

and finding, this measure fail, had recourse to a bill of attainder. Still they found difficulty with the House of Lords, which they were compelled to threaten in case of their refusal to pass this bill. In a thin and slender house, not above six or seven in number, it was passed at last.

This innocent and persecuted prelate, though he tendered and pleaded the King's pardon, was not left long to languish after this gloomy act of parliamentary injustice. The pardon was declared 'to be of no effect, and that the King could not pardon a judgment of Parliament.' He was therefore beheaded on Tower-Hill on the 18th of January 1644: his kind and faithful Master met, at the hands of the same unjust tribunal, with a similar fate.

The following is his last pathetic speech on the scaffold, which he delivered with a distinct and audible voice:—"This is an uncomfortable time to preach, yet I shall begin with a text of Scripture, Heb. xii. 2. I have been long in my race, and how I had looked to Jesus the author and finisher of my faith, He best knows. I am now come to the end of my race, and here I find the cross a death of shame: but the shame must be despised, or no coming to the right hand of God. Jesus despised the shame for me, and God forbid that I should not despise the shame for Him." He then goes into a long discourse concerning his own particular case and the affairs of the nation, concluding with a fervent and elegant prayer for his enemies as well as for all people. After privately committing his soul to the mercy of God, he knelt beside the block in the requisite position, and when he had said 'Lord receive my soul,' which was the signal for the executioner, his head was struck off at one blow.

CRITO.

*To be continued.*

From the Christian Guardian.

## THE PATRIARCH;

## OR THE LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

Whatever I beheld in this singular spot, served to awaken curiosity, or to interest feeling. All my inquiries were satisfied with the utmost frankness. Evidently, there was nothing which required concealment; the heartless theories of fashion, with their subtleties and vices, had not penetrated to this abode. The Patriarch, upon his entrance upon his territory, had divided it into six equal portions, reserving one for himself, and bestowing another on each of his five sons. As the children of the Colony advanced to maturity, they with scarcely an exception contracted marriages among each other, striking root, like the branches of the Bauian around their parent tree. The domicile of every family, which was originally a rude cabin of logs, served simply the purpose of shelter. In front of this, a house of larger dimensions was commenced, and so constructed, that the ancient abode might become the kitchen, when the whole was completed. To the occupation of building they attended as they were able to command time and materials. 'We keep it,' said one of the colonists, 'for handy work, when there is no farming, or turpentine gathering, or tarmaking.' Several abodes were at that time, in different stages of progress, marking the links of gradation between the rude cottages, and what they styled the 'farm house.' When finished, though devoid of architectural elegance, they exhibited capabilities of comfort, equal to the sober expectations of a primitive people. A field for corn and a garden abounding with vegetables, were appendages to each habitation. Cows grazed quietly around, and sheep dotted like snow-flakes, the distant green pastures. The softer sex joined in the business of horticulture, and when necessary in the labours of harvest, thus obtaining that vigour and muscular energy which distinguish the peasantry of Europe from their effeminate sisters of the nobility and gentry. Each household produced or manufactured within its own domain, most of the materials which were essential for its comfort; and for such articles as the plantations could not supply, or their ingenuity construct, the pitch pine was their medium of purchase. When the season arrived for collecting its hidden treasures, an aperture was made in its bark, and a box inserted, into which the turpentine continually oozed. Care was required to preserve this orifice free from being clogged with the glutinous matter. Thus it must be frequently re-opened,

or carried gradually upward on the trunk of the tree, sometimes to such a height, that a small knife fixed to the extremity of a long pole is used for that purpose. Large trees sustain several boxes at the same time, though it is required that the continuity of bark be preserved, or the tree, thus shedding its life-blood at the will of man, must perish.—Though the labourers in this department are exceedingly industrious and vigilant, there will still be considerable deposits adhering to the body of the tree. These portions called 'turpentine facings,' are carefully separated, and laid in a cone-like form, until they attain the size of a formidable mound; this is covered with earth, and when the cool season commences, is ignited; and the liquid tar, flowing into a reservoir prepared for it, readily obtains a market among the dealers in naval stores.

Shall I be forgiven for this minuteness of detail? So strongly did this simple and interesting people excite my affectionate solicitude, that not even their slightest concerns seemed unworthy of attention. By merchants of the distant town, who were in habits of traffic with them, I was afterwards informed, that they were distinguished for integrity and uprightness; and that the simple affirmation of these 'Bible and Liturgymen,' as they were styled, possessed the sacredness of an oath. The lay-reader remarked to me, that he had never known among his people, a single instance of either intemperance or profanity.

'Our young men have no temptations, and the old set an uniformly sober example. Still I cannot but think our freedom from vice is chiefly owing to a sense of religious obligation, cherished by God's blessing upon our humble worship.'

'Are there no quarrels or strifes among you?'

'For what should we contend? We have no prospect of wealth, no motive of ambition.—We are too busy to dispute about words. Are not these the source of most of the 'wars and fightings?' among mankind. Besides we are all of one blood. Seldom does any variance arise, which the force of brotherhood may not quell. Strict obedience is early taught in families.—Children who learn thoroughly the Bible lesson to obey and honour their parents, are not apt to be contentious in society, or irreverent to their Father in Heaven. Laws so simple would be inefficient in a mixed and turbulent community. Neither could they be effectual here, without the aid of that Gospel which speaketh peace, and prayer for his assistance, who turneth the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just.'

Is it surprising that I should take my leave, with an overflowing heart, of the pious Patriarch and his posterity? that I should earnestly desire another opportunity of visiting their isolated domain.

Soon after this period, a circumstance took place, which they numbered among the most interesting eras of their history. A small chapel was erected in the village nearest their settlement. Though at the distance of many miles, they anticipated its completion with delight. At its consecration by the late Bishop Ravenscroft, as many of the colonists as found it possible to leave home, determined to be present. Few of the younger ones had ever entered a building set apart solely for the worship of God; and the days were anxiously counted, until they should receive permission to tread his courts.

The appointed period arrived. Just before the commencement of the sacred services of dedication, a procession of singular aspect was seen to wind along amid interposing shades. It consisted of persons of both sexes, and of every age, clad in a primitive style, and advancing with solemn order. I recognized my hermit friends, and hastened onward to meet them. Scarcely could the ancient Jews when from distant regions they made pilgrimages to the glorious hill of Zion, have testified more touching emotions than these guiltless worshippers, in passing the threshold of this humble temple to Jehovah. When the sweet tones of a small organ, mingled with the voices of a select choir, gave 'Glory to the Father, to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end,' the young children of the forest started from their seats, in wondering joy, while the changing colour, or quivering lip of the elders, evinced that the hallowed music awoke the cherished echoes of memory.

But with what breathless attention did they hang on every word of Bishop Ravenscroft, as with his own peculiar combination of zeal and tenderness, he illus-

trated the inspired passage he had chosen, or with sudden rush of strong and stormy eloquence, broke up the fountains of the soul! Listening and weeping, they gathered up the manna which an audience satiated with the breath of heaven, and prodigal of angels' food, might have suffered to perish. With the hoary Patriarch, a throng of his descendants, who had been duly prepared for this holy vow and profession, knelt around the altar, in commemoration of their crucified Redeemer.

At the close of the communion service, when about to depart to his home the white-haired man drew near to the Bishop. Gratitude for the high privileges in which he had participated; reverence for the father in God, whom he had that day, for the first time, beheld; conviction that his aged eyes could but a little longer look on the things of time; consciousness that he might scarcely expect again to stand amid these children to 'behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple,' overwhelmed his spirit.—Pressing the hand of the Bishop, and raising his eyes heavenward, he said 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

Bishop Ravenscroft fixed on him one of those piercing glances which seemed to read the soul; and these tears, like large rain drops, stood upon his cheeks. Recovering from his emotion he pronounced with affectionate dignity, the benediction—'The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.'

The Patriarch bowing down a head, heavy with the snows of more than fourscore winters, breathed a thanksgiving to God, and turned homeward, followed by all his kindred. Summer had glided away ere it was in my power again to visit the 'lodge in the wilderness.' As I was taking in the autumn twilight my lonely walk for meditation, a boy of rustic appearance, approaching with hasty steps, accosted me:—'O my white-haired father, the father of us all, lies stretched upon his bed. He takes no bread or water, and he asks for you. Man of God, will you come to him?' Scarcely had I signified assent ere he vanished.

*To be continued.*From Marcus Aurelius, a new work for children,  
BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

In the year 174, Marcus Aurelius went with an army into Germany, where there had been some rebellion against his government. While he was there a war with a tribe called the Quadi, a remarkable fact took place. It was a wild country, and there was difficulty in procuring provisions. The Roman army endured hunger, and began to fear death from famine. The weather was very warm. No rain had fallen for a long time. The grass was so withered that scarcely any food could be obtained for the horses. Both man and beast suffered the most distressing thirst. The brooks were dried. The enemy shut them up between the mountains and themselves, and tried to prevent their approach to any fountains or rivers. They kept pressing closer and closer upon them, to force them to battle in their weak and suffering condition. The Romans stood in their ranks with parched lips and enfeebled bodies. For more than four days they had been able to obtain no water. They were almost consumed by heat, and suffocated with dust. Their foes drew near and faced them, expecting to cut them all off.

The Emperor was greatly distressed for his army. Had he ever been taught who was the true God, he would have prayed to him. But he looked up to the heathen gods, whom he had been educated to worship, and in whom he found there was no 'help.' Advancing to the head of his army, he raised his hands and eyes upward, and said, 'By this hand which has taken no life away, I desire to appease thee, and I pray to the Giver of life.'

This was the prayer of Marcus Aurelius. He knew not how to make a better one. For he had never learned of the true God and the Saviour Jesus Christ. A little child of one of our Sunday schools would know better how to pray in time of trouble, than this wise prince. For the Bible says, 'The world by wisdom knew not God.'

There was an Egyptian in the camp, who boasted that the gods of his country could give rain. His