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"The Night Cometh."

Heard ye the heavenly voice?
Solemn and deep, its warning soundeth near,
Falling like thunder on the careless ear,
Bidding the heart of haughty flesh rejoice—
"Arise! and sit not idly to thy strain,
Fulfill your task, while daylight may remain,
For the Night cometh on!"

O! while the morning hour
Of life is yours, upon the youthful brow
Be the pure soul of heaven imprinted now!
Of the "Great Reaper" curls the early flower.

But not untimely called, to whom 'tis given
To show how brightly shines the light of Heaven
Through the Night cometh on!

List to the warning tone,
Ye, who still toil in life's meridian ray,
Your sun may set before the close of day,
Your conflict cease ere victory be won,
Arise! the Master's advent may be near!
Let not your heart, your treasure, still be here,
When the Night cometh on!

O! sound of joy to him
Who the "good fight" had fought, and on the
field,
So hardly won, may slumber on his shield,
Looking to Heaven, while earth around grows dim.

Tracing his Saviour's footsteps to the tomb,
He sees no cause of fear, no shade of gloom,
In the Night cometh on.

May we, too, see the light,
Shining beyond the day that we fear,
And tread the path, whereon its radiance clear
Shall guide our footsteps, if we walk aright,
Be ours to labour on, in humble trust,
To share the bliss repose that waits the just,
When the Night cometh on!

The External History of the Bible.

A Lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, on Tuesday Evening, 13th March, 1855.

By the REV. EDMUND MARETT, A. M.

Concluded.

I shall now proceed to describe some of the most important Translations of the whole Bible into other languages, in Christian times—one of the most ancient and most valuable of these is the Peshitto, or Syriac version, which was made directly from the original languages of the Old and New Testament. It was at Antioch, in Syria, that the disciples of Jesus Christ were first called Christians; and it was in that country that the Peshitto was first translated. It is the tradition of the Syrian Churches, that this Translation was executed by Thaddæus, or St. Jude the Apostle, but though this opinion is generally rejected, it is still held in the highest estimation by the most learned Biblical Scholars, and the date of its publication is usually assigned to the latter end of the 1st or the beginning of the 2nd Century.—About the same time, or shortly afterwards, it appears that the whole Bible was also translated into Latin, and this work is generally known by the name of the "Old Latin Version."—Other Translations of the Bible were made in succeeding ages into the languages of the different countries in which the Gospel was preached; the principal of which were the Coptic, the Egyptian, the Ethiopic, the Armenian, the Albanian, and the Slavonic. Versions, which are supposed to have been made in the 3rd or 4th Century—and at a much later date, the Anglo-Saxon which was made in England, in the 8th Century by the venerable Bede;—to which may be added the Arabic, published about the 10th Century, and lastly the Slavonic, or Old Russian Version, the first part of which, containing the New Testament and the Psalms, is said to have been made in the latter end of the 9th Century, (when Christianity was first introduced into Russia from Constantinople), and the remainder of the Bible translated at various times, between the 10th and 15th Centuries. In all these early versions, the Old Testament was translated from the Septuagint, and the New Testament from the Original Greek, with the exception of that of the Slavonic, which was made from the Latin Version of the same time, and which was made from the words of the Latin Bible. At the commencement of the Christian Era, the Latin language was gradually superseding the Greek throughout the Roman Empire, and it might soon be considered as the language of the Western Church. It appears from the testimony of St. Augustine, that the Latin Church possessed a very great number of Versions of the Scriptures, made in the earliest ages of Christianity; but the earliest of these, which acquired a more extensive circulation than the others, under the name of the "Old Italic Version," (which I mentioned before). After the lapse of a few hundred years, however, this Version became so corrupted, that, in the words of Bishop Marsh, before the end of the 4th Century, the alterations, either made by design or accident, which were made by transcribers of the Latin Bible, were become as numerous as the alterations in the Greek Bible, before it was corrected by Origen. To remedy this growing evil, St. Jerome, the most learned man of the age, at the request of Damasus, Bishop of Rome, undertook to revise this translation, and completed this important work about A. D. 390. Only a small part of it, however, was published, owing to an unfortunate circumstance which occurred to him about this time. It appears from a letter of St. Jerome to St. Augustine, that the remainder of his valuable MSS. containing nearly the whole result of his labours, were lost or destroyed through the willful fraud or negligence of some unkind individual. However, this persevering author was not discouraged by this disappointment. He now abandoned the idea of revising the former Latin Version of the Old Testament, which was only the Translation of a translation, and determined to commence an entirely new Version of the Original Hebrew, and he finally succeeded in accomplishing his object. It was, however, very gradually introduced into the Churches, and it was not generally adopted for nearly 200 years, when it acquired so great an authority from the approbation of Gregory the Great, that ever since the seventh Century, it has been exclusively received by the Church of Rome, under the name of the *Vulgate Version*; and finally

the decree of the Council of Trent, A. D. 1546, commanded that the *Vulgate* alone should be used whenever the Bible is publicly read, and in all Sermons, Expositions, and Disputations; and to prevent all further appeal to the original languages, in ascertaining the sense of Scripture, it pronounces that this Latin Translation shall be considered as authentic, and that no one shall dare or presume to reject it, under any pretext whatever.

I shall have occasion to refer to this subject again; but before I proceed to speak of the modern translations of the Bible, I must attempt to give you a general account of the MSS. of the Holy Scriptures, which formed the standard copies of the sacred text, before the introduction of the art of printing. You are, of course, aware that all our printed Bibles were originally derived from MSS. by means of which the Word of God was transmitted and preserved in the Church from the earliest ages. I need scarcely inform you, that the *Original Autographs* of the inspired writers have long since perished, and as innumerable mistakes have been made in transcribing each separate copy of the Bible, there is consequently an immense number of *Various Readings*, to be found in different MSS. It is evident that the value of a MS depends very much on its antiquity; and in order to restore the text of the Bible to its original purity, it is the province of Biblical critics to examine and compare all the most ancient MSS. in the world, and from their united testimony to produce an accurate edition of the Scriptures. These MSS may be divided into two great classes—Hebrew and Greek—the two original languages of the Bible. It should be observed, however, that there are extremely few MSS. in existence which contain the whole, either of the Old or New Testament—almost all of them consist only of a small part, or a few Books of Scripture. The total number of Hebrew MSS. known to exist amounts to nearly 1150. It is stated by the learned Dr. Kennicott that almost all the Hebrew MSS. of the Old Testament at present known to exist, were written between the years 1000 and 1457. There are probably only three or four MSS. of an older date. It must be remembered, that with very few exceptions, none of the ancient MSS. have any dates as in our modern printed books; and as the age of them is to be ascertained, not so much by any external evidence, as by certain internal marks, extending to a vast number of particulars which a practiced eye can easily recognize as affording a tolerably sure criterion of age. So then, there is not a single MS. of the Hebrew Bible in the world which is 1000 years old; and this country, that the *Peshitto*, or Syriac version, which was made directly from the original languages of the Old and New Testament. It was at Antioch, in Syria, that the disciples of Jesus Christ were first called Christians; and it was in that country that the Peshitto was first translated. 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hundred copies, three of which were struck off on vellum. One of these three was purchased at Paris in 1817, for 4000 francs, £676 3s. 4d. Great anxiety prevailed in the literary world in the course of the last century, to ascertain from what MSS. this first edition of the Bible was printed; but it is to be feared, that this point can never be satisfactorily settled. The MSS. themselves, which were deposited in the Library at Alcalá are now no longer in existence. A learned Professor, who was in Spain in 1784, went to Alcalá for the express purpose of discovering these MSS., and there he was informed, to his inexpressible disappointment, that about thirty-five years before, they had been sold, as useless parchments, by a very illiterate librarian, who wanted room for some new books, to a dealer in fire-works, as materials for making rockets! In referring to this curious story, the profound critic, Michaelis, thus expresses his honest indignation:—"O, that I had it in my power to immortalize both librarian and rocket-maker! The author of this inexcusable act—this prodigy of barbarism—was the greatest barbarian of the present century, and happy only in being unknown." Perhaps, all that, however, the loss was not very great, as there is conclusive external evidence that the MSS. employed were comparatively modern, and consequently, of little value. I remember, indeed, that in the early part of the year 1814, some statements published in several of the English newspapers, with reference to the supposed discovery of the MSS. of the Complutensian Polyglot, but how far the statement was correct, I have not been able to ascertain. But before this time, the MSS. published, three successive editions of the Greek Testament had already been printed and circulated under the editorial care of the learned Erasmus, in the years 1516, and 1522. This third edition is chiefly remarkable from the fact of its containing a 40 Greek text (what was omitted in the two former editions) the well known passage in the 1st Epistle of St. John, relative to the "THREE HEAVENLY WITNESSES"—the genuineness of which has been so much controverted in later times. It was edited by Erasmus in the year 1527, and is commonly called the *Codex Montfortianus*, which has since become the property of my own Alma Mater, and is now preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin.

But the time for me to proceed to another very important branch of the subject, which would, in itself, contain ample matter for a separate Lecture—I mean the History of our English Bible. It appears that the earliest English translation of the Scriptures was made according to Archbishop Usaber, about the year 1226, but the name of the translator is unknown—the work has never been printed—and there are only three MS. copies of it in existence—all of them in the possession of the University of Oxford. We are told that the learned and celebrated John Wiclif, who has been justly called "the morning star of the Reformation." About the year 1380, he translated the entire Bible from the Latin *Vulgate* into the English language as it is spoken, though it would be scarcely intelligible to us at the present time. His New Testament of Wiclif's translation was first printed in the year 1781; and it appears from the Registry of the Bishop of Norwich, in the year 1429, that at that time the price of a MS. copy of this Testament was not less than £100, and the amount was equal to more than £40 at present. The first printed translation of the New Testament into English was made by William Tindal in the year 1526. It was printed on the Continent, and when imported into England, was burnt by the copies were burnt by the Romish authorities; but the Word of God grew and multiplied by the very means that were taken to destroy it. New editions were published and extensively circulated; but the labors of Tindal were continually interrupted by persecution, and finally by the death of the martyr, who holds a distinguished place among the glorious martyrs of the Reformation, who were "slain for the Word of God." He was condemned by a decree of the Emperor Charles V., and suffered death near Brussels, on the 23rd of October, 1536, with the fervent and repeated prayer on his lips, "Lord! open the King of England's eyes!" We now come to the greatest work of our age, the first printed edition of the *English Bible*. This translation was made from the Latin and German MSS. by Miles Coverdale, who was afterwards Bishop of Exeter. The last page of it has these words—"Printed in the year of our Lord 1535, and finished the 4th day of October." Copies of this edition are now extremely rare, and one of them was sold at a public auction in England last year for £265. Another edition of this Bible was printed with some alterations in the year 1557, under the name of *Matthew's Bible*. In the year 1539, a new translation was published by royal authority, under the superintendence of Archbishop Cranmer, who wrote a preface to the work, and on this account it is generally distinguished by the name of "*Cranmer's Great Bible*," which, according to the title, is "truly translated after the verity of the Hebrew and Greek texts." And it may be observed, that it is the translation of the Psalms in this Bible which is still used in the service of the English Church, and thus it is explained in the Prayer Book, "that the Psalter followeth . . . the translation of the great English Bible, set forth and used in the time of King Henry VIII. and Edward VI." But besides these versions, another translation of the New Testament was printed at Geneva in 1557, and the whole Bible in 1560. This translation, which is known as the "*Geneva Bible*," was made by the Protestant refugees who had fled from the land to Switzerland during the reign of Queen Mary, and it was afterwards frequently reprinted and extensively circulated for private use in England, until the publication of our present Authorized Version.—In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, another important translation of the Bible was executed under the care of Archbishop Parker, and thence commonly called "*Parker's Bible*," or the "*Bishops' Bible*," because eight Bishops were engaged in the completion of this work. The first edition of it was printed in the year 1568, and it was published in the year 1609, in England for upwards of 40 years. The last Protestant version that remains to be noticed is our own Authorized Translation, which is in the notes, the authors of which indeed are quite

unknown. The Church of Rome was certainly never favourable to the general circulation of the Scriptures among the laity, but the first occasion on which the express prohibition of the use of the Bible to the people, was at the Council of Trent, held in the year 1546. By the 14th canon of that Council, it was decreed that no layman should possess any of the books of the Old or New Testament; unless some, out of devotion, may wish to have the Psalter or Hours of the blessed Virgin. But we most strictly prohibit them to have even the stores of books in the vulgar tongue. This Council, indeed, went far beyond the regulations of the Church of Rome in the present day; for it not only prohibited the reading of the Bible by the laity, but even the possession of it, or of any part of it, by any layman in any language whatever. However, the Council of Trent was only a provincial one, and consequently its canons might be altered or modified by any subsequent General Meeting. And accordingly the Council of Trent has virtually relaxed the former rule, and has distinctly laid down the unchangeable law of the Church of Rome on this point; in which, having first declared that the promiscuous reading of the Scriptures by the people would do more harm than good, she consents to permit the reading of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, by the laity on the following conditions:—1. That the translation be made by Roman Catholic authors, of approved character. And 2. That in every instance, an express permission be given by the Bishop or Inquisitor, to each individual allowed to read the Bible, which permission must be delivered in writing.

The English translation of the New Testament, generally used by Roman Catholics, is the *REHEIMUS TESTAMENT*, so called because "it was printed in the English College of Rheims," in the year 1582, and which is the most common of the translations into English out of the authentic Latin. This first edition is accompanied with very copious notes, the most offensive of which are entirely omitted in all recent editions. Shortly before the publication of our present Authorized Version, the learned and pious Old Testament, made from the "authentic Latin," with numerous annotations. It is commonly called the *DOUAY BIBLE*, being printed by the English College of Douay, and published in 2 volumes, in the year 1609, 1610. A new edition of the whole Roman Catholic Bible appeared in the year 1825, with several alterations in the text, and it is a remarkable circumstance that these alterations were made, in many instances, from our own Protestant version. And here I must take the opportunity of having much tended to illustrate the sacred writings, and enabled us to detect many errors and defects of translation that might not have been corrected and removed. Preceding versions were, perhaps, in some instances, composed of conjectures, and the translations of individual books may, in some parts, have been more faithful; and, which is a still more important advantage, we are now in possession of many hundred MSS. that the translators under King James had no access to, and which were referred to by the division of the Bible into chapters and verses, it ought to be observed, that this division is quite a modern arrangement in the structure of the sacred volume, as it was not introduced till more than 1200 years after the time of Christ, and was merely introduced as a matter of convenience, to facilitate the investigation of the various books of Scripture. The whole Bible was divided into chapters, the same as we now have, by Cardinal Hugo de Sancto Caro, who flourished about the middle of the 13th century. He composed a concordance to the Latin *Vulgate* about the year 1248, and, in order to refer to particular passages, he made this division of the *Vulgate* with a view to his concordance, and both were probably published about the same time. The chapters of the Old Testament, and accordingly they endeavoured to destroy the whole impression, in which they succeeded to such an extent that many of them have denied that there was ever such a book in existence. It is stated, indeed, that there are only three copies known to exist, and that one of them is deposited in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. But I must now hasten towards a conclusion, and therefore I am obliged to omit all notice of more recent events connected with the circulation of the Bible throughout the world. In fact, the history of the Bible, during the last 50 years, is very closely connected with the history of that noble institution—THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY—and time will not permit me now to enter into an account of its operations, with its translations of the Scriptures into 150 languages of the nations of the earth. And when we reflect on our own privileges as compared with those of former times and other lands, O how thankful should we be, that we have the pure Word of God in our own language, in all its uncorrupted simplicity, and that we are encouraged to read and to hear in our own tongue, the wonderful words of God! We have, indeed, much cause of gratitude to God, that his Holy Word is professedly held in its proper estimation as the essential ingredient in the laws of England, and as the best safeguard of the British Constitution. It is recorded of the pious King Edward 6th, that when at his coronation, the three swords of England, France, and Ireland were delivered to him, he said, "There is yet another sword to be delivered to me"—and then explained to his surrounding Peers that he meant the sacred Bible, which is the Sword of the Spirit. This defect is now happily supplied in the ceremonies of the Service appointed to be read on that august occasion. It is an interesting circumstance, that the presentation of the Bible to the Sovereign forms a beautiful and striking feature in that service. At the coronation of Queen Victoria, on the 29th June, 1838, the Archbishop of Canterbury accompanied by the other Bishops, presented the Bible to the Queen with these emphatic words—"Our gracious Queen, we present you with this Royal Affirmation—Here is Wisdom—This is the Word of God—Blessed is he that reads, and they that hear the words of this book—that keep and do the things contained in it. For these are the words of Eternal life—able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy forevermore, through faith which is in Christ

Jesus, to whom be glory forevermore. Amen." These words express truths equally important to the monarch subject, and to the most powerful monarch—to the most illiterate peasant, and to the most profound philosopher. However valuable human learning may be to the critical knowledge of Scripture, the most important of all qualifications for the proper study of the Bible, are humble, teachable heart; and thus it is well remarked by St. Augustine, "that the knowledge of Holy Scripture is a great large and a high place, but the door is very low, so that the high and arrogant man cannot run in, but the most stoop low and humble himself, shall enter into it." It is only in this way that we can make any real progress in a practical acquaintance with the Word of God; and when we contemplate the transitory nature of all earthly prospects as contrasted with the unchangeable reality of the precious promises contained in the Holy Book of God, we shall then be prepared to feel more forcibly the truth of the sublime declaration of the Prophet—"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flowering of grass. . . . But the word of the Lord endureth forever."

The Last Opportunity.

Theatre managers and showmen have the art of awakening the public attention by captivating and stirring appeals to their avarice. "A few days more," is the last opportunity; are conspicuously captivated to stir up the flagging curiosity. As a result has often been attained by such announcements, we have thought of the serious and solemn application they would bear. To every student there is a "last," and "positively" a last opportunity for securing a neglected salvation. They have time upon time, time upon time; prompt upon prompt, prompt upon prompt; here a hindrance, and a little; and then the appeals to their conscience, to their hopes and fears, become less frequent until the awful juncture arrives when the last opportunity is afforded, and the decree goes forth, "It is unjust let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still." He is often overheard that an individual, near for several years, and hastening with light and buoyant step to some resort of stult amusement, or some habit of polluting vice, was in the very act of his last, positively his last opportunity for securing the blessings of eternal life. The invitation of mercy has been changed into the summons of judgment, and the hopes of heaven into the realities of hell. The last opportunity of averting a fate which no earthly language can sufficiently depict, may be much nearer than the soul may imagine. That appeal call from the pulpit which may strike on the ear; that earnest exhortation from a friend; that startling providence which, for a time, has absorbed the attention; that still small voice within, dis-suading from sin and urging repentance and conversion, may be less opportunities, as they have in thousands of instances proved to be others. It is first, "turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" and then before the soul is aware, comes the stunning decree, "he is judged to his idols, let him alone." Must we, at the gospel, let that sinner alone, and hold out to him no further invitation? Let no friend prevail with him to consider his ways, and let no providence arouse him. Let him alone! Spirit of God, often invited and disregarded in thy most tender exposures, allow us to win him from the path of ruin, let him alone, without a friendly monitor, without a hope! Sad, indeed, is the condition of that one who, being once aware, has hardened his neck, and who, having many opportunities, has lost his very last one. Other evils and calamities admit of reparation, but this is an irrevocable one. There is neither physician nor balm in Gilead for this cure. The waiting of a lost soul echoing through eternity is the emphatic expression of the danger of losing a last opportunity. Reader! how do you respond? Have you given your heart to God? Are you a Christian? If you cannot answer these questions in the affirmative, there is now an opportunity of remedying the folly, the madness, the sin of your previous neglect of the great salvation; and perhaps it may be, positively the last, that you shall enjoy—*Christian Advocate*.

George the Third and the Dying Gipsy.

[Mr. Crabbe relates the following singular and affecting anecdote.] George the Third, being out one day hunting, the chase lay through the skirts of the forest. The Stag had crossed the river in a deep part. The dogs could not be brought to follow; and it became necessary in order to come up with it to make a circuitous route along the banks of the river, through some thick and troublesome underwood. The roughness of the ground, the long grass and frequent thickets, obliged the apartment to part from each other, each one endeavoring to make the best and speediest route he could. Before they had reached the end of the forest, the King's horse manifested signs of fatigue and uneasiness; so much so, that his majesty resolved upon yielding the pleasures of the chase, and to dismount and rest. Near to the roof of the forest, he turned down the first avenue of the forest, and determined on riding quietly to the oaks, there to wait for some of his attendants. The King had proceeded only a few yards, when, instead of the cry of the hounds, he fancied he heard the cry of distress. As he rode forward, he heard it more distinctly:—"O! my mother! my mother! God pity and bless my poor mother!"

George the Third and the Dying Gipsy.

The curiosity and kindness of the sovereign led him instantly to stop. It was a little green plot on one side of the forest, where was spread on the grass, under a branching oak, a little pallet, half covered with a kind of tent; and a basket or two with some packs lay on the ground at a few paces from the tent. Near to the roof of the tree, he observed a little swartly girl, about eight years of age, on her knees praying, while her little black eyes ran down with tears. Distress of any kind was always relieved by his majesty, for he had a heart which melted at human woe.

"What my child, is the cause of your weeping?" he asked. "For what do you pray?"

The little creature at first started, then rose from her knees, and, pointing to the tent, said—

"O! sir, my dying mother!"

"What!" said his majesty, dismounting and fastening his horse up to the branches of the oak, "what, my child? tell me all about it."

The little creature now led the King to the tent, where lay, partly covered, another aged female gipsy, in the last stages of a decline, and in the last moments of life. She turned her dying eyes expressively to the royal visitor, then looked up to heaven, but not a word did she utter; "the silver cord was loosed, and the wheel broken at the cistern." The little girl then drew ahead, and stooping down, wiped the dying sweat from her mother's face. The King, much affected, asked the child her name, and of her family, and how long her mother had been ill. Just at that moment, another gipsy girl, much older, came to the spot. She had been to the town of W—, and brought some medicine, for her dying mother. Observing a stranger, she courted modestly, and listening to her mother, kissed her pallid lips, and burst into tears.

"What, my dear child," said his majesty, "can be done for you?"

"O! sir," she replied, "my dying mother wanted a religious person to teach her, and to pray with her before she died. I ran all the way, before it was light, to the town of W—, and asked for a minister; but no one could get to come with me to pray with my dear mother."

The dying woman seemed sensible of what her daughter was saying, and her countenance was much agitated. The king, who again rent with the cries of the distressed daughter, the King, full of kindness, instantly endeavored to comfort them. He said:—"I am a minister, and God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother."

He then sat down on a pack by the side of the pallet, and taking the hand of the dying gipsy, discoursed on the demerit of sin and the nature of redemption. He then pointed her to Christ, the All-sufficient Saviour. While doing this, the poor creature seemed to gather consolation and hope; her eyes sparkled with brightness, and her countenance became animated. She looked up—she smiled; but it was the last smile; it was the glimmering of expiring nature.—As the expression of peace, however, remained strong in her countenance, it was not till some time had elapsed that she perceived the struggling spirit had left mortality.

It was at this moment that some of his majesty's attendants, who had missed him at the chase, and had been riding through the forest in search of him, rode up, and found him comforting the afflicted gipsies. It was the appropriate sphere, how she performs her duty in this respect. She is often seen in the debating hall and lecture-room, where strife and confusion prevail. Her voice is heard ringing out in defence of the rights of her sex; she allows her name to be bandied about, linked with the coarsest epithets; she takes long and tedious journeys in behalf of the cause she has espoused. You may hear her talk enthusiastically of all that is pure and elevating in woman's mission and sublimity in her destiny. Indeed she appears nearly every day, in the hall or privation, if she can only aid in the glorious work of re-

She always made Home Happy.

Such was the brief but impressive sentiment which a friend wishes us to add to an obituary notice of one "who had gone on before."

What better tribute could be offered to the memory of the loved and lost? Epitaphs with her loftiest eulogy—poetry with her most thrilling dirge—could afford no more so sweet, so touching, so suggestive of the virtues of the dead, as those simple words:—*she always made home happy.*

Hear this, mothers, wives and daughters, and think of your own duty. How many could have the same said of them with truthfulness and sincerity? Ask that woman whose splendid residence attracts the attention of every passer-by. Thousands have been lavished on those imposing walls, but cold and high arched windows; and now and then you obtain a glimpse of costly hangings, rich carpets, and tall mirrors, which dazzle with their magnificence. Often you pause a moment, and look wistfully in through the half-closed blinds, and murmur to yourself as you pass on: "I should think the possessor of all this might enjoy life."

But you are sadly mistaken. The dove of peace never folds her white wings by that fire side; the gentle spirit of content never sheds its holy influence there; the master of the mansion, though yet in his prime, seems prematurely old; there is an expression of habitual suffering about his firmly compressed lips, and his broad brow bears many a trace of care. All there is a violence in his heart, which, like the horse of the olden story, has been harnessed to a thousand pleasant visions of domestic quietude and bliss. But his dream has faded; the rosy hue of romance is lost in the cold, gray dawn of his later reality.

His wife presides over his household with surpassing gracefulness; she is the idol of society, and a leader of fashion. She goes and comes through these pious halls, gowned in garments that might light a queen; she gives brilliant dinners where she shows the brightest star, and parties which every body pronounces charming. But she is never the kind, devoted companion; the loving, trusting, helpful, sharing every joy and sorrow, cheering him when he desponds, and counselling in trials and perplexities; she never makes home happy.

But it is not alone to the frivolous that our subject speaks the language of reproof and instruction; there are others to whom it may be applied with equal force. Ask the widow whose reform of the nineteenth century, whose loftiest aim is to step beyond the appropriate sphere, how she performs her duty in this respect. She is often seen in the debating hall and lecture-room, where strife and confusion prevail. Her voice is heard ringing out in defence of the rights of her sex; she allows her name to be bandied about, linked with the coarsest epithets; she takes long and tedious journeys in behalf of the cause she has espoused. You may hear her talk enthusiastically of all that is pure and elevating in woman's mission and sublimity in her destiny. Indeed she appears nearly every day, in the hall or privation, if she can only aid in the glorious work of re-