

to see me. Anxiety for my own reputation induced me to hasten my servant to him, that he might bring him to my study with all speed. He did so.

"Well," said I, "what is your business with me? tell it immediately, and be gone."

"My business," said he, "is soon told—I want a Bible?"

"That," said I, "is what you shall not obtain from me, for fifty times its value, for your object is to abuse and destroy that blessed book. Am I not rightly informed that but a few evenings since, after carousing till midnight with your companions, and uttering your blasphemies against the Bible, you consumed it in the flames, and then danced with fiendish delight upon its ashes?"

"You are, sir—it is quite true;—and ever since, the vulture has never ceased to gnaw at my heart. For such a purpose I shall never seek a Bible again, but that I may reverence and peruse, and I trust, derive advantage from it. Look," said he, "at my countenance—did you ever see it wear its present aspect? These sunken eyes and pallid cheeks betoken somewhat of the internal conflict by which I have been torn and agitated; and I feel that my only relief is to obtain that blessed book, which I have perverted and destroyed: and therefore I have come to you, not that I cannot procure one elsewhere—for nothing is more easy—but I want one of your Bibles, (the British and Foreign Bible Society) because I think there is a peculiar blessing resting upon them."

"Perceiving such indications of sincerity, I complied with his wish, and he departed with a copy of the Sacred Scriptures. Sometime after, in an interview I had with him, he expressed an earnest desire to see you, having once heard you address the meeting of our auxiliary; and he obtained my promise that this, if by any means practicable, should be secured to him; and it is in fulfillment of that promise that I am now about to introduce you to him."

A few moments after my friend had finished his statements, we reached the dwelling of this aged sinner, who was now confined to his chamber, from which he was destined to go out no more, till carried to his long home.

We entered, and my friend inquired of his niece, who managed his domestic affairs—for he lived in celibacy—whether or not he was slumbering. She said, "If you will step up stairs you can at once ascertain, for the door of his room, which is facing the passage, is left open to admit the air, as the weather is so warm."

We ascended the stairs softly, and coming opposite to the door, saw him lying upon the bed, his face being hid in his hands, while he was pouring out his soul in prayer, unconscious that any eye was upon him, save that of the omniscient God. The tears were streaming through his fingers, tears of deep and godly penitence; and never shall I forget the deep prostration of soul—the utter self-abhorrence and self-condemnation which his prayers betokened and expressed. When he ceased, we entered his apartment and conversed with him; and when about to leave him, addressing himself to me, he said,—"Sir, I had a particular wish to see you, and a particular favour to request of you, which I trust you will not deny me; for I cannot die in peace unless you promise."

"Certainly," I said, "if it be any thing in my power, I will most gladly consent to your request."

He then called his niece, and said, "Bring me that parcel from the next room—you know what I mean."

She brought a small parcel, and placed it in his hands.

"This parcel," said he, "is now my only earthly anxiety, and I commit it, sir, to your care. It contains two packets. The one is a list—a black and awful list of seventy-two seamen, on board various vessels sailing to different parts of the world, to whom I am painfully conscious of having communicated the principles I formerly cherished—principles of the darkest and most determined infidelity. In this paper you will find their names, the vessels to which they belong, and the destination to which they are bound. The other packet, sir, contains forty sovereigns, which will, I trust, be sufficient to procure for each of these unhappy and deluded men a copy of the sacred volume; and will you, sir, engage that no means will be left untried to put them, or as many of them as are still living, in possession of that blessed book?"

I need scarcely say that I cheerfully undertook such a commission; but after pressing him again and again to keep the contents of the second packet, which might be useful to him in his few remaining days; and after assuring him that the Society would fulfil his request, without any recompense from him, he said, with most marked and solemn emphasis—

"No, sir! I have done the mischief, and I must provide the remedy."

Finding he would not otherwise be satisfied, I consented to take the money, and appropriated it according to his intention. We then commended him to God, and departed. My friend visited him occasionally till he died, and subsequently assured me, that if ever he witnessed the dying moments of a sincere penitent, they were those of this formerly awfully wicked and abandoned seaman.

His request in relation to the seventy-two seamen was immediately complied with, to the utmost possible extent. Inquiry was made, and nearly all of them were found to be still living—to each of whom a Bible was presented; and of course the donor, and the peculiar circumstances attending the gift, were at the same time made known, as these would supply additional motives to the careful perusal of that holy book; but whether the end designed by the giver—the eradication of infidel principles—was secured, the last day only can disclose.

THE TRAVELLER.

VOILA LA CROIX!—BEHOLD THE CROSS.

[Extract from a Journal of Travels in the Alps.]

At the close of the year 1827, I crossed the Alps, with a small party of friends from Pignerol in Piedmont, to Briançon, in France. After proceeding to Finistrelle, we furnished ourselves with mules, men, and other requisites for the journey. Urged by the apparent necessity of advancing, on account of the season, when all preparations were duly made, we set forward amidst descending rain, and a wondering crowd.

We soon began to ascend along the ledge of a mountain which opened immense precipices to our view. The road was wholly unguarded, and we were accompanied by the concerto music of a roaring torrent, that foamed along the valley, and howling winds. Nothing was more obvious, than that our temerity would be repaid by cold, wet, and possible danger. Without adverting to the little incidents of the way, I may simply state that, after some hours of painful march, in which we passed through the small villages of Pourriere, La Rua, and Traverse, we began the ascent of the mountain called Chanal du Col. The rain, as we rose, changed to sleet, and then to snow, the previous accumulation of which rendered our progress slow and difficult. The march of pompous diction seemed consonant with the gigantic scale of the scenery, and we thought of Johnson's description in the Hebrides, "above, inaccessible altitude; below, immeasurable profundity."

The snow was now rapidly deepening, the mountains in succession presenting their formidable ridges, and the pathway gradually disappearing from view, till we found ourselves amidst all the "charms of solitude," and all the subtleties of danger. This was the place, and this the season, for the moral philosopher to portray the higher order of emotions—for the Christian to realise the "terrible majesty" of the infinite and eternal God.

Two hours had brought us to the crisis of our circumstances. Imagine us then, a melancholy train; each on his mule or horse, thickly covered with cloaks or mantles to screen a shivering frame, and enveloped in a snowy fold; imagine us moving like a forlorn hope in rank and file, slowly, silently and apprehensively along the edge of precipices, to which in making the necessary circuit, the trustworthy animal would often, perhaps unconsciously, (not so to his rider) approach within a few inches—ah! slippery, and dangerous and uncertain, footstep! Each hapless traveller now cast a wistful eye at the other; for not a sound was to be heard; not a trace to mark the course was to be seen; the winds were hushed, the flakes of snow fell like the feather in an exhausted receiver, and "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Two guides accompanied us, but the sphere of their knowledge seemed to be bounded at this very spot; and after giving the word of command to stop, they began to consult

together (an ominous sign to bewildered travellers,) on the course to be pursued, professing themselves to be altogether uncertain of the way. It was a dead calm, and with more truth than prudence, one of them exclaimed, "If the wind rises we are lost." In fact it is impossible for any one who has traversed Alpine regions to conceive of the violence of those gusts which seem to rush like furies between the mountains, as if commissioned to hurl them from their bases.

A few minutes determined us to advance cautiously and prayerfully; for in danger it is natural to call upon God; and the sanctified mind does not merely utter the cry of distress, and seek an interference, which in the hour of safety and comfort was despised, but lifts up believing and confiding thoughts to Him who is recognized as "the hearer of prayer." We may not always experience deliverance from evil; but we may be assured, that through Christ our Advocate and Friend, we shall enjoy consolation, and reap improvement.

The moment I have described was one of those of intense emotion, which now and then occur in life whether of joy or sorrow. Silence reigned, nature frowned, danger threatened. I will not say that the incipient feeling did not arise which suggested the self inquiry, Was life hazarded for an adequate cause? for to sacrifice it for a small object is sinful, while to yield it to the claims of duty and to God, is the martyr's heroism. But hark! there is an exclamation of surprise and joy. The foremost guide is in ecstasies! all is well, and the sleeping echoes are roused by "La croix! la croix! voila la croix!" "See there the cross, the cross!" In these bewildering regions it is not uncommon, for the twofold purpose of guiding the stranger, and eliciting a superstitious worship, to fix a large wooden cross on the summit of a hill, or the edge of a precipice, as well as frequently by the roadside; by which, when the winter snows obliterate the path, some indication of the course may be given. Our guides became instantly aware of our safety, and knew that we should soon commence the descent.

May not the reader of this narrative compare without any forced application, or inappropriate analogy, his own situation with that of these travellers? Are we not, in fact, all pursuing the great journey into eternity? Have we not missed our way? Have we not departed from God by wicked works; and are we not universally and individually, in the language of infallible truth, utterly "lost?" The course of transgressors is difficult and dangerous; but the cross, the cross! there is hope, and peace, and safety! Not the cross of superstition, or the cross of temporal safety; not the wood or the tree upon which a Saviour was transfixed; but Christ crucified; the blood he shed for the remission of sins; the offering which he presented for a guilty, deluded and perishing world. It is not deliverance from Alpine danger, but from eternal torments; it is not direction to a temporal abode, which may shelter me from inclement skies, or provide the sweets of social intercourse—but elevation to the bliss of heaven, which I obtain by trusting in those merits, embracing that Saviour, clinging by faith to that redeeming Cross!

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

WHAT TEACHERS OUGHT TO BE.

1. *Teachers ought to be very pious.*—The duties demand entire consecration of the heart. Children are more deeply impressed by the instruction of the pious heart, than by the learned heart. Goodness affects them more than greatness. They will be moved by tender appeals. Their youthful sympathies will mingle freely with those who feel for them; and their tears will come as witnesses that they are touched, when they would sit unmoved under eloquence that astonishes the world. Your aim is to save their souls. Your power with them will be proportioned to your piety. But more than this; you cannot convert your class without God, and his Spirit must be sought by prayer. According to your faith it will be done unto you. Here is your only hope; and bearing this continually in mind, you will learn to look for success corresponding to your own growth in grace. If your scholars are thoughtless and indifferent, if weeks and months pass by and none of them are converted, instead of being disheartened, it would be well to look into your own soul, and inquire if you are