

Dying Petitions.

Remember me, my God! remember me,
In my hour of deepest woe;
Thou art my only hope, my only plea,
Against the coming foe.
O show me now thy salvation,
O bear my dying supplication!
Remember me!

I think on thee, believer, tremble not,
Thy Saviour still is near;
Here is my cross, my blood to cleanse each spot,
My promise to cheer.
Is not my love unchanged, unshaken?
How shall mine ever be forsaken?
I think on thee!

Remember me! my help can naught avail
In the dark valley's shade;
My strength must faint, my flesh and heart
Must fail.
O haste thou to my aid!
Silence and darkness o'er me stealing,
O be thou still thyself revealing!
Remember me!

I think on thee, soul, in the better land,
Thou shalt with me rejoice;
The harp of heaven is waiting for thy hand,
The chorus for thy voice.
The angels bend around thee bending,
Thy parting spirit close attending,
Thy parting spirit close attending,
I think on thee!

Remember me! by thine own hour of pain,
Appear in mine to save;
Smooth for my rest the couch where thou hast
lain,
The pillow of my weeping;
And while the years of time are dying,
In that lone place of darkness lying—
Remember me!

I think on thee; thine own Redeemer lives,
Thy hope shall not be vain;
When the last trump, the solemn summons gives,
Thou shalt arise again.
Now go in peace, securely sleeping,
Thy dust is safe in God's keeping—
I think on thee!

Remember me, and the afflicted hand
Whom I must love behind;
Four consolation from thine own rich hand
On mourning friends be kind.
O hear this one, my last petition,
Then shall I go in full submission!
Remember me!

I think on thee; with that sad band of love
I will in mercy die;
My tender sympathy thy souls shall prove
My spirit's power to heal.
The long sought life shall yet be given,
The lost of earth are found in heaven!
I think on thee!

Now, sweetly sleep! thy soul receive,
And bear to God thy breath;
Long in our hearts thy memory shall live,
Here let thy body rest—
Secure from earthly pain and sorrow,
Till dawn the resurrection morn—
Now, sweetly sleep!

Are They Not Our Brethren?

Perhaps it is well after all to support the Foreign Mission, said a good Brother who had just returned from the Annual Missionary Meeting. As he listened to the details of the Society's operations in various parts of the world—the remarkable openings, which are being so rapidly effected, for the immense regions untraced by the feet of him that bring the glad tidings, that publish peace—the responsibility connected with that that mission to the Church, and the fearful guilt incurred through unfaithfulness to her great commission for the world's evangelization—his heart was moved, and under the influence of Christian charity, and true Gospel benevolence, he contributed liberally to this noble enterprise. Others had caught a like spirit, and in the same manner had their offerings upon the Missionary altar. It afterwards became a question: Whether, or no, they were sacrificing the interests of the home work, to that of carrying the Gospel to the Heathen? The claims of the Mission cause, its reflex benefits: the Missionary spirit, the Christian's regular glory, and essential to its prosperity; were themes of conversation. And it was especially in reference to the reflex benefits—to the advantages resulting to the home department of the work, that the utterance was made, "Perhaps it is well after all, to support the Foreign Missions."

Even the temporal blessings which have been conferred by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, command it to the sympathetic feeling, and to the practical support of every benevolent and philanthropic mind. They who only aim at bestowing the advantages of civilized life, might say, "It is well, after all, to support the Foreign Missions."

Civilization without the Gospel, elevation without Christianity, might, in theory, seem plausible enough; but, practically, it is impossible. Science might shake the faith of the idolater in his ancestral creed. Commerce might make him acquainted with the usages of civilized life. Philosophy, setting aside the noble and sublime precepts of Jesus, might endeavor to inculcate its own boasted principles. Legislation might seek to found a new society, and to bind it together by certain ties. All this might be attempted, or accomplished, if the men, unconstrained by the love of Christ, could sacrifice all that is near and dear to them in this life—could plunge into the dark depths of heathenism—could rise superior to sickening sights, and disgusting scenes—could willingly be shut up amid the cold and wintry desolation of ice-bound regions, or exhaust their energies where the sun fiercely pours down its scorching rays, and fatal disease lurks in the air—could brave danger and death, and, from a disinterested regard for the welfare of a sorrow-stricken humanity, willingly undertake the execution of this civilization scheme, that would exclude the Gospel from its arrangements. But no! the men who would sacrifice so much, and endeavor to make much, would be under the influence of a hollow motive. Like those who went up with Saul from Gibeath, they must be "a band of men whose hearts God hath touched."

But, allowing that these agencies and instrumentalities were brought into operation,

after all it would be like cultivating the steep slopes of a volcanic mountain. Nature there might burst into a transient bloom. But soon the hollow ruffling is heard, waxing louder and louder, until from the crater pours forth the flood of liquid fire, rolling in a scathing stream over every patch of cultivation, and not a plant, not the tiniest spot of verdure remains to say that cultivation had been there. Or it would be as the training of a young tiger: with much care the naturally ferocious animal might appear playful, domestic, and tractable, and even have lost its tigress nature, but when once it has tasted blood its thirst becomes insatiable, and it proves a tiger still, in spite of all its training. Or it would be as in the case of the Southern Chief, Denning, who, on his visit to England was supposed to have lost all his savage habits, and was introduced to the highest ranks of society, but after his return to his own New Zealand home, threw away the costume with which he had been presented, buried his daughter alive, and ran naked into the woods.

A Remarkable Dream.

To the Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

DEAR SIR—I am indebted to the kindness of my friend, Rev. Mr. Potter, for the following narrative of a very wonderful dream, which occurred to his grandfather, Copying Mr. Wesley's example in recording such extraordinary facts, I send it for insertion in the Wesleyan Magazine, believing that it will interest your readers.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
HENRY SANDWITH,
1, Albion Street Hall.

MY DEAR SIR—I gladly comply with your request to publish the particulars of a very wonderful dream of my grandfather, with reference to the work of the celebrated John Wesley in Ireland. It was thus related to me by my father, who often heard my grandfather speak of it, as to him, an unequivocal proof of the Divine mission of Wesley, and of the value of what was with him during his whole life an important principle—namely, the working of the regeneration of the spirit of the church, which in her pale as auxiliary, and not without it, as opposed or hostile.

On an early period my grandfather entertained Mr. Wesley on each occasional visit; and at his own expense built a preaching-house. After some time the Romish Bishop called on the Protestant Archbishop of the diocese, and remonstratingly warned him that if he used not joint efforts to stay the fanaticism and mass generated by Mr. Wesley's mission, (who, he asserted, was "turning the world upside down,") their flocks would be scattered, and the Church destroyed! The Archbishop asked how this could be done, for that he saw not how; when the crafty Jesuit informed him, for the first time, that my grandfather had built "a conventicle" within the limits prescribed by an old Act of Parliament; and that all he had to do was to silence the preaching by authority. My grandfather remonstrated in vain, and finally bowed to authority; nor sought to carry on that special work elsewhere, but continued in prayer, with the brethren, that the Lord would open a door of hope. Within ten days, he one night dreamed that the Archbishop, (seen at a distance) would not return home, but would die on his way; that he saw the retinue and livery on the new Archbishop; and that the same effort was made to influence him against the work in vain; so that it went on and prospered. He told his dream to my grandmother, as it deeply impressed him, and expressed full conviction that it would be realized. She rather laughed at it as superstitious. A few days after, she came into his room, and said, "The Archbishop is on his way home, and within ten miles; for the horses are gone for him; what becomes of your dream?" He replied, "Well, dear, he is not home yet." And, strange to say, he took sick at the hotel, and died there, within ten miles of the palace! Some time after, on walking into the town one day, my grandfather saw a crowd, and a carriage, and servants in livery, and at once recognized those seen before in the dream! All other parts were as wonderfully realized. The same efforts were made by the Romish Bishop: [new] Archbishop sent for my grandfather and objected to his proceedings; but upon remonstrance from him, with a declaration that he was again ready to bow to authority and leave it in the hands of the Archbishop, said, "I will not inhibit you; if your work be not of God, it will come to naught; if it be, I dare not be found fighting against Him." This resulted in the re-establishment of the preaching, &c., &c.; which for a long time flourished under episcopal sanction.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours truly,
SAMUEL GEORGE POTTER,
Vicar of Stratford, Ireland.
Stratford Glebe, County Wicklow, March 1857.

The Poor Coal-miner's Boy.

A poor coal-miner who feared God, was in the habit of always taking his Bible with him when he went down into the pit, that he might read a few verses when he left off work to eat his meals. He had a little Bible at his Sabbath-school, by the advice of his father, took it with him too. One day when they were at work, the father turned round and stepped a few paces to reach one of his tools, when lo! a part of the roof fell in between him and the boy. The father, who was unharmed, was in great trouble to know whether the boy was killed or not. He shouted, and the boy answered; but it was to tell his agonized father that his feet were crushed under heavy pieces of coal, and that he could not move.

"What can I do for you, my poor, dear lad?" exclaimed the father.

"Nothing, I fear," said the boy, "but my lamp is not out yet, and I am reading my Bible. The Lord is with me."

Help was called, and after some hours of hard labor, the miner's boy was found dead. His lamp had gone out, but the lamp of life—the Bible—had shed light upon his soul, while the body, suffocating for want of air, was about to yield up the spirit from the darkness of that horrid pit into the more than sun-glorious brightness of the eternal world.

The Martyred Blind Boy.

In the reign of "Bloody Mary," of England, when the good Bishop Hooper was about to be burned to death, a blind boy, by much importunity, prevailed on the guard to bring him to the Bishop. This boy had lately suffered imprisonment in Gloucester, for confessing the truth. After the Bishop had examined him concerning his faith and the cause of his imprisonment, he looked on him steadfastly, tears standing in his eyes, and said, "Ah, poor boy, God hath taken from thee thy outward sight, for what reason he best knoweth; but he hath ended thy soul with an eye of knowledge and faith. God give thee grace continually to pray unto him, that thou lose not that sight; for thou shouldst then be blind both in body and soul."

The boy's name was Thomas Dowry. How often or how long he had endured imprisonment for the truth's sake, is not known; but on his final examination he was brought before Dr. Williams, Chancellor of Gloucester, sitting judicially with the register of the diocese in the consistory, near the south door of the cathedral church, who administered the usual articles, chiefly urging that on transubstantiation, and saying:—"Dost thou not believe that after the words of consecration spoken by the priest, there remaineth the very real body of Christ in the sacrament of the altar?"

"No," replied the blind boy, "that I do not."

"Then," said the Chancellor, "thou art an heretic and shalt be burned. But who taught you this heresy?"

"Yea, Master Chancellor."

"Even in yonder place," replied the boy, turning and pointing his hand towards the pulpit stood. The Chancellor again inquired:—"When did I teach thee so?"

Dowry answered, "When you preached there (naming a day) a sermon to all men, well as to me, upon the sacrament. You said the sacrament was not received spiritually, by faith, and not carnally, and really, as the papists have heretofore taught."

The shameless apostate answered:—"Then do as I have done, and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning."

The blind boy said:—"Though you can so easily dispense with yourself, and seek God, you will, and your conscience, yet will I not do so."

"Then God have mercy upon thee," rejoined the Chancellor; "for I will read the condemnation sentence against thee."

"God's will be fulfilled!" answered the young martyr. Hereupon the Register, being moved with the scene, stood up, and said to the Chancellor:—"For shame, man! will you read the sentence against him and condemn yourself? Away, away, and substitute some other to give sentence and judgment."

"No, Register," said the fearfully hardened man, "I will obey the law and give sentence myself according to mine office."

He did so; delivered him to the secular power, and he was led to the place of execution at Gloucester, together with one Thomas Croker, a poor boy brakiary, condemned also for the like testimony of the truth; when both, in one fire, most constantly and joyfully yielded their souls into the hands of the Lord Jesus.—*English Martyrology.*

The Shadow of Life.

All that live must die.
Each trace shall vanish from the sand.

Men seldom think of the great event of death until the dark shadow falls across their own path, hiding forever from their eyes the face of the loved ones, whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the great antagonism of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all our joys.

We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its passage may lead to paradise; and, with Charles Lamb, we do not wish to lie down in the mouldy grave, even with kings and princes for our bedfellows. But the fat of nature is inexorable. There is no appeal or reprieve from the great law that dooms us all to the dust. We flourish and fade like the leaves of the forest; and the faintest flower, that blooms and withers in a day, has not a trainter hold on life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth by his footsteps. Generations of men appear and vanish like the grass, and the countless multitude that swarms the world to-day, will to-morrow disappear like footprints on the shore.

Soon as the rising sun shall break,
Each trace shall vanish from the sand.

In the beautiful drama of Ion, the instinct of immortality, so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds a deep response in every thoughtful soul. It is nature's prophecy of life to come. When about to yield his young existence as a sacrifice to fate, his betrothed Clemanthe asks if they shall not meet again; to which he replies: "I have tracked that dreadful question of the hills that looks eternal; of the flowing streams that flow forever; of the stars, among whose fields my raised spirit hath walked in glory. All were dumb. But while I gaze upon thy living face, I feel there's something in thy love which mantles through its beauty that can not wholly perish. We shall meet again Clemanthe."

Encourage Each Other.

That was a noble and truly American trait of character which was exhibited by the crew who were carried into the ocean, as the last sea swept over the Central America, and she went down to the dark, unfathomable caves of the ocean. "As we rose to the surface," said several of the survivors, "and floated about on fragments of the wreck, we cheered each other with words of encouragement until the rescue came." There is a lesson in this peculiarly fitted for the present time. There was, in that dead hour of night, in an open and stormy sea, every motive for alarm and despair—every cause for panic and dismay. Less heroic men would have been mute with fear, or garrulous with lamentation. But those struggling sufferers were both heroic and wise. They cheered and encouraged each other, they served and helped, each by the other, they sank not, but combated the billows until succor and safety came.—*N.Y. Spectator.*

Preparation for Death.

When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the heavens be no more. And when you awake in the morning, consider the new day as your last, and live accordingly.—Surely, that night cometh of which you will never see the morning, or that day of which you may never see the night; but which of your mornings or nights will be such, you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loose about you, that it may be safely dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaken, the ground is ready for the tree easily. So when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and it will be the more easy for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one, and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.

A Sabbath Parable.

A devoted Christian, who is never at a loss for means and modes of approach to strangers on religious subjects, was lately passing over the noble Common in Brooklyn, on the site of Fort Greene, on a Sabbath morning, when he observed a group of half grown youths obviously intent upon finding their own pleasure, if possible, on God's holy day. To approach them with reproval, would have been merely to excite to a profane scoff; so he sauntered near with a careless air, and after seating himself on the grass and pausing idly for a few moments, said, in a pleasant, familiar tone:—"Boys, I'll tell you a story." They gathered around unexpectingly, and he proceeded as follows:—"There was once a good man, noted for his kindness and liberality, who was traveling in a lonely spot, when he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, and consequently in distress. With the greatest kindness he instantly drew out his purse, and after examining it said: 'I have only seven dollars with me; but I think that with one dollar I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest;' and with that he handed

The Wealthy Draper and the Bankrupt Sabbath-Breaker.

Some few months ago, in company with a friend, I visited a large and flourishing market town in the north of England. As we walked along one of the principal streets, we approached an old building near the Bank, in the pulling down of which a number of workmen were busily engaged.

"Stop," said my friend, pointing to the building. "Twenty years ago, I was engaged in that house as a draper's assistant. It was one of the largest, if not the largest, concern in the country. My master was Mayor of the place, had his country-house, ran his carriage, had his livery-servants, lived in great style, and was looked up to as one of the wealthiest men in the place. He died very suddenly. His affairs were found to be in a bankrupt state; and within a few weeks of his death, the establishment was closed and laid in ruins. He announced the sale by auction of all the effects. The creditors lost many thousands of pounds, and his family were thrown on the world in a penniless condition."

"Tell me," I inquired, "how was it that his affairs got into such a state?"

"There were, I think," replied my friend, "several causes which assisted in bringing about the downfall of this once so flourishing man; but the chief cause, I believe, was this: the man was a Sabbath-breaker. He usually spent the day with his accounts and ledgers, and in drinking and card-playing. I have marked the history of not a few Sabbath-breakers, and have generally found that, sooner or later, they have had the Almighty's blight falling upon either themselves, their circumstances, or their families."

"Do you know what became of your old master's family?" I asked.

"I do not know what became of the daughters," was the reply; "but the last that I heard of the son—who had been nursed in the lap of luxury—was that, after leading a career of iniquity, he was working in a gang of convicts, with a log chained to his leg."

Reader, the above is far from a solitary case; and, if you will carefully note the career of Sabbath-keeping and Sabbath-breaking men, you will find that there rests a curse on the one, and a blessing on the other; for doth not the Scriptures say, "Blessed is the man that walketh in all the ways of my commandments, to do them?" and, "My Sabbath they greatly polluted; then I said I would pour out my fury upon them?"—*British Workman.*

The Prayer of the Righteous.

The following is a very fine passage from good old Jeremy Taylor, from whom few men have ever wielded a more eloquent and powerful pen:—"I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighs of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learnt music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up toward a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven on the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

An Old Disciple.

What a rich experience might he retail to us—telling of the progress of Christ's kingdom; of the interpositions of Providence; and of God's faithfulness to his promises!

What a monument to the divine forbearance, that with all his faults he should have been continued in the vineyard so long; he spared, while his companions and contemporaries have been so generally cut down!

What a triumph of grace!—that, with the active intrigues of the devil, superadded to the force of inherited corruption, he should have been preserved from falling almost to the end of a protracted warfare!

What a double attraction is presented in this scene—"an old disciple!" Age is, under any circumstances, venerable, and ought to command respect. But when the hoary head is found enlisted in the service of Christ, it is particularly sacred. Oh, in what pleasant contrast is this with the case of a man tottering from the weight of years, upon the brink of the grave, and yet an alien and a rebel!

What a fair exhibition of religion—showing that it is a paramount principle, and not a spasmodic impulse; and showing, too, what are its legitimate fruits, when it has had full opportunity for molding the character!

What a pattern for the young—not to postpone repentance to an uncertain future, but to consecrate to God the morning of their life, that its evening may be cheered with his smiles!

What ripeness for the grave! The course is well-nigh finished, and the battle fought. The world has lost its charms, and death is coveted. The "old disciple" has a desire to depart and be with Christ. When, therefore, the great Benefactor shall visit his sickle, he is gathered to his home, "like a shock of corn cometh in his season."—And, though he might exhibit no death-bed triumph, yet would we have an abiding assurance, that the testimony of his life, that it was well with him.—*N.Y. Observer.*

Christian Character of the late Sir H. Lawrence.

To the courage of a soldier he added the practical sagacity of an Oriental statesman, and the deep piety of an experienced and active Christian. It is but a fortnight ago, quoting from Dr. Duff's letter, we spoke of him as "the bold, the prompt, the chivalrous, and the heroic," and we think it probable that it was in his anxiety to strike a daring blow, in co-operation with Havlock and Neill, that he made the sortie from Lucknow, in which, like a gallant Demetrius at Jellalabad, he received the honorable wounds of which he died. His removal is a great loss, but happily the fortunes of India do not depend upon the indomitable valour of our brave soldiers, or on the skill and daring of such noble leaders.—These were the instruments in the hands of the unseen Power, which we are all too apt to overlook, and whom our Indian rulers, as well as our journalists, too often provoke to jealousy. We rejoice to see Christians, like the two Lawrences, standing out in such bold relief before their country and the world, showing that Christianity neither unnerves the warrior's arm nor weakens the statesman's confidence; that, on the contrary, true faith inspires a confidence which nothing can excel, and enables its possessor to maintain with dignity his country's honor, and, as occasions may require, either to use his victory with moderation, or to descend with glory into a soldier's grave.—*London Record.*

Missions and the Village System of India.

Our readers are aware that in the native government of India every village is an organized municipality, having its council of head men, its revenues, and its formal meetings for the transaction of business, and to the necessity of paying some regard to these institutions, as we have some time since pointed out, is to be attributed the difference observable in the administration of the East India Company's government in the different presidencies. A writer in the Colonial Church Gazette thus shows how this village system has, by the missionaries of the Church of England, "contributed largely to the consolidation, if not to the extension of Christianity generally, but especially in Tinnevely."

When a Tinnevely village embraces Christianity, it immediately forms itself, almost as a matter of course, into a Christian municipality, and authorizes its head men to exercise a general superintendance over the congregation, and, in conjunction with the catechist, to carry into effect the missionary's views. Even in those cases where only a portion of a village becomes Christian, and that not the most influential portion, it forms itself, not only in ecclesiastical and educational matters, but even in the greater number of social matters, into a new municipality, and generally manages to maintain its independence. The heads of a congregation, being also the heads of the community, have much more power and a much wider scope of influence than English churchwardens, and where they happen to be really good, prudent men, are immeasurably more useful to the minister. They feel themselves responsible for the observance of the rest of the people to Christian rules, or their regularity in attending church and sending their children to school, for the collection of contributions for charitable and religious purposes, for carrying into effect decisions of church discipline, as well as for the settlement of any civil and social disputes that may arise.

The head men may be said to hold their appointment by hereditary right, or in virtue of their position in society; though they are chosen by the people, and appointed by the missionary, yet, in almost every instance, those persons alone are appointed to whom the people have always been accustomed to look up; and thus the head of the village is also the elder in the congregation. So long as Christianity has not acquired a recognized footing in a village, but is only seeking an entrance, the corporate action of the community is undoubtedly a serious obstacle to its progress; but when once a village, or any considerable portion of a village, has embraced Christianity, I need not point out in how large a degree this system must further the establishment of Christian laws and usages, and the consolidation of a Christian congregation into a regularly organized Church community. We should be glad to see the missionary appeals to the elders and head men to restore things to rights; whereupon they assemble the people, or go from house to house, and endeavor to effect a reformation.

There is rarely any danger of their setting their position in opposition to him, and using their power in opposition to him. Practically the only danger that exists lies in the opposite direction. The missionary's influence in his own district being much greater than any other person, the people of every congregation, the head-men included, are prone to refer every case to him, instead of settling it among themselves. A tacit conspiracy is thus entered into to make him a universal "rule and divider;" and if he is young and inexperienced, he will probably fall into the temptation, until his patience is wearied out with disputes and litigations, a large crop of which is continually ripening in a country where illiterate peasants are the proprietors of the soil, and where all property is held in hereditary coparcenary; and he is actually making it his aim to develop the capacity for self-government of every congregation of any size is found to possess, and to organize some central court of appeal, such as the *nigra sabai*, or "council of justice," which he had in Edeyenkool, and which was composed of five householders, annually chosen by the whole people, he is set free to devote his time and strength to the spiritual work of his office, with only a general directive influence in the administration of temporal affairs, and the interests of the people themselves are in the end more effectually advanced.

It strikes us that this is a complete assumption of secular as well as religious authority, inasmuch as not only does the missionary become virtually the executive and the administrator of the laws, but gives the law also in the form of his views and wishes. The writer says, justly enough, that if the missionary is at once pious, humble, self-denying, discreet and experienced, much good may result. But the operation of the system must be as bad as the system is, when the missionary does not possess this rare combination of good qualities.—*N.Y. Spectator.*

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A devoted Christian, who is never at a loss for means and modes of approach to strangers on religious subjects, was lately passing over the noble Common in Brooklyn, on the site of Fort Greene, on a Sabbath morning, when he observed a group of half grown youths obviously intent upon finding their own pleasure, if possible, on God's holy day. To approach them with reproval, would have been merely to excite to a profane scoff; so he sauntered near with a careless air, and after seating himself on the grass and pausing idly for a few moments, said, in a pleasant, familiar tone:—"Boys, I'll tell you a story." They gathered around unexpectingly, and he proceeded as follows:—"There was once a good man, noted for his kindness and liberality, who was traveling in a lonely spot, when he met a man who represented himself as having suffered a great loss, and consequently in distress. With the greatest kindness he instantly drew out his purse, and after examining it said: 'I have only seven dollars with me; but I think that with one dollar I can get to the end of my journey, and you shall have the rest;' and with that he handed

The Prayer of the Righteous.

The following is a very fine passage from good old Jeremy Taylor, from whom few men have ever wielded a more eloquent and powerful pen:—"I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back by the loud sighs of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the liberation and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learnt music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man; when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up toward a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven on the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

An Old Disciple.

What a rich experience might he retail to us—telling of the progress of Christ's kingdom; of the interpositions of Providence; and of God's faithfulness to his promises!

What a monument to the divine forbearance, that with all his faults he should have been continued in the vineyard so long; he spared, while his companions and contemporaries have been so generally cut down!

What a triumph of grace!—that, with the active intrigues of the devil, superadded to the force of inherited corruption, he should have been preserved from falling almost to the end of a protracted warfare!

What a double attraction is presented in this scene—"an old disciple!" Age is, under any circumstances, venerable, and ought to command respect. But when the hoary head is found enlisted in the service of Christ, it is particularly sacred. Oh, in what pleasant contrast is this with the case of a man tottering from the weight of years, upon the brink of the grave, and yet an alien and a rebel!

What a fair exhibition of religion—showing that it is a paramount principle, and not a spasmodic impulse; and showing, too, what are its legitimate fruits, when it has had full opportunity for molding the character!

What a pattern for the young—not to postpone repentance to an uncertain future, but to consecrate to God the morning of their life, that its evening may be cheered with his smiles!

What ripeness for the grave! The course is well-nigh finished, and the battle fought. The world has lost its charms, and death is coveted. The "old disciple" has a desire to depart and be with Christ. When, therefore, the great Benefactor shall visit his sickle, he is gathered to his home, "like a shock of corn cometh in his season."—And, though he might exhibit no death-bed triumph, yet would we have an abiding assurance, that the testimony of his life, that it was well with him.—*N.Y. Observer.*

Christian Character of the late Sir H. Lawrence.

To the courage of a soldier he added the practical sagacity of an Oriental statesman, and the deep piety of an experienced and active Christian. It is but a fortnight ago, quoting from Dr. Duff's letter, we spoke of him as "the bold, the prompt, the chivalrous, and the heroic," and we think it probable that it was in his anxiety to strike a daring blow, in co-operation with Havlock and Neill, that he made the sortie from Lucknow, in which, like a gallant Demetrius at Jellalabad, he received the honorable wounds of which he died. His removal is a great loss, but happily the fortunes of India do not depend upon the indomitable valour of our brave soldiers, or on the skill and daring of such noble leaders.—These were the instruments in the hands of the unseen Power, which we are all too apt to overlook, and whom our Indian rulers, as well as our journalists, too often provoke to jealousy. We rejoice to see Christians, like the two Lawrences, standing out in such bold relief before their country and the world, showing that Christianity neither unnerves the warrior's arm nor weakens the statesman's confidence; that, on the contrary, true faith inspires a confidence which nothing can excel, and enables its possessor to maintain with dignity his country's honor, and, as occasions may require, either to use his victory with moderation, or to descend with glory into a soldier's grave.—*London Record.*