

GREAT MEN'S DYING THOUGHTS.—The dying testimony of great men to the truth and value of the gospel, is often and loudly and justly proclaimed to the world.

The case of Mr. Webster is in point. He took special pains during the last days of his life, to put his opinions beyond the reach of suspicion. And now religion has a right to point to the dying declarations of such a man, and to say that if religion is good for Mr. Webster to die by, it is good for all.

We have received communications from some, who have read remarks in the papers of others, who question the sincerity of Mr. Webster's faith and repentance, insisting that religion suffers when great men are made saints at death, who have been less than the least of saints while they lived. To this exception, we reply that it is not our prerogative to sit in judgment on the heart of any man. To his own master every man stands or falls. If Mr. Webster is moved to record his great name at the foot of a dying declaration that he believes in "GOD the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," it is our privilege, in which we take profound satisfaction, to record that fact, and tell the world of it. Here is the great truth attested by the sign manual of the greatest intellect of this land, that the Christian religion is of God: that the gospel scheme is the only plan of salvation, and men may live in trade, and politics, and pleasure, and sin, but when they come to die, they will need the support of spiritual religion.

Sincerely do we wish that other great men who have passed away, had left behind them similar testimonies. What are the views of men of thought as they stand at the gateway of eternity, and look in, is a subject of intense interest to every enquiring mind. And it is true that with only here and there an exception, the last thoughts of our great men are turned on Christ. To the young these truths convey a great lesson. But to men of the age, to statesmen and men of business, pressing on with the cares of the world on their hearts, these truths repeat a solemn call to all to bear in mind the oft repeated line, "The path of glory leads but to the grave."—*New York Observer*.

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A HORSE.—David Frahcis, one of the foremen of the stone work on the new Court House, living on Buckeye street, had one of his fingers severely bitten by his horse, a few days since, and died from the effects of the same on Sunday.—*Cincinnati Gazette*, Jan. 4.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CITIES.—We are to consider London as a considerable city, and New Yorkers regard their village as an immense municipality. But if the Mayors of Nineveh and Babylon could revisit the earth, they would laugh at the pretension of the moderns. The area of Babylon was 225 miles, and that of Nineveh 216 square miles, while that of London and its environs is but 114 square miles.

Youths' Department.

LITTLE SEMA.—Some years ago a young mother was suddenly laid on a sick bed. While panting for breath, expecting every moment to be called up to heaven, she said, "I wish to have Sema given anew to God." He was a fine boy of five months. The dying mother said, "Lay the child upon my arm," while the father a man of God, kneeled by the bed-side and prayed that God would take this child and sanctify him for His own service. Then the mother, most beautiful in death, winged her flight to heaven, saying, "Angels call—I must go," and as she ascended she seemed to see heaven open, and had only time and strength to utter the words, "Glory to God."

When Sema was a lad, he asked his father what the bread and wine meant in the Lord's Supper. His father told him they represented the Saviour's broken body and shed blood, and that it was a supper prepared for those who loved him. Sema said, "I love Jesus Christ, why may I not come?"

After this, at every communion-season, he would weep, and say, "Why can't I come with the friends of Jesus Christ to his supper? I love Jesus Christ," and he was so grieved he could not be pacified. His father told the church, and the church said, "Let him come," and little Sema was admitted to the church and to the Lord's table.

Sema is now a young man, I saw him a few days since, and inquired if he loved the Saviour. He said, "I think I do." "How long have you loved him?" "I don't know—I can't remember the time when I don't love him. I hope to love and serve him better every day I live." Would there be so many wicked children, if their parents were as faithful as Sema's father and mother?

EARLY IMPRESSIONS ABIDING.—It is said by a pastor, that the aged Gormans in his parish in Pennsylvania, when on their sick and dying bed, will often begin to talk in the German language, the tongue of their childhood, although they had long ceased to speak it, and while in health seemed altogether to have forgotten it. This shows that early impressions are indelible: they cannot be rubbed out; and it is this which gives such importance to the instruction of children.—It is this, children, which makes it of such immense account, that what you learn now, should be worth learning. Among the many things which you are taught, there is one truth more precious than all the rest, and it is, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Seek a saving knowledge of this Son of God, your Saviour; that is a knowledge which will save you, for it is a knowledge "which cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price of it."

TAKE ME WHERE GOD IS NOT PRESENT.—William, a boy trained in the fear of God, was asked by another, of his own age, to come away from the comrades with whom he was playing, and he would tell him what he wanted with him. The boy suspecting that the other had some evil design in hand, gave him for answer: "I will go with you; but you must take me to some place where we must be safe, and no one may see us." The other then led him to the opening of a dark passage; But William said that spot was not safe enough. They then retreated farther down the passage; but still William repented that the spot was not what suited him. Proceeding still farther, the two had reached a corner where all was pitch dark, and as lonely as could be conceived; here William stopped, and said to his companion: "I cannot follow you any longer, unless you can take me to some spot where God is not present, and cannot see us; for we cannot be safe anywhere else. His playmate felt the full force of William's rebuke, left him, and never ventured a second attempt upon his good principles.—*Children's Missionary Record*.

GREAT MEN—SELF-EDUCATED.—Sir Humphrey Davy, by "self-instruction," made more brilliant and more important discoveries in chemical science, than any one who preceded or followed him. Farmers mechanics, house-keepers, and many others, are now enjoying the benefits of his labors.

Elihu Burritt, by self-instruction, had acquired, at the age of thirty years, fifty languages; and that too while he was laboring vigorously over the forge and anvil, from six to twelve hours daily.

The late Dr. Bowditch taught himself, until he exceeded all who had gone before him in mathematical science.

Roger Sherman, whose name will descend to posterity as one of the ablest statesmen, and brightest ornaments of the American Congress, taught himself while working upon his shoe bench.

George Washington was a self-made man. His name will fill all future ages with reverence.

Hosts of others, who in former ages, moved the intellectual and moral world, also, those who now move and elevate themselves. Such must be the fact in all future ages.

Every child is his own teacher. He teaches himself things; and everything coming under his observation, —animals, vegetables, minerals, tools and operations of farmers, mechanics, and house-keepers—science and art. He teaches himself by seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling, talking, handling, using, and comparing things, and their operations with each other; also cause with effect. Every child of common talents learns a language before he is three or four years of age. Many thousand children, now in our country, not over five years, speak fluently two languages—The English and German.

THE CAMBRIDGE STUDENT AND THE VILLAGE SCEPTIC.—A young student preparing for Cambridge, was assailed by a certain village sceptic who sneered at the idea of the Holy Ghost being a person:—"Personality of the Spirit!" said he, "why, the Spirit is wind, breath, air,—the very Greek words show you this, for it simply means, wind."

"Be it so," replied the youth, "than be so good as to tell me the meaning of this passage, 'Except a man be born of water and of wind, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the wind is spirit. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and

whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the wind."

The Sceptic, taken aback, had no answer; and the student passed on, saying to him, "Your words are born of the wind, but not of the Spirit."—*Ch. Mon. Pen. Mag.*

There are offences against individuals to all appearances trifling, which are capital offences against the human race:—fly him who can commit them.

Correspondence.

SONGS OF THE CHURCH.

No. 21.

THE RAINBOW.

"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and all the earth."—*Gen. ix. 13.* *First lesson for the Day.

When threatening clouds deform the skies,
And danger on the tempest flies,
The bow is set; no more alarm,
God speaks the word and it is calm.

When Sin with Death and all its woes,
Erears wildly in on our repose;
The bow is set: and through our tears,
The Sun of righteousness appears

When toss'd with sickness through the night,
His Grace can make affliction light;
The bow is set: and at the dawn,
Its radiant hues shall bless the morn.

Our goods and friends on earth bereft,
Still Hope, sweet hope of Heaven is left;
The bow is set: we kiss the rod,
And find our wealth and friends in God.

When sinking to the last repose,
The Grave on earthly hopes shall close,
The bow is set: and o'er the march
Of Death, expands its glorious arch.

Aye, glorious when the dead shall wake,
And the eternal day shall break,
With seven fold light, to shine upon
The Emerald bow around the Throne.

—Isaiah xxx. 26.—Revelations iv. 3.

W. R.

No. 22.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT.

The foe! the foe is on the path,
Gird up thy loins and fly;
Brief is the time, but great the wrath,
Resist him or ye die!

Where'er our careless footsteps stray,
In each unguarded hour,
Like Lion greedy for his prey,
He watches to devour.

In every scene we meet the foe,
In Mammon's spangled vest;
Or on the "light fantastic toe"
In Pleasure loosely drest.

With mad Ambition's wary plume,
Or Vanity's bedight,
Or velle in the Atheist's gloom,
To shun the search of light.

Make Thou thy written word our guard,
"And guide us with Thine eye,"
And let the Angels watch and ward;
'Tis Thy great enemy!

W.D.

* 1. Peter v. 8. † Math. xiii. 23, 39.

No. 23.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Math. xi. 28.*

How sweet in troubled life,
When careworn and distressed;
To hear a voice above the strife,
Come weary soul and rest.
Come, with thy aching heart,
Come, with thy streaming eye,
Come, weak and weary as thou art,
Now come to me and die.

The face of Jesus look,
On Him thy burden roll;
His saving grace supports the weak;
He makes the wounded whole.
He bids the laborer cease,
He sets the captive free;
He brings the contrite sinner peace,
And rest remains for thee.

They who His aid invoke;
Can never be cast down;
And they who take His easy yoke,
Will wear his glorious Crown.
Jesus thy mercy send,
A sinner, and set us free,
And all our new-born powers shall bend
To work and rest in Thee.

W.D.

* There remaineth a rest for the people of God.—*Heb. iv. 9.*