

and light, which are as much material streams as rivers are, which have poured from the bosom of the sun since the world began, without any appreciable diminution, and which have filled space far beyond the most expert calculator's measuring,—what do these peculiarities indicate, but the problem deepest, most mysterious, and most august and precious,—the height and depth and length and breadth, the infiniteness, of the love of God in Christ Jesus? Who shall measure or know what is the kindness of the divine heart?

"A child goes with a cup to the side of the ocean, and ladles out the water cupful by cupful, and puts it in its mimic lake; and the thought of the child is that he will measure the water in the ocean, and see how much there is. How much chance is there that he will accomplish what he undertakes? He may take out and take out water from the ocean till he has grown to his manhood, and there will be no less than when he began, and the task which he has undertaken will be no nearer to its completion.

"Now, we stand by the side of an infinite God, and attempt to measure infinity by methods that are more absurd than that of the child who attempts to measure the quantity of water in the ocean with a cup.

"I will not dwell upon God's providential bounties, whose flow for a whole life is incalculable; yet there are hours, I think to every reflective mind, when there rises up such a sense of the greatness of the way in which God has led him through life that he is overwhelmed, and it seems as though there was concentrated upon him a greater amount of thought and feeling than it is possible for the imagination to conceive. Would that we had a more frequent sense of God's bounty! I do not mean a sense of divine providential mercies merely, but a retrospect of man's individual life; of the way God has dealt with him; of the way which he has been tempted; of the way in which the divine spirit has entered into the business of his life; of the sparing mercies of God; of the dangers, unseen and suddenly disclosed, from which he has been rescued; of sicknesses of which he has been healed; of losses which have not been his destruction; of temptations which threatened to overcome him, but which, after all, were vanquished. These things, and ten thousand others that every reflective man must remember, and more that he cannot recall, cannot fail, it seems to me, to give any just man a sense of God's exceeding abundant goodness beyond asking and beyond thought.

"If any one has reared children and inducted them safely into manhood in the midst of the dangers that multiplied about them, and the troubles that beset them, and the temptations that surrounded them, and the liabilities to evil that contested their way, it seems to me that he must be a stone, in looking back upon his household, not to be overwhelmed with a sense of the multitudinousness of God's mercies. I think that there is nothing in this world that

one, in founding a family, should be more thankful for than the successful establishment of children in it, from youth to ripe and virtuous manhood. A man may do many things in this world that are deserving of praise; but there are few things that he can do that are more deserving of praise than, dying, to leave his name with some six or eight or ten others who shall fill his place, and who shall maintain virtue, and intelligence, and good habits throughout their lives."

ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

We copy the following strange story of Martin Van Buchell and Sir John Dinley, from *Cassell's Magazine* for July:—

"There are no queer people now,—no extraordinary characters, no singular beings. Society seems to have been brought, somehow, to a kind of dead or living level, so that for one of its members to be an original, is considered to qualify him for Colney Hatch. The records of some of the queer people who claimed attention before we were born are still to be found in odd pamphlets and dog's-eared volumes at the doors of second-hand booksellers, or may be occasionally gathered from the recitals of old-fashioned folks with pleasant memories of their youth, before table-turning superseded the ordeal of the Bible and key, and when Johanna Southcote had not yet given place to Brigham Young.

"Who would now consult a doctor if he exhibited the eccentricities of the once famous Martin Van Buchell? and yet worthy Martin was very nearly being appointed dentist to the king. There are queer people amongst our doctors still, but this queerness is of rather a more private character. They don't ride on a rough pony painted of a piebald pattern, nor do they advertise that ladies in delicate health may receive great benefit from purchasing hairs from their beards. The father of Van Buchell was tapestry-maker to King George the Second, so that the future doctor may be said to have been born under the shadow of the court, and he commenced his career as groom of the chamber of Lady Talbot, in whose service he saved money enough to enable him to commence the 'study of mechanics and medicine,' the latter under the tuition of William and John Hunter. Like many other medical aspirants, Van Buchell first appeared as a dentist, and was so successful that he is said to have received as much as eighty guineas for a set of false teeth; but he also devoted himself to mechanical inventions connected with surgery, as well as patent stirrups and other contrivances long since forgotten.

"The most extraordinary freak of this eccentric philosopher was exhibited after the death of his first wife, from whom he was so unwilling to part that he had her body embalmed, and for a long time kept it in a glass case, in the drawing-room, where numbers of persons went to see it, and in order to account for such a strange whim