

rise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth." "The wise shall inherit glory." "Thou art filled with shame for glory." "The angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory." "Nor of man sought we glory." "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." "Hath called us to eternal glory by Christ Jesus." "We rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." "This sickness is for the glory of God." "It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory." "We are changed from glory to glory." "Partaker of the glory that shall be revealed." "Ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." "The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." "Salvation in Christ with eternal glory."

### HASTY BURIALS.

BY MRS CHILD.

THE yellow fever raged fearfully in Boston, the last part of the eighteenth century. The panic was so universal, that wives forsook their dying husbands, in some cases, and mothers their children, to escape the contagious atmosphere of the city. Funeral rites were generally omitted. The "death carts," sent into every part of the town, were so arranged as to pass through each street every half hour. At each house known to contain a victim of the fever, they rang a bell, and called, "Bring out your dead." When lifeless forms were brought out, they were wrapped in tarred sheets, put into the cart, and carried to the burial place, unaccompanied by relatives. In most instances, in fact, relatives had fled before the first approach of the fatal disease.

One of my father's brothers, residing in Boston at that time, became a victim to the pestilence. When the first symptoms appeared, his wife sent the children into the country, and herself remained to attend upon him. Her friends warned her against such rashness. They told her it would be death to her, and no benefit to him; for he would soon be too ill to know who attended upon him. These arguments made no impression on her affectionate heart. She felt that it would be a life-long satisfaction to her to know who attended upon him, if he did not.—She accordingly staid and watched him with unremitting care. This, however, did not avail to save him. He grew worse and worse, and finally died. Those who went around with the death-carts had visited the chamber, and seen that the end was near. They now come to take the body. His wife refused to let it go. She told me that she never knew how to account for it, but though he was perfectly cold and rigid, and to every appearance quite dead, there was a powerful impression on her mind that life was not extinct. The men were overcome by the strength of her conviction, though her own reason was opposed to it.—The half hour again came round, and again were heard the solemn words, "Bring out your dead."

The wife again resisted their importunities; but this time the men were more resolute. They said the duty assigned them was a painful one; but the health of the city required punctual obedience to the order they received; if they ever expected the pestilence to abate, it must be by a prompt removal of the dead, and immediate fumigation of the apartments. She pleaded and pleaded, and even knelt to them in an agony of tears; continually saying, "I am sure he is not dead." The men represented the absurdity of such an idea; but finally overcome by her tears, again departed. With trembling haste she renewed her efforts to restore life. She raised his head, rolled his limbs in hot flannel, and placed hot onions on his feet. The dreaded half hour again came round, and found him as cold and rigid as ever. She renewed her entreaties so desperately, that the messengers began to think a little gentle force would be necessary.—They accordingly attempted to remove the body against her will; but she threw herself upon it, and clung to it with such frantic strength, that they could not easily loosen her grasp. Impressed by the remarkable strength of her will, they relaxed their efforts. To all their remonstrances, she answered, "If you bury him, you shall bury me

with him." At last, by dint of reasoning on the necessity of the case, they obtained from her a promise that if he showed no signs of life before they again came round, she would make no farther opposition to the removal.

Having gained this respite, she hung the watch upon the bed post, and renewed her efforts with redoubled zeal. She placed kegs of hot water about him, forced brandy between his teeth, breathed into his nostrils, and held harshhorn to his nose; but still the body lay motionless and cold. She looked anxiously at the watch; in five minutes the promised half hour would expire, and those dreadful voices would be heard, passing along the streets. Hopelessness came over her; she dropped the head she had been sustaining; her hand trembled violently; and the harshhorn she had been holding was spilled on the pallid face. Accidentally, the position of the head had become slightly tipped backward, and the powerful liquid flowed into his nostrils. Instantly there was a short, quick gasp—a struggle—his eyes opened; and when the death-men again came, they found him sitting up in the bed. He is still alive, and has enjoyed unusually good health.

I should be sorry to awaken any fears, or excite unpleasant impressions, by the recital of this story; but I have ever thought that funerals were too much hurried in this country: particularly in the newly settled parts of it. It seems to me there ought to be as much delay as possible; especially in cases of sudden death. I believe no nation buries with such haste as Americans. The ancients took many precautions. They washed and anointed the body many successive times before it was carried to the burial. The Romans cut off a joint of the finger, to make sure that life was extinct, before they lighted the funeral pile. Doubtless it is very unusual for the body to remain apparently lifeless for several hours, unless it be really dead; but the mere possibility of such cases should make friends careful to observe undoubted symptoms of dissolution before interment.

### SINGING.

Music, in all ages and among all nations, has occupied a very important place in religious worship, and is daily becoming more than ever an object of interest in the Christian Church. The mere study of music however, on the Sabbath, does not appear to me to be appropriate to the day. It is the worship of the heart which God requires on that day, and indeed in all religious exercises, and not the mere empty sound of the lip. For the study of music, then, by Sunday school children, some other time than the Sabbath should be selected.

But what is the influence of music? Let us see.

The mother soothes and quiets her little babe upon her knee to sleep by her sweet lullaby; and almost every mother knows that delightful "Cradle Hymn" of Dr. Watts, and many can remember too how, when weary of childish play, she has laid her head upon a mother's lap, and gone sweetly to sleep with the words and music of "Hush my babe, lie still and slumber," dying upon her infant ear.

The Christian, calling his family around him, at the morning and evening hour, usually commences the act of worship with a hymn of praise. And then how much more serious and solemn are the hearts of that family group, as they listen to God's holy word, and kneel down before him, to return thanks for his kindness, and plead for his merciful care over them. Many a wanderer has been induced to attend this act of worship in his father's house, merely because he loved to share in the music; and who can tell how many such have been spiritually benefited?

Did you ever hear a company of singers in a boat, out upon the water, of a clear still moonlight night? How sweetly the music first came upon your ear; how you held your breath, as if your hard breathing would break the soft sounds, and dispel the charm. I have heard some rough voices make good music, in the deep forests of our western lands.

Were you ever at a meeting in a log cabin in the west? To be sure they had no organ, and no well trained choir of fine singers, but there was music in their singing, in that lone quiet place, not very ungrateful to your ear. The deep bass of that old grey-headed man, mingled finely with the soft flute-like tone of that little Sunday school

girl; and the plaintive air of that poor widow formed a pleasant contrast to the strong full voice of the young backwoodsman near her. Yes, there was music; music too, no doubt, that reached the ear of the blessed Saviour whom they praised; music that touched their own hearts, and fitted them for that praise.

By that bed-side, in some poor Christian's humble dwelling, where lay an only child or parent "ready to depart and be with Christ," gathered a little group of sympathising friends—and as they raised the tune and sang in lively strains of the Saviour's matchless love, how the eye of the dying saint brightened—how his soul seemed lifted up and strengthened with the holy sentiments of the hymn! and how calmly he "fell asleep in Jesus."

In many, many other ways, will it cheer the heart and gladden the way. The weary traveller—the laborer in field or house—the little school girl—"the tempest-tossed mariner"—"the soldier, tired of war"—all, all have felt and known its happyfying influence.

One anecdote, and I shall have said all I meant to say at this time.

I once knew a missionary, travelling in the far west, who came to a small village where there was neither church nor school house, in which he could preach; but there was a tavern, as usual; and to the keeper of this he applied, to know where he could get a place to preach in. The tavern keeper kindly offered his *bar-room*, saying however, that he was afraid the missionary would not secure many hearers, as the people of that place were not much in favor of preaching. The meeting was appointed, and the Sabbath morning came, and the hour—but only a very few hearers arrived, and they declined entering the room while the preacher was there. The missionary and the landlord invited them in, but did not succeed in that way. Finally, the missionary said that as the hour of commencing the meeting had arrived and as he had been granted the use of the room, he would proceed in the exercises; and so in a very strong but pleasant voice, he commenced singing that favorite old hymn—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

During the first verse, one or two only of the neighbors stepped inside of the door—and then during the remainder, as they peeped over each others' shoulders to hear the singing, more came in, till, as he finished, a large group had gathered around; then he proceeded with prayer: and while they yet stood gazing at him, he preached to them "Jesus Christ and him crucified."

The little meeting was quite a solemn one before he closed; and when he invited them to come again in the afternoon, most of them promised that they would. The afternoon meeting was very large, the people standing inside and outside, all around, to listen to the *singing preacher*. To be sure the singing was all done by himself, but it was the means of getting him a congregation, and he no doubt did some good, for the landlord complained that he had never had so many people there before, nor sold so little *drink* in one day, and particularly on Sundays.

### MORAL INFLUENCE.

Along with a well-administered system of jurisprudence, there must be a powerfully exerted moral influence, directed at once to the amendment of individuals: and those who are employed in exerting it, stand—not perhaps amongst the most conspicuous, but—amongst the most valuable benefactors of society. We have two or three classes of persons particularly in our view when we say this; and we mention them, because we wish not only to encourage them, by showing them that their labours are not overlooked, but also to stimulate them to increased exertion, by showing them that their labours are more than required. We refer, for instance, to the large body of Sabbath-school Teachers,—to those who systematically visit the sick poor at their own houses, communicating religious consolation and instruction, as well as imparting relief,—and to those truly valuable labourers in this good cause, who, by means of the distribution of Religious Tracts, furnish, from week to week, the means of a more important improvement than many would suppose, to masses too often sunk in ignorance, and all but abandoned to that moral corruption