

York, where St. Peter now stands, the temple of Bellona; in London, on the site of St. Paul's Cathedral, the temple of Diana; at Westminster, where the Abbey rears its venerable pile, a temple of Apollo."

Thus it is evident that paganism had deep root in our land, the temples of dumb idols reared their heads, and superstition triumphed over the minds of deluded thousands. Our forefathers were a race of rude barbarians.

"Wild as the untaught Indian race."

How changed is the aspect of things since those days of darkness! Our Island remains; some of the heathen altars are shown as curiosities; but their gods, with their abominations, are vanished.

My dear youths, when we reflect upon the past condition of our land, in contrast with its present state, we are constrained to exclaim, "what hath God wrought?" The bleeding rites of human sacrifices are no more. They have, through the tender mercy of our God, for ever ceased. There remain no sequestered groves devoted to obscure and horrid mysteries—no altars are now raised, on which the innocent as well as the guilty are doomed to bleed—no heathen priests to conduct gloomy processions with youths for slaughter and sacrifice—no victims bound with cords, are dragged to an untimely death—no tortures are inflicted on the unhappy relative who presumes to object to the tyrannic superstition; no writhing agonies are now contemplated with infernal gratification; no bereaved parents are now following their children, led like lambs to the slaughter, and filling the air with shrieks of agony and screams of horror! When those barbarities prevailed, Britain was indeed without hope, and without God; her moral character, like that recorded of other heathens and idolaters, was "filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, without understanding, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, hateful, and hating one another."

Now Jesus is proclaimed as the Saviour of sinners; the preaching of the gospel is accompanied by the power of the Holy Ghost; and of some who once lived regardless of God, and enemies to his truth, it can now be said. "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

Beloved youths, what would have been the terrors of your feelings, torn from your parents' protection and sympathy? The Druidical executioners would have witnessed the anguish of your souls, but would not have heard your entreaties. No: idolatry knows no pity, the tender mercies of such worshippers are cruel. Turn then and praise your Almighty deliverer. The Lord Jesus invites your early attention to His mercy. He is ready to receive you to the fellowship of his church; and to give you his Holy Spirit, that you may become children of God, and inheritors of his kingdom of glory.

AMICUS.

—*Youth's Miscellany.*

A WONDERFUL TRACT.

EIGHTEEN years ago, a Missionary in India went to a place called Thengee. There he gave away some tracts. One of these was on "The Ten Commandments," and it was given to a heathen devotee, called *Sundardas*, a poor creature who wandered about the country, and was thought by the people a very good man for doing so. He read the tract, but it did him no good. He lived in darkness, and, it is feared, died as he lived. But this man, though he cared very little himself about the tract, shewed it to some of his countrymen, and read it to others. Many who heard it wondered very much. It brought strange things to their ears. Till then they did not know the law of God, and did not suppose that they had broken it. But now they began to feel what the Apostle Paul describes: "When the commandment came, sin revived and I died." Many of them saw and felt that they were transgressors, that they deserved death, and needed mercy. They were pricked in their hearts."