

"He, at the request of my friend, gave a short history of the wonderful people among whom he lived.—He said that the Waldenses were evidently the remnant of the Evangelical Church of Christ in Piedmont before the corruption of Christianity;—that even after that epoch, there were bishops in Turin and other important cities, who were orthodox Christians, although they presided under a Pope. When the Church of Christ, as a general thing, went over to corruption, married the Paganism of ancient Rome, the Waldenses clung to the Bible as the rule of faith, and ever since they had held unto it through good report and through bad report. At a certain period, some two centuries ago, the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians of England took up the Waldenses—the one to prove the Episcopacy—the other Presbyterianism, but the fact was that (in his opinion) neither could do it. The Vaudois Church was really the most like the Presbyterian in form; the reason why they have a Liturgy being that, when the Waldenses applied to the Episcopalians for aid, the latter suspected (and very justly, too) that some of the Vaudois clergymen were Unitarian in sentiment; and these clergymen said, we will show you that we are not Unitarians, by adopting your Liturgy.

"At this point we went to the dining-room. The long table had only three covers, and then we learned, for the first time, that General Beckwith has no family. He very often collects around him the elders of the churches, and other pastors, the professors of the college, and other Waldensians, and feasts them at his hospitable table. During the dinner a lively conversation was kept up, and we learned from him many interesting items of information. He said that the Vaudois are now over 22,000 in population, and are augmenting with rapidity. The Constitution of Charles Albert had done wonders for them, and he only hoped that God would give the present King force of mind to stand by that Constitution. Ever ything seems to be in a fair way for its permanent preservation.—The people of the Sardinian kingdom are marching with large strides. Eight years have made great alterations in that kingdom; the Jesuits have been driven out, the Constitution has been given, the power of the priests has been broken. I have travelled through all Italy, and there is not a country so prosperous, so active.

"After dinner, we were joined by three Professors of the College of La Tour. I never have spent an evening more agreeably. My friend was engaged in conversation with the General, while the three Professors took me aside, and made me explain the whole *modus operandi* of our Sabbath-school system. They are very much interested in Sabbath-schools, but their system is so general that the great benefit is lost.—There is not enough of individuality. There will be from two to five hundred children in one school, but instead of one teacher to talk privately, practically, and individually, to every six children, there is only one teacher for the whole five hundred. They made me take a New Testament and give a practical explanation of our mode of teaching. They were delighted with the *directness* of the instruction, and the division of labour among different teachers in our Sabbath-schools. When I told them of the *Union Questions*, and the *Teacher Taught*, published by the Sabbath-school Union, they instantly expressed a desire to have some of these books to translate into French, for the use of their schools.

"It was eleven o'clock at night before we separated. Never shall I forget the appearance of General Beckwith. He was very tall, and, despite sixty years and the loss of a limb, he has a most erect and imposing form. My friend took him by the hand, spoke of the happiness that he had experienced in passing a few hours with him, blessed him for the labour of love in which he was engaged, and expressed the hope that we should all meet in Heaven. The tears ran down the cheeks of the good General, and though he is a man of laconicness, and military sternness, yet he is full of heart; and I believe that he is engaged in a work which will call down, not only the prayers and sympathies of all Christians, but the benediction of God."

HOLY AND UNHOLY AMBITION.—That youthful poet and eminent scholar, Henry Kirke White, toiled hard for fame.—His ambition was that his name might not be forgotten; that among the claimants for earthly honors he might be recognized, and his genius acknowledged. It was this that made him mournfully inquire.

"Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?"

Under this impulse he sacrificed health, and even life. He trimmed the midnight lamp with a hand tremulous and bony, and scanned the classic page with an eye almost drowsy in death. Having received according to his aims, the highest honors of the University, he exclaimed, respecting these laurels, which he had so hardly won, and which, as the sequel proved, he was so soon to relinquish.

"What are ye now,

But thorns about my bleeding brow?"

In sacrificing health to fame, however, Henry Kirke White saw his error in time to reach that higher, purer motive, which combines with feelings of regret and sorrow, the hopes and aspirations of the Christian.

Another Henry toiled in the same path of greatness, but with an eye more steadily fixed on a higher prize. Martyn, the sainted missionary, stood relatively in the

grade of University honors where Kirke White had stood. But a higher impulse than earthly ambition had taken possession of him. "I heard," said he, the voice of suffering humanity calling from the dark places of the earth for relief. What but the Gospel can afford it? I hear at the same time, the voice of my risen Saviour, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'—Shall I stay at home, and enjoy the learned leisure of a fellowship?—Shall I compose eloquent sermons, and preach them in crowded cathedrals? Or, shall I lay my honors at the feet of Jesus, and consecrate my being to the enlightenment of pagan nations?"

The question was soon settled; and Martyn's name and memory are embalmed in the hearts of thousands, turned 'from darkness to light' by the force of his example, and the labours of his short but consecrated life.

Napoleon and Henry Martyn! Behold in one the soldier of ambition, and in the other the soldier of the cross! The one sacrifices myriads to obtain imperial honours; the other sacrifices his own life to place the crown immortal upon ransomed pagans. Napoleon lives in the praises of his countrymen, in the glory of France, in the pleasing consciousness of his own power. These are his aliment, as they were his impulse. When these are gone, all is gone. But Martyn's life is found in God, and in the service of God; sources which never can fail, a fountain of felicity which never can run dry.

Who would not prefer to follow the footsteps of the youthful missionary over burning plains, and through benighted cities, with the lamp of life and salvation in his hand, than to mingle in the stormy career of the conqueror, with the wheels of his chariot dripping in gore, and his ears saluted alternately with the praises and the maledictions of mankind?

THE TRUE AMBITION.—There is a loftier structure, let me say to the youthful aspirant embarking on the rough waters of strife, than the one faintly imagined in yonder clouds. There is a temple of God, adorned with moral beauty and grandeur, such as pearls and gems, and rainbow tints can but faintly symbolize.—Let thy ambition fix on this bright abode! Let all thy energies be enlisted in reaching it. There is a field of enterprise, too, here below, where the highest intellect may find scope, and the purest benevolence be exercised. It is found in turning men to righteousness.—They who labour successfully in this field, shall not only have a calm satisfaction in the work, but shall shine at last, 'as the stars forever and ever.'—*Voyage of Life.*

A METHOD OF DOING GOOD.—We have read of individuals sending a publisher of a religious newspaper a few dollars to pay for so many papers for so long a time, to be sent to such and such families, who are unable to take the paper, or who think themselves unable. In this way much good may be done. It is like the circulation of tracts. In some respects it is better: for young people will be more apt to read a newspaper fresh from the press, than a tract. In this way a desire for the paper may be awakened in those who thought themselves unable to pay for it, but now conclude they are able and will order it. When we consider the thousands of families who are without a religious paper, and the many Christian families too, we cannot but think that this is a field of benevolence which may yet be largely occupied, and to great effect in building up the kingdom of Christ. The power of the periodical press is a great and growing power in our country, and ought to be brought to bear with the utmost energy, and to the greatest possible extent, on the kingdom of darkness.—*Presbyterian of the West.*

A DYING MAN'S GOD.—I knew the old man; he was rich, and his riches were his God. I rode in company with him a considerable distance through his possessions. I sought means to turn the conversation from his groves, and his orchards, his fields and his treasures, to something more serious and profitable.—But no—his heart was on these things; they engrossed his thoughts and his affections. He was between eighty and ninety years of age, and yet I could not bring him for a moment to speak of leaving his earthly inheritance. To the Sabbath and the sanctuary, and all the things of God, he was an utter stranger.

It was painful to see an old man, just ready to close his eyes on all that belongs to earth, refusing to admit into his mind a single thought of death, and that eternally so shortly to be his home. With a kind of melancholy satisfaction, I saw him take a different road from myself, thus releasing me from my fruitless efforts to direct his mind towards that world where his real interests lay.

Not long after this interview, disease attacked his mortal frame, giving no doubtful intimation, that the machine which had been in motion more than four-score years, was about to stand still. As he lay struggling with death, he spoke of fields of corn, and then said bring me my bundle of *Notes*. Inspecting one of them, he said with earnestness, "I believe we shall not lose it," or to that effect. While he thus lay holding his notes and obligations before his face, in his withered hands—he died!

Correspondence.

FOR THE CHURCH TIMES.

LUXENBURG, December 20, 1853.

MR. EDITOR,

I have so often derived both information and pleasure on matters of general interest, from portions of letters published in the newspapers, that I am induced to contribute to the common fund of knowledge, by sending you the following extracts from a letter received from a relative in England, who has lately returned from a three weeks' tour on the continent.

"You will perhaps have heard of my late visit to the continent, which took me as much by surprise as it did my neighbours. An opportunity offered itself for me to accompany a patient who was labouring under mental excitement, the father offering to pay all expenses of myself, his son, and my substitute; and so off we went, and had a most delightful tour of three weeks during which we were two days at Paris, whence passing by rail we slept at Chalon sur Saone: thence by steam down the Saone to Lyons—slept there, and the next day had a most delightful sail by steam through a most interesting country to Avignon; (passing close by the birth place of Buffon the day we left Paris,) sailed close around the Vineyard of 800 acres, where the celebrated Hermitage wine is made. At Marseilles we remained two days, and had a delightful bath in the Mediterranean sea, sailed in a first rate steamer close along the coast of France, passing inside the Isles d'Hyere, near Toulon, and reached Genoa next morning, where we remained three days, visiting all the splendid palaces for which that beautiful city is famous, and saw the house which gave birth to Columbus. I then went on to Leghorn by steam; spent two hours at Pisa, and mounted the celebrated leaning Tower; thence by rail to Florence, and remained there part of two days, one of which I spent in admiring the famous paintings and sculptures, amongst which is the original Venus de Medici; visited the grand Cathedral and Churches; examined over and over again the indecipherably beautiful Bronze gates, which Michael Angelo pronounced so beautiful that they might have formed the gates of Paradise. I then saw and trod on the stone on which Dante, the Shakespeare of the Italians used to sit, and watch the Cathedral gradually rising under the hands of the builders, and where he wrote several of his poems. I then visited the highest point of land from which the most extensive view of the country could be attained, and where are now the remains of the observatory from which Galileo watched the heavenly bodies. I then retraced my steps to Genoa, and mounted a diligence for Busalo, the terminus of the railway to Turin.—When we had ascended about two thirds of our journey, a fellow traveller connected with the railway, led us through a tunnel which perforates the very bowels of the Apennines, and is three miles long. By this route we avoided going over the top of the mountain. This tunnel will be opened for passengers in the course of a few weeks. That I consider the most exciting part of my adventures. Well! we arrived at Turin, a noble city of squares, and I was glad to see copies of the Bible in Italian freely exposed in the book-stalls.—Here I bought a little book entitled 'Adieu papa,' written by a priest who had left the Church of Rome for a Protestant one. I allude to these two facts to show the liberality of the Sardinian Government. Starting from Turin about 4 P.M., in a diligence, containing in all six persons, which was all it was capable of holding, we found ourselves soon after dusk gradually ascending the road leading over Mt. Cenis, which, towards midnight as we approached the summit, presented a scene which time will never erase from my memory. The moon was shining in full brilliancy; the road was as smooth and hard as any London street, on one side of us were precipitous mountains covered with snow, around the circumference of which we were gradually being drawn at the pace of about three miles an hour by twelve mules, the drivers using the long whips with a cracking noise, which was increased by their shouting to the beasts. Whilst on the opposite side we looked down a descent into the valley, of some hundred feet, as dark as night, whilst the light of the moon reflected from the snow and sides of the recess, threw out every object. The road is famous as having been made by Napoleon, over which he had more than once conducted his army. You may imagine the character of the country through which we passed during the following day, resembling what I can fancy the Swiss Cantons to be. Every mile or two we passed one or more crosses, which point out places where at one time or another fatal accidents had occurred.—They consequently were generally placed on the edge of some precipitous rock or descent in the road. We slept at Chambéry, and got on next day to Lyons, and back to Paris and London! and I have also arrived at the end of my paper. But I thought this sketch of my travels might amuse you, and the little ones will be interested in tracing out the places in the Map."