

the mighty dead. Great Calvin ! thou shaven son of the church, and lean lawyer of the Loire ; thou lively-tongued teacher of dead languages ; thou severe commentator on Latin morals, and self-styled Roman citizen ; thou fomenter of free thought, and excommunicator of free thinkers ; thou Hebrew student of Basil, and famous seeker of obscurity ; thou great author of confessions, and stern opposer of Synods ; thou vigorous executor of consistories and refuge from oppression ; thou tyrannical enemy of tyrants, and mighty advocate of reform ; thou prince of Protestants, and burner of heretics ; thou learned, laborious, loving child of God ; thou analyzing, philosophizing, governing son of man ; thou great counsellor of kings and provinces, and lawgiver of States and Churches ; thou advocate of sanctity, and punisher of plush breeches, hail ! Here in thy favourite Geneva, Farel detained thee by his curses, or the magistracy by its blessings—God knoweth which—and made thee at once minister and professor. Well, thou art earnest and honest—a man and no make-believe—glorious with all thy errors. It is a pleasure to stand where once thy voice rolled in thunder, and thy pen scathed as lightning ; thou wast mighty in truth and in God, thou second Augustine, but greater than the first—a heart on fire is thy symbol. If we could contemplate Calvin apart from his theology, he would, nevertheless, be an object of veneration to a citizen of the United States—indeed, to any freeman ; for he was the father of the Pilgrims and the friend of civil liberty ; and his pulpit was the nest that hatched that great bird, the American Eagle.”

Has any loftier enthusiasm been felt, or any other eulogium been attempted by a professed believer in the theology of Calvin ? The book referred to, is “ Letters from Europe, by E. Thompson, D. D., LL. D.,” and is lively, judicious and entertaining throughout.—*Am. Presbyterian.*

AN OLD IRISH STORY.

BY THE REV. JOHN HALL.

Nearly fifteen hundred years ago, three children were playing one day upon the sea-shore, somewhere in the North of France. The eldest was a boy of about fifteen or sixteen, named Succat, the others his two young sisters. Very likely in gathering shells, or some other cheer-

ful sport, they wandered too far from home. A boat full of barbarian pirates was hovering near the shore, on the watch for plunder, and suddenly it swept up to the place where the three children were amusing themselves, made them captives, and hurried off with them across the waters to a strange land. I cannot tell you what became of the poor girls ; no doubt they were sold into slavery. Succat was bought by a chief, who sent him, like the prodigal son, “ into the fields to feed swine.” It was a sad life for him, tenderly cared for as he had been by loving and Christian parents ; for the father and mother of Succat were followers of Jesus. They had only lived a little while in France ; their homes were in Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, and they had been amongst the few Britons who, in the time of idolatry, had learned and loved the Gospel. Their son had not thought much of their instructions once, but now, enslaved and wretched, he remembered what he had been taught. He thought with sadness of the boyish, careless, wicked life he had led, and began to pray. He said himself, in after days (and I think I remember almost his very words) —“ In that strange land the Lord opened my unbelieving eyes ; and although late, I called my sins to mind, and was converted with my whole heart to the Lord my God, who regarded my low estate, had pity on my youth and ignorance and comforted me as father comforts his children.” By night as well as by day, on the lonely mountain-side, amid snow and frost and rain, this poor youth was constantly on his knees, beseeching the mercy of God. He found peace and joy in answer to his prayer, and was often happier there in the midst of his herd, and far away from all who loved him, than he had been when he played with his little sisters, without one anxious care or serious holy thought. After a while, his parents found out where he was, and procured his liberty.

He returned home, but not to stay there peacefully. Strange, yet grand thoughts, began to come into his mind. He remembered the barbarians among whom he had been a slave. They knew not Christ—they had no love to God. Was it not his duty to try and do them good ? Must he not become a missionary to them ? His parents could not bear the thought of losing him a second time. His friends thought him mad for wishing to go again to that wild country. But it