

out means, and with a large family depending on him for support, he commenced, and learned Latin and Greek in the evenings, after his day's labour was over, under the direction of a friend; and after the lapse of a year and a-half, prepared himself, and entered the sophomore class of Williams' College.

He brought his bench and tools as well as his books with him. The students supplied him with work; the faculty assisted him; and together with the fund for indigent students and some occasional assistance from other sources, he was enabled to go through the college course, and at the same time support his family. He graduated last week, on his birth-day, aged thirty-two. He stood high in his class, and received a part at commencement, but declined. At the farewell meeting of the class, in consideration of his perseverance, talents, and Christian character, they presented his wife with an elegant set of silver spoons, tea and table, each handsomely engraved with an appropriate inscription.

Mr. Condit will now enter the theological seminary at New York, and will, no doubt, make a faithful and popular minister.

What young man in this country will ever, after such an example as this, despair of obtaining an education?—*Springfield Republican*.

HINDOO SUPERSTITION.

It may seem incredible, but it is undoubtedly true, that there now exists at the Marmadilla Fank, in the middle of the city and island of Bombay, British India, a human being who has inhabited a summer house, and held on the palm of his left hand a heavy flower-pot for twenty-one years without intermission. The narrator of this circumstance actually saw the hermit, (for such he is called). The arm is completely sinew-bound and shrivelled, the nails of his fingers nine inches long, and curved like the talons of a bird. His beard nearly reaches to the ground when standing erect.

Whilst sitting, the man rests his elbow on his knee, and when walking he supports it with the other hand. His countenance indicates intelligence, and he once had very extensive possessions. All he now possesses, is a few rags round the middle of his body, and a servant who is allowed to attend to his immediate wants, the pecuniary part of which is supplied by visitors.

Twenty-one years ago he lost caste by eating mutton! an indulgence in totally forbidden food, and was consequently condemned to hold, for thirty years, a large flower-pot filled with earth, in which grows a sacred plant. To lose caste, and not be able to take it up again, according to the superstitions of those deluded idolaters, is to incur the penalty of everlasting misery in a future state. What an example does this poor deluded creature afford, of perseverance, zeal, courage and devotion worthy even of the highest cause. If he live to redeem his caste, most likely he will hereafter be set apart to be worshipped as a God!—*Christian Reflector*.

EXTRACTS FROM RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

THE ETERNAL BURDEN.—The Caliph Hakkam, who loved pomp, wished to enlarge and adorn the garden of his palace.—For this purpose he bought the surrounding land, and paid the proprietors as much as they demanded for it. There remained only a poor widow, who, from pious motives, refused to sell the inheritance of her ancestors, and rejected every application that was made to her. The overseer of the Royal buildings was provoked by this woman's obstinacy; he seized upon her little patrimony, and the poor woman came weeping to the judge. Ibn Beschir was then Cadi of the town. He duly considered the case brought before him, and found it a delicate one; for although by an ancient statute the widow was proved indubitably in the right, yet it was by no means easy to dispose a prince who was accustomed to consider his will perfect justice, to the voluntary fulfilment of an antiquated law. What then did the just Cadi do?—He saddled his ass, hung a large sack over its back, and rode immediately to the palace garden, where he found the Caliph seated in the beautiful building he had erected on the widow's land. The appearance of the Cadi, with his ass and sack, greatly astonished him; and he was still more surprised when Ibn Beschir threw himself at his feet, and said, "Permit me, Sire, to fill this sack with earth from these grounds." Hakkam assented; and when the sack was filled, the Beschir entreated the Caliph

would assist him to lift it upon the back of the ass. Hakkam thought this demand stranger than the foregoing one; but in order to see what the man had in his mind, he endeavored to help him. The sack, however, could not be raised: and the Caliph said—"The burden is too heavy, Cadi—it is impossible."—"Sire," answered Ibn Beschir, "you find this burden too heavy, and it only contains a small portion of the earth which you have unjustly taken from the poor widow; how, then, shall you bear the whole of this stolen land, which the Judge of all the world will lay upon your shoulders in the day of judgment?" The Caliph was struck with the force of these words; he praised the conduct of the Cadi, and gave back to the widow all her inheritance, with the buildings he had raised upon it.—*Sharpe's London Magazine*.

PRAYER.—Who can reckon the guilt at this moment lying on the Churches of Christ: as well as on private Christians for negligence in prayer? Hours and weeks are thrown away on trifles, and prayer forgotten! Sleep, company, idle visiting, foolish talking and jesting, idle reading, unprofitable occupations, engross time that might have been redeemed for prayer! Why is there so little anxiety to get time to pray? Why is there so little forethought in the laying out of time and employments, so as to secure a large portion of each day for prayer? Why is there so much speaking, yet so little prayer? Why is there so much running to and fro, yet so little prayer? Why so much bustle and business, yet so little prayer? Why so many meetings with our fellow-men, yet so few meetings with God? Why so little being alone, so little thirsting of the soul for the calm sweet hours of unbroken solitude, when God and his child hold fellowship together, as if they could never part? It is the want of these solitary hours that not only injures our own growth in grace, but makes us such unprofitable members of the Church of Christ, that renders our lives useless. In order to grow in grace we must be much *alone*. It is not in society—even Christian society, that the soul grows most rapidly and vigorously. In *one single* quiet hour of prayer, it will often make more progress than in days of company with others. It is in the desert that the dew falls freshest, and the air is purest. So with the soul. It is when none but God is nigh—when his presence alone, like the desert air, in which there is mingled no noxious breath of man, surrounds and pervades the soul; it is then that the eye gets the clearest, simplest, view of eternal certainties; it is then that the soul gathers in wondrous refreshment, and power, and energy. And so it is also in this way that we become truly useful to others. It is when coming out fresh from communion with God, that we go forth to do His work successfully. It is in the closet that we get our vessels so filled with blessing, that when we come forth, we cannot contain it to ourselves, but must, as by a blessed necessity, pour it out withersoever we go.—*Call to Prayer*.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John iii. 3."

Consequently no outward form of religion will do; but we must be renewed by the Spirit of God, and have our hearts changed, else we cannot enter into the kingdom of God. Christ, by saying, verily, verily, has confirmed this twice by an oath. How is it possible, then, that mere honest and moral men can be saved? Will Christ break his double oath? No, surely. Now, when outward gross vices only are blamed in conversation or preaching, a moral man slips through the law without censure; and the careless think they can leave off their open sins one time or another; and so none are duly concerned to be thoroughly converted; but the new birth and a real change of the heart being insisted upon, and Christ held forth in this only true way, every one who will be saved must be turned.

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first:
Hosannah to that sov'reign power
That new creates our dust.

When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would our Saviour come to be
The minister of sin.

His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God:
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.

—*Bogatzy's Treasury*.