

pendent on the precarious means by which we so lately were supported.

"You have often heard, my daughter, that God never resorts to ordinary means to accomplish His ends, and that He often causes good to spring from what we in our finite judgment, call an evil. Instance my late sickness. To that we are indebted for the acquaintance of Charles Herbert—by him we learned the existence of that letter, the receipt of which has worked the change in our situation."

"True," said Ellen, "but we might have received the letter without the doctor's aid."

"We might, my dear, but"—continued her mother, who never neglected an opportunity to enforce a useful lesson—"I had rather ascribe the changes that have taken place to a wise providence than to a blind chance." And it was in this devout reliance that Mrs. Lemand found strength to bear patiently the ills of life. She had been schooled in adversity, as we have seen; but a submissive, docile spirit had shielded her in the hour of trial—"Thy will be done," were the magic words that buoyed her life-bark up, when tossed on a tempestuous sea. They formed the burden of a favorite song of hers written by a friend of her husband, and presented to her:

When sailing o'er life's changeful sea,
Should storms my bark assail,
Oh, may I put my trust in Thee,
Whose power controls the gale;
And though opposed may be the wind,
My course but just begun,
Let this but harbour in my mind—
"THY WILL BE DONE."

Though waves around dash high and dark,
And burst upon its deck,
Dooming my frail and struggling bark
To early, sudden wreck;
Though cloud on cloud their forms should rear,
And shroud entire hope's sun;
Still may I say without a fear,
"THY WILL BE DONE."

Where'er through life my path may lead,
In sunshine or in gloom;
Though thorns should every step impede—
How dark so'er my doom;
Oh, never may I dare contend
Against the Holy One!
But whisper, as I lowly bend,
"THY WILL BE DONE."

But how are we to account for this happy change in the circumstances of Mrs. Lemand? To enable the reader to understand it fully, he must go back with us to the sick chamber which we left rather abruptly. We mentioned that Mr. Herbert took a deep interest in the welfare of the family, and made an offer of his friendship. He was one of those characters with whom one feels at home on a short acquaintance. We have all met with such in our intercourse with the world—men who win our confidence almost at first sight. Strangers though they are, the heart, as it were, goes out to meet them, and by a sort of spiritual magnetism, the affections become cemented in the solid bonds of friendship.

Mrs. Lemand's sickness continued for some weeks, and her recovery was slow. In the frequent visits of Herbert—and they were not all professional—he learned the history of his patient. This knowledge added to the interest he felt for the mother and daughter; and he determined in his own mind to restore them if possible, to their former comfortable situation. We will not say that it was friendship alone that prompted him. If he had another motive, however, it will appear.

One morning, about six weeks after his introduction, he called rather early and unexpected. He apologised for his unwonted visit, by stating that he hoped he was the bearer of good tidings. Mrs. Lemand, who had so far recovered as to be able to sit up, smilingly remarked—

"If your tidings are very good, as a judicious physician you will break them to us gently, for we have been so long used to adversity, that, like light to the recovered blind, sudden joy might be injurious."

"One who can bear suffering so well need not fear from such a cause," replied Herbert, "But I am as much in the dark as yourself—here is what will solve the mystery;" and he handed Mrs. L. a packet, sealed with black, and bearing a foreign post mark. "On looking over the papers," continued he, "I noticed an old advertisement, stating that there was a valuable letter in the Post Office, directed to Mrs. Ellen Lemand. I took the liberty of calling for it—now for the mystery!"

Mrs. Lemand hastily broke the seal, and glanced over the letter. It fell from her hands, and the tears sprang to her eyes. "This is indeed good news,"—she exclaimed in an excited voice—"unexpected news! Read the letter, Ellen—aloud, that I may not be mistaken—that our friend may share with us our joy—if, indeed, I do not dream!"

Ellen took up the letter, and read as follows—

Weymouth, England, January 17, 18—

MY DEAR MADAM—It becomes my duty, as executor to my la-

mented friend; your late uncle, William Rakeby, Esq. who died on the 30th ult., to inform you that he has, by his last will and testament, bequeathed to you, the sum of £5000, as a testimony of respect for your late mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Thorndike.

I am, madam, very respectfully,

Your obed't serv't

HENRY JAMESON.

"This is indeed good news!" said Herbert, springing from his seat and clasping a hand of the mother and daughter. "Permit me to give you joy—heartfelt joy on the occasion!"

The reader must imagine the feelings of Mrs. Lemand and Ellen—thus raised, as they were, from the depths of poverty to independence.

The legacy was in due time received from England. Mrs. Lemand procured another residence, and with a truly grateful heart, prepared to enjoy the blessings so unexpectedly allotted her.

Physicians' horses have a wonderful faculty, it is said, of remembering the houses of their master's patients. At any rate, for a long time the doctor would have to pull the off rein, when passing by the obscure street, down which the animal had daily been accustomed to trot. Nor was it long before his nag was wont to prick up his ears and pass with a brisker gait up a certain other street; for, with an instinctive sagacity, the noble beast knew that a longer call than usual was made on a certain patient in a certain house. Indeed, at a particular hour in the day, he invariably bent his steps to that quarter. So accustomed had he been to the practice, that one day, at the usual hour, he started off on his own account with an empty chaise. When the doctor found the horse was missing, knowing, perhaps, his nature, better than the groom, he did not trouble himself about the elopement, but proceeded to call upon the aforesaid patient.—There stood the horse, sure enough, at the accustomed spot, safe and sound, leisurely pawing the ground as usual. Herbert parried the jokes good humoredly played upon him by Mrs. Lemand, as he best could. It was a marvel to her, she said, that the doctor's horse should have such a liking to that particular post before her door—and she appealed to Ellen to solve the mystery.

This very act of the horse hastened an event which his master had long brooded over.—When Ellen was appealed to, she left the room in some confusion. Her mother continued to banter Herbert, declaring she should not consider herself bound to pay a fee for every visit the horse took it into his head to make. She should surely protest the bill, if the doctor charged for every call.

"This is what troubles me," said Herbert, with more emotion than the occasion seemed to require—"I fear you will not allow my charges. Yes"—and he hesitated in some confusion—"yet—madam—I will make bold to present my bill." And he seated himself at the table, and scribbled on a piece of paper as follows—

"Mrs. Ellen Lemand to Dr. Charles Herbert—Dr.

For—family visits. \$—

Received payment in full by her daughter's hand.

CHARLES HERBERT."

"If this is allowed," said he, as he handed Mrs. L. the paper, "my hopes are sealed."

She glanced her eye over it, and then, with a flushed countenance, and quivering lip, took the pen and wrote on the back of the paper—

"ACCEPTED—WITH ELLEN'S CONSENT!"

And Ellen? Why, she was a dutiful child, and—ratified the bargain!

BAXTER AND BUNYAN.

BY SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

The sufferings of two memorable Dissenters, differing from each other still more widely in opinions and disposition, than in station and acquirement, may be selected as proofs that no character was so high as to be beyond the reach of this persecution, and no condition so humble as to be beneath its notice. Richard Baxter, one of the most acute and learned, as well as pious and exemplary men of his age, was the most celebrated divine of the Presbyterian persuasion. He was so well known for his moderation as well as his general merit, that at the Restoration he was made chaplain to the king, and a bishopric was offered to him, which he declined, not because he deemed it unlawful, but because it might engage him in severities against the conscientious, and because he was unwilling to give scandal to his brethren by accepting preferment in the hour of their affliction. He joined in the public worship of the Church of England, but preached to a small congregation at Acton, where he soon became the friend of his neighbor Sir Matthew Hale, who though then a magistrate of great dignity, avoided the society of those who might be supposed to influence him, and from his jealous regard to independence, chose a privacy as simple and frugal as that of the pastor of a persecuted flock. Their retired leisure was often employed in high reasoning on those sublime subjects of metaphysical philosophy to which both had been conducted by their theological studies, and which, indeed, few contemplative men of elevated thought have

been deterred by the fate of their forerunners from aspiring to comprehend. Honored as he was by such a friendship, esteemed by the most distinguished persons of all persuasions, and consulted by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities in every project of reconciliation and harmony, Baxter was five times in fifteen years dragged from his retirement, and thrown into prison as a malefactor. In 1669, two subservient magistrates, one of whom was steward of the Archbishop of Canterbury, summoned him before them for preaching in a conventicle. Hale, too surely foreknowing the event, could scarcely refrain from tears when he heard of the summons. He was committed for six months; and, after the unavailing intercession of his friends with the king, was at length enlarged in consequence of informalities in the commitment. Twice he afterwards escaped by irregularities into which the precipitate zeal of ignorant persecutors had betrayed them. Once, when his physician made oath that imprisonment would be dangerous to his life, he owed his enlargement to the pity of Charles II. At last, in the year 1685, he was brought to trial for supposed libels, before Jeffreys, in the court of King's Bench, where his venerable friend had once presided, where two chief justices, within ten years, had exemplified the extremities of human excellence and depravity, and where he, whose misfortunes had almost drawn tears down the aged cheeks of Hale, was doomed to undergo the most brutal indignities from Jeffreys.

The history and genius of Bunyan were as much more extraordinary than those of Baxter, as his station and attainments were inferior. He is probably at the head of unlettered men of genius, and perhaps there is no other instance of any man reaching fame from so abject an origin; for the other extraordinary men who have become famous without education, though they were without what is called learning, have had much reading and knowledge, and though they were repressed by poverty, were not like him, sullied by a vagrant and disreputable occupation. By his trade of a travelling tinker, he was from his earliest years placed in the midst of profligacy and on the verge of dishonesty. He was for a time a private in the parliamentary army; the only military service which was likely to elevate his sentiments, and amend his life. Having embraced the opinions of the Baptists, he was soon admitted to preach in a community which did not recognize the distinction between the clergy and the laity. Even under the Protectorate he was harassed by some busy magistrates, who took advantage of a parliamentary ordinance excluding from toleration those who maintained the unlawfulness of infant baptism. But this officiousness was checked by the spirit of the government, and it was not till the return of intolerance with Charles II. that the sufferings of Bunyan began. Within five months after the restoration, he was apprehended under the statute of the thirty-fifth of Elizabeth, and was thrown into prison, or rather a dungeon, at Bedford, where he remained for twelve years. The narratives of his life exhibit remarkable specimens of the acuteness and fortitude with which he withstood the threats and snares of the magistrates, and clergymen, and attorneys, who beset him. He foiled them in every contest of argument; especially in that which relates to the independence of religion on civil authority, which he expounded with clearness and exactness, for it was a subject on which his naturally vigorous mind was better educated by his habitual meditations than it could have been by the most skillful instructor. In the year after his apprehension, he made some informal applications for release to the judges of assize, to whom his petition was presented by his wife, who was treated by one of them, Twisden, with brutal violence. His colleague, Sir Matthew Hale, listened to her with patience and goodness; and with consolatory compassion pointed out to her the only legal means of obtaining redress. It is a singular gratification thus to find a humane character, which if he be met in the most obscure recesses of the history of a bad time, is sure to display some new excellence. The conduct of Hale on this occasion can be ascribed only to strong and pure benevolence; for he was unconscious of Bunyan's genius, he disliked preaching mechanics, and he partook of the general prejudice against Anabaptists. In the long years which followed, the time of Bunyan was divided between the manufacture of lace, which he learned in order to support his family, and the composition of those works which have given celebrity to his sufferings. He was at length released in 1672, by Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln; but not till the timid prelate had received an injunction from the Lord Chancellor to that effect. He availed himself of the indulgence of James II. without trusting it, and died unmolested in the last year of that prince's government. His "Pilgrim's Progress," an allegorical representation of the Calvinistic theology, at first found readers only among those of that persuasion, gradually emerged from this narrow circle, and by the natural power of imagination over the corrupted feelings of mankind, at length rivalled Robinson Crusoe in popularity. The bigots and persecutors sunk into oblivion; the scoffs of wits, and worldlings were unavailing, while, after the lapse of a century, the object of their cruelty and scorn touched the political sympathy as well as the piety of Cowper; his genius subdued the opposite prejudices of Johnson and of Franklin, and his name has been uttered in the same breath with those of Spencer and Dante.