

age since the days of the Apostles, there has been "a remnant according to the election of grace." There have always been some from among the "children of Abraham" to embrace Him whom their fathers crucified. Some of these have been in life and death beautiful examples of the power of Divine grace. The present little volume contains a number of deeply interesting sketches of such converts, some of them relations of Leila Ada. We commend the volume to all. Sympathies are enlisted on behalf of God's ancient people. Among the sketches is one of a different character. It exhibits the death of a young girl, a relation of Leila Ada's, and of similarly amiable character, enlightened to see her need as a sinner before God, and earnestly enquiring after the truth—"feeling for God if haply she might find him" but still unacquainted with the true character and work of Jesus of Nazareth. The narrative is peculiarly interesting as showing the difficulties of many candid and enquiring minds among the Jews, as also the insufficiency of Judaism to meet the claims of an enlightened conscience in view of the realities of eternity. We have therefore transferred it to our Religious Miscellany for this month.

DOMESTIC DUTIES: or, the family a nursery for earth and heaven. By Rev R. W. Bailey. Presbyterian Board of Publication. Pp. 120.

The subject of this little treatise is one of paramount importance. The right discharge of the duties of the family circle lies at the very foundation of the welfare of men, either as individuals or in Society. The present volume treats in a clear and simple way the relative duties of the members of the family, and contains valuable instruction for husbands and wives, parents and children.

Religious Miscellany.

LYDIA.

In painful contrast with the preceding death-bed scene, is the following account of the dying exercises of a lovely and intelligent young Jewess, an aunt of Leila Ada, who had no knowledge of salvation by Jesus Christ. How sad to read her expressions of doubt and uncertainty, and her painful apprehensions as to her future being! How thankful should we be for the gospel by which life and immortality are brought to light; and how deeply should we feel, and how earnestly should we pray for the children of Abraham, who know not Abraham's Saviour!

Judaism, in its highest developments, is a weak, unsatisfying thing. It offers no rational means for a sinner's acceptance with God. And when the body fails, and the spirit stands with spreading wings upon the outmost portals of earth, ready to take its flight into that eternity which is seen so dim and dark before it, it can hardly look onward

without an anxious shudder;—for what fear may lie beyond it? The dying may repeat the appointed prayers;—she may linger amidst hope and despair on the poor expectation, "My death must be an atonement for my sins;"—she may plead the "merits of her ancestors; of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; of Sarah, and Rebekah, and Rachel, and the rest of the holy mothers;"—she may plead the merit of her own charities, and even of the books she has read;—but all will produce small comfort. Even at the best, by her own creed, her soul is not to expect rest. A purification by fire awaits her, from which hell, the prayers and alms of her family are necessary to free her spirit.

Surrounded with every comfort that money could procure, lay Lydia upon her sick-bed. Pallor sat upon her young face; she was but eighteen; a brilliant hectic glowed on her cheek; her eyes were bright with a fire that was fast consuming her; her long hair, which would