12 o'clock on Saturday night, got on shore, and reached her home between one and two on the Sabbath morning. In the afternoon, she appeared in her place at the school, and related to her beloved teacher, with feelings of peculiar animation and interest, the history of her little bundle of religious tracts.—*London Home-Mission Magazine.*

INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

THE Rev. Mr. McNeille, of Liverpool, in a lecture recently delivered by him, introduced the following interesting anecdote :

"I will tell you a circumstance that occurred lately in this town. A journeyman housepainter who had long entertained infidel sentiments, and was addicted to corresponding bad practices, was employed in his trade upon a house nearly opposite to mine. From his elevated position, he saw over my blind into my study, and he observed me at my work. The next morning, at an early hour, he saw the same ; this attracted his attention, and the third morning he came still earlier, but I was before him. He ascertained who I was, and he kept watching me over the blind every morning while the job opposite to me lasted. In the meantime, as I learned afterwards, he began to reason with himself, saying, 'This gentleman must be in earnest, however, right or wrong;' and he said, moreover, 'the result of all this reading and writing so early, morning after morning, must, I should think, be worth hearing. I will go and hear what he has to say.' Accordingly, he came to my church. He heard me describe the aching anxieties of the human soul not to be satisfied with any creature thing, but aching still, and longing for repose, until it found it in the bosom of the living God. He heard me describe the way in which a God of holiness can admit a sinner to such repose—the way in which a sinner may enjoy that holy communion. His heart was touched : the secret cause of his infidelity was detected : it was not the want of evidence in the revelation of God, but a want of willingness in man to be conformed to the character of God. Before a rising willingness to be holy, all the scepticism of his intellect disappeared, and instead of a sullen infidel, he is, I have reason to hope, a happy, cheerful Christian."

THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIANITY AMONGST THE JEWS.

We have just been informed, that in addition to the donations of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, of £200 each, Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has, within the last few days, remitted the sum of 200 guineas in furtherance of the objects of the above Society.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DESERTED INFIDEL.

WHEN Paine's infidel companions said to him, "You have lived like a man—we hope you will die like one," he observed to one near him, "You see, sit, what miserable comforters I have." He declared on one occasion, if ever the devil had an agent on earth, he had been one. "There was," says Dr. Manley, his physician, "something remarkable in his conduct about this period, (which comprises about two weeks immediately preceding his death,) particularly when we reflect that Thomas Paine was author of "The Age of Reason." He would call out, during his paroxysms of distress, without intermission, "Oh Lord, help me! God help me!—Jesus Christ, help me! Oh Lord, help me!" repeating the same expressions, with-

out any, the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. This conduct induced me to think that he had abandoned his former opinions; and I was more inclined to that belief, when his nurse, who is a very serious and I believe pious woman, told me, that he would inquire when he saw her engaged with a book, what she was reading; being answered, and at the same time asked whether she should read aloud, he assented, and would give particular attention. But when his physician repeatedly pressed him to confess his guilt and errors, and asked him, "Do you believe; or, let me qualify the question, Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" after a pause of some minutes, he sullenly answered, "I have no wish to believe on that subject."—Dr. Manley remarks, "For my own part, I believe, that had not Thomas Paine been such a distinguished infidel, he would have left less equivocal evidences of a change of opinion."—The woman whom he had seduced from her husband and children in France, lamented to a friend who visited Paine in his departing moments—"For this man I have given up my family and friends, my property and my religion; judge, then of my distress, when he tells me that the principles he has taught me will not bear me out."

MILTON'S HOUSE.

Milton's house at Hornton was pulled down about fifty years since, and another—apparently of similar dimensions—built in its stead. The garden and ground are the same; and an old pigeon-house belonging to the former mansion has been preserved. In the garden is a decayed apple-tree under which the poet is said—with no great probability—to have composed the *Arcades*. The situation of the house is low and marshy. Though near the public road, it is concealed by the shrubbery and a cluster of 'hedge-row elms.' We had some difficulty in finding the house, as the villagers considered our inquiries to be directed towards a more aristocratic mansion, the manor-house, which has recently been destroyed, to the great regret of the people, who described it as a noble old residence, that had stood for hundreds of years.—The Milton house was the second in importance in the village. Having traced out the spot, we found the proprietor, Mr. Cooke, a hale cheerful old gentleman, engaged in the fields superintending his hay-makers. He came with great alacrity to show us the house, pointed out the pigeon-house and apple-tree, and dwelt with peculiar delight on the appearance of two tall poplars on the lawn, about a hundred feet in height, which are visible, he said, all the way to Slough, near Windsor, and on the London road. There is not a hill betwixt Hornton and London. In this secluded spot, 'shrouded in cheerful shade,' the poet had nothing to withdraw him from the studies in which he delighted. Mr. Cooke called one of his labourers to accompany us to Horton Church, in which, he said, no doubt the Miltons often sat, and where the poet's mother lay buried. The honest peasant was as civil and cheerful as his master, of whom he spoke with the affection of the 'olden time,' that still lingers in these remote nooks and corners; society is much the same as it was two hundred years since. His master, he said, had suffered much affliction; all his family had died before him, and their tombs were in the church. There is, fortunately, in some minds, an elasticity and ever-springing cheerfulness—the result of a happy nature and calm reliance on the goodness of Providence—that enables them to surmount the heaviest calamities that befall humanity. Horton Church is like the village, low and antique; it has its yew-trees and ivy-mantled walls, the characteristic and interesting accompaniments of such spots. An ancient font is in the interior. The chancel is paved with red bricks, among which the blue flagstone over the grave of the poet's mother is conspicuous. The stone is inscribed, "Here lyeth the body of Sarah Milton, the wife of John Milton, who died the 3d of April, 1637."—*Frazer's Magazine.*

MORMONISM.

I, with a few others, was curious to go to a Mr. Dunning's, in Gloucester, on Saturday evening, the 23d ult., to hear a Mormon preacher, one of the followers of Joe Smith. This Yankee fanatic said, amongst many other things, that "Moses" (who was instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians,) "was an ignorant man—that Aaron

was appointed to be his assistant, he being a learned man—that there were two principles in man, a good and a bad one." He made a distinction between the Comforter promised by Christ to his Apostles, and the Holy Spirit. The former is a Divine Teacher, which character he himself assumed, inasmuch as he pretended to the spirit of prophecy and miracles—that Christ was now coming on earth (not by his spirit) in his bodily form—that the New Jerusalem will be rebuilt (not in the land of Palestine, not near the fountains of Zion, Siloam, and Cedron)—but in South America, where Jesus Christ will fix the seat of his empire, and reign a thousand years; that the Jews and the Israelites would be gathered from the Isles of the Sea, one part on the Eastern, and the other part on the Western Continent; that the curse which was pronounced against the Jews, for the rejection of the Gospel, would be pronounced against the Gentiles at the coming of Christ, and that they would be destroyed from the face of the earth. The above, Sir, is a specimen of this impostor's preaching.—*Correspondent of the Bytown Gazette, 10th Feb.*

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY IN A CHURCH.

A FEW days ago, a discovery of an extraordinary kind was made in the interior of the parish church of Barking, Essex:—The interior of the ancient building affording scarcely room for the increasing population of that town and its vicinity, the Rector, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Liddell, has recently undertaken, at his own expense, to improve the chancel, to afford additional accommodation. To accomplish this, it was found necessary to cut away a portion of the ponderous pillars by which the galleries are at this end supported, and which were of ten times the strength required. While the workmen were engaged in removing a thick crust of plaster in which one of the pillars was encased, and which had been put on upwards of 70 years ago to give them the appearance of stone, they discovered a nest of five toads, two of which were of a very good size, and the others smaller. The reptiles, on being relieved from their place of lengthened confinement, jumped about the place, and seemed quite healthy, and were picked up and put in a place of security. In removing some wooden skirting from the wall near the same spot, a live bat was found, which must have been confined quite as long as the toads, and which was also secured by the workmen. These extraordinary curiosities attracted much attention, and various applications had been made to the rector for one or the other of these creatures, but they were unsuccessful.

PRACTICE OF MR. WESLEY IN REGARD TO SLEEP.

THE celebrated John Wesley, who paid every attention to the best means of invigorating his body, in order that he might be enabled to exert himself for the general benefit of his fellow creatures, to the utmost his corporeal and mental powers would allow, informs us, that he had been accustomed to awake every night about twelve or one o'clock, and lay without sleeping for some time: he, therefore, very justly concluded, that this was caused by his lying in bed longer than nature required. To be satisfied upon this point, he procured an alarm, which awakened him next morning at seven, nearly an hour earlier than his usual time of rising.—He still lay awake at night. The ensuing morning he rose at six; but notwithstanding this, he lay awake the second night. The third morning he rose at five; but, nevertheless, lay awake the third night. His next hour of rising was at four, and lying no longer awake, he, for a period of about sixty years, continued the same practice; and, taking the year round, never lay awake for a quarter of an hour at a time, during a month. He justly adds, that by the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, any person may discover how much sleep he really stands in need of. Mr. Wesley was in the habit of going to bed at ten—so by rising at four, he had six hours uninterrupted sleep, which he considered to be sufficient for his own health; he, however, very properly remarks, that invalids and persons of a delicate constitution, and those accustomed to much bodily fatigue during the day, may require seven or eight hours' sleep.

MERE parsimony is not economy. Expense, and great expense, may be an essential part in true economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists not in saving, but in selection.