

went to bed. In about two hours he called up his man-servant, and ordered him to take one of the loaves and the joint of meat, and carry them down the moor to the cottage of Thomas Hownham, and leave them there. The man did so; finding the door on the latch, and perceiving the family fast asleep, he put down the meat and bread and returned to his master's house.

The next morning the old farmer called his housekeeper and the man in, and seemed in great agitation of mind. He told them, that he intended to have invited a Mr. John Mool, with two or three more of the neighbouring farmers to sup with him on their return from market. As he proposed to take them by surprise near home—as two or three of them would have to pass by his door—he did not give them the invitation at market; but, just as they came to the spot where he meant to break the matter out, a sudden shower of rain fell, and they all rode off before he got opportunity. On going to bed, he did not rest well, but dreamed he saw Hownham's wife and children starving from hunger. He awoke, and tried to put off the impression; but fell asleep again, and again the second and third time had the same dream.

THIRD SABBATH.

Golden Text:—Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much—James 5: 16.

More than half a century since, Rev. T. Charles of Bala was evidently near death, when a prayer-meeting of his friends was held, in which earnest prayer was offered by an aged Christian for his recovery; especially asking that fifteen years might be added to the useful life of his servant. The prayer was exactly answered. Mr. Charles filled up the fifteen added years in usefulness and in full expectation of release at its end. On his last visit to some friends, he said that he could not expect to see them again, as he was now in the last year of his life. Strange as it may seem, his death occurred just at the termination of the fifteen years.

FOURTH SABBATH.

Golden Text:—Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee; know, therefore, and see, that it is an evil thing and bitter that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of Hosts.

As Noah was drunk with his own wine, Goliath beheaded with his own sword, the rose destroyed by a canker bred in itself, the breast by a self-ured wolf, the apple by the worm, the dam's belly eaten through

by the young vipers, Agrippina killed by Nero to whom she gave breath; so we are undone by ourselves, our destruction is of ourselves. The bitter waters of Marah and Meribah that we drink so deep of are of our own mingling and imbittering; the rods that scourge us are of our own making; sin, like a friar, whips itself; punishment is connate, innate to sin. We may thank our own folly for our own bane.—*Spencer.*

Religious Intelligence.

Antioch Destroyed.

This ancient city of Syria, where the disciples of our Lord were first called Christians, has been but a heap of ruins since Wednesday, the third of April inst., when it was visited by one of the most destructive earthquakes of modern times. Such at least is the purport of the cable telegram sent from London, recently.

A premonitory trembling appears to have been followed by unusually violent shocks, so that "the whole city is in ruins, scarcely a building being left standing." But this is not the worst. The loss of life, put down at "upwards of fifteen hundred," is frightful under any circumstances, but especially impressive when we reflect that a fourth or fifth of the entire inhabitants of the city have thus suddenly perished. The account says that this large proportion was "instantly killed by the falling of buildings."

As the structures of modern Antioch (Antakia) were mostly of mud and straw, the destruction to life in the city and the region round about must have come of the sheer violence of the earth convulsions, rather than from the gravitation of heavy materials.

Since its founding, about B. C., 300, Antioch has been the scene of many violent changes. In the time of Chrysostom its population was computed at 200,000, and one half of its inhabitants were counted as Christians. Lying in a fruitful vale, twenty miles from the mouth of the winding Orontes, and surrounded by bold mountain scenery, it was familiarly called by the Greeks "the beautiful Antioch," and was the favorite residence of Princes and wealthy Romans. Earthquakes, wars, and fire, however, from time to time repressed its ancient abounding luxury and fashionable frivolity. It was visited by the former in A. D. 115, and almost destroyed, and again in the years 458, 526, and 537, and had never recovered from the effects of the earthquake of 1822.

It is related that the earthquake of 526 occurred while the inhabitants and multi-