

nothing but the show of military parade, and the merest mummeries to which a rational could stoop.

At nine o'clock, the Sabbath I passed there, the bell rang, the drums beat, and the fife blew, and in a few minutes his Excellency and suite were escorted to a neat little church by a company of soldiers, with a "pomp of circumstance," which was really pitiable, if not ridiculous. They were soon followed by some eight or ten gentlemen and ladies, and perhaps twenty or thirty of the poorer classes of society, making in all about forty-five or fifty. This was all the congregation, out of a population of twenty-five hundred. When comfortably seated, at a heavy tap of the drum, all fell on their knees, while the fife continued to play, and the drum to beat. The devotions lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and consisted only of kneeling twice, making a few crosses, a little tattooing of the drum, an air from the fife, and about a dozen words from the priest. I am not sure but that while we were kneeling, the holy sacrament was administered to his Excellency and suite. But such an exhibition of Christianity I never saw before, and hope never to see again. Men of common sense cannot believe in such nonsense; and viewed in the most charitable light, I believe it is only made a stepping-stone to further the designs of a set of men whose only object is self-indulgence and a lordly pre-eminence over their fellow beings. I do not believe they either know or fear God. How much they love their fellow beings, their recent interest for the dying will tell.

This is the place where, a few years since, "his Holiness" ordered a public bonfire to be made of some Bibles, which had very kindly been sent out to them by the American Bible Society. What greater proof can be given to the world, that the Papists are wrong, and that they know it? Else why fear they the light of the Word of God?

Our stay was too short on the Island to become familiar with the manners and customs of the people; but we were there long enough to witness some of the sufferings which this group of islands has recently experienced. They are not yet at an end. They are still dying daily, and some of the poor I saw picked up by the limbs, as a butcher's boy would pick up a slaughtered sheep, carried through the streets without even a "grave-cloth," and buried as you would bury a horse or a dog.

Famine is sweeping over these little "specks on the ocean," with far more fearfulness than has the cholera in America. Not less than thirty-three thousand, out of a population of one hundred thousand, have perished within the last twelve months; and the prospect of any relief from the produce of their own country is still very dubious. A vessel from Portland, and another from Philadelphia, we heard had just arrived, laden entirely with provisions for the dying. They will be as life to the dead. What we had was little among thousands, but it will no doubt save the lives of some.

The scenes of wretchedness, as pictured by those who had witnessed it at Antonio, Bravo, and Togo, are beyond description. At St. Jago, there was but little of it, comparatively, except from those who flocked there for relief from the other islands. Those of them who still lived were grouped together in a large yard, under the direction of the police, or the American Consul, and fed from provisions which our country has so kindly sent to them. The scene was an affecting one. Here and there I was pointed to little orphan children, who had neither father, mother, brother, nor sister left. Some of them were sitting on the ground, with a little garment thrown over them to screen them from the hasmattan winds—which were then blowing very coldly—so far gone as to be entirely insensible of what was passing around them, and as if patiently waiting for death to relieve them from their sufferings. Others were walking as mere skeletons on earth, crying with piteous moans

for "bread," but whose stomachs, when supplied, were grown too weak to derive any nourishment from it. Mothers, with nothing but skin and bones themselves, were seen bowing and courtesying for a copper to buy something for their children, with an importunity that might move a saint. Such a sight I had never before witnessed, and it has left an impression which cannot be forgotten. But God is just and good. Sin, sin hath done it all. Mercy has cried to heaven for the rod of correction, and mercy and love, though unseen to us, are directing and measuring its stripes. The misery of these poor little children is only preparatory for a bliss where death and want are unknown, or designed impressively to teach them, and a guilty word, that this is not the home of man.

The weather was not so intensely hot while we were on the island as has generally been represented. Most of the time it was pleasantly cool; sometimes too much so for comfort; and no day, I believe, was the thermometer above summer heat at noon.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CONSISTENCY.

We often hear it said, Consistency is a jewel," and perhaps we may add "of inestimable value." But in no character does it appear so conspicuous as in the Christian, nor the want of it so glaring as in the Christian minister. What avails the most eloquent preaching, if unaccompanied by a holy life!—or the most splendid gifts in exhortation, singing and prayer, without deep and corresponding piety!—or the loudest professions of faith unconnected with good works! The whiteness of the onion bulb, while hid in the earth, is perfectly consistent with the greenness of its blade, which groweth upward; but to see an old man, with snowy locks, dancing on the verge of the sepulchre, with all the gayety of youth in his steps, is quite inconsistent; and to see a Christian, whose professed hope is in heaven, with his heart and affections clinging to earth, is equally incongruous. But to see a Christian minister, holding a torch to light others in the way to heaven, while he is in the way to hell himself, is monstrous!

General seriousness, blended with cheerfulness; zeal, combined with heavenly wisdom; courage, united with modesty; gentleness with decision, may be considered as rare instances of human excellence, but not at all inconsistent. A godly conversation without covetousness, fraud or guile; a straight-forward course in the way of duty, without wavering, will always commend themselves to the thinking part of mankind. The consistent Christian, whether man, woman, or youth—son, daughter, or parent, master, tradesman, or scholar, will always be respected, and useful to a greater or less extent. As among fruits and flowers, every thing looks in its own place, order, time, and season, so among men, and especially among Christians, every one appears best when clothed with the garment of consistency.

USEFUL APHORISMS.

To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.—*Bishop Taylor.*

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.—*Sprat.*

It is one thing to do that which is justifiable; but another, that which is commendable.—*Marville.*

In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions; else, whatever is done or said will be measured by a wrong rule; like them who have the jaundice, to them every thing appeareth yellow.—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

Trust not the world, for it never payeth that it promiseth.—*Augustin.*

Be not ashamed of thy virtues: honour's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.—*Ben Johnson.*

In the Scriptures we find four things: precepts for life; doctrines for knowledge; examples for illustration; and promises for comfort.—*Herbert.*

The Bible is the king's best copy, the magistrate's best rule, the housewife's best guide, the servant's best directory, and the young man's best companion.—*An Old Author.*

Religion is the best armour a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.—*Bunyan.*