

borne him stoutly on. Suddenly, he grows restive, turns from the road to the right, will obey neither rein nor spur, takes the bit in his teeth, and starts off in full gallop.

'Why, what ails the beast now?' said the rider. And vigorously he plied both whip and spur, and right heartily he pulled the rein;—it was like trying to stop the wind. On, on, on still.

They are out of the polder. To the right is the ruins of a castle, capping a rise of the softest turf. Thither the brave little horse gallops, and there, at the summit, he stops.

'Why, the beast is bewitched!' again exclaims the rider.

What is that dull distant roar,—like the wind on a stormy day upon a wooded hill? The air is perfectly calm; and there is neither hill nor wood to the north.

A singular, fearful noise. A rushing now, rather than a roar.

And what is that glare through the moon's haze on the polder?

It is water.

Now he sees the truth. The Zuydee Zee is let loose. Marsh and lowland will be blotted out from the continent; will the rise of the Castle of Zelst still peer above the inland sea?

Yes; doubtless the Angel, that stood in the way of Balaam as an adversary, stood in the path of the rider now as a friend. And often and often, in the long summer evenings, would Egbert and Elsie Vandenvelde be asked by their children for the story of how they cut the great dyke at Naarden, and how the good little pony *would* go to the Castle of Zelst.

And this story of that never-failing providence of our FATHER, which ordereth all things in Heaven and in earth, is strictly true.

Crime and the Church.

The city of New York has been startled by the perpetration of a horrible murder,—horrible from the atrocity of the accompanying circumstances, but yet more horrible from the revelation which it makes of dark treachery, shameless depravity, and a total want of all religious and moral principle beneath the decent exterior of what is called respectable society. We may be thought to be travelling out of our track in choosing such a subject for the "Churchman's Friend;" but we are led to do so by the following article from the New York Herald, which affords matter for very painful reflections:

"It may indeed serve as the text, or rather as the illustration to a sermon on the moral character of New York society. For, making every allowance for the numbers of moral and pious families in this city, both rich and poor,

from Fifth Avenue to Avenue A, it is doubtful whether any place in the world contains as many houses where such crimes as this murder could be planned and executed, as this metropolis of ours. Whether any other city contains an equal number of women, in what is called society, with a certain kind of manners, and a sort of education, but utterly devoid of principle and virtue. Whether any other city, large or small, is ruled socially by a more wretched and vile clique—in the shape of society—and more used to worship whatever is contemptible and loathsome.

"We have every reason to believe that no small portion of the responsibility for the decay of virtue in New York rests upon our clergy. We have perhaps a larger number of clergy than any other city of the same size; but when we come to inquire how these gentlemen occupy themselves, we find that over a half find life hard enough to get along with over their soft-coal fire, while the remainder devote to letters and other pursuits the time which belongs to the people. With the exception of their theological merits, we are at a loss to know any benefit which these gentry are to the city. We never find that they are fighting with vice where it is really dangerous. We never hear of them in Water-street or Church-street. We never hear of a clergyman getting into any trouble in the discharge of his duties. What we do hear of them is that they have been presented with so many dollars as a new year's gift by their flock; that they have gone to Europe for bronchitis; that they have had their portrait done by Elliot; that the ecchymosis on the large toe of their left foot is better; and consequently that they may be expected to preach in about three weeks; that they demolished the Pope of Rome, likewise the Jesuits, in a twenty minutes' sermon last Sabbath—during all which hypocrisy and folly, our youth are learning to cheat and to lie, to rob and to kill."

Our readers will now have no difficulty in following the train of thought which led us to connect "Crime" and "The Church" as the heading of our article. Not that we have one particle of respect for the New York Herald, or place any faith in its statements; but we have reason to believe that, in this instance, its averments are mostly well founded. It is, we fear, but too true that in no other city in the world is there, beneath the polished surface of education, fashion, and refinement, such an utter want of principle and virtue. The Herald throws the responsibility of this state of things upon the clergy, whom it represents as spending their time, the one-half in the enjoyment of fireside comforts, the other in the pursuit of literature.