

THE BIBLE AND THE AFFLICTED.

At a meeting of the Blackheath Bible Society, in the year 1815, Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of Woolwich, related the following interesting facts:—More than twelve months ago, I visited an indigent man deeply afflicted. On entering the cottage, I found him alone, his wife having gone to procure him milk from a kind neighbour. I was startled by the sight of a pale, emaciated man—a living image of death, fastened upright in his chair, by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling. He was totally unable to move either hand or foot, having been more than four years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, yet the whole time suffering extreme anguish from swellings in all his joints. As soon as I had recovered a little from my surprise at seeing so pitiable an object, I asked, “Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?” “No, sir,” replied he, in a touchingly feeble tone of mild resignation, (nothing but his lips and eyes moving while he spake), “I am not alone, for God is with me.” On advancing, I soon discovered the secret of his striking declaration; for his wife had left on his knees, propped with a cushion, formed for the purpose, a Bible, lying open at a favourite portion of the Psalms of David. I sat down by him, and conversed with him. On ascertaining that he had but a small weekly allowance certain, I inquired how the remainder of his wants were supplied. “Why, sir,” said he, “’tis true, as you say, seven shillings a week would never support us; but when it is gone, I rely upon the promise I found in this Book: ‘Bread shall be given him; his water shall be sure,’ and I have never been disappointed yet; and so long as God is faithful to His Word, I never shall.” I asked him if he ever felt tempted to repine under the pressure of so long-continued and heavy a calamity. “Not for the last three years,” said he, “blessed be God for it;” the eye of faith sparkling and giving life to his pallid countenance while he made the declaration: “for I have learned from this book in whom to believe; and, though I am aware of my weakness and unworthiness, I am persuaded that He will not leave me, nor forsake me. And so it is often, when my lips are closed with lock-jaw, and I cannot speak to the glory of God, He enables me to sing His praises in my heart.”

Gladly would I sink into the obscurity of the same cottage—gladly even would I languish in the same chair, could I but enjoy the same uninterrupted communion with God—be always filled with the same “strong consolation,” and constantly behold, with equally vivid perception, the same celestial crown sparkling before me.

THE PURITY AND PRECIOUSNESS OF GOD’S WORD.

Everything in the last few years has shown us, that a deeper tone of divine truth in all who profess to hold that truth, is needed to meet the growing corruption of religion, and the infidelity and lawlessness which casts off all religion. God’s own light, as given us in His Word, must be more and more our guide through the darkness and conflicts of these days. We are assured also, that “when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.” We may expect, therefore, fresh truth to shine out from the Sacred Volume.—*Rev. E. Bickersteth.*

THE DEATH OF COLIGNY.

Gaspar de Coligny, Admiral of France, became, on the death of Henry II., the chief of the Protestant party, and its most efficient leader against the Guises. On the temporary peace of 1571, he was received at court with every appearance of cordiality. But in the horrible massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572, he was among the victims of popish rage and intolerance. Still suffering from a wound, the noble Coligny, reposing on the faith of the king, was calmly sleeping in his apartment, when the door was burst open, and an