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## Lines

On a Cornelian Cross suspended to the neck of a frivolous Young Lady.  
Graciously round her neck she wears  
The emblematic cross,  
Nor tends beneath the weight she bears,  
Nor, dropped, would feel the loss.  
Blood-red, and yet her spirit drinks  
No meaning from the dye,  
Nor of her Saviour's death she thinks,  
Nor that her own draw nigh;  
Were Calvary graved upon the sign  
In syllables of gold,  
And under gleamed the three-tongued line,  
That heart would still be cold.  
Ah! the true cross can never rest  
On shoulders light and vain;  
Nor sparkle on a thoughtless breast,  
Hung in a golden chain.  
'Tis not a gem or amulet,  
A charm by beauty worn,  
But toil in self-denial set,  
And daily up-hill borne;  
Passions O'ercome, desires suppressed,  
Quelled the high heart of pride;  
This cross is life's test,  
This, this is self-denied.  
The scorn, the malice of mankind,  
Add to its weight;  
Temptations are with trials joined,  
To make the burden great,  
Its weight no mortal heart can bear,  
Unstrengthened from above,  
God only creates the virtue there,  
The strength—that life is love.

John xix. 20.

## Religious Miscellany.

### Little Things.

Things that are deemed great are often actually small; and things that seem small are often great in their bearings and consequences. Trifles lighter than straws are often the feather that turns the scale of character and destiny.  
The vast events and phenomena of earth are gradual in their progress and slow in their growth; whatever comes to pass suddenly commonly passes away suddenly—Jonah's gourd grew up in a night, but perished in the morning. Startling theories and speculations that break forth upon the world like the sun from behind a cloud, or like the lightning that flashes from the sky and strikes the earth, soon sink upon the earth, their expiring ashes. Excitements in the Church or state that spring themselves upon the world, and dash or flash along the times like meteors or the lightning, are soon followed by deeper darkness. We are great and are great in our results, and our results are usually of gradual growth, from slight original causes. The little leaves, in its gradual operations, leaves the whole lump. The least of all seeds becomes a great tree, under the branches of which the birds of heaven come and shelter themselves. The vast river rolls on to the sea; it leaps, it dashes, it foams, it mingles, it mingles, and inundates wild regions of country; but it started, it may be in the crevice of a rock, or in a dew-drop not bigger than a tear. Great islands and archipelagos, the great, perhaps the greatest empires, are the work, often, of very little animals, that build them up slowly from the bottom of the sea. It is said that a whisper slightly stirs the air all round the globe.—"Touch ye restless sea, any where with the tip of your finger, and you move relatively the whole ocean. Nothing is more certain than that our every word, and every deed, and every act, in its influence upon the moral world and upon eternity, is like the results just named. Such is the moral and social machinery, and there is needed often only the touching of a match, the pressing of a spring, or turning of a valve, to start a tremendous train of consequences. The pebble from the sling of the slinger, which he has picked up of a little brook, was a little thing, but it decided the fate of two armies and of two nations. The eating of an apple led to the world's fall, and the falling of an apple to the world's philosophy. The martyr's needle and its play are little matters, but the discovery of great continents, and the carrying on of the world's commerce are not little matters. The nice touches and shades given by the skillful artist, to his painting, are little matters, but little here make perfection. The sculptor does not mold the countenance at once. A thousand blows roughs it, says one, and ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it, and bring out the exact features and the living expression. It is a work of time—So do human influences and actions elicit out slowly our fixed character and habit.—Every day adds something to the slow work. The little dropping insensitively wears the solid rock that bulges at the sea, and defines the surges of the sea. Achaus's wedge of gold was a little thing, but it led to vast results. The two bits of the poor widow were a little sum, but measured by their motive, they were perhaps the largest contribution ever made to Christian charity.—The colors in Joseph's coat were little things, but his reigning over Egypt was not. The ark of bulrushes was a little thing, but the giving of the moral law was not; leading Israel from bondage to Canaan was not. There is power in little.

\* Think tonight a trifle, though it small appear;  
Small seeds the mountains rise, and this the world.  
Memento the year, and trifle time, and this the world.

A tract, if no more, it may be, than two leaves, led to the conversion of a man less than Richard Baxter. He awoke to a world of usefulness. Among the library of books that he wrote was the "Call to the Unconverted." It fell into the hands of Philip Doddridge. It led him to Christ. Doddridge, too, awoke to a world of usefulness. His "Apostle and Progress" was the means of the awakening of William Wilberforce. A book of his writing led to the salvation of Leigh Richmond. He wrote the "Daughter's Daughter," that fell upon the world like a leaf from heaven. Hundreds have been brought to Christ by the influence of this sweet tract. Is there not power in little? Whoever waits to do wonders in this world, forgets or never knew how God does his wonders, how he made the world and the great waters, by the doing of a well-nigh infinite number of little things; and how he empowers us to do great things, by doing little things always and well. He who waits to do wonders in this

world, in any other way than by doing little duties well, will have to bewail at last a life lost, a soul lost, an eternity lost.  
Little acts are the elements of great greatness. They raise life's value, like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, and show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility, significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rath, rath, the real heroism of life is, do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.—Rev. William Warren.

### The Voice of History.

There is the strongest reason for believing, that as Judaism was chosen for the special guardianship of the original Revelation, so has England been chosen for the special guardianship of Christianity.  
The original Revelation declared the one true God; Paganism was its corruption by substituting many false gods for the true. The second Revelation, Christianity, declared the one true Mediator; Popery was its corruption, by substituting many false mediators for the true. Both Paganism and Popery adopted the same visible sign of corruption, the worship of Images.  
The Jewish history opens to us a view of the acting of Providence with a people appointed to the preservation of the faith of God. Every tendency receive the surrounding idolatries into a participation of the honours of the true worship, every idolatrous touch was visited with punishment, and that punishment not left to the remote working of the corruption, but immediate, and, by its directness, evidently designed to make the nation feel the high importance of the trust, and the final ruin that must follow its betrayal.

A glance at the British history since the Reformation is enough to show how closely this Providential system has been exemplified in England. Every reign which attempted to bring back Popery, or even to give a degree of popishness to the national religion, has been marked by signal misfortune. It is a striking circumstance that almost every reign of a Popish tendency has been followed by one purely Protestant; and, as if to make the source of national peril plain to all eyes, the most eminent reigns have not only a stronger contrast in their principles than in their public fortunes. Let the reign of England be what it might under the Protestant Sovereign, it always sank under the Popish; let its loss of honour or power be what it might under the Popish Sovereign it always recovered under the Protestant, and more than recovered; was distinguished by sudden success, public renovation, and increased stability to the freedom and fortunes of the empire.

Protestantism was first thoroughly established in England in the reign of Elizabeth. Mary had left a divided kingdom; the nation worn out with disaster and debt; the national arms disgraced; nothing in vigour but Popery. Elizabeth at twenty-five, found her first steps surrounded with the most extraordinary embarrassments; at home, the whole strength of a party, including the chief names of her kingdom, hostile to her succession and religion; in Scotland, a rival title, supported by France; in Ireland, a perpetual rebellion, inflamed by Rome; on the Continent, the force of Spain roused against her by the double stimulant of ambition and bigotry, at a time when Spain commanded almost the whole strength of Europe.

But the cause of Elizabeth was Protestantism, and in the end she conquered. She shivered the Spanish yoke; she paralyzed the power of Rome; she gave triumph to the Dutch; she fought the battle of the French Protestants; every eye of religious suffering throughout Europe was fixed on this magnificent woman. At home she elevated the habits and the heart of her people. She even drained off the bitter waters of religious feud and sowed in the vigorous soil, which they had so long made unwholesome, the seeds of every principle and institution that has since grown up into the strength of the empire. But her great work was the establishment of Protestantism. Like the Jewish King, she found the Ark of God without a shelter; and she built for it the noblest temple in the world; she consecrated her country into its temple. She died in the fullness of years and honour; the great Queen of Protestantism throughout the nations; in the memory of England her name and her reign are alike immortal.

Charles I. ascended a prosperous throne; England in peace, faction feeble or extinct; the nation prosperous in the full spirit of commerce and manly adventure opened out of an English King ever opened out a longer or more undisturbed view of prosperity. But Charles betrayed the sacred trust of Protestantism. He formed a Popish alliance with the full knowledge that he established a Popish dynasty. He had lent himself to the intrigues of the French Minister stained with Protestant blood; for his first armament was a fleet against the Huguenots. If not a friend to Popery, he was madly regardless of its hazards to the Constitution.

All fortune suddenly gathered upon him. Distracted councils, popular feuds met by alternate weakness and violence, the loss of the national respect, finally deepening into civil bloodshed, were the punishments of his betrayal of Protestantism. The sorrows and late repentance of his prison hours painfully redeemed his memory.

Cromwell was the sceptre of a broken kingdom. He found the reputation and influence of England crushed; utter humiliation abroad; at home the exhaustion of the civil war; and furious partisanship still tearing the public strength in sunder.  
Cromwell was a murderer; but, in the high designs of Providence, the personal purity of the instrument is not always regarded. The Jews were punished for their idolatry by idolaters, and restored by idolaters. Whatever was in the heart of the Protector, the policy of his government was Protestantism. His treasures and his arms were openly devoted to the Protestant cause in France, in Italy, throughout the world. He was the first who raised a public fund in support of the Yandis Churches. He sternly repelled the advances which Popery made to reduce him into the path of the late king.  
England was instantly lifted on her feet as if by the power of a miracle. All her battles were victories; France and Spain bowed before her. All her adventures were conquests; she laid the foundation of her colonial empire, and of that still more illustrious commercial empire which the only limits in either space or time may be those of mankind. She was the most conspicuous power of Europe; growing year by year in opulence, public knowledge, and foreign renown; until Cromwell could almost realize the splendid improbability, that "Before he died, he would make the name of an Englishman as much feared and honored as ever was that of an ancient Roman."

Charles II. came to an eminently prosperous throne. Abroad he had the foremost rank, the fruit of the vigour of the Protector. At home all faction had been forgotten in the general joy of the restoration. But Charles was a concealed Roman Catholic. He attempted to introduce his religion, the star of England was instantly darkened; the country and the king being alike the scorn of the present day. The national honour was scandalized by mercenary subservency to France; the national arms were humiliated by a disastrous war with Holland; the capital was swept by the memorable inflictions of pestilence and conflagration.

James II. still more openly violated the national trust. He publicly became a Roman Catholic. This filled the cup. The Stuarts were cast out, and their dynasty forever; that proud line of kings was sentenced to wither down into a monk, and that monk living on the alms of England, a suppliant called to the throne. He found it as it was always found at the close of a Popish reign, surrounded by a host of difficulties; at home, the kingdom in the ferment; Popery and its ally Jacobitism, stirring themselves for battle; fierce disturbances in the west; war from home; with the late king's host abroad the French king domineering over Europe, and threatening invasion. In the scale of nations England nothing!

But the principle of William's government was Protestantism; he fought and legislated for it through life; and it was to him, as it is to the present day, that strength and victory. He silenced English faction; he crushed the Irish war; he then attacked the colossal strength of France on its own shore. This was the direct collision, not so much of the two kingdoms as of the two faiths; the Protestant champion stood in the field against the Popish. Before the war was closed, the fame of Louis was undone. England rose to the highest military name. In a train of immortal victories, she defended Protestantism throughout Europe, drove the enemy to his palace gates, and before she sheathed the sword, had the power of France for a hundred years.—Rev. Dr. Craly.

\* He had solemnly professed Popery on the eve of the Restoration.

### The Oldest Bible.

The articles which have lately appeared from time to time in the Free Press, in regard to old Bibles, have had the effect of bringing to our notice one of the rarest and most valuable specimens of Biblical literature in the world. This is a volume of six hundred pages containing the whole Bible in the Latin language. It belongs to Rev. Dr. Duffield, of this city. The book is made entirely of vellum, and the printing is done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and can not be distinguished by any imperfections in form, from the printed letters of the same size. The work is probably nothing on this continent, from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The immense amount of labour may be conceived from the fact that there are two columns on each page, each of which contains about six lines of text. They will average sixty lines to the column. The columns numbering 1,200, we have about 72,000 lines in the whole book. Nothing short of a life time could accomplish such a work. The date of the book is A. D. 930. It was consequently made 560 years before printing was invented, and 928 years old. There is probably nothing on this continent, in the shape of a book, equal to it in age. The vellum upon which it is printed is of the finest kind, and is made of the skin of young lambs and kids, dressed and rubbed with pumice stone till it is very thin. It is somewhat thicker than common paper, being a medium between that and card, being per page in use. The fine veins in the skin are distinctly visible in many places. A pencil mark was drawn by the operator to guide the construction of each line. Many pages have these lines visible on the whole surface, no effort having been made to rub them out. Two lines running up and down divide the columns with mathematical accuracy. At the beginning of each chapter, highly-colored ornamental letters are placed. These are the only marks of the division of chapters. There are no subdivisions into verses, the chapters running through in one paragraph to the end, and no descriptive headings.

This invaluable relic was presented to Dr. Duffield by Lewis Cass, jr., our Minister Resident at Rome. He procured it at Greek monk who brought it from the Greek convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of Mount Sinai. Mr. Cass befriended this monk, who was in trouble; and he, in return, presented him with the volume which we have described. According to his story, it

in the convent above named. When it became known that Mr. Cass was parting with it, and that it was going out of the country, the round sum of \$3,000 was offered him for it by the monks of the city of Rome. This was, of course refused, for the pleasure of placing so inestimable a relic in the hands of one who can appreciate its value so well as our learned divine, Dr. Duffield. At the time of the late fire at the Doctor's house, this book was thrown into the street among others, and came very near being lost. It was picked up on the side walk by one who recognized it as one of Dr. Duffield's valuable relics, and preserved it.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Legacy with a Curse.

A young man in the receipt of a decent salary in some merchant's office—just enough to provide him with every comfort and some luxuries, but nothing to spare "worth saving," as we say. He was liberal to the full measure of his ability, and brought out his guinea to religious and benevolent objects as freely as any. He had a bequest from a distant relative (some three or four hundred marks) suddenly fell upon him, that a fool human nature can make of itself. My informant tells me that a gentleman who had been in the habit of receiving this man's contributions to some philanthropic society congratulated himself that on his next visit to the happy legatee, he should probably get a great deal more. I could not but know what, besides the annual guinea! A few months after the bequest he called, and to his surprise the metamorphosed man would not give him a farthing. No representations of the astonished visitor could make the slightest impression. At last he said, "Why, Mr. , you always used to be so liberal, and I cannot account for your present mood at all. I thought that having, as I hear, come in for a considerable legacy, you would probably have doubled your subscription." "That," said the unhappy man, "is the very reason why I can give you nothing. While I was in receipt of my salary, I could give a guinea; but now that I have a larger sum, which I am not compelled to touch, and which will am accumulating, every little I can add to it will tell." And from this he could not be beaten off.

The anecdote is very instructive. The man who is in the receipt of a moderate income, and justly, that every little could add to the Lord's treasury would tell. But when he became richer, alas! for the insidious influence of his legacy; then he thinks that it is only the additions made to his income which will tell. Withhold from him the means of doing good, and the addition will tell. It will tell upon your own soul, and it will help to dry up the sources of all generous feeling; to cramp and wither all generous impulses; and to reduce you to the low level of a sordid and unscrupulous money-worshipper. How important, therefore, is it that we should be at the judgment when you shall hear the sentence pronounced upon the class who have dug in the earth and hidden the Lord's money.

### The Oracles of God.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature paean over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the Bible was a mere patchwork of scraps, and that the original text was a mere shambles of the slabs and bar-relics of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldean paraphrasts and Syrian versions; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry dust of dusty scholars and antiquarians. Our present Bibles are manifestly the result of a thorough shaking, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its Magna Charta. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the Oracles of God are found to be as unperjured in their sacred integrity. The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the bark around its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper into the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. There gather around it a dense cloud of witnesses, from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Euphrates to the slabs and bar-relics of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldean paraphrasts and Syrian versions; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes, and the dry dust of dusty scholars and antiquarians. Our present Bibles are manifestly the result of a thorough shaking, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the Church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its Magna Charta. But the result has blasted all their hopes, and the Oracles of God are found to be as unperjured in their sacred integrity. 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