

ed grief. At length came our last meeting. As soon as he saw me, he again burst into a flood of tears, saying, 'To-morrow, Sir, I am to be taken away in irons!' O, how much agony and despair were embodied in that expression! The next day arrived, and he left the town for London, 'in irons.' On reaching the latter place, reason forsook her throne; he entered the prison there—an idiot."

"Should this meet a youthful eye that glistens as it looks to the future, and among the fondest day-dreams which imagination presents, prefers that which promises to free it from the restraints of home, of parents, teachers, or friends; let that youth remember that, if his hopes of freedom should be realized, he will then come in contact with temptations as powerful as those which beset this young man; and that from their assaults there is no real safety, except in a heartfelt, affirmative response to the momentous, yet all-merciful, question of God Himself,—“Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

THE ROBBER FOILED. — A strange story is related concerning the Rev. Ivory Hovey, who was settled in "Manomet Ponds," April 18, 1770, and continued pastor of this ancient church till November 4, 1803, when, as their records say, "Mr. Hovey died, aged 89 years, to the great grief of his people." Many of his descendants still live in South Plymouth, and the writer has taken much pains to ascertain the facts connected with the singular story to which allusion has been made. Molly Bly who was long a domestic and faithful friend in the

family of Mr. Hovey, is still remembered by various individuals in this church as a woman of God, and she is said to have told the story often with much feeling, as related to her by the venerable divine himself.

His grandfather who resided in England was in moderate circumstances, but he loved the Saviour, and had an earnest desire that a son whom God had given him should become a minister of the Gospel. Such, however, were his limited means, that he could not educate his son for the sacred office. In these days of solicitude, he is said to have been assured in a dream that a grandson should enter the ministry, and labor for his Master.

It chanced that on the occasion of building a barn he sent his son, the father of the Rev. Ivory Hovey, to the nearest village to purchase nails. While returning home, as he was riding on horseback through a piece of wood, his saddle-bags being pretty well stored with nails, he was met by a highwayman, who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his more tardy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and hastily rode homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring that "he was only in jest," but the latter replying, "I am in earnest," drove forward and on arriving home, found the saddlebags of his new found horse well filled with "filthy lucre."

This God-sent treasure was preserved with much care, and with it the Rev Ivory Hovey was educated for the ministry.

Biblical Criticism and Exposition.

THE REFUGE.—A REDEEMER AT ONCE HUMAN AND DIVINE.

"For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him."—COL. II. 9, 10.

When we have learned from Paul's lips what will not save and satisfy, we proceed to learn also from the same source what will. We shall not

chase those shifting shadows of human opinion and worldly fashion any more. We consent to abandon these wells without water; but to whom