

garden, and the tomb. Yea, a multitude filled the heavens with their melody in the air, in the hearing of the shepherds; and as our risen Lord ascended up to glory, they accompanied him with the sound of trumpets, and the shouts of triumph.

Anon.

THE SEASONS.

A proof of the Divine Faithfulness.

Whatever view we take of the works and ways of the Most High, we see that he is faithful to his word, that he is a covenant-keeping God. He has declared, that "whilst the earth remaineth, seed-time, and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease;" and they have not. We are living witnesses, that they have not. This morning's sun, shining with more than usual lustre, and writing with his every beam on creation, his Maker's praise; these reviving gales; the newborn leaves and flowers; the lark yonder rising to the gate of heaven, all seem to re-echo the sentiment, and to say, truly they have not. "God is not a man that he should lie." If we look back for a few months, we must recollect the driving snows, the showers of hail, the piercing blasts, the withered herbage, the shivering cattle, the stripped trees, and the barren fields; and why do we not still witness scenes like these? Who has driven away bleak Winter, with his army of winds and frosts, and snows, and hail? Who is it that has again made our fields smile with flowers? Who has caused life to break forth in a thousand interesting forms, and has filled creation with verdure, fragrance, beauty and harmony? Who has bid the valleys stand thick with rising corn? And who makes the little hills rejoice on every side? What voice is that which is heard from the heavens and the earth, from every field, and every tree? It says, "Arise, and come away; for, lo! the winter disappears on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." It is his voice, who, at first spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast;" it is the voice of the infinitely faithful God;—

"One spirit.—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Ruler universal nature; not a flower,
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrival'd pencil!"

B. H. Draper.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

Two men were travelling to the far West. One was a sceptic and the other a christian. The former was on every occasion ready to denounce religion as an imposture, and its professors as hypocrites. According to his own account of the matter, he always suspected those who made pretensions to piety, felt particularly exposed in the company of christians, and took particular care of his horse and his pockets when the saints were around him.

They had travelled late one evening, and were in the wilderness. They at last drew near to a solitary hut, and rejoiced at the prospect of a shelter however humble. They asked admission, and obtained it. But it was almost as dreary and comfortless within as without, and there was nothing prepossessing in the appearance of the inhabitants. These were an elderly man, his wife and two sons—sun-burnt, hardy and rough. They were apparently hospitable, and welcomed the travellers to such homely fare as the forest afforded; but this air of kindness might be assumed to deceive them, and the travellers became seriously apprehensive that evil was intended. It was a lonely place, suited to deeds of robbery and blood. No help was at hand. The two friends communicated to each other their apprehensions, and resolved that on retiring to their part of the hut—for there were two apartments in it—they would secure it as well as they could against the entrance of their host—would have their weapons of defence at hand, and would take turns through the night in watching, so that one of them should be constantly on guard while his comrade slept.

Having hastily made their arrangements, they joined the family, partook of their homely fare, and spoke of retiring to rest. The old man said it had been his practice in bet-

ter times, and he continued it still, before his family went to rest at night, to commend them to God, and if the strangers had no objection he would do so now. The christian rejoiced to find a brother in the wilderness, and even the sceptic could not conceal his satisfaction at the proposition. The old man arose, took down a well-worn family bible, on which no dust was gathered, though age had marked it, and read with reverence a portion of the sacred scriptures. He then supplicated the divine protection, acknowledged the divine goodness, and prayed for pardon, guidance, grace, and salvation. He prayed, too, for the strangers—that they might be prospered on their journey, and at the close of their earthly journey have a home in Heaven. He was evidently a man of prayer, and that humble cottage was a place where prayer was wont to be made.

The travellers retired to their apartments. According to their previous arrangements, the sceptic was to have the first watch of the night; but, instead of priming his pistols and bracing his nerves for an attack, he was for wrapping himself as quietly in a blanket as if he never thought of danger. His friend reminded him of their arrangements, and asked him how he had lost his apprehension of danger. The sceptic felt the force of the question and of all it implied, and had the frankness to acknowledge that he could not but feel himself as safe as at a New-England fireside in any house or in any forest where the bible was read as the old man read it, and where prayer was offered as the old man prayed.

NAPOLEON'S HEARSE.—As we were passing by a long shed, in one corner of the parade, the officer who conducted us, called our attention to a plain four-wheeled carriage, without body or top, which was stowed away among heaps of other rubbish. Two or three boards were laid upon the axles, like the bottom of a common lumber-wagon, and this was roughly cleated with narrow strips, so as just to admit a coffin and keep it in its place. 'This,' said the officer, 'is the identical carriage which Bonaparte took with him, when he was taken to St. Helena, and this is the hearse upon which he was carried to his grave. When it was sent home, it had a canvass top, the whole of which has been cut off and carried away by successive visitors. When the cloth was gone they began to cut away the wood itself, so that we have been obliged to put it out of their reach, within this railing, as you see.'

'Is it possible?' I was ready instinctively to exclaim—'Is this the end of human greatness? The hero of Lodi, of Jena, of Wagram, of Austerlitz—the idol of a great and chivalrous nation—the conqueror of powerful kingdoms—the arbiter of dynasties—the terror of the world!' How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, which did weaken the nations! Is it a dream? Is it the mockery of a stranger's credulity? Or was it thus, that one of the proudest conquerors that the earth ever saw, was borne to his long home? Is this a royal hearse? This, which so much resembles a mere market cart, or farmer's truck, hastily fitted up as if to convey a pauper to his lonely grave? Is it thus that the flaming orb of military glory goes down 'behind the darkened west?' What a lesson! What a commentary upon one of the most remarkable chapters in the whole history of human ambition and greatness! What a winding up of that gorgeous and terrible drama, which for a quarter of a century held mankind in breathless suspense! Sceptres—crowns—thrones—palaces—triumphal processions and arches—the adoration of the proudest millions of warriors that ever bore the car of idols through rivers of blood—the quaking of continents beneath his chariot wheels—here, here we see them all under an open shed, cleated down upon rough boards, six feet long and two wide!—*Dr. Humphrey.*

ANECDOTE.—Sir J. Thornbull was the man who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back gradually to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eyes intently on the painting) that he was gone almost to the edge of the scaf-

fold without perceiving it. Had he continued to retreat, half a minute more would have completed his destruction, and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present who saw the great danger the artist was in, had the happy presence of mind suddenly to snatch up one of the brushes and spoil the painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage, sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage soon turned into thanks when the person told him, "Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You were advancing to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called out to you to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you; and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had therefore no other method of retrieving you but by acting as I did." Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with his people. We are all naturally fond of our own performances. We admire them to our own ruin, unless the Holy Spirit retrieves us from our folly.—This he does by showing us the insufficiency of our works to justify us before God, and that "by the deeds of the law no flesh living can be justified."—*N. Y. Ch. Intel.*

A PERILOUS ADVENTURE.—The annals of the North are filled with accounts of the most perilous and fatal conflicts with the Polar bear. The first, and one of the most tragical, was sustained by Barentz and Heemskerke, in 1596, during their voyage for the discovery of the North-east passage. Having anchored at an island near the Strait of Waygatz, two of the sailors landed, and were walking on shore, when one of them felt himself closely hugged from behind. Thinking this a frolic of one of his companions, he called out in a corresponding tone, 'Who's there? Pray stand off.' His comrade looked and screamed out, 'A bear, a bear!' then, running to the ship, alarmed the crew with loud cries. The sailors ran to the spot, armed with pikes and muskets. On their approach the bear very coolly quitted the mangled corpse, sprang upon another sailor, carried him off, and, plunging his teeth into his body, began drinking his blood at long draughts. Hereupon the whole of that stout crew, struck with terror, turned their backs and fled precipitately to the ship. On arriving there they began to look at each other, unable to feel much satisfaction at their own prowess. Three then stood forth, undertaking to avenge the fate of their countrymen, and to secure for them the rites of burial. They advanced and fired at first from so respectful a distance that all missed. The pursuer then courageously proceeded in front of his companions, and, taking a close aim, pierced the monster's skull immediately below the eye. The bear, however, merely lifted his head and advanced upon them, holding still in his mouth the victim whom he was devouring; but, seeing him soon stagger, the three rushed on him with sabre and bayonet, and soon despatched him. They collected and bestowed decent sepulture on the mangled limbs of their comrades, while the skin of the animal, thirteen feet long, became the prize of the sailor who had fired the successful shot.

SWEDISH CHURCH.—On the principal fountain, opposite to one of the rich churches at Gottenburgh, is the following, in gilded letters:—

*När dig lecamlig forst
Till jordiskt watten drifver,
Låt sjalen njuta det
Som lifsens kalla gifver;
De en har du hur,
Sok templet under vist
Hur du det andra far.*

Which may be thus translated:—

"When your bodily thirst drives you to seek for earthly water, let at the same time, your soul drink of that happiness which the spring of life gives. The first you have here, and after you have partaken of it, seek the temple which you see before you, and there you may learn how to obtain the second."

Rae Wilson's Travels in Norway, Sweden, &c.