

confined dimensions; and expressed a hope that her young friend (myself) would kindly consent to accept the accommodation offered by her next door neighbor. The arrangement was quickly effected, and the subject dismissed with regret that it should have occasioned one moment's perplexity, but yet with a feeling of admiration at the power of Christian principle in producing conformableness to circumstances, manifested in very minute particulars, which are often apt to irritate and gild the pride and petulance of the un sanctified.

As we pursued our walk, the respectful and grateful manner in which our friend was accosted by all who knew her, both rich and poor, together with some other circumstances that casually came under our notice, clearly indicated that she was not less benevolent, less useful, or less respected than when the exercise of benevolence required no effort of continuance or self-denial. On the whole, I shall never forget the pleasure of that interview; nor, I trust, ever lose the impression then made on my mind, of two interesting truths, which are too much practically disregarded.—That happiness consists in a right state of the heart, and is comparatively little in the power of outward circumstances, either to confer or to disturb; and, That religion, when it operates aright, tends to soften and correct the little imperfections of temper and character, as well as to separate from pursuits that are grossly and glaringly vicious. Mrs. W., in the time of her prosperity, was reckoned a pious woman, but what a vast improvement had taken place in her character, under the advancing influence of genuine piety, called into exercise by circumstances which for the present seemed not joyous, but grievous, but which afterwards wrought the peaceable fruits of righteousness."—Hebrews xii. 11.

From the New York Observer.

#### NEW DOCUMENTS RESPECTING FELIX NEFF.

(Continued from page 12.)

We left, in our last letter, this eminent servant of God just quitting the glorious theatre of his evangelical mission to return to Switzerland. His health was greatly impaired. He had borne up resolutely against his disease; but at last consented to take a little repose. When he arrived at Geneva, he was completely exhausted; his stomach could no longer bear any nourishment. For several months he was confined to the most rigid diet, taking only a little milk with sugar, sometimes adding a little light bread. Felix Neff bore all these exertions and privations with the greatest patience. Not a murmur, not a complaint in the brief letters which he wrote at this period. His only thought was to be able soon to resume his pious labors. "I hope to see you again in a little time," he writes to one of his old parishioners, "and so far as depends on me, I will continue my visits to your region. In any event, my affliction for you, and for all whom the Lord has designed to awaken from the sleep of death, will not diminish. Wherever I may be, my thoughts will always be with you, and my prayers shall not cease to commend you to the throne of grace. I hope too that the Lord, who has called you, will be faithful to strengthen you, and that, from day to day, you will learn to know and to love him more and more."

The Christians of the Upper Alps, deprived of their pastor and friend, I should say of their father, kept up with him a frequent correspondence. They told him all their religious experiences, their joys, their perplexities, their sorrows, and sought his advice and consolation. It is interesting to mark the great confidence which they repose in Felix Neff, as it shows that no ties are so close as those of a common faith, which death alone can sever. Neff replied to all these letters, so far as sickness would allow him, with a wisdom and kindness evinced by his deep piety.

To a Christian who had lost his mother he

writes as follows: "We are here below in a wilderness, strangers and pilgrims, groaning and sighing under this body of death. How happy, then, are they who die in the Lord! How enviable the lot of those whose pilgrimage is soon ended, and who, having seen the salvation of God, depart in peace to inherit the kingdom prepared for them before the foundation of the world. Let us not then mourn for those who have passed from this world to their Father; it is we who suffer from this short separation. If we were all embarked on the same sea, beaten by the tempest, exposed to a thousand dangers, and suffering all sorts of evils, should we be sorry to see our best friends reach before us a safe and tranquil harbor? Should we not be happy rather, to see them safely on the shore? and should we not, far from wishing them back, follow them rather to their desired haven? So, when we see our relatives and friends leaving this world to go to God, our hearts should be more and more detached from earth and fixed on heaven: for in heaven should our treasure be, and our heart also; and whatever thus lifts our thoughts and affections to spiritual and eternal things is a blessing to us. Such thoughts console us, and change at once our complaints into thanksgiving, and our sighs into songs of triumph.

But Felix Neff was called to undergo another trial than his bodily infirmities and his exile from the upper Alps. He met at Geneva some men who professed high Calvinism, and who reproached him with not insisting enough upon the doctrine of election. It seemed to them that Neff was not a Christian, because he did not adopt rigorously their formulas and their language. These accusations grieved him. He replied calmly, but firmly. He called God to witness that he believed in the doctrine of gratuitous election, and demanded of his adversaries the same charity which he himself exhibited. To a young man who had delivered a bigotted intolerant discourse he writes thus: "The disciples of Christ ought to be of one heart and one mind. Their union should be unequalled unless by that of the Father and the Son. But this union can never take place if each maintains extreme notions, and insists on making all his brethren entertain precisely his own views. You, especially, should not expect to see all Christians rally around the standard you speak of, for it is a mere shred torn from the gospel. Unity is impossible, so long as a theological party would force all Christians to adopt their very language even, and a tract cannot be published, nor a hymn sung, nor a book recommended, nor the plainest and most natural application of a portion of Scripture be made, not a word, in short, uttered, without being immediately charged with heresy. Dear sir! how far from this dry and minute theology is the sweet and living word of Jesus! and how must the heart of the Lord be afflicted, to see his children disputing about words, confining themselves within narrow systems, reducing to an empty science the divine revelation, and spending their time and strength in contending with their brethren, while they have so many enemies abroad! Believe me, with all your syllogisms, with all your learning, you are far from receiving the kingdom of God as little children. God destroys the wisdom of the wise, and brings to nothing the understanding of the prudent. (1 Cor. i. 19.)

I have related these facts because they may furnish us instructive lessons. It is too true, alas! that certain doctors pretend to be more biblical than the Bible, more orthodox than Jesus Christ and the apostles, and pronounce anathemas against those who do not adopt all their sentiments. Let us enforce zealously the claims of the truth; this is our first duty; but let us beware of substituting for this truth of God our own opinions—let us beware of reproaching and grieving men who, like Felix Neff, have great faith and great love. We can also learn from this not to wonder if our doctrines are sometimes attacked by brethren and taxed with heresy. Since Felix Neff, so remarkable for his evangelical piety, was exposed to such reproaches, how can we, so inferior to him, be exempt?

TRUE PRINCIPLES OF ORATORY.—The following advice of President Witherspoon to his pupils might be a benefit to some orators of his present day. "In the first place take care that ye never begin to speak till ye ha' something to say, and secondly, be sure to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

The Bible must be brought into action. It must shape the intellect and inspire the heart of the young. Its treasures must be thrown open to their view. The nature, extent and value of its history must be engraved upon their memories. They must be taught to sit on the brow of the sacred mount, and listen to the philosophic sages of inspiration, while they expound to their opening faculties the sublime theories of nature. They must be permitted to soar upon the pinions of a heaven-illuminated fancy, and explore the broad limits of the universe, and celebrate with the Psalmist the character of the great Creator, and with the prophets pursue the destinies of the deathless spirit, as it rises to the dignity and enters upon the fruition of immortality. Everything, in a word, should be attempted to render the Bible more engaging to the young. The imagination is the first intellectual power that expands. It is the leading faculty in the development and cultivation of the mind. And, like the needle that vibrates to the pole, it cannot be directed by constraint; but is attracted with unerring certainty, when left to the action of its relative power. That relative power is the Bible. It is the dole of the human mind. Remove all disturbing forces, all negative and counteracting influences, and let the Bible exert its native energy upon the soul, and man will soon return to his true position in the sight of God. Let the ruinous popular fictions of the day be discontinued by every friend of mankind. If the fancy must be instructed by pictures; if it must be warned by the touch of beauty; if it demands a peculiar aliment for its sustenance, and clamors for gratification; let that touch of beauty be from the hand that planted the flowerets of Eden; let that aliment gently fall upon the soul like manna from the heavens. We need not fear we shall accomplish too much, in attempting to throw a livelier interest around the Bible. A modern poet has correctly and beautifully said—

"As into seven softer hues  
Shivers the silvery beam of light,  
As all the seven rainbow hues  
Ran back into a dazzling white;

So round the swimming eyes of youth  
With all your glancing witcheries play;  
So flow into one bond of truth,  
Into one stream of perfect day."

Can the reader evade the poet's touching appeal? What exertions should be regarded as arduous, in comparison of so happy a result? Let the Sabbath school be made a nursery of little plants extracted from the paradise of revelation. Let the smaller gems of the Bible be transferred to the coronet of all juvenile readers. Let the pulpit become radiant with the literature of the Scriptures. Let the halls of education emit the twofold splendor of classic and Biblical learning. Let the fireside, the family circle, be adorned and hallowed by choice recollections of the history, philosophy and poetry of inspiration. How many youthful, straying feet, might be allured to the noblest walks of piety and duty, if the parent only, the mother, would take the pains to display the flowers which inspiration has thrown upon these paths of peace! For himself, the writer will take occasion at this moment to render a tribute of gratitude to divine Providence, that a mother was allotted to him who loved and appreciated the Bible; who stored his young fancy with such bright images and lovely pictures as a boy could receive. Thus early was he induced to reverence that religion, the record of which he had been taught to admire; and now,

"Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,  
I kneel in manhood, as I kneel'd in youth;  
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,  
And life's last shade be brighten'd by thy ray;  
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,  
Soar without bounds, without consuming, glow!"

SUBLIME.—The following beautiful idea is from Cooper's 'Two Admirals.' 'It is a terrible thought, at an hour like this, to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered which does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading currents of sound; not a prayer lisped that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.'