

THE NATIONAL SINS OF CONTINENTAL EUROPE PUNISHED BY THE WARS AND OPPRESSIONS OF NAPOLEON.

(From Alison's History of the French Revolution.)

Putting together the losses to the victors and to the vanquished, it may fairly be concluded that, from the 1st October, 1806, to the 30th June, 1807, that is, during a period of nine months, a million of human beings were consigned to military hospitals, of whom, at least, a hundred thousand perished, independent of those slain in battle, who were at least as many more!

Nor is it difficult to discern what were the national sins which were thus visited with so terrible a punishment. Fourteen years before, Austria, Russia, and Prussia, had united their armies to partition Sarmatia, and Suwarow had entered Warsaw while yet reeking with Polish blood.

And was France, then, the instrument of this terrible dispensation, to escape herself the punishment of her sins? Was she, stained with the blood of the righteous, wrapt in the flames of the Church, marked with the sign of the miscreant, to be the besom of destruction to others, and to bask only in the sunshine of glory herself?

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ANECDOTE OF MR. JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

In Colonel Trumbull's Autobiography, he mentions his dislike to Mr. Jefferson, with whom he was formerly on terms of intimacy and friendship.

"It has been seen that in Europe I had been on terms of confidence with Mr. Jefferson; this continued for some time, so that in America, when the first mission to the states of Barbary was determined on, it was, through him, offered to me, and declined; but, as the French revolution advanced, my whole soul revolted from the atrocities of France, while he approved, or apologized for all.

"Whether it had been pre-arranged that a discussion on the Christian religion, in which it should be powerfully ridiculed on the one side, and weakly defended on the other, should be brought forward, as promising amusement to a rather free-thinking dinner party, I will not determine; but it had that appearance, and Mr. Giles pushed his railleury, to my no small annoyance, if not discomfiture, until dinner was announced.

"I had never before heard or seen in writing such a broad and unqualified avowal of Atheism. I was at first shocked, and remained a moment silent; but soon rallied and replied, 'Mr. Giles, I admire your frankness, and it is but just that I should be equally frank in avowing my sentiments. Sir, in my opinion, the man who can with sincerity make the declaration which you have just made, is perfectly prepared for the commission of every atrocious action, by which he can promise himself the advancement of his own interest, or the gratification of his impure passions, provided he can commit it secretly, and with a reasonable probability of escaping detection by his fellow men.'

"I have thought it proper to relate this conversation as helping to elucidate the character of Mr. Jefferson, on the disputed point of want of credulity, as he would call it. In nodding and smiling assent to all the violence of his friend, Mr. Giles, he appeared to me to avow most distinctly his entire approbation. From this time my acquaintance with Mr. Jefferson became cold and distant."

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THE MORAL OF A BUTTERFLY.

On a fine summer's day, in 1840, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these: "Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendency to eternity. The present is linked with the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit, as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next."

"Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there; and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a higher and better world.—I beseech you then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and sublimer state; and more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence, in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature, in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful—and that which crawled, flies—and that which fed on comparatively gross food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms; and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in its flight—LIVE FOR THE FUTURE."

With this the preacher closed his discourse—but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the hand which guides alike the sun and atom in its course, fluttered through the church, as if commissioned by heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was heard, saying to the gazing audience,—LIVE FOR THE FUTURE.—Western Episcopal Observer.

THE LAST HOURS OF BISHOP JEWELL.

The last scene of Jewell's labours was the town of Looecq, in Wiltshire, where he had promised to preach. A gentleman, who saw him on his journey, discovering, from his appearance, that he was miserably indisposed, besought him to desist from his purpose; reminding him that the exertion might probably be fatal, and urging that it were better that the people should be disappointed of one sermon, than be finally deprived of such a preacher. Jewell, however, was deaf to all persuasion. He only replied, that it well became a Bishop to die in the pulpit. He accordingly persevered; and delivered his last sermon from the fifth chapter of Galatians.—Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Having, with difficulty, finished his discourse, he rode to Monkton Farley; where his sickness and infirmity confined him to the bed from which he was never taken alive. He was, at that time, wasted away almost to a skeleton; and endured extreme anguish from the violence of his disorder. But the Christian graces, which had been gloriously manifested in his life, now appeared to be stronger than death. His sufferings never wrung from him an expression of impatience; and, if he did not actually expire in the pulpit, he, at least, ended his days in the work of the ministry: for, in the midst of his mortal pains, he called his household together, and laboured for their edification, by an exposition of the Lord's Prayer. At the close of his address to the sorrowing bystanders, he spoke nearly as follows:—"I perceive clearly that I am about to go the way of all flesh. I feel the arrows of death fixed within me. I am, therefore, anxious, while yet the breath is in my body, and my gracious God will spare me the use of my tongue, to address my last words to you. It has always been my prayer to God, from the time at which, by his blessing, I became capable of understanding anything, that I might be allowed to glorify his name by the sacrifice of my flesh, and set my seal to the truth, which I profess and have taught, by the oblation of my body. Since this has not been granted me, it is my consolation that I am now worn down and exhausted by my labours in his service. For, in the midst of my visitation of the people of God, my God himself hath graciously visited me. With regard to my controversy with Harding, I protest that I encountered him, not for the purpose of disparaging his reputation, nor with the view of intentionally supporting any one erroneous doctrine, nor in order to win that emptiest of all things, the glory of this world. My sole object has been to serve God and his Church. My last sermon from the pulpit at St. Paul's, and my conference with certain of my brethren, relative to the discipline of ceremonies, and the state of our Church, were held by me, not that I might gratify any mortal living, nor that I might please the ears of men, nor that I might molest or exasperate any party which

might entertain opinions different from my own. It was my only desire that neither party might prejudice the other, and that charity might be shed abroad upon the hearts of our brethren, by the Holy Spirit which is given unto us. And my prayer to the Almighty and most gracious God, is, that of his infinite mercy, he will vouchsafe either to convert or to confound the Roman Pontiff, the author, the sower, and the standard-bearer, of all the rebellions, dissensions, and schisms, in the Christian world; who, wherever he has planted his foot, has scattered abroad the seeds of contention, and, as it were, thrown down bones for dogs to fight for. I also pray that he will long preserve her Majesty, the Queen, and that he will govern and defend the Parliament; that he will multiply and protect religious pastors; and will give true peace and Christian concord to the Church. I further request of you, who are now standing around me, and of all whom I may have offended, that you will grant me your forgiveness; and that you will do this one last good office of charity to a dying man: namely, that since my hour is at hand, and all the moisture of my body is dried up, you will aid me by your own prayers, when you perceive that my own are becoming languid, through the weakness of the flesh. If I have, heretofore, taught you, and many others, now is the time in which I, in my turn, may be edified and confirmed by you." He then desired that the 71st Psalm might be sung. At the words, *Thou, O Lord, art my hope and my trust, from my youth, he cried out, "Thou, Lord, hast been my only hope."* And again—"when they came to the verses, *Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth; nor when I am old and grey-headed, O Lord, forsake me not.*"—he exclaimed, "Every one, who is dying, is in truth, old and grey-headed, and failing in strength." When the Psalm was over, he broke forth into frequent ejaculation:—"Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace—Lord, suffer thy servant to come unto Thee—Lord, receive my spirit." On hearing one who was present praying that God would restore him to health, and give him back to the Church, he turned his eye towards the person, and repeated the words of Ambrose:—"I have not so lived, that I am ashamed of having lived; neither do I fear death for our God is merciful. A crown of righteousness is now laid up for me. Christ is my righteousness. Father, thy will be done: *thy will, I say; not mine, for mine is imperfect and depraved.* O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded. This is my *to-day.* To-day, I shall quickly come unto Thee. To-day, I shall see Thee, O Lord Jesus." His voice now failing him, he signified to the bystanders, that he should continue to pray incessantly. And when he was unable to join them with his tongue, he expressed the consent of his soul with his supplications, by lifting up his hands and eyes, to his very last breath. When he had expired, his eyes were closed by his steward, Riley; and thus was finished the mortal course of this great and good man, on the 23d September, 1871, before he had completed his fiftieth year.—Life of Jewell by Rev. C. W. Le Bas.

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