

fully charge our mind with the image of this model of earnest diligence, we are really so oppressed that we feel relief, sympathetic with his own, in thinking of his vacations. We are glad to go with him on one of his trips. Forthwith we sally out, in imagination, along the bad roads of the last century, by some "flying" coach, which managed to compass the distance between Northampton and London in a couple of days, till we arrive at Mr. Coward's house at Walthamstow, who entertains us with hearty cheer, and cordially drinks Mrs. Doddridge's health after dinner. Getting into a postchaise with him and Mr. Ashworth, we count "thirty-five gates made fast with latches between the last market-town and Stratford-on-Avon," where the doctor makes a pilgrimage to Shakspeare's grave. Next we go with him down to the hospitable mansion of the Welmans, who receive him with "princely elegance," at "a table fit for an archbishop." Then we slowly travel on to Plymouth, and see our friend in "a little boat dancing on the swelling sea," or "feeding a tame bear with biscuits;" and then on his way home we peep into his room at Lymington, where he sits on Saturday night, in a silk night-gown which Mr. Pearson has lent him, writing letters to his beloved Mercy; or, opening one of them from Ongar in Essex, we find that he has turned angler: "I went a fishing yesterday, and with extraordinary success, for I pulled a minnow out of the water, though it made shift to get away."—*J. Sloughton.*

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#### AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

"I took the pledge," said an old man, "at the foot of the gallows, when I saw a young man hung. The sheriff took out his watch, and said, 'If you have anything to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live.' The young man burst into tears, and said 'I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair, and I got drunk, and, coming home, found him gathering berries in the garden, and I became angry without cause, and killed him with one blow with a rake. . . . Whiskey has done it—it has ruined me! I have but one word to say—never! never! NEVER! touch anything that can intoxicate!"

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#### INFLUENCE OF HYMNS.

Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain, who would not bate a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the arch-deacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God," and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand. The same hymn played as merciful a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the General's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pegan is commenced with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber, having being changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet vicarage, and demanded within three hours more than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Good Words.*