

feast for the dead places him in a state of happiness, according to the cost of the entertainment. For the rich, money procures the attendance of priests, who absolve, and pray continually day and night.—The anniversaries of the deaths of six kings of Shoa are held with great ceremony in the capital; and once every twelvemonth, before a splendid feast the souls are absolved from all sin.—*Blackwood's Magazine for March.*

## WORLD IN MINIATURE.

A NEWSPAPER may be regarded as a picture of the world in miniature. It does not contain every thing, but a type of every thing. The business, the pleasures, the vicissitudes of men are here represented. This is particularly true of the large and miscellaneous newspapers of such a place as London. Seldom do we run over the endless variety in their columns without mentally saying—Such is the world! The bustling business world has here its representative. The eager competition of tradesmen, mechanics, and merchants, and the aspiring aims of professional men, are seen in the advertisements. One great object seems to actuate all—to become rich.—Wares are praised, bargains are offered, and every flattering inducement is held out to win customers. Fleets sail and arrive, the commodities of other climes are offered, the taste for fashion and luxury satisfied, and by a little aid of the imagination, we may even suppose that the men, the things, the noise, and bustle of a very bustling metropolis are all before us. There too we have the pleasures and amusements of the world portrayed before our eyes. It is to be presumed that business must occasionally give way to enjoyment, and whatever may be the peculiarity of taste, here is promise of its abundant gratification. The theatres throw open their portals, the races entice the adventurous, the ball room and fete offer their attractions, and for the humble circles, we have all the varieties of amusements from a boxing match to a picnic. As to the vices of men, they also have their columns; and we have, with all minuteness of detail, the account of a bloody duel, a bold fraud, a daring robbery, or a horrible murder. No better commentary on human depravity can be found than the daily occurrences which are here chronicled, and the strongest statements are corroborated by the conduct of the very persons who profess to disbelieve them. Here and there the sheet is brightened by the works of the religious and benevolent, to show that if the world is sunk in sin, there are some traces of its moral regeneration. The vicissitudes and accidents to which life is exposed, makes a sad and melancholy picture on these pages. Floods sweep away the prospects of men; the storm engulphs the vessel and its crew; the conflagration devours; the persons of men are hurried out of life. We can easily imagine, as we read the details, how many hearts are left to bleed, and how many fond hopes are in a moment blighted. The most painful contrasts are set before us. Births, marriages, and deaths succeed each other in their order. In one column we have the description of a fashionable rout, and in the text the mournful details of a nobleman's funeral. Here the description of a political debate, and there the account of a statesman's demise; one leaving and another entering upon his princely possessions; the fashionable belle reigning or dying; the soldier promoted or laid in the dust; the influential admired or execrated. Extremes are brought together, sparkling affluence and abject poverty; the judge on the bench and the prisoner at the bar; the youthful delinquent and the veteran criminal. In one column all

are aspiring after honours, pleasures, and wealth; and in the next, these, or persons similarly influenced, are represented as dismissed from the busy stage, after a brief and troubled sojourn of two or three score years. Such is the world! Such is human life! How vivid, how empty! It promises much, and realizes little; it has glittering prospects and dark clouds of distress. There is but a step from the cradle to the tomb. The earth is called to hide many a broken heart, and many a wearied limb; and they, they only are happy whose record is on high.—*Peshyterian.*

## SCOTLAND'S ANCIENT WORTHIES.

THE Lord has blessed the Church of Scotland with a succession of holy and faithful ministers. Time would fail to tell them all. But there were its protomartyrs, Patrick Hamilton, more noble as Christ's faithful witness than as King James' kinsman; and Geo. Wishart, the snake of whose immolation waited the Gospel where his voice had failed to carry it. There was its great Reformer Knox, with his excellent spirit, patriotic, most forgetful of himself and of his enemies, but most loyal to his God, by simplicity of faith, outwitting crafty men, and, with the straightforward zeal of an honest and therefore fearless heart, achieving results which are only possible to him that believeth. There were John Weir, who, after many hours spent in prayer, would preach sermons to which few could listen without weeping; Robert Bruce, before whose searching eye the most intricate and subtle natures felt themselves revealed; and beneath whose voice gnarled cedars bent like willows, for the Spirit of God spake by him; of whose prayers it is said, "each sentence was a bolt shot from heaven into the heart." Hugh Binning, who laid his fine philosophy and precocious scholarship and classic taste all at the feet of Jesus, and was honoured to deliver those discourses to which gray-haired theologians listened, and protestant there was no speaking after him; and whose fastidious critics now read, and wonder how writings so pure and elegant could be produced in a rude country, and in a pedantic age: Andrew Gray, whom the Lord made ready in such haste for himself, that ere he reached his twenty-second year, believers ripe for glory saw that he was riper still; and whose enraptured anticipations of the heavenly communion are to this day the solace of many an aged pilgrim and dying saint in Scotland: James Durham, the humble evangelist, who rejoiced to decrease that his master might increase, but without the Spirit taught counsellor, to whom far-travelled inquirers came, and blessed God for a guide so skilful and judicious: Samuel Rutherford, who lived so much on high, that you wonder how he had patience to amass such learning, and write so many books—perhaps, the completest instance of absorbing affection for the person of a living Saviour—the liveliest example of a life hid with Christ in God, which these latter ages have produced; William Guthrie, whose benign and gentle spirit drew all men after him, till persecutions themselves felt the fascination, and Fenwick glebe was built over with the house of people who counted it happiness to be near him; so modest, that the only little book [The Christian's Great Interest] he ever published was printed because he could not help it; and yet of that little book, Dr. Owen said, "There is more divinity in it than in all my folios." John Livingstone, a man full of the Holy Ghost, of whose ministry we have this record, that in two parishes 1500 souls were confirmed or converted under it: Thomas Boston, whose peaceful walk with God is not yet forgotten in Ettrick Forest, and whose writings, originally designed for his own shepherds, are now prized in all the churches, and most prized by those Christians who have furthest grown in grace; and to name no more, John Mackenzie, whose Sermon "On glorying in the Cross" is, of all printed Sermons, the one which God honoured the most, and whose appropriate monument may still be found in the city of his sojourn—in prayer meetings which he originated there a hundred years ago.

## THE LIFE PRESERVER.

SUPPOSE, reader, that you are about to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and suppose that on account of

the dangers of the way by the storms of heaven and the lurking rocks below, one half of the vessels never reached their desired haven, and suppose that life preservers were provided by the Captain, for all who would accept of them, "without money and without price;" and suppose that every individual who had supplied himself with one in previous voyages had reached the land in safety, while every one who had them not, perished, would you step on board that vessel without a life preserver? Suppose a stronger case, that every citizen of the United States was obliged to cross this Ocean once, and that every ship which conveyed them over was sure to be destroyed and every individual was sure to perish if he had not a life preserver, would you embark on board that vessel without one? Rather would you not toil and labour and suffer bodily torture through your whole life, if toil and labour and bodily suffering could procure one? I know you would. The application is easy. Reader, make it your own case. You are on the voyage of life, and the frail bark which bears you onward will soon yield to the tempests of time. Silently has its corroding tooth begun to prey upon your frame-work. The next gale being infected with disease may be the last you will have to encounter. Have you a life preserver? If not, apply without delay to the "Captain of your salvation" and you shall obtain one. It is freely offered. The wealth of princes cannot purchase it, yet the poorest slave may be supplied. It costs no money, but it does cost a humble heart, a submissive will, a self-denying life. But it costs nothing which is essential to your happiness. The sacrifices which you must make are the sinful propensities of your depraved nature. Obtain, then, this safeguard. It will support you amid the wreck of cherished hopes. It will buoy you above the dark waters of adversity, shield you from the severe storms of affliction, and bear you safely over the tide of time to the land of permanent rest in heaven.—*Congregational Journal.*

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

## DEATH OF MR. MORRISON IN CHINA.

MR. J. R. MORRISON, the son of the illustrious Doctor Morrison, so well known as an active missionary and compiler of the *Chinese Dictionary*, and who died in China just nine years ago, was born in Malacca in 1815, and was only 28 years and 4 months old at the time of his death. At an early age he was sent to Europe, whence he returned, after a short stay, to China, with only the rudiments of an education, which it then became the care of his father to perfect. From the earliest age his attention was drawn to the study of the Chinese language, in which he had become so proficient, that on the lamented death of his father, though only 19 years old, he was appointed by the Government to the responsible situation of Chinese secretary and interpreter to the superintendents of trade, a duty held by his father, the duties of which he performed to general satisfaction.

Mr. Morrison's studies were even at that early period not limited to the Chinese language. The trade of this country had so much engaged his attention, that in 1834 he published a volume, the *Chinese Commercial Guide*, containing much very valuable information on the commerce with Canton, which must have been collected with considerable pains, and which to this moment is of the greatest use as a book of reference.

During the following years, preceding the differences with the English, Mr. Morrison, whose official duties did not then engross the whole of his time, was engaged in perfecting his knowledge of the Chinese language and of the customs and habits of this people. The geography of this country particularly had engaged his attention, and if he had been spared us, it was his purpose, we believe, to have published a work on the geography of China, for which he had already collected many valuable notes. He contemplated also, a new and enlarged edition of his father's dictionary. These literary labours were, however, interrupted by the troubles which broke out in Canton early in 1840, and which time he had to conduct the whole of the Chinese correspondence of Her Majesty's new intendents and plenipotentiaries, and in 1843 and subsequently always accompanied Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary on the several expeditions of the British force,