

"After the sermon singing commenced; it consisted of a selection of some verses from the psalms, which, notwithstanding what has been said of the vocal music of Lapland, were devoutly and harmoniously chanted.—It was impossible to listen to the loud and full chorus of a rude people, thus celebrating the triumph of religion over the most wretched ignorance and superstition, without calling to mind the sublime language of ancient prophecy: 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing.'

"As we accompanied the minister to his house, we ventured to ask the reason of the very loud tone of voice he had used in preaching. He said he was aware that it must appear extraordinary to a stranger, but that if he were to address the Laplanders in a lower key they would consider him as a feeble and powerless missionary, wholly unfit for his office, and would never come to church; for the merit and abilities of the preacher are always estimated amongst them by the strength of his voice."

Still, when we compare the condition of the Laplanders with that of the nations who have never heard the doctrines of the bible, we shall find that, though rude, the advantage is greatly on their side.

The population is estimated at sixty thousand souls; yet there are no annual wars amongst them, such as Franklin, in his "Journey to the Polar Seas," speaks of as constant among the northern Indians of America. Murders are seldom perpetrated. They are comparatively industrious. They work as far as is necessary to provide honestly for their moderate wants. Their mode of life seems in many respects dreary and comfortless certainly; but we know, from repeated instances, that so dearly do they "love their mountains and enjoy their storms," that, whenever any of them are induced to leave their native land for any length of time, they pine and sicken, and probably would die if they could not once more breathe their keen air.

THOSE TEARS!

THEY were a mother's. A wicked son's perversity caused them. They were many. They were bitter. Bereavement causes tears. Loss of property makes them fall.—Anguish of the body will wet the cheek. Oppression causes weeping. But more bitter than these are the tears of that heart-broken mother. Sweetest, fondest anticipations were dashed. Expectations, that had shot their cheering radiance through the dark clouds of long years of adversity, were at an end. She wept, for it was the funeral day of her hopes.

Those tears—how eloquent! Every drop uttered a volume of terrible truth. What language they uttered!

1. Concerning the *depth of that son's guilt*. That he should cause them for whom he had endured all the pangs of maternal solicitude since the hour of his birth—that he should cause them, whose most tender care it should have been to shield the parental bosom from every sorrow—this was most unnatural. What obligation could have been in force upon him, that was not to make the author of his being happy, and prevent, by all the forms of tenderest kindness, that any tears should ever fall on his account. But he trod down and trampled on all these obligations. And those tears, started by his guilt—what a tale they told of its amount!

2. Spake they not too of his *danger*? It was not simple maternal love that made that being a mourner. She was allied to the Sa-

viour and Judge of the world by a living faith. Those tears were shed over God's broken law, and redeeming love lightly esteemed, and the Spirit of grace grieved. Those tears were the more bitter, because she that wept, wept over God's dishonour as well as her own withered hopes. God saw those tears! Was there not an alliance of his holy mind with the mourner, and deep displeasure in that mind at the guilty cause of her tears?

That wicked son saw them. Fast and free they fell. But he steeled his heart against them. There was thrilling eloquence in them, but they pleaded in vain for his repentance and return. He rushed into the arms of temptation. He linked his soul with the vicious and vile. It is long since he has trodden the threshold of his home. From her he wandered. Parental love and tenderness asks—"Where?" but hears only the lonely echo of its own voice.

Those tears! Perhaps that son will yet remember them. The stern mood of a guilty mind is somewhat strangely relaxed. He who had braced his nerves against every tender and solemn appeal, finds stealing over him thoughts and reflections that makes the giant frame of his depravity shake like an aspen leaf. Those tears—the terrific handwriting on the wall—may yet startle him as memory retraces the picture before him. He saw them once. Again he may see them. They may have redeeming power. They may prove the last, yet the successful appeal of eternal mercy. The remembrance of them may touch the only remaining chord whose vibration could arrest steps that were taking hold on hell!

Those tears! If they reclaim not, what will they not say to that son in eternity? Holy parental love shed them in vain. What a spectre to enter the world of despair and thrust itself on the vision of guilt! Who shall fathom the ocean of his woe that shall meet it then?—*New York Evangelist*.

THE PENITENT OF LAUSANNE.*

DURING a visit at Lausanne, in the year 1832, a story was related to me, of so interesting a nature, that I committed it to writing. It is as follows:—A young man made his appearance in that town some years ago, as a German clergyman. He presented certificates, signed in the most regular manner, of his having attended the lectures on divinity, which are demanded of theological students, and of his having been subsequently consecrated to the ministerial office. So little suspicion was entertained of deception, that he not only entered on the discharge of the ministerial functions in the Lutheran congregation at Lausanne, but he even contracted marriage with a young lady of a most respectable family. And yet he was from first to last a deceiver. It appeared, in the sequel, that even his certificates of ordination were forgeries. For some time he lived in a very dishonest manner, buying goods on credit, and then selling them at a low rate to Jews for ready money. But what openly developed his character, was his forging a bill to a considerable amount. The fraud was soon detected, and he was pursued to Berne, and arrested. What surprise seized the town of Lausanne! What shame, sorrow, and indignation, his connections! What ruin, himself! But though he was now forsaken by the world, a gentleman of Christian character, who himself related to me these circumstances, determined to visit him. He found him in his prison, insensible, to appearance, in the highest degree, to every right feeling. My friend, who felt most deeply for him, though he seemed not to feel for himself, addressed him on the awfulness of his situation and character, and presenting him with a Bible, exhorted him to employ his time in the perusal of it. An effect the most sudden and extraordi-

* This narrative and poem are extracted from a very interesting and beautiful little work, entitled "Poems of a Traveller," by the Rev. John Hartley, M.A., author of "Researches in Greece and the Levant."

nary attended this visit. From having previously displayed a degree of obduracy of the most repulsive character, he suddenly seemed to comprehend the full nature of his criminality and misery. He dissolved into a flood of tears, confessed his guilt in all its aggravation, and manifested the utmost gratitude for the visit that was paid him. At subsequent visits he not only confessed anew the crime for which he was then in duration, but laid open the whole system of deception on which his life had for years been conducted, and expressed the deepest abhorrence of it. It is worthy of serious attention, that he traced the origin of his life of fraud and falsehood to the lectures on divinity which he had heard from the rationalist professors of Germany; and if my memory does not deceive me, from Eighon in particular. These professors, by awakening in his mind universal doubt on the divine authority of Christianity, had undermined all his moral, as well as religious, principles. Such, according to his own confession, was the source of his misfortunes. When the delinquent was brought to trial, his guilt was of course apparent, and he was sentenced to many years' imprisonment in the Maison de Force. Here he had an opportunity afforded him of evincing the sincerity of his conversion. He not only lived in the most Christian and exemplary manner in this institution, according to the testimony of the pious chaplain, but he displayed that zeal to do good to his fellow-criminals which ever accompanies real religion. After three years' confinement, an accident brought on his death. A plank fell on his back, which produced an injury of the spine, ending in dissolution. His death-bed was edifying and affecting in the highest degree. He preached from it, to his fellow-criminals, "the unsearchable riches of Christ." His last words were to this effect: "I seem to have forgotten every thing in my past life. I cannot recollect my friends or any thing besides. I only remember life as something very dark and distressing. But I cannot forget Him who saved me, and was crucified for me?"

"Ah! dark the path of life I trade,
And sinful each passing hour;
I spurn'd thy mercy's call, my God,
I spurn'd thy ruling power.
But now, though forgotten all beside,
I ne'er forget the Crucified."

Thus spake the youth in the convict-cell,
When death was hovering near;
There was nought around to cheer him well,
Yet nought could give him fear,
For now, though forgotten all beside,
He ne'er forgets the Crucified.

He had dar'd to tell the Saviour's name
In the temple's solemn chair;
He had sought to hide the impious shame
Of a liar and traitor there.
Ah! how deeply in heart to his Lord he lied,
Though his lips proclaimed the Crucified!

Where German schools insult the light
For man's best wisdom given,
He lost the love of truth, of right,
Then lost was earth, was heaven;
Alas! the learn'd pedant's pride,
Which afresh can pierce the Crucified!

But, guilt! how brief thy hurried days!
No peace to thy frantic mind;
The tribunal's doom his guilt displays,
To dungeons 'tis consign'd.
What solace? say, where in this world so wide,
If we madly betray the Crucified?

Thou, Saviour! whose love no lips can tell,
We trust thee; we know no fear;
Thy pardon once sav'd from the opening hell
A thief, when despair was near;
And now, when such traitor has Jesus denied,
That traitor is saved by the Crucified.

Should the scorner mock at my simple verse,
And say that it lures to sin;
Ah, no! reply, God's love rehearse,
And thus will man's love begin;
Sin is then forsaken, and all beside,
When the love is told of the Crucified.

Thou, lake! I love thy calm and storm,
And the power of thy noon and night!
Ye mountains! I bow to your monarch-form;
Hail! land of my chief delight.
But gladly I leave you and all beside,
To love and adore the Crucified!