

The conspirators had strained every nerve to hinder the chief from consummating his re-antation; and every avenue was shut to the priest, whom Voltaire himself had sent for. The demons haunted every access; rage succeeded to fury, and fury to rage again, during the remainder of his life.

"Then it was that D'Alembert, and about twenty others of the conspirators, who had been at his apartment, never approached him but to witness their own ignominy; and often he would curse them and exclaim, 'Retire, it is you that have brought me to my present state!—Begone! I could have done without you all; but you could not exist without me! And what a wretched glory have you procured me!'"

"Then would succeed the horrid remembrance of his conspiracy. They could hear him, the prey of anguish and dread, alternately supplicating or blaspheming that God, against whom he had conspired; and in plaintive accents he would cry out, 'Oh Christ! Oh Jesus Christ!' and then complain that he was abandoned by God and man. The hand, which had traced in ancient writ the sentence of an impious and reviling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, *Crush, then, do crush the Wretch!*"

"In vain he turns his head away; the time was coming apace when he was to appear before the tribunal of him whom he had blasphemed; and his physicians, particularly Mr. Tronchin, calling in to administer relief, thunderstruck, retired, declaring that the death of the impious man was terrible indeed. The pride of these conspirators would willingly have suppressed those declarations, but it was in vain. The Maréchal de Richelieu flies from the bed-side, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained; and Mr. Tronchin, that the furies of Orcus could give but a faint idea of those of Voltaire."

To be continued.

A BLESSING ON THE DANCE.

AGAIN was Elizabeth arrayed in the garb of fashion, and ready for the amusement of the ball-room. As she stood at the glass, placing the last rose amid her clustering locks, she hastily turned round and said to me, "Why, what makes you look so sad? What is the matter?" She then threw her arms around my neck and embraced me with all the enthusiasm of her young heart. "Come, don't be sad any more—put this lovely rose in my hair and see how sweetly it will look," said she.

I kissed her cheek, and as I bade her good night, whispered, "Can you ask *God's blessing on the dance, Elizabeth!*" She gave me a quick, earnest look, and hurried down the steps.

At an earlier hour than usual, I heard Elizabeth's voice at the door. I was in my chamber, and when I went down to meet her, I found she had retired to her room. I followed her thither, wishing to see her a few moments before I slept. She supposed all the family had retired, and her door was unlocked. I entered and found her on her knees before God—hands uplifted and her streaming eyes raised to heaven. "Hear my prayer, O Lord, I beseech thee, and let my cry come before thee," was her language.

I returned to her room in about a half an hour, and welcomed her home.

"Yes," said she, "I have got home. In that bewildered ball-room, I danced with the merriest and laughed with the loudest, but there was an arrow here;" and she laid her hand on her heart.

"*God's blessing on the dance!* Those words rang in my ear at every turn. I rejoice that they still ring there. O, if God will for-

give the past—if he will yet receive me—I will turn my back upon all this gilded folly, and lay upon his altar, what I once promised to lay there—*my whole heart.*"

We knelt together, and asked God to strengthen the resolution now made in his name. Our prayers have been heard, for among the group of lovely disciples who keep near their Lord, walking in his footsteps, and bearing his cross, few are more humble, consistent, and devoted, than the once gay and thoughtless Elizabeth G.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF KAPIOLANI.

Who was Kapiolani? Her name was little known among the great and noble on earth; but "her record is on high."

Kapiolani was born upon the island of Hawaii, very near to the spot where Capt. Cook was murdered. She was a descendant of one of the leading families under the ancient kings of the island, and subsequently became the wife of a chief.

Her Heathen Character.—The first missionaries found her intemperate, dissolute, and degraded. There was scarcely a more degraded person on the Islands, than Kapiolani. She gave herself up to every species of vice. She possessed, however, a very inquisitive and remarkably well balanced mind.

Her first Knowledge of the Gospel, and its Results.—She was thrown, in the providence of God, near to the missionaries, while on a visit to the island of Maui. With wonderful facility her mind perceived the truth and superiority of the new religion. And from that time to the hour of her death, a period of more than twenty years, she was the unwavering friend and patron of the missionaries. Through her influence, a station was soon established upon Hawaii. And although the post occupied was at least sixteen miles from her residence, yet she, her husband, and their train, repeatedly went that distance to hear the preaching of the Gospel. And what has been the result? The church collected in this district, now numbers more than 1000 members in regular standing. And these are the church members whose labors and sacrifices to build a house of God, were described in the May number of the "Dayspring." The average attendance on the Sabbath is now 1,400.

Change in three years.—Go back now and look at Kapiolani, in less than three years after she had for the first time heard the Gospel. "She is in every respect perfectly moral; she appears in a neat dress; has in many respects adopted the customs of refined society; and is in her own character, raised so far above the generality of the nation, that one can hardly avoid the belief that she was educated among an enlightened people." But the change was not outward merely.

Her Spirituality.—"I love to go to the house of God," she said to her pastor, "for there I forget all about this world. When among the chiefs, I hear so much said about money and cloth and land and ships and bargains, that it makes me sick, and I wish to go where I can hear about God and Christ and heaven; this cures all my sickness, and I never get tired of it." In the same conversation, she asked her pastor with great earnestness, whether he did not think she had two souls. She said, "It seems to me that I have one good soul and one bad one. This says, God is very good, and it loves God and prays to him, and loves Jesus Christ, and loves preaching, and loves to talk about good things. The other one says, it does no good to pray to God and go to meeting, and keep the Sabbath."

Her Descent into the Volcano.—Not far from this time an event occurred, peculiarly illustrative of her character. Kapiolani descended into the great volcano of Hawaii. In order to appreciate this act, let the reader remember, she, in common with all her countrymen, had entertained the most superstitious fears of the volcano; that was firmly believed to be the residence of Pele, a most vindictive and cruel goddess, who destroyed every one that offended her; that this volcano, which is indeed one of the most frightful in the world, was never approached without a peace-offering to the terrible goddess who resides there; that no native was ever known to venture down into the crater; and that the mind of Kapiolani had but just awakened to the darkness of her nation. Let all these things be considered, and what demonstration does

it afford of the power of the Gospel, that a heathen woman should determinè to show her utter disbelief of the existence of Pele, and her freedom from all superstitious fear, by boldly descending into the crater, and that too in spite of all the entreaties and resistance of her friends.

The issue on which she placed the attempt.—"If I am destroyed," she exclaimed to the multitudes who entreated her to forbear, "then you must all believe in Pele; but if I am not, then you must all turn to the palapala," (Gospel.) Placing the matter on this ground, she boldly approached the crater. As she drew near, the man whose business it was to feed Pele, by throwing berries into the crater, begged her to proceed no farther. "What," said she, "will be the harm?" "You will die by Pele." She answered, "I shall not die by your god; that fire was kindled by my God." Onward she went.

The Volcano a place of prayer.—Descending several hundred feet into the crater, she united with her attendants in prayer to the true God. What a scene! Below them rolled the fiery billows of the volcano—above and around them were the blackened and rugged sides of the crater, echoing to the voice of prayer! Having ended her devotions, she ate the berries consecrated to Pele, and threw stones into the crater. The result was as might be expected. The people proclaimed Pele destitute of power.

Her progress in piety.—In 1825, she was admitted to the church, and the same year established among the people a missionary society, which contributed the past year fifty dollars in aid of the mission. In 1826, missionaries bear the following testimony to her worth:

"No woman in the island has so wholly given herself up to the influence and obedience of the Gospel. She has a steady, firm, decided attachment to the Gospel. Her house is fitted up in a very decent style, and is kept neat and comfortable, and her hands are daily employed in some useful work."

Kapiolani died May 6th, 1841, and at this date, more than fifteen years after the preceding testimony was given, the missionaries write, "Her end was one of peace, and a decided evidence that your missionaries have not labored in vain. Her life was a continual evidence of the elevating and purifying effects of the Gospel."

To this Christian life, closed by so triumphant a death, let the opposer of missions come, for an answer to his obstacles, and the faint-hearted in the cause, for motives to encouragement.—*Dayspring.*

DOCTOR CAREY.—The motto of one of the boldest, most active and most efficient men of modern times was, *EXPECT GREAT THINGS, ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS.* This was Dr. Carey, who about fifty years ago went out as a missionary to India. Thus speaks Fuller, in reference to this enterprise: "Our undertaking to India really appeared to me, on its commencement, to be somewhat like a few men who were deliberating about the importance of penetrating into a deep mine which had never before been explored. We had no one to guide us; and while we were thus deliberating, Carey, as it were, said, 'Well, I will go down, if you will hold the rope.' But before he went down, he bound us to perseverance, and as it seemed to me, took an oath from each of us at the mouth of the pit, to this effect, that while we lived we should never let go the rope."

Could the Christian world be brought to act upon this principle of Carey, we should within thirty years witness results stupendous as creation, interesting as eternity, and lovely as Eden.

Dr. Carey had no advantages, either natural or artificial, above what many now enjoy. And yet look at the results of his labor. How stands his memory now! Why, it comes to us from far-off India, more fragrant than the odors from an Eastern spice grove. His memory is embalmed for all coming time. His name is inscribed indelibly upon the face of a vast country whose population exceeds a hundred millions. His influence will be reviving to many generations yet unborn, like the gentle dews of summer to the withering herb. Infants will be taught to kiss his name with gratitude, and the good of which he has been the instrument will be felt so long as the sun and moon shall endure. In his case we have a beautiful illustration of what the lamented Evans meant, when he said, "There is nothing like being a benefactor of minds."—*Puritan.*