the word of God by their vain traditions. At length the clustering crowds gather to a point; an immense cavalcade is formed; they press towards the gate of the city and a confused murmur of sounds breaks upon the ear. The rich and poor; the young and aged; the priest and artisan mingle in the throng. One subject occupies all minds and animates every tongue. It is the doom of Jesus. The Pharisees exult because their stern reprover is to be silenced; the Priests, because he, who detected, beneath their sanctimonious exterior, the insincerity of their ministrations, is to be held up as a spectacle of ignominy before heaven and earth; and the common people, with a thousand exaggerated tales of criminality, hasten to the execution of one whom they believe to be an emissary of the devil, an enemy to God, and a conspirator against the religion of their country. "He ought to die," is the verdict, and as they see their victim in his seeming helplessness they bitterly revile him, and laugh him to scorn for his high pretensions.

But where is the object of his deadly hate? There he is just passing the gate of the city and with his face directed towards Calvary. He is surrounded by a band of Roman soldiers, appointed to attend his execution, and who evince the utmost heartlessness and want of feeling.

Behold the man! Is he like one whose life is dangerous to society and who deserves thus to be hunted to death? Do his looks betray guilt? Are his features marked with ferocity? He bends under the weight of his cross, and is assailed on every hand with the curses or the gibes of the inhuman crowd: his pallid brow is enwreathed with thorns whose points pierce his temples; and yet that face expresses no angry or malignant feeling, neither is it blanched with fear. Its prevailing expression is sorrow and grief, deeply seated, and most intensely felt. When he looks around upon the multitude who are thirsting for his blood, he does not revile them, he does not plead for his own life, but seems absorbed in that same feeling which had so recently burst forth in the exclamation, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, but ye would not;"

The fatal spot is reached. Two miserable culprits are to participate in the same shameful death with this noble victim. The preparations are made; the crosses are laid upon the ground, and with horrid suffering the hands and feet of the condemned are nailed to the wood; they are then raised and thrust into the holes prepared to receive them. How fierce the pangs which shoot through the shivering flesh of those so suspended, no language can express. What a scene is thus presented! The work of death is slowly progressing; the Roman soldiers are casting among them the garments of the suffering; the crowd are feasting their eyes with the bloody spectacle, and among the many, but a few are seen who sympathize with the dying.

The countenance of Jesus still reveals love and compassion; his voice is heard breathing the prayer for his murderers, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do;" but with this compassion is mingled an expression of mental anguish most intense! he bears the guilt of the world on his guiltless soul, and the weight extorts the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" A mysterious darkness overspreads the heavens: Jesus dies; the earth rocks like the agitated ocean, and its strongest barriers are rent; the graves open and the dead appear, and what to the fears of the people is a still more alarming sign, the veil of the temple is torn from the top to the bottom! The taunts and shouts of the multitude are now silenced, and stimulated with fear they hasten to the city. Amidst this scene of sudden alarm, when Scribe and Pharisee had fled, fearful but not penitent, the Roman Centurion, although a heathen in his education, and trained up to the hardening profession of arms, first directing his eyes to these fearful portents, and then turning them to the now motionless body of Christ, exclaims, "Truly this was the Son of God." Peradventure this confession indicated a true surrender of the heart to Christ, and he that stood to direct his execution, may now be standing in his glorified presence.

Night closes on the scene; Calvary is deserted; there is Jerusalem reposing in deep silence; but the tragedy of the day has sealed its doom. In less than forty years that doom was accomplished, and temple, palaces and towers, presented a mass of blackened and indiscriminate ruins, while the hundreds of thousands of her inhabitants had sunk into the sleep of death, or sighed in hopeless captivity.

The signs are full, and never shall the sun
Shine on the cedar roofs of Salem more,
Her type of splendour now is told and done;
Her wine cup of festivity is spilt,
And all is o'er, her grandeur and her guilt.

Her streets are razed, her maidens sold for slaves,
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves;
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentiles scorn,
By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn.

—*Presbyterian.*

HONESTY REWARDED.

Virtue is the surest road to happiness. It sweetens every enjoyment, and is the sovereign anditote to misfortune. Pleasures, unless wholly innocent, never commue so long as the sting they leave behind them. See that moth fluttering incessantly round the candle. Man of pleasure, behold thy image!

In a just account of profit and loss, an unlawful gain is a greater misfortuue than a real loss. This is but once felt; that scarce ever wears out, but is the source of continual affliction.

Perrin lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity house for his education. At the age of fifteen, he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighbourhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father; she blushed, and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to the town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. "You want to marry my daughter," said the old man. "Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do." "But," replied Perrin, "I have hands to work; I have laid up twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expense of the wedding; I'll work harder, and lay up more." "Well," said the old gentleman, "you are young, and may wait a little; get rich, and my daughter is at your service." Perrin waited for Lucetta's returning in the evening. "Has my father given you a refusal?" cried Lucetta. "Ah, Lucetta," replied Perrin, "how unhappy am I for being poor! But I have not lost all hopes. My circumstances may change for the better." As they never tired of conversing together, the night drew on and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbourhood, he found that it was filled with gold. "I thank Heaven," said Perrin in a transport, "for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy." In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. "This money is not ours; it belongs to some stranger; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice; he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention; he admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. "Perrin," said he, "cherish these sentiments; Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner; he will reward thy honesty; I will add what I can spare; you shall have Lucetta." The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. "These ten thousand livres bear at present no profit; you may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner as to insure the sum itself to the owner if he should appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality; and two children endeared them still the more to each other.

Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise overturned with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. "This spot," cried one of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. "Ten years ago; I here lost ten thousand livres. Perrin listened with attention. "What search made you for them?" said he. "It was not in my power," replied the stranger, "to make any search. I was hurrying to Port L'Orient, to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail." Next morning Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is yours. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion; he looked on Perrin, Lucetta and their children. 'Where am I," cried he, "and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm?" "No," replied Perrin; "but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here." "Your honesty deserves a better recompense,' answered the stranger. "My success in trade has been great, and I have forgotten my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune; keep it as your own." What man in the world would have acted like Perrin?" Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward, practise the virtue.

Correspondence.

For the Guardian.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I shall feel obliged by your inserting the following notices of the late Rev. Hugh Graham of Stewiacke.

This worthy clergyman was born in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, of creditable parents, distinguished for piety and good sense. His mother was in early life occasionally a hearer of Ralph Erskine, one of the fathers of the Secession; and his father was an elder of the secession congregation at Long Rig. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and for some time pursued his studies at the College of Aberdeen, where he obtained the degree of Master of Arts. The piety of his parents devoted him to the service of God in the Gospel of His Son, whose name they desired that their children and their children's children might make to be remembered in generations yet to come. A father's holy prayers, and and a mother's christian sensibility, were blessed by the Spirit to his good; for his earliest years were consecrated to the service of the Redeemer, his whole life was spent in promoting the interests of religion, and he died in April, 1829, full of years, and venerable for piety and usefulness.

Having completed the usual course of study, he entered the Divinity Hall of the Secession Church, under the Reverend and venerable John Brown of Haddington, and became the associate, in Theological study, of the Waugs, the Dicks, the Husbands, and other pious men of his time; with some of whom he kept up a correspondence during the course of his life. Some time after he was licensed to preach the gospel, he was missioned by the Secession Church for the young congregation of Cornwallis, in Nova-Scotia; for the Secession Church was a Missionary Church from the very beginning, and she contributed her full share to plant the Rose of Sharon in our green woods and snow clad regions.

His parents cheerfully gave him up to the missionary service. The period when Missionary enterprise was comparatively in its infancy, and without many of those associations and charms which public opinion has thrown around it in later years. Mr. Graham left the scenes of his childhood, and a country that is beyond most other countries for civil and religious privileges, to meet the difficulties and uncertainties attendant on a Christian Mission beyond the western main. His younger brother, William Graham of Stewiacke, still recollects the parting scene, and his father's journey with him to Greenock. The time of sailing excited strong feeling, and placed eternity and its awful realities full in view, for he knew not whether he should be buried in a watery tomb, whether disease should summon him to an early grave, or whether a great and effectual door should be opened for him in his adopted country.

Many Missionaries have dropped their clay mantle, when they had scarcely time to sow the seed, from which others have reaped the harvest. But he was permitted to run a long and useful career, to see truth and holiness prevail among the hills and valleys of Nova-Scotia, and to die surrounded by many who were converted and edified by his ministry, and who are ready to drop a tear over his grave. He was not without seals to his ministry in Cornwallis; but the noblest monument of his ministerial labours, is to be found in the vales of Stewiacke. He found them a scattered people, and he collected them into the fold. They were a divided people, and he united them.—He baptized them, he married, he instructed them; he took the road before them, and set them a Christian example; he blessed them, and tenderly trained them up for a future state, and when he put off his priestly robes, and entered into God's own house, they mourned for him, and erected a monument to his memory. From small beginnings, under his ministry, and under the fostering care of heaven, they have reached a degree of prosperity which is surpassed by few congregations in the colonies, and in point of numbers, devotional feelings, and steady habits, they will bear a comparison with rural congregations in the mother country. The Congregation is still rising in efficiency and numbers, under the ministry