

an apprehension that to precipitate the extreme measures, would be to tend to multiply desertions from among themselves.

The Assembly of 1719, did actually proceed to the Deposition of the Eight ministers,—declaring them to be no longer ministers of the Church of Scotland, and enjoining the civil authorities of their respective places to exclude them forthwith from their churches.

To the results of this arbitrary and tyrannical decision of the General Assembly we still not at present proceed: but they furnish important and memorable facts in the history of our Church, to which it will be proper for us to pay attention in afterward continuing our narrative.

[MARGAT.—Page 156, column 1, line 2 from foot, for "situation of" read "situation full of." Same page, column 2, line 29 from top, insert "of" between "places" and "abode."]

KRUMMACHER'S PARABLES.

[TRANSLATED FOR CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE.]

Frederick Adolphus Krummacher, was born at Leckeburg, 13th July, 1767. He ought not to be confounded with another individual of the same name, Frederick William Krummacher, author of *Elijah the Tishbite*, and other popular works. The author of these parables died on the fourth of April, 1835, at the advanced age of 77, having filled with honour to himself and with profit to the community, the offices of professor of theology, general superintendent, and pastor of a congregation. He belonged to the strictly evangelical party in Germany; and his death was an impressive commentary on his life. The last sentence that he uttered was:—"Yes, happy—by grace—in the deepest humility of my heart." This broken sentence was begun by him; but it was finished in eternity. The following verse was engraven on his tomb-stone—but as we cannot write poetry, some of our friends may, perhaps, favour us by putting it into English verse.

"Ere hope may shrink with terror, the grave and death may rejoice! the red dawn of a morning may yet awake the sleeper."

The last and eighth edition of these inimitable parables, was published by his son, Emilius William Krummacher, in 1850. For evangelical sentiment, pathos, simplicity and beauty of expression, they have perhaps no equals, as they have certainly no superiors in any unimpaired production. The author had an exquisite sense of the beautiful. "The beautiful," says he, "is a necessity of man." The beautiful, the perfect, is something holy—it should lead us to heaven of which it is the outlet. "The truth of this remark will be sufficiently obvious from the following example.

1. DEATH AND SLEEP.

The angel of sleep and the angel of death wandered through the earth in brotherly embrace. It was evening. They stretched themselves on a hillock, not far from the habitations of men. A melancholy calmness reigned all around, and the evening clock in the distant hamlet was silent.

Calm and silent, as in their manner, sat both the beneficent genii of mankind in cordial embrace, and already the night drew on.

Then the angel of sleep raised himself from his mossy bed, and scattered with gentle hand the invisible atoms of sleep. The evening wind wafted them away to the quiet habitation of the tired peasant. Now, sweet sleep embraced the inhabitant of the rural cottage, from the old man who went on his staff to the suckling in the cradle. The sick forgot his pain; the sorrowful his grief, the poor their sorrow. Every eye closed itself.

Immediately, after having completed his work, the beneficent angel of sleep lay down again beside his more at home brother. When the morning red awoke, he cried out with his usual exultation, "How will men praise me as their friend and benefactor! O what joy to look around and to do good secretly! How happy are we, the invisible messengers of the good Spirit! How beautiful our calm vocation!"

"Thus spake the friendly angel of sleep."

The angel of death looked upon him with calm melancholy, and a tear, such as immortals shed, stood in his large, dark eye. "Alas! said he, that I cannot, like you, console myself with joyful thoughts. The earth calls me the enemy and life-destroyer."

"O, my brother," replied the angel of sleep, "shall not the good man on his awakening also recognise in thee his friend and benefactor, and gratefully bless thee? Art we not brethren, and messengers of one Father?"

"Thus he spoke. Then the eye of the angel of death glanced with joy, and he tenderly embraced the friendly genius."

2. LIFE AND DEATH.

Dorothy was a pious, amiable little maiden. All that knew her, loved her. She especially loved Edmund her brother, a little boy, and she was not less cordially beloved by him. Suddenly Dorothy became sick, and Edmund was very much concerned on account of her pain. For it came into his heart that she should die, and he had never seen a dead body, and he as yet knew not, what death and dying is.

When Dorothy now lay upon her bed, his little couch full of pain, Edmund thought that he might cheer her, and went into the field to gather flowers. For he knew she loved flowers. But after he had departed, Dorothy died, and she was laid out in a white winding-sheet.

Then Edmund went into the little chamber where she lay, and he held the flowers at a distance, but the little maid saw them not. Then he cried: "See Dorothy, what I bring to you!" but she heard it not. Now Edmund came nearer, and looked upon the little maid, and said, "She is sleeping! I will lay the flowers upon her breast, wherewith she may be glad, when she awakes. Then will she say, Edmund has done this."

He then did so, gently, and smiled. Thereafter he went to his mother and said, "I have plucked flowers for Dorothy, such, as she greatly loves. But she is sleeping. Then have I laid the flowers upon her breast, wherewith she may be glad when she awakes."

But his mother wept and said, "Yet, she truly sleeps, but she shall not awake again."

Then William said, "If she sleeps, how then shall she not awake again?"

"Thus spoke the boy. But his mother could not answer him; for she covered her face and concealed her tears."

But the boy was much astonished at this, and said, Mother, why weepst thou?"

3. THE ALTAR OF INCENSE.

"How frequently," asks Odmeel, "must I offer my thanks to the Highest?"

"Let thy heart," said Odmeel, "be like the altar of incense in the sanctuary."

"Let the sacred fire never be extinguished on it," answered the young man.

"In the evening and in the morning," immediately continued the old man, "let the hand of the priest be filled with new incense. Thus, the fragrant cloud will surround the shining day, and thoroughly chase away the shadow of night."

4. THE MOSS ROSE.

The angel who tended flowers, and who, in a calm night, caused the dew to fall upon them drop by drop, slept in the early morning in the shadow of a rose-bush.

And when he awoke, he thus spoke with a friendly countenance.—"Most lovely of my children, I thank thee for thy refreshing fragrance, and for thy cooling shadow. Canst thou still ask something that I can cheerfully do for thee?"

"Adorn me with a new chain!"—the spirit of the rose-bush immediately answered.

And the angel of flowers adorned the queen of flowers with a simple moss.

"Thus, lovely stand in modest beauty, the moss-rose, the fairest of her race."

Sweet Sun, abandon showy finery and the glittering stone, and follow the direction of mild and nature.

5. CAIN'S DREAM.

When Cain dwelt in the distant land towards the east, far from his parents, and sadly wandered up and down, then spake his wife to him: "Be comforted, my beloved, for I will immediately bear thee a son, who shall bring thee joy. Therefore his name shall be called Enoch."—Thus the spake. But Cain was absorbed in thought the whole day, and there was no joy in his heart.

"How is it possible for the joy of that father to blossom," he said within himself, "who has completely destroyed the joy and hopes of his father and mother? How can the good and joyful spring from evil seed?"

As it was now evening, there fell a deep sleep upon Cain, and there appeared to him a vision, and Cain saw his future race, that should spring from him. At first there appeared to him Lamech, his great grand-son. His countenance was disfigured, in his hand he brandished a two-edged sword, and his wives Adda and Zilla thrunk back from the glittering of the sword and the sound of the scabbard. But Lamech went out and found a man to whom he said:—"Thou hast wounded me!" Upon which he stabbed him. "Then came the son of the murdered man, and threw himself down on the earth before Lamech, and intreated. But Lamech said:—"Thou hast hurt me" and he stabbed him also. And now there arose a mourning and lamentation from the wives and children of both the murdered men. Then Lamech stretched forth his bloody sword, and cried with angry voice:—"Seven-fold was Cain's revenge; but Lamech shall be revenged seventy times seven."

A shuddering fell upon the dreamer. But he rose further, and behold, there appeared to him Tubal-Cain, Lamech's son, as he wrought every kind of metal from the earth, gold and silver and iron, and he melted them and manufactured them into all kinds of beautiful utensils. At his side, and all around him, were arranged precious vessels, golden crowns and silver sceptres, and the iron ploughshare for piercing the earth. Then Cain rejoiced in his dream and said:—"O how glad I am, that I at least enjoy such a pleasing view. Blessed art thou, Tubal-Cain, my beloved!"

Upon this Tubal appeared to him, Tubal-Cain's brother, and Cain saw, how Jubal, with his brother's axe, felled a tree.—"Ah," sighed Cain, "he will again prepare a cab, and, to my terror, repeat my own crime." But, Jubal carried and strung it—and, lo, he formed from the tree a harp and a shepherd's flute. And when Cain heard the lovely lute, which was made of wood and resounded with strings, then was his soul refreshed and he cried:—"O Jubal, my descendant, be thou praised above all!—How canst thou breathe into the dead wood the lovely hymn of joy, and teach the dead tree the song? Blessed to me be Jubal; for thou hast