

of his returning while it continued, and which, in a short time, drove his ship into a state of complete wreck. He had left behind him, in the care of a poor black servant, two infant sons, the one four and the other five years of age. When the ship became unmanageable and was rapidly filling with water, the seamen found themselves so suddenly imperilled as to have scarcely time to lower the long-boat, and made a desperate effort for the saving of their lives. Amidst the bustle of their hurried and last exertion, the poor black servant of the absent captain coolly busied himself in tying his master's two sons into a bag, placing beside them some condiments and provisions, and making other hasty preparations to afford them a chance of safety. Just as his task was completed, the long-boat had been filled with the ship's crew, and thus ready to be pushed away from the wreck. Voices shouted to the negro, as he approached the side, that the boat was already over-loaded; that it would certainly sink if he attempted to force a passage for both himself and the boys, and that he must instantly resolve either to meet destruction in his own person or to abandon his master's children. "Very well," exclaimed the devoted and heroic negro, committing, without a moment's hesitation, the two boys to the boat, "give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults," and the next moment he plunged into the billows, not to rise again till the sea shall give up her dead. "I told this anecdote the other day," says Hannah More, "to Lord Monboddo, who fairly burst into tears. 'The greatest lady in this land wants me to make an elegy; but it is above poetry.'"

One cannot reflect on the remarkable devotedness of the negro, without thinking of the text, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet, peradventure for a good man, some would even dare to die; but God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." The negro died for love to a kind and indulgent master, and for fond attachment to two smiling and affectionate children; and who does not applaud his devotedness? who is not deeply affected with his disinterestedness, as a display of bright and marvellous moral excellence? But the Saviour of men not only died, but died ignominiously, and in circumstances of unutterable anguish, for his own creatures, for rebels against his own government, for enemies to his glory, for despisers of his person, for apostates covered with infamy, and criminals stained with the foulest guilt; and yet how slow, how reluctant, how positively averse are men to laud, to believe, or even simply to acknowledge the disinterestedness and surpassing love and glorious excellence of Christ! When the negro's death for love of his kind master was mentioned, a British nobleman "fairly burst into tears," and a British Queen requested that it might be "made into an elegy;" but when the death of Jesus for love to his guilty and perishing creatures is proclaimed, alas! tens of thousands of both rich and poor turn away from the wonderful announcement, as a theme insufferably sanctimonious, or as one deserving to be thought of only amid the gloom and desolation of a season of extreme affliction. How different the conduct of cherubs, and seraphs, and redeemed men in heaven, who rest not day nor night to sing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and blessing!"

R. W.

SHEFFIELD, N. B.

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The Roman Catholics of New York are circulating tracts in the form, style, and general appearance of those of the American Tract Society, and are about to publish a children's paper for the use of Sunday schools.