

who were strangers to its sanctifying power; and prevented crimes, which should otherwise have been committed without compunction or shame. It has erected asylums for the reception of the blind, the diseased, the destitute—of deserted infancy, infirm age, and penitence-depravity. It has prompted to the devising of plans for the more general advancement of intellectual culture and illumination—the instruction of the ignorant, the education of the poor, the diffusion of entertaining and useful knowledge among all orders. It has vindicated the rights of woman; lifted her from the state of degradation to which heathenism had depressed her; restored her to the rank she was designed to occupy in the scale of rational existence; assigned to her her natural position, and just consequence, in society; and honoured her as the equal and the companion of man, instead of being treated as his inferior and slave. Under its benign influence, usages, as barbarous as they were prevalent, have been abolished; and the various arts which embellish with their improvements, and sweeten with their comforts, are encouraged and promoted.

The mention of such advantages is, surely, fitted to silence the malignant cavils of infidelity, and make the hardened scoffer blush to put the question, "What good has Christianity done?" Its utility, even in a temporal view, is incalculable. Everywhere, civilization, order, and comfort have followed in its course. It has proved itself favourable to the development of the mind, the dissemination of intelligence, and the exercise of a spirit of sober, yet enlightened and independent inquiry. A history of its progress would illustrate and establish the fact, that Christianity, like its Divine Author, is the friend of man—the redresser of his grievances, the assertor of his rights, the guardian of his liberties. It throws upon injustice and oppression—pities and relieves the injured and the oppressed. Accompanied with the blessing of heaven, it has "delivered the needy when he cried; the poor also, and him that had no helper; it has redeemed their souls from deceit and violence."

In the atmosphere which Christianity creates and diffuses—an atmosphere of love and good will, slave-dealing cannot exist. To the abettors of that monstrous system of cupidity and cruelty, this was well known; and hence their hatred of the light, and their efforts to exclude it, "lest their deeds should be made manifest." Under its benevolent dominion, female infanticide, and the immolation of wives at the death of their husbands, have no toleration; are condemned and proscribed alike by its letter and its spirit. How fearful, how almost incredible, must have been the annual waste of human life, throughout the heathen world, caused by these two practices alone! It has been ascertained that, in British India, during a single year, upwards of thirty thousand widows expired on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands; while, within the same period, in the city of Pekin, though containing but an insignificant fraction of the vast population of the Chinese empire, more than nine thousand infants perished. It has been affirmed, too, on testimony above suspicion, that among the islanders in the South Seas, it is not uncommon for a mother to be the murderer of five, seven, or even nine of her own tender offspring. One chief, after his conversion to the Christian faith, made a gratuitous confession, in agony and tears, before a numerous assembly, that he had ordered the destruction of nineteen helpless innocents, to whom he had borne the relation of a father. We ask, then, is not that religion an invaluable blessing, which, in proportion as it prevails, puts an end to enormities so appalling; enormities that can hardly fail to excite a thrill of horror in the most apathetic bosom; enormities, by which the liveliest sensibilities of the maternal heart are extinguished, the strongest parental ties are so rudely violated and broken; enormities, which have been the disgrace and the curse both of ancient and modern Pagans? Yes! "more precious than thousands of gold and silver," is that heavenly system of instruction, which, by the force of its truths, and its appeals to the conscience, can stop the acting of such bloody tragedies. Already, it has, in some measure, rolled away this foul reproach from our nature. Shame, then, to those who, aware of the fact, have the effrontery to ask, "What has Christianity done?" It promises, as it spreads, entirely to abolish the horrid barbarity—effectually to remove so gross an outrage, to obliterate for ever so deep a stain on humanity. "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound."

Let Christianity be propagated and embraced, let its doctrines be believed, and its precepts obeyed—the pleasing effects will, ere long, be visible on the face of the moral world. Its unsightly appearance will be exchanged for features fitted to attract and charm the beholder: even its most rugged and dismal scenes will exhibit a transformation lovelier than that presented by the fairest spots in nature, which, from arid wastes, or barren wilds, overrun with thorns and briars, have been converted, by the skill and industry of the husbandman, into fields,

clothed in verdure, adorned with beauty, and yielding abundant produce. Were the pacific and harmonizing principles of the Gospel imbibed and acted on, wars would cease; the reign of discord terminate; misrule, with its attendant evils, no more disturb the tranquil enjoyment of equal immunities and privileges; and men, instead of "living in malice and envy," governed by unfeeling selfishness and invading each other's rights, reciprocally cherish fraternal regard, interchange the offices of kindness, and cultivate the virtues that conduce alike to personal comfort, mutual happiness, and the stability and welfare of society. Say not that this is the dream of enthusiasm, a mere picture of the imagination. No: future generations shall find it a blessed reality. We are warranted to anticipate a period, for "the spirit of prophecy" has foretold it, when peace shall establish its empire over the earth; when civil commotions shall be unknown; when, to the operations of the malevolent affections, shall succeed the practice of justice and mercy: when the dwellings of contention and cruelty shall be turned into abodes of harmony and love. Auspicious day! when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatted together; and a little child shall lead them; when they shall not hurt or destroy in all God's holy mountain!" This glorious day, of which the nations begin to enjoy the early dawn, shall arrive in all its brightness, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea."—*United Secession Magazine.*

### THE WONDER:

A PARABLE OF KRUMMACHER.

One day in spring, Solomon, while yet a youth, sat under the palm trees in the garden of his father the king, and looked down in deep thoughtfulness. Then Nathan his preceptor came to him and said, "What are you so intently musing upon under the palms?" The youth raised his head and answered, "Nathan, I am desirous of seeing a wonder." The prophet smiled and said "that is a desire which I also cherished in my youthful years." "And was it ever gratified?" eagerly inquired the prince. "There came to me," continued Nathan, "a man of God with a pomegranate seed in his hand, and he said 'Mark now what will grow from this seed;' and with his finger he made an opening in the ground, and laid in the seed and covered it. But scarcely had he taken back his hand when the clod parted, and I saw two small blades springing up; and while I was observing them, they closed upon each other, and became a round stem, covered with bark, and the stem grew to the sight both higher and thicker. Then the man of God said to me, 'Give heed;' and while I looked, seven branches shot out from the stem, like the seven arms of the golden candlestick. I was astonished; but he made a sign, and besought me to be silent and attentive; 'for behold,' said he, 'new wonders of creation will immediately appear.' Then he took water in his hand out of the brook that flowed by, and sprinkled the branches three times; and lo, the branches became completely covered with green leaves, and a cool shade overspread us, fragrant with the sweetest odours. Whence, cried I, is there so sweet a perfume in this refreshing shade? 'Do you not perceive,' said the man of God, 'how the purple blossoms are shooting out from the green leaves and hanging down in richest clusters.'

But before I could express my admiration, a soft breeze gently waved the leaves, and scattered the blossoms around us, as when the snow flakes float upon the air to the ground. Hardly had the blossoms fallen, when the red pomegranates appeared in clusters among the leaves, like the almonds upon Aaron's rod; and then the man of God left me in deep astonishment."—Here Nathan ended. And then, eagerly and hastily, Solomon inquired, "Where is he!—What is the name of this godlike man? Is he still alive!" To which Nathan answered, "Son of David, I have only related to you a dream." When Solomon heard these words, he was sorrowful, and said, "How could you deceive me so?" But Nathan replied, "I have not deceived you. Behold in your father's garden you may see all that I have told you in actual oper-

ation. Does not the same thing still take place in every pomegranate, and in all other trees?" "Yes," replied Solomon, "but slowly and by imperceptible gradations." "True; but is it the less a divine work because it takes place in silence, and unobserved? I should be disposed to regard it as for that very reason the more manifestly divine. Study nature and her works with diligence and care, and you will be led, instead of longing after the wonders of a human hand, to trace the operations of a superior power in all the objects which surround you."

### FEMALE PRISONERS IN BELGIUM AND BRITAIN.

"Among these three hundred women (prisoners in the Maison de Detention in Ghent) there was not one murderess; an exemption honourable to the sex; but, though my sex's pride might be gratified, my pride, as a British woman, was brought very low; for I could not but owe to myself, that in my country, it would be rare indeed, among three hundred female prisoners, not to find one who had been guilty of murder.

To what is this owing? Doubtless to the quantity of ardent spirits that is drunk by women in Britain; for the newspapers are daily filled with details of the drunkenness of women, and of its murderous results; and when in their fearful inebriety, they do not commit murder themselves, they often lose their lives in drunken squabbles with their intoxicated husbands. And this goes on in spite of Temperance Tea-total Societies; However this is no proof that they are not every day doing more and more good: but while murders are constantly held up to public view, the successes of private philanthropists, are allowed to remain in comparative obscurity; and as destructive storms are recorded in the journals, with all their dreadful details, while no one thinks of describing the course of the quiet but useful river, which, as it glides along, fertilizes the soil around, and confers the blessing of plenty;—so while murders are, by means of the press, bruited about England, thousands of tea-totallers may assemble and drink their tea together, increasing in numbers every day, diffusing their beneficent influence around, unnoticed and unknown. To these useful societies I can bid God speed! and I firmly believe, that owing to their exertions, the number of murders which disgrace our calendars will rapidly decrease; and that the women of Britain will one day as rarely deserve the name of murderesses, as the women of Belgium.—*Mrs. Amelia Opie.—Recollection of Days in Belgium.*

### TRUE MORAL COURAGE.

The Rev. Mr. Fletcher had a very wild and profligate nephew in the army, a man who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for very bad conduct. He had engaged in two or three duels, and had spent all his money in vice and folly. This wicked youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General De Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would that moment advance him five hundred crowns. The general though a brave man, well knew what a desperate fellow he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time speaking freely to him on his conduct.—The young man rode off in high spirits with his ill gotten money. In the evening passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr. Fletcher, he called on him, and began with informing him what General De Gons had done; and, as a proof, showed a draft under De Gons' own hand. Mr. Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at him with surprise. Then, nephew, and looked at him with surprise. Then, after some remarks putting it into his pocket, "It strikes me young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some wrong method; and, in conscience, I cannot return it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation. The nephew's pistol was in a moment at his breast. "My life," replied Mr. Fletcher, with perfect calmness, "is secure in the protection of an Almighty power; nor will he suffer the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." It to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness." This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, "that his uncle, De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother." "Afraid of more afraid of death than his brother." "Afraid of Death;" rejoined Mr. Fletcher, "do you think that I have been twenty five years a minister of the Lord of life, to be afraid of death now? No sir, it is for you to be afraid of death. You are a gamester and a cheat; yet call yourself a gentleman! You are the seducer of a female innocence; and still say you are a gentleman! You are a duellist; and for this your style upon us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker, who can in a moment kill your body and forever punish your soul in hell."

The unhappy young prodigal turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage. He still threatened his