

by my sword. Blood, and tears, and sighs lie heavy upon me. The image of my awful act troubled me. I deserted the palace, and hoped in your vale to find the rest which I sought. I found the bitterest hours of my life. Your praise became my torment. Your innocence seemed to me like a severe reproach of my guilt; and every friendly look of your love fell upon the darkness of my heart like a vivid flash of lightning on a dark gloomy night.

Alas, I forgot myself—myself that I would fly—to this dwelling of peace. Pardon me, and, if you possibly can, pray for me. I go, where I belong—to the Fakirs.

With these words he left the Bramin, and the peaceful vale. The old man looked after him a long time, whilst he climbed the mountain. Then he lifted his hands towards heaven, praying, and returned to the circle of those who kept the festival.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES.

From the Pastor's Journal.

It is now twenty-five years since, as I think, the Lord appeared in mercy to my soul, by speaking pardon through the blood of Jesus. O, miracle of grace, if ever so faithless and unprofitable a servant as I have been, shall attain to the mansions of the saved! During the first summer after I entertained the hope of pardon, my mind was much exercised in behalf of the unconverted. I felt that I could persuade almost any man to be a Christian, if he would only listen to me, till I could have time to communicate my views. In this belief, I wrote many letters to acquaintances abroad, as well as held numerous conversations with individuals in my immediate neighborhood. But alas! soon I began to find that my efforts were unavailing. Probably my zeal was not according to knowledge, or I was working in my own strength; for I have never learned that much fruit resulted from my labors. I sunk down into a state of despondency and inaction, during which the following circumstance occurred.

There lived near to me an intelligent negro, of more than usual cultivation and business talent. This man was much abroad in the community, and had acquired a familiarity with men and things, which rendered him a fluent and adroit disputant, on almost every topic of common discussion, and few of the common people cared to get into an argument with him. He was, however, entirely ignorant of religion, as far as I have been able to learn, and in his life and conversation, gave too much reason to believe, that he was immoral and profane. My compassion was excited for his soul. I thought I would certainly speak to him about the things of eternity. Soon an opportunity offered. But his bold look, deep toned voice, and well known character for disputation, overawed me, and I put it off. Another occasion, and again another, came and went, unimproved; each furnishing, as I then thought, so a apology for deferring the duty.

At length I heard that the man was sick, and under circumstances where I could not very conveniently gain access to him. I then reproached myself with my negligence. "Perhaps he may die," thought I, "and no one has warned him to flee from the wrath to come. I certainly will embrace the first opportunity, to exhort him to take care of his soul." But still I neglected to fulfil my resolution immediately. I waited for an opportunity in stead of making one. What was my surprise and compunction of mind, when at the end of three days, I learned that he had been carried off by a violent disease, without one word of instruction or of prayer having been offered at his bed-side, and that he had gone into eternity in all the deep pollution of his sins? O, then how did my bleeding heart beat painfully

within me, at the thought, that the blood of that soul might be found in my skirts! And how often, in the street and in the crowd, as well as in the secret retirement of my closet, has that negro's form appeared to stand before me, and upbraid me with my guilt, in not saying, at least *one word* of warning! I trust I have repented, and that God has forgiven me; but I can never forgive myself that crime.

I have penned this brief account because I would have my Christian brethren avoid the stings that I have suffered. Since then, I have tried to be faithful to sinners, though, alas, I have done but little after all. Still, no other case of neglect haunts my conscience like the one I have detailed. And yet, reader, you are exposed to just such neglect and compunction, unless you "watch and pray" against the fearful evil of procrastination.

DISAPPOINTED HOPE.

I HAVE seen sinners brought to God amidst all the varieties of Christian experience; some by the terrors of the law, others by the attractions of the cross; some by a long and almost imperceptible progress; others, comparatively in a moment; but scarcely in a single instance have I found conversion, or even real awakening; dated from affliction. If ten were cleansed, where are the nine? "It has happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," 2 Pet. ii 22. Would that piety which could not stand the test of a return to life, have availed the soul in death? Let conscience say.

I shall never forget an instance of disappointed hope which occurred in the early part of my career. A young man who had been instructed in a Sabbath-school as to the elements of religion, but had never made any pretension to piety, was stricken with an alarming disease. His concern about his soul was immediate and overwhelming. "What must I do to be saved?" seemed the one question which absorbed all his thoughts. Those around him did not fail to expound the reply of Paul and Silas—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." He listened most intently; hope sprung up in his soul, and passages of Scripture which he had learned at school, but which had till then escaped his memory, came pouring into his mind with a richness, propriety and consecutiveness, truly wonderful. Disease now gained upon him, and all hope of recovery fled. The surgeon plainly told him that nothing more could be done, and that a few hours would terminate his life. He received the announcement with perfect composure, and said that he had no wish to live; his only desire was to depart and be with Christ. Inexperienced as I then was, had he died, I should not have entertained a doubt of his safety. But the surgeon was mistaken; to the surprise of every one, his recovery was soon completed. He went to the house of God the first Sabbath he was able to walk, and returned thanks for his restoration. For the next few Sabbaths following he was there; afterwards I missed him. For some time I was unable to learn what had become of him; at last I ascertained that an act of gross immorality had rendered it expedient for him to leave the neighborhood.

After the lapse of twenty years, I very unexpectedly met with him once again. During the interval, he had become a hardened sinner. At the time of this interview, however, he was perfectly sober, but he appeared to have forgotten me. I reminded him of his vows in affliction. He then mentioned my name. I endeavored to recall his former impressions, but the attempt was hopeless; his conscience

was seared as with a hot iron; all I could get him to say of the affliction which once seemed so hopeful, was, "I have no wish to remember it."—*Decapolis.*

HAS EVERY MAN A RIGHT TO READ THE BIBLE?

From the Correspondent of the N. Y. Observer.

[CONCLUDED.]

Gregory VII. forbids expressly Vratisslas, king of Bohemia, from allowing the Bible to be read in the vulgar tongue. "For," says this despotic pope, "a frequent reading of the Holy Scriptures teaches me that God Almighty has chosen that it should be obscure in some passages, lest if it was clear everywhere, it would be exposed to contempt." What pitiful reasoning? What? if the whole Word of God was clear, it would be exposed to contempt? But did Gregory VII. think then that God could say contemptible things? He adds: "Do not allege that some religious men have patiently borne with what the people now demand so loudly; for I answer that the primitive church has dissimulated much (*multa dissimulaverit*)." This is plain language, and we believe that the Romish church dissimulates much still. The art of dissimulation has been carried by her to great perfection.

But nations began to be tired of this spiritual despotism, not only in the east, but also in the south of Europe. Thousands of Christians, known afterwards under the name of Waldenses, claimed resolutely the right to read the Holy Scriptures. Besides, at Cologne, at Metz, in Provence, there were meetings of Christians to read the Bible. The popes were alarmed; they persecuted these Christians with fire and sword; torrents of blood flowed; and in 1229, the council of Toulouse, instigated by Gregory IX., decreed as follows: "Hereafter, laymen who, for purposes of devotion, wish to have pious books, must confine themselves to the Psalter, a breviary for devotional offices, or to the Hours of the blessed Virgin Mary. We forbid them strictly (*arctissime inhibemus*) to keep the books of the Old and New Testament in the vulgar tongue."

This prohibition is positive enough. The Romish church cannot free herself from the crime of having formally forbidden in a council the use of the Bible to laymen!

But God confounds and overthrows the designs of his enemies. The crusades began to revive a knowledge of the ancient writers. Then came the great discovery of printing, and it was impossible for the Romish court to resist the torrent. The first book which was issued from the press was a Latin translation of the Bible. Soon the Scriptures were translated into the German language, and fourteen editions had already been published, when the Bible appeared translated by Luther.

Rome was deeply afflicted, it may be believed, but what could she do? Her friends were divided in opinion; some advised to allow the people the free use of the Bible; others, on the contrary, feared to speak on the occasion: "To allow laymen to read the Bible, is to give holy things to dogs; is to cast pearls before swine."

The Pope chose a middle course. He authorized translations of the Bible in the country where protestant versions circulated; in Germany, for example; for how could he prevent absolutely the Scriptures from falling under the eyes of the people? But in Spain; in the Netherlands, wherever the Word of God was not known, he forbade the printing and distributing of it in the vulgar tongue. Thus the Court of Rome showed clearly that if it allowed in certain cases the reading of the Bible, this was only by constraint and by necessity.

The Council of Trent came in aid of Romish policy. It would not sanction any translation in the vulgar tongue, and prohibited, under penalty of excommunication, the printing, publication and sale of every other Bible but the Vulgate; and it forbade the reading of the Vulgate itself, either publicly or privately, without the bishop's leave. Surely precaution could not be carried further!

Pope Pius IV. knew his advantage. He prepared for the inquisitors ten rules, the 4th of which says among other things: "Permission to read the Bible ought to be given in writing. But whoever shall not have such permission, and shall still presume to read or keep the Holy Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, shall not receive