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Religious Miscellany.

Exhortation to Prayer.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
Compose thy weary limbs to rest:
For they alone are blessed
With balmy sleep,
Whom angels keep;
Nor, though by care oppressed,
Or anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many a coil perplexed
For coming morrow,
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can tell, when sleep thine eyes shall close,
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Arouse thy soul,
Slumber control,
And let thy lamp burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes discern
Things pure and sightly;
Taught by the Spirit, learn
Never on thoughtless bed
To lay thine unbless'd head.

Hast thou no pining want, or wish, or care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright
That in its flight
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure to-morrow
Will be like this, and more
Abundant? Dost thou yet lay up thy store,
And still make plans for more?
Thou fool, this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
That ploughs the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep the wintry, lowering skies,
For when thou wak'st and weepest?
Oh, when they pangs are deepest,
Seek then the covenant ark of prayer,
For he that slumbereth not is there;
His ear is open to thy cry;
Oh, then, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head.

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumber,
Till in communion blessed,
With the elect ye rest,
Those souls of countless number;
And with them raise
The notes of praise,
Reaching from earth to heaven,
Chosen, redeemed, forgiven;
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-covered, on blessed bed.

The Duellist and the Bible.

A young man, the son of French Protestant parents, was turned aside from the paths of religion and virtue, during his attendance at the University of Paris. In the pursuit of sinful pleasure, instead of enjoying satisfaction, he was a terror to himself. "When I reached the age of twenty-six (he said) I was in the sight of man as a madman, or like the horse which spurns the bridle, rushes furiously into the battle, and falls, being wounded suddenly from every quarter. I had taken my degree and entered on the duties of my profession (as a barrister), when, in one of my fits of ungovernable passion, I had a quarrel, which ended in a challenge to a duel with one whom I thoroughly hated, as I regarded him as a rival. Our combat (why not call it our mutual purpose of assassination?) was to take place in secret. I spent a whole day and night in preparing for it, and still I could not look forward to it without horror. Not that I dreaded being wounded or killed, for I was unfeeling and my heart was hardened, but my Bible frightened me. I had laid it aside in a closet; and to this closet I went to seek the sword with which I intended to meet my opponent. I opened the closet; it was nearly midnight. I climbed a chair, and reached to the highest shelf, feeling for my sword, when I laid my hand on my Bible. A sudden chill ran through my veins, and without any time for deliberation, I took the book, opened, and still standing on the chair, I read the 10th Psalm, which was the first passage on which my eyes rested; thus the voice of the Lord once more resounded thro' the dark recesses of my soul. I read with breathless eagerness, and still went on reading, though my uneasiness increased, till I came to this verse, 'Wherefore doth the wicked contemn God? He hath said in his heart thou wilt not require it.' I felt confounded, and throwing myself prostrate on the floor of my room, I sobbed aloud and groaned, praying for pardon from God for the sake of Jesus. I dared not rise; I was afraid even to look up. I felt the eye of God was upon me, and my sorrow was not to be described. The tortured criminal does not suffer what I then felt; and about an hour passed away, at the end of which time I felt somewhat more calm, and sat down, still holding the Bible in my hand. God had rescued me. The prayers of my mother were heard, and my sinful soul was restored to the narrow way of life, which indeed I had never totally forgotten, though I had in so great a degree trodden under foot the truths I had learned, seeking to crush them as I should a serpent. What followed? My duel was a painful subject, and I resolved to give it up. But this was not all; I was filled with sympathy for him whom I had regarded as my adversary, and I longed to make this known to him, and also to those who were to have been the witnesses of our crime. The day began to dawn, and the hour for our meeting arrived. My companions came to see me; but I had gone on first, and hastened to the wood, which had been the place chosen for the duel. I reached it first, and felt that the Lord was graciously present with me. My adversary, accompanied by his second and mine, arrived there, and perceiving me, he cried out, 'Here I am; make ready.' I answered seriously, but with much feeling, 'I am ready, in the presence of God, to ask pardon of you, I have offended you, and to forgive you any wrong you may have done to me.' 'Coward! scoundrel!' he exclaimed, 'this is your meanness.' 'You need not insult me, I added, 'I speak in the presence of God, who sees us both. He has humbled me and touched my heart, and I repent and acknowledge my folly before him, and entreat you also to fear him, and no longer to reject his mercy.'

God prevailed. The contest was dropped, and I returned to town, urging my companions no longer to live in rebellion against God. I know not if they yielded to my entreaties, for I left town shortly afterwards and had no further intercourse with them. But I cannot describe the joy of my pious mother, when she saw me to be such as she desired, and felt that the infinite love and mercy of the Lord had been manifested to me.—*The Divine Life.*

The Rising Tide.

When the tide is out you have noticed, as you rambled among the rocks, little pools with little fishes in them. To the shrimp in such a pool his foot depth of salt water is all the ocean for the time being. He has no dealings with his neighbour shrimp in the adjacent pool, though it may be only a few inches of sand that divide them. But when the rising ocean begins to leap over the margin of the lurking place, one pool joins another, their various tenants meet, and by and by, in place of their little patch of standing water, they have the ocean's boundless fields to roam in. When the tide is out—when religion is low—the faithful are to be found insulated, here a few and there a few, in the little standing pools that stud the beach, have no dealings with their neighbors of the adjoining pools, calling them Samaritans, and fancying that their own little community includes all that are precious in God's sight. They forget for a time that there is a vast and expansive ocean rising—every ripple brings it nearer—a mighty communion—even the communion of saints—which is to engulf all minor considerations and to enable the fishes of pools—the Christians, the Christ-lovers of all denominations—to come together. When, like a flood, the Spirit flows into the churches, church will join to church, and saint will join to saint, and all will rejoice to find, that if their little pools have perished, it is not by the scorching summer drouth, nor the casting in of earthly rubbish, but by the influx of that boundless sea whose boundless waters touch eternity, and in whose ample depths the saints in heaven as well as the saints of earth have room enough to range. Yes, our churches are the standing pools along the beach, with just enough of their peculiar element to keep the few inmates living during the ebb-tide period of the church's history. But they form a very little fellowship—the largest is but little, yet is there steadily flowing in a tide of universal life and love, which, as it lips in over the margin of the little pool, will stir its inhabitants with an unwonted vivacity, and let them loose in the large range of the Spirit's own communion. Happy church! farthest down upon the strand! nearest the rising oceans's edge! Happy church! whose sectarianism shall first be swept away in this inundation of love and joy; whose communion shall first break forth into that purest and holiest, and yet most comprehensive, of all communions—the communion of the Holy Ghost! Would to God that church were mine!—*Rev. James Hamilton D. D.*

A Man of the World.

This is not an epithet invented by the Church, but is a name by which the world characterizes its most devoted followers. It calls by this title those who are most engrossed in its pursuits, who are ready to sacrifice every principle of honor to gratify their passions, who are heartless and hypocritical, devoid of feeling, unprincipled, selfish, and only intent on ministering to their own pleasures and gratification. Such is the estimate the world places upon them, and such the characteristics of those who are her most sincere votaries. What is this but an acquiescence in the truth of God's word, and an acknowledgment of the fact, that whosoever liveth in pleasure is dead while he liveth. What a commentary upon the truth that those who have their portion in this world, procure it at the expense of everything that elevates humanity, and that the active virtues of life find no place in the bosom of one who has no hope for the future. With what a bitter sarcasm did our Saviour represent the rich fool of the parable, as saying, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry." For his soul was gone and crushed out by his worldliness, and his body had absorbed all that was originally spiritual in its nature.

If the unscrupulous lover of pleasure is thus designated by his companions, and they who have not sunk so low in the scale look upon him with a seeming disgust and brand him with this epithet, why should the Christian be attracted by follies, which, if pursued to excess, would make him in a greater or less degree like those upon whom he now looks with pity and surprise? Should he not rather be warned by the estimate which the world itself places upon too intent and absorbing a participation in its gratifications and pleasures, and strive to live above it, and to drown in earnest prayer every unhallowed wish, that would induce him again to mix in its delusive and destroying vanities. —*Ep. Recorder.*

The Loving-Kindness of God.

The loving-kindness of God—what a beautiful expression! How rich and consoling the thought contained in it! It is not mere good-will—not mere complacent friendship—not the mere neighbourly kindness of human beings, although these are of high and precious account: it is the good-will, the friendship, the kindness of love—of the love of God, who is love itself. We know something of the loving-kindness of father and mother. We have been gently tended and nursed by this kindness: or, parents ourselves, we know full well the throbbing of parental affection. Deep, earnest, self-sacrificing is human love in many tender relations. We trust in it fervently and without fear. Oh! if there were no human love in which we could trust, what a desolate place would this earth be! But the loving-kindness of God—of that great and incomprehensible Being who fills the universe with his presence, and before whose majesty the pillars of heaven tremble—what a loving kindness that must be!—the kindness of infinite love wedded to infinite power!—There is nothing that love can conceive of, or wish to do for its object, but is contained here, and rendered not only possible, but absolutely certain.—*Sunday School Times.*

Religious Intelligence.

The Revival in Ireland.

At the Great Religious Meeting in Free Trade Hall, Manchester, the Rev. Mr. Jones made the following statements:

The Holy Spirit in a very remarkable and unexpected manner has been poured out upon the masses of the people in different localities, and they have fallen prostrate at the feet of Jesus, crying out, "What must we do to be saved?" And, not to speak in the spirit of sectarianism—for we have learned increasingly to give the right hand of fellowship to all who love the Saviour; to feel the force, and practise the sentiment of our Founder,—"We are the friends of all, the enemies of none,"—I think I can trace some connection, and not a dim one, between the generous efforts of the Wesleyan Church in Ireland in the year 1855, when some distinguished Ministers of the British Conference favoured us with their presence, and when many of our people brought a considerable portion of their tithes into the house of God, and the revival. God has been faithful to his promise by opening the windows of heaven upon our different Circuits, and pouring out blessings upon our beloved people such as there is scarcely room to contain. There is a considerable amount of agitation, and yet that opposition presented by the infidel mocker and by some classes who ought to know better, is trifling compared with the gigantic work going on on every hand. We have had a great number of visitors lately, especially in Belfast, where I have lived and laboured for the last six years. A distinguished person came to that town with considerable prejudice against the work. He attended several of our meetings and was diligent in taking notes. He went to several prayer-meetings in the Presbyterian Churches. I may just remark, and I am sure if any of our friends from the Presbytery of the North of Ireland are present they will not be displeased, that while we used to be blamed for being somewhat ranting, our Presbyterian brethren have got far ahead of us in that matter and are much more noisy:—well, this gentleman furnished himself with many important notes and prepared his sermon for a pulpit in a large church in the neighbourhood on the following Sabbath. Many of the congregation had directly in their own persons, and indirectly amongst their families, been brought under the influence of the Spirit of God. While he waxed warm in his address and made a formidable attack on this work, nearly two hundred of the congregation started from the pews, passed out into the street, and commenced a prayer-meeting immediately opposite the place of worship.—They did this with a good conscience, and I have no doubt they felt the Lord in their midst. It will be quite evident to you and all present that this work of God is not limited to any particular section of the church in that country. I for one feel exceedingly thankful that the first remarkable indications of the outpourings of the Spirit of God in this glorious revival were manifested in connection with the Presbyterian Church.—Thence, it has continued to spread; it has almost destroyed the spirit of sectarianism, and to a considerable extent has obliterated the lines of denominationalism;—for now if you appear to be anything clerical, the people, the masses, never think of waiting to ask to what church you belong, but you can scarcely pass through the streets and lanes without having numerous applications night after night, and day after day, to go to one house after another to pray with families and individuals, and see them step into the liberty of the children of God. So that we, as Wesleyans, have re-learned our lesson, the Presbyterians have thoroughly agreed to it, and the Established Church has adopted it to a considerable extent; so that we are able to take up the sentiment of the Apostle, to quote it with our lips, and feel its warmth in our hearts—"Grace be with all them that love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." I will take the liberty of mentioning two or three instances that came under my own notice. Our friends will excuse me if I refer to myself, but it is requisite that I should do so, as I do not know so well what others have been doing. A specimen of one night's work will only be a specimen of many a night's work, thank God. One night, after a day's toil and an evening's engagements, I was called upon, about ten o'clock, to go to a distant portion of the town to see what the people there called a "case." (Here Mr. Jones explained what they meant by such words as "case," "struck," &c.,—terms already familiar to our readers, as applied to extraordinary physical and mental phenomena.) Going out at that hour, the first person I saw was a young man belonging to our congregation, for whom I had felt an intense anxiety for years. He was laid upon a bed; his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the ceiling; something of a nervous and exciting influence exerting itself on mind and body, though not remarkably upon the body. I said, "What is your object in sending for me?" He replied, "I sent for you to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul." He then gave me a most intelligent and scriptural account of his awakening and conversion to God, which took place in this way:—He was standing in a lane listening to the word preached by a layman,—for we do not want for a Minister, many of the newly awakened are engaged in the blessed work. When the service was over, a devoted young man, converted a few weeks before, touched him and said, "Are you happy in the enjoyment of the love of God?" He felt that moment in his heart a deep conviction that he was a sinner and exposed to everlasting ruin.—"Come with me," said the young man, "we are just going to my lodgings with four or five others to engage in prayer." "We went," said the young man I was visiting, "to the room. We shut ourselves in. We bowed in prayer. They pleaded on my behalf, and the Lord there and then set my soul at liberty." That had occurred a few days before, but, singular to say, the young man was yet lying upon his bed, literally unable to rise from it and resume his occupation. I had scarcely left the door of his house before I had six or seven applications,—"Oh, Sir, will you come and see my wife," "my son," "my daughter," "my husband," &c. Of course I had to make the selection, and I went with one and another to five or six houses that evening, and I had reason to believe that in each case the Spirit of the Lord was gloriously working. In that neighbourhood, close upon three o'clock in the morning, they did not seem anxious to retire to sleep, though they were mostly working people. Nearly every house had lights, and almost in every third or fourth house you could hear them singing the praises of God; and never was the grand old 40th Psalm sung amongst our Presbyterian friends so heartily as it has been by our people during the continuance of these blessed efforts. I saw a door opened in the street, and a crowd of people gathered round it. I heard the strains of an attractive and eloquent voice. I got forward, so as to look into the kitchen. The place was filled by a number of mechanics and other workpeople. There was a young girl standing in the middle of the floor, preaching Christ to the people, urging them to give their hearts to God, telling them as intelligently and satisfactorily as we have heard from the lips of our good people in lovefeasts, what the Lord had done for her, and occasionally offering up supplications that he would awaken and convert her friends and neighbours, the Roman Catholic inhabitants especially, and the world at large. While standing there, I saw the tears trickling from the eyes of rough men at the door, and heard such words as "That's true, that's true; I wish it would come on me." At three o'clock in the morning, as I was trying to get home, I met a Presbyterian Minister engaged in the same work, but so hoarse that he could not be heard half across this room; his labours have been eminently owned of God. Another case:—During the sittings of our Irish Conference a young girl, whom I had known as an attendant on our own chapel, came with great anxiety at the request of her sister, that I should pay her a visit as she had been carried home from the mill. She was lying on the bed. She recognised me and I soon found that it was just what is called a thorough "case." She said, "I was converted when a little girl in the —— Sunday-school. I wish you would tell the Superintendent that I am now awakened to a knowledge of my backsliding condition and bring him with you that you may pray together with me." She sought and found mercy in the course of that evening. The next day she was "clothed and in her right mind at the feet of Jesus," and on the following day resumed her accustomed labour. The very day after that she came for me to go and see the other sister who had been her messenger, saying that her sister had been stricken and carried home, and that she was earnestly seeking for the enjoyment of forgiveness. This young person had prayed for her sister and I had the privilege of seeing her step into the enjoyment of the children of God. Her mother had been living without God, but in the course of three or four days those girls sent for me to see their mother. The house was in a dense court, and it was truly astonishing to see the anxiety manifested by the people round. There was not a family visited by the outpouring of the Spirit of God but some of its members were brought into the enjoyment of the saving grace of Christ. Another peculiarly interesting case. There was a relative, a physician, staying with me during the Conference, a good and holy man, who was anxious to rebut any statements that infidel physicians might make. While we were sitting together, a knock was heard at the door; the moment it was opened, a young man rushed towards me so rapidly that I was alarmed for the moment. He said, "Oh, Sir, come and see my brother! I was converted in the Botanical Gardens the other day; and now my brother is crying for mercy as he lies upon the bed." My friend and myself started off immediately, and we found a stout, athletic young man stretched upon a bed in his working clothes, just as he had been carried home. You could hear his cries for mercy before you got to the foot of the stairs, "God be merciful to me a sinner; I fear there's no mercy for me;" and words of that kind. We found out before long that there were three others of the same family in different rooms affected in the same way, and we had the privilege of seeing that young man and three sisters, in the course of a few days, happy in the enjoyment of God's forgiving grace. Let me give an instance of the manner in which I spent a few hours on one of the Sabbaths during the Conference. In company with some friends from the South of Ireland, who had come to see the work, I came in contact with four or five persons who were being carried home from different Presbyterian congregations. In several instances they pulled up the car when they saw us, and begged us to pray for them, and so we did. Going on, we heard a voice in a narrow court. It was a voice of prayer. The house was full of people, at three o'clock in the afternoon. I heard the voice of earnest supplication, not altogether grammatical, but unquestionably reaching the ear of the Most High. I remained joining with them in prayer until this young man, a mechanic, had concluded his very appropriate and earnest prayer.—He seemed a little astonished that we had dropped in unawares. In his prayer, he was telling the Lord what he had done for him in the past year, saying that three days ago he could not have prayed in that manner, and expressing his willingness to put forth every effort for the conversion of other souls. It is an evidence of the manner in which God is taking hold of the hearts of the people by the power of His Spirit exciting them to pray and work. This blessed work has spread to our Sabbath Schools.—I could name one where not less than sixty of the grown up children have been converted, another where not less than seventy, another eighty, and so on to a very considerable extent. From one village, some twenty-five miles from Belfast, I had a letter to-day informing me that in the course of one week, not less than 500 people were converted.—In concluding I will simply say, that in this glorious work both sexes are converted to God; there is no heresy in doctrine introduced; the great points on which the people dwell are the depravity of human nature, the work of the eternal Spirit, the all-sufficiency of the Atonement of Jesus Christ; and the effects are thoroughly evangelical. There is the intensest love for Christ; there is the manifestation of brotherly kindness upon a scale never witnessed at a former period. There is a continued communion with God on the part of the people converted to Him. There is the searching of the Scriptures, and there is attention to the varied services of religion they are called to engage in. The drunkard has become sober, the libertine chaste, the blasphemer devout, the Sabbath breaker has begun to attend his place of worship, the worldling has begun to think about his soul, and flee for refuge to lay hold of the hope set before him. Oh, that the blessed Spirit, who is graciously working on the hearts of the people there and on the hearts of your people in this country, might be poured out upon the right hand and upon the left hand, and that even before we separate to-night there may be awakenings and conversions to God. Why, Sir, the object of this meeting will not be attained unless there be a personal dedication of the soul to God and a firm resolve to live to the glory of Christ for the future. Your newspapers can give you no idea of the amount and extent of personal and family dedication to God gloriously witnessed in the present day throughout Ireland.

General Miscellany.

Day-dreams of Home.

Dearest husband, raise the curtain,
Let the dying sunshine in,
For a glorious spell is on me,
And I seem at home again,
Again I see the tall fir trees,
That stand before our door,
And the sunlight shining through them,
Fall upon our cottage floor.

But I pass beneath their shadows,
Onward to the house I go—
Past the snow-drops and the roses—
Past the place where myrtles grow;
Once I tended them and loved them—
And I love the myrtle now—
For I often used to bind it
Round my sister's baby-brow.

Hark! is that the childish laughter
Falling on my list'ning ear?
Flowers, ye have no claim upon me
When my loved ones are so near.
Now I enter; O, ye dear ones,
I am with you all once more!—
Father, put your arms about me,
Let me kiss you o'er and o'er.

Mother, brother, I am with you—
Here is *little* brother, to,o
Where is LULU? Little darling,
Sister has a kiss for you.
(Mother, see her holding kitty
In her arms for me to kiss,)
Oh! it almost pays for parting
Now to feel a joy like this.

But, alas! the gathering darkness
Brings me to myself once more;
All are gone—the vision vanished;
It was bright—but it is o'er.

Rural New Yorker.

The Thirty Year's War.

The following is taken from the *North British Review* for August, from the article "Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia," and exhibits some of the phases of popery in past ages, and the steady adherence of the house of Hapsburg to its interests:

An autumn sun poured down his light on a gay scene. All Prague was astir to welcome its new king; estates, burghers, their wives and daughters, had adorned themselves with white and blue favors—the colors of the Palatine princes—and streamed through the Strohoff Gate to meet the procession. Such joy had never greeted royal entrance or coronation; blue and white silk were not to be got in the city—nay, during those days grim death itself is believed to have reprieved in Prague his usual victims. But to more serious onlookers, the state of affairs is by no means prosperous. Counselor Camerarius has left in two letters, dating from the first days in Prague, evidence which, according to his own statement, confirms the statement of the Pope: "This prince has got himself into a pretty labyrinth." The 50,000 florins which Prague has spent in festivities ought rather to have gone to the army, which for many months had not received regular pay; everything is in direct confusion—a perfect Augean stable; England has not yet acknowledged the new king; Saxony is threatening, the exchequer empty, and can only be filled with Palatine money; bickerings and jealousies are rampant in Prague and in the Bohemian camp. Withal, the youthful king and queen know not how to command respect or to enforce obedience. Their free manners, so unlike the majestic reserve of former monarchs—the continual feasts, which seem at least unseasonable—above all, the narrow Calvinistic zeal of court-preacher Scultens, who would have purged town and churches of statues and images, which all parties regarded as identified with the political and religious history of Prague, threatened to deprive Frederick and Elizabeth of even their brief popularity.

While Frederic was playing the king at Prague, and obtaining the succession for his son, Ferdinand was vigorously preparing to contend for the disputed crown. The conditions on which Maximilian of Bavaria had promised his aid resembled indeed rather the terms of a conqueror than the treaty of an ally. He was to hold Austrian territory in security for the expense he might incur in the war; not only were his own possessions guaranteed to him, but in reward for his services he was to obtain the electoral dignity of which Frederic was to be deprived. Under such incitements, Maximilian rapidly reorganized the League, and assembled an army of 25,000, under the command of Tilly. But before employing these troops in Bohemia, it was necessary to arrest the action of the "Union." Even the first meeting of that heterogeneous assembly, after the coronation of Frederic showed how little dependence could be placed on its co-operation. French envoys did the the rest—from motives which we are almost ashamed to mention. At their suggestion, the Union concluded a peace with the League, which bore, that while the Union abstained from active interference in Bohemia, the League would not invade the Palatinate territory. The treacherous compromise removed every obstacle. Maximilian could now march into Austria, quell the rebellious Protestants, hold part of the country as a "material guarantee," and then advance on Prague; while the elector of Saxony broke into Silesia, and Spanish troops ravaged the Rhenish Palatinate. To meet this threefold attack, Frederic had scarcely one well-appointed corps. A whole year had passed since his entry into Prague, spent by the new monarch chiefly in triumphal progress through the country. The Bohemian army had, indeed, again appeared before the walls of Vienna; but treachery or cowardice once more had frustrated the results of this bold advance. When Maximilian entered Bohemia, with Jesuits and priests in his train, the national army was entirely disorganized—its officers indulged in orgies, its paymasters alienated even the partial supplies which might have quelled the murmurs of disatisfaction, the king was helpless, and his advisers paralyzed. Only one hope remained. The army of the League was in nearly as bad a condition as that of Frederic; winter was fast approaching; and if a decisive action could only be warded off, natural causes would effect what the national army could not accomplish. But Maximilian was not to be arrested by negotiations. Rapidly advancing, he offered Frederic battle on the very site which, a year before, had witnessed his triumphant entry. The issue was not long doubtful. The cowardice of some Bohemian and Hungarian regiments decided the combat, and the gates of Prague were thrown open to receive a fugitive rabble. This battle which bears the name of "The White Mountain," decided the campaign. A resolute man might indeed have held Prague, recruited his army, and yet crushed the League. But neither would such a commander have lost a year, an army, or this battle. In the precipitate flight even the private papers and effects of Frederic were left behind. Prague capitulated, and prepared for such vengeance as an offended monarch would take on his rebellious and heretical subjects. To the last, Elizabeth Stuart had refused to leave Bohemia and her husband. She was now hastily conveyed to Brandenburgh, where, sheltered by churlish relatives, she gave birth to a son, and thence to Holland. Meantime the Spanish troops had conquered, or by stratagem gained the greater part of the Rhenish Palatinate. Even a small army could have resisted these marauders, but the "Union" gave only increasing proofs of its weakness and incapacity; and the Prince of Orange, seeing the hoplessness of fighting by the side of such allies, retired in disgust. In Heidelburg, itself, the utmost confusion prevailed—the dowager Electress, counselors, professors, officials fled. All seemed, nay, was lost, and Frederic resigned himself, a helpless exile, to his fate. If the restoration of his crown and the pacification of Germany had been the sole object of Ferdinand, the sword might now have been sheathed. Bohemia had been conquered, the Palatine Prince was a fugitive, the Union dissolved. But Ferdinand cherished other aims. The long anticipated period of popish restoration seemed come, and the "son of the Jesuits" prepared to fulfil his mission. Without being summoned in his own defense, Frederic was put under the imperial ban; soon afterward, his Electorate (February, 1623.) and ultimately his dominions, (March, 1628,) were given to the Duke of Bavaria.

It was evident the counter Reformation which Ferdinand had so successfully carried through in Styria, and Maximilian in Upper Austria was to be introduced in Bohemia, and, if possible, over all Germany. Happily, most of the leading Bohemian nobles had fled with Frederic. On those who remained, frightful vengeance was taken. We will not repeat the sickening details connected with that dreadful morning, when twenty-seven of the noblest and best in Bohemia—men laden with years and honors—died on the scaffold. Suffice it to say that, despite past promises to the Saxon Elector, Protestantism was crushed, and every dissident from Rome exiled or obliged to recant. In the Palatinate the same policy prevailed. The splendid library of Heidelberg was sent to Rome; Protestant ministers, teachers and citizens exiled; violence and artifices sought everywhere to restore a worship and rites to which the Palatinate had for more than half a century been unaccustomed. Busiest of all in Bohemia and Germany were the Jesuits, whose anxious aim it was so to remodel the political division of Germany, as to paralize, if not destroy the influence of Protestantism. The so-called "edict of restitution" (6th March, 1629.) by which all the papists had lost since 1552 was ordered to be restored them, and Calvinists were excluded from religious toleration, completed the series of their triumphs. Thenceforth the popish cause gradually declined, till the peace of Munster, in 1648, again restored peace and safety to the empire.

The reverses of Frederic and Elizabeth produced in our own country the most intense excitement and indignation. James, whose folly consisted not so much in incapacity as in boundless vanity and selfishness, had never acknowledged the new dignity of his son-in-law. He now resorted to his usual stronghold of diplomacy. Innumerable ambassadors and proposals passed between the Court of St. James and those of Vienna, Madrid, and Brussels. Meanwhile, Frederic was cajoled or coerced into complete inactivity, and surrender of every fortified place which he could still call his own. The money which Parliament had voted for the succor of the Palsgrave family was shamefully wasted; and Jesuit policy amused the King of Britain with proposals of a union between the Prince of Wales and the Infanta of Spain, in consequence of which the Palatinate was, by some miraculous process, to be restored to its rightful owners. The bait took; James became the dupe of continental powers, and the object of contempt at home. Even after the Spanish match was finally broken off, the weak monarch had neither the heart nor the power actively to interfere on behalf of his children.

The same indecision and folly continued under the troubled reign of Charles I. We cannot chronicle the varying fortunes of the Thirty Years' War. In Germany the contest was sustained chiefly by enthusiastic admirers of Elizabeth, or by freebooters, on the one side, and by generals such as Tilly and Wallenstein on the other. What the issue of a contest so unequal must have been, need not be detailed, when unexpectedly, two events occurred, which completely changed the aspect of affairs. True to its traditional policy of jealousy against the House of Hapsburgh, France had witnessed with displeasure the success of Ferdinand's arms. Frederic's envoys had for some time kept up negotiations both in that country and in Sweden, when at last, in alliance with France, the heroic Gustavus Adolphus drew the sword to vindicate the rights of his co-religionists in Germany. Nobler picture than that of the Swedish King has not been drawn on the page of history; pious in the truest sense of the term, humble, energetic, wise, and brave, he seemed made to be loved and obeyed. Like an avalanche, his army swept over Germany, bursing or chasing the popish legions before it. Already Bavaria was overrun, and the Palatinate in his hands; all Germany was free, and the Swedish troops prepared to advance against Vienna, when death arrested his victorious career at the battle of Lutzen, 16th Nov., 1632. In the beginning of that year, Frederic had joined the victorious army; brave English, and especially Scottish volunteers, co-operated in the war, as, indeed, they had all along borne arms for the "afflicted Queen of Bohemia," and though the Palsgrave was jealous of the conditions on which Gustavus Adolphus insisted, before his restoration to the Palatinate, everything promised a speedy termination of his exile and sufferings. But this unexpected blow proved too heavy for Frederic, whom cares and sorrows had already enfeebled: he only survived Gustavus for thirteen days. The death of the two principal actors in this drama stayed not the progress of the war. For other sixteen years it laid Germany waste; Ferdinand II., Tilly, Wallenstein, as well as Frederic, Gustavus Adolphus, Christian of Brunswick, and Bernhard of Weimar, were no more when, despite papal protests, the most terrible conflict which has ever ravaged Europe was brought to an end. At the peace of Munster, Bavaria was allowed to retain the electoral dignity and the Upper Palatinate, while the Rhenish Provinces were restored th Frederic's son and successor, in whose favor an eighth electorate was created; best of all, the religious liberty of Protestants was secured on the continent. But Germany was exhausted, and split into factions and parties, which have never yet ceased. The country was desolate; war, disease, crime, and horrors, such as were only equaled during the last seige of Jerusalem, had laid it entirely waste. Murder and violence were of everyday occurrence; the fruitfulest districts resembled a wilderness; men and women feasted on dead bodies, parents on their children, and graveyards had to be guarded against famishing robbers; packs of wolves scoured the country unmolested; the land was without inhabitants; and the once flourishing Palatinate numbered in 1636, scarcely 100 persons, left to till the ground.

As soon as circumstances had permitted, Elizabeth Stuart retired to Holland. In the midst of her family, and surrounded by sympathizing friends, she now displayed those qualities of the heart which, in our opinion, alone constitute woman's title to greatness. Never, under any circumstances of her life of trials, did the Queen of Bohemia forget either her mission or its duties. The faithful adviser, the constant comfort of Frederic, the friend and guide of her children, she earned in exile that title which her bitterest enemies have not disputed. Suddenly aroused from childhood and play, she never disappointed any hope or failed under any difficulty. All the vicissitudes which fall to the lot of man were experienced by one who seemed but ill prepared to bear them. From the throne of Bohemia she cheerfully descended to poverty and dependence; her husband a homeless fugitive, her children deprived of every prospect, she alone preserved, amidst the wreck of fortune, that calmness and trustful faith which made even the sorest trial comparatively easy. One after another of her defenders was laid low, her husband despaired, her father forsook her, her brother fell on the scaffold—she alone remained, not unbent, but unbroken. Patience, faith, and love—the rich dower with which a gracious Heaven has gifted those whom it designs to support and cheer man—were never bestowed in richer measure than on Elizabeth. During those long and weary years of suffering not a murmur had escaped her; cheerfully she did her part, and nobly she bore, still looking forward to a brighter future; above all, enriching from the treasury of her heart those who had been deprived of everything else beside. One and another of her children were taken from her, and she endured it patiently; the heaviest, the loss of Frederic, left her shaken, indeed, in her inmost being, but still erect. She, who for her daily wants depended on the bounty of Britain, refused to compromise or to dissemble, when an indignant nation, in the frenzy of the moment, avenged years of misrule. She could bear poverty, but not flatter those whom she regarded as the murderers of her brother. Such warm sympathy and scanty aid as she could give, were devoted to the royalist cause; for Charles II she would have made the sacrifices for which a life of suffering had prepared her. But above all, was it deep and unaffected piety which throughout supported and guided her. Amidst the repeated and tempting offers of peace and restoration held out, she rejected all which involved any degree of unfaithfulness to her God or her convictions. Of all her trials, the most severe was the apostasy of some of her children. And she lived to see her hopes realized: her son was restored to his dominions just as the head of Charles I. fell on the scaffold; her nephew reascended the throne of Britain; and though her portionless daughters were loved by many but courted by few, her descendants have ruled over the mightiest empires of Europe. Her great-grandson, George I., succeeded to the British crown, and both the House of Orleans and the Hapsburg family count her among the mothers of their rulers. Thus, through a remarkable arrangement of Divene Providence, the landless Queen of Bohemia has, in the persons of her children, reigned over the countries of both friends and foes. Elizabeth Stuart returned to London soon after the accession of her nephew, and fell asleep in the Lord on the eve of her marriage-day, A. D. 1661. A midnight procession accompanied her bier to Westminster Abbey, where they laid her body near that of her father, in the royal vault. Her death interrupted not the gaieties of a court for which she had been but ill suited. Of all her children and relatives, only *Rupert*, well known in cavalier warfare, followed her remains. *Requiescat in pace*—till the resurrection morning, the noblest, the bravest, the best of the Stuarts!