

tion and manner of the poor prisoner. His references to Scripture, which one naturally looked for in one whose love for it was his whole crime, and must form his whole consolation, were frequent. But all such quotations were perfectly free from cant or affectation, and seemed to be but the utterings of his heart. He was evidently much cheered by our visit, and his evenness of spirit and noble calmness seemed to make an impression, even on the Governor of the prison. The route to the prison of Lunenburg is over much more beaten ground. We found poor Rosa suffering from headache, depressed in spirits, still liable to pain from her old spinal complaint, and, after repeated disappointments, unwilling to admit of hope. In her old-fashioned prison dress, with her hair cut to the prison regulations, and a cotton handkerchief over her head, those who had known her in her happier days would with difficulty have recognized her now. She was, however, well supported from within: though she spoke of her arrest as having come upon her like a thunder-clap. Her chief anxiety seemed to be to conceal her own sufferings from her own husband, and to have more certainty as to the state of his health, shattered as she knew it to be. She had received visits from two remarkable personages—no less than the Grand Duchess and the Archbishop. How exalted a personage as the former could have visited her in her cell, and for such an offence, without such a visit resulting in a pardon, I am at a loss to conceive. Nor is it less singular that one charged with, and pronounced guilty of "Open impiety in the way of proselytizing," should have been twice requested by the Archbishop "to pray for him." Having given a temperate and scrupulously unexaggerated account of the present position of these unfortunate persons, we may with greater confidence solicit attention to the following statement, which should strike a chill on every heart, including even the hearts of their oppressors. It is our firm belief that, if their present sentence be carried out, or even if their present punishment be continued much longer, their lives will be sacrificed. Time will show how far we are correct in our view of the present state of their health. We have done our duty in testifying to what we saw and know—the awful responsibility must rest with others.

A PHILOSOPHER SILENCED.—One of our periodicals of half a century, gives a good anecdote of a gentleman, who was travelling with a lady, in one of the heavy vessels of that day, from New Haven to New York. The said gentleman was a philosopher, who professed to acknowledge the divine character of the Books of Moses, yet, to support a favorite hypothesis, ascribed all the miracles he has recorded to second causes. Descanting on his favourite theme, he was mildly accosted by the lady, with the question, "Sir, if your reasoning be just, how do you account for the bush which Moses saw, which burned with fire?" He replied, "That, madam, was a phenomenon perfectly consistent with the principles of philosophy. Moses was then on the side of a mountain. Subterraneous fire often breaks out on the side of mountains; and such was the fire in the bush which Moses saw." The lady, superior to the sophistry of the philosopher, replied, "Subterraneous fires consume, but, sir, the fire which Moses saw, consumed not the bush; for Moses said, 'I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt.'"—*Watchman and Reflector*.

THE SACRAMENT.—I think it is the excellent Cecil, who remarked that we Protestants, in our anxiety to deny the real presence in the sacrament, were apt to forget the spiritual presence; and that refusing to consider it a saving ordinance, we undervalued it as a means of grace.

It is the memorial of His love who died for us; these emblems drove His finished work; shall we not take and eat with a humble, earnest faith, that thus through the death of our Redeemer, eternal life is secured to us? Let us remember that it was for our sins that he was sorely bruised, that He bore alone our bitter curse, that we might grieve no more as those without hope.

Then will our hearts leap with love, and earnest longings will go forth that in us He may "see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." Purposes to live to the glory of our God and Saviour—desires for conformity to the image of Christ, will spring up in the heart thus melted with Divine love.

Thus shall we "sit down under His shadow with great delight, and find His fruit sweet to our taste."

ACTIONS AND RESOLUTIONS.—The Acts of the Apostles, is the title of one of the Books of the New Testament: their Resolutions have not reached us.

Youth's Department.

MY BOY.

These simple lines will touch a chord in many a mother's breast.

My boy, as gentle on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand, I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, the little foot.
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart a quivering;
For, ah! I think, what chart can show,
The ways through which this foot must go!

ON FEAR.—Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I dare say you are also; now, then, for my prescriptions:

For a fit of Passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the wind, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."—Eccles. vii. 9.

For a fit of Idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro. "Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger."—Prov. xix. 15.

For a fit of Extravagance and Folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

"Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to be forlorn."

"Wherefore do you spend your money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"—Isa. lv. 2.

For a fit of Ambition, go into the churchyard and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. xvi. 18.

For a fit of Repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"—Lam. iii. 39.

For a fit of Envy, go to a watering place, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home, wrapt up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. "A sound heart is the life of the flesh; envy the rottenness of the bones."—Prov. xiv. 30.

For a fit of Despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—Psalms xlii. 5.

For all fits of Doubt, Perplexity, and Fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Psalms lv. 22.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER."—During a visit to the sea-shore of our State, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed one bright afternoon that we should make up a party and go down the harbor on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbor, where she proposed to stay until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. Accordingly we left them and proceeded some six miles farther. We remained out much longer than we intended, and as night approached a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us. Without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until finally we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which one of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, where I had been steering, and shouted with

all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard through the thick fog and above the breaking of the surf, the angel voice of my boy calling, "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me—I'm here waiting for you!" We stopped by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped to my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father!" and nestled to sleep in my bosom. The child and the maiden are both sleeping now. They died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their two deaths. Now tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or guide, enveloped in fog and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub voice calling from the bright shore "Come this way, father!—steer straight for me." When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, still as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence, "Come this way, father!—I'm waiting for thee!"

Correspondence.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No 10.

SUNDAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

"That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been; and God requireth that which is past."—Eccles. iii. 15.

O what a fleeting thing is life,
No halting time is known,
The years which come with promise rise,
With lightning speed are flown.

The things that were are yore and past;
We grasp the present now;
But while we think to hold it fast,
'Tis gone, we know not how.

The promised future by a pall
Thou' hidden from our ken.
Come quickly, if it comes at all,
And slighted now is then.

The Past! the Past! with all its tale,
Of actions and desires;
The Past thou' in our memory pale,
Is that which God requires.

Watch! watch, the rapid flight of life,
Its course brooks no delay;
It blinds alike our peace and strife,
To "now" the passing day.

Soon will the mighty angel stride,
The ocean and its shore,
And swear above its troubled tide,
"That time shall be no more."

W. B.

NO. 13.

EPIPHANY.

In Eastern skies the mystic Star,
Is onward travelling fast and far,
And sages track its guiding ray,
Across Arabia's desert way.

Or can it be an angel blest,
Clad in some bright and gliding vest,
To lead us, where in lowly shed,
The Kingly Saviour lies his head?

Our best oblations, Christ, we bring,
And own Thee Prophet, Priest and King:
Accept our praise and grant our prayer,
And guide and guard us every where.

O be our light upon the road,
Which leads to glory and to God:
Dawn in our hearts whenever we stray,
The bright and morning Star for aye.

W. B.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

An interesting and well attended meeting of the Lunenburg Committee of the Diocesan Church Society, was held in the large room of the Temperance Hall, on the evening of Wednesday, Dec. 29th, when after opening with singing the well known words of the 100th Psalm, to its equally well-known tune, the Rector, the Rev. H. L. Owen, offered up the usual prayers to the Throne of Grace for the Divine blessing on the Committee, the Society, and all kindred Societies throughout the world.

The adoption of the Report, which was read in a clear and distinct manner by Mr. Henry Kauback, Junr, the new Secretary, bringing before the notice of the meeting, the operations, not only of our own Committee and Society, but of the kindred Societies throughout the world, was moved in some appropriate remarks, by J. Heckman, Esq. and seconded by Mr. Joseph Rudolf, Churchwarden, and passed.

The 2nd Resolution, expressive of gratitude, and trust in God, was moved in a neat and appropriate speech by Mr. Jacobs, and seconded by Mr. Herbert J. Jacobs, Student of King's College.

The Hon. W. Rudolf, in moving the third Resolution,