

TOMBS OF ROUSSEAU AND  
VOLTAIRE.

[We have frequently been pleased and instructed by the sensible, and often eloquent, remarks of Dr. Humphrey, on the various objects which presented themselves to his notice in his recent tour in Europe. They are contained in a series of well-written letters communicated to the New York Observer. The following account of what he saw in the vaults under the Pantheon at Paris, shews how God, in his providence, sometimes frowns even in this world on the daring impugners of his Truth and righteousness, and puts out their lamp in utter darkness.]

"Preceded by a trusty guide with his lighted lamp, we descended into the dark vaults beneath. A great many tombs are already chiseled with illustrious names, and yet there is room for hundreds more. In traversing those gloomy and silent labyrinths, my attention was first arrested by the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire; and the more so, because they are already in a dilapidated state, and appear to be entirely neglected. Is this, thought I, the immortality of the sentimental libertine and the sneering atheist? 'Glory, honour, and immortality,' beyond the tomb, they sought not, coveted not; and how little did they suspect, that in half a century their bones would scarcely be protected from the moralizing gaze of the Christian traveller—hardly kept from falling out and being trodden under foot! How happy for France, had all their infidel and anarchical writings been consigned to the same corruption and neglect with their bodies!

"But my attention was still more strongly arrested by a marble statue of Voltaire, which the guide pointed out to us, in one of the farthest and darkest nooks of these chambers of death. By whom, or for what reason, it was placed there, 'hid from the eyes of all living,' I could not learn. I had expected to find it in the garden of the Tuilleries, or the Champs Elysees, or some other place of great public resort. But I confess that this subterranean location, which the light of heaven never visits, struck me as pre-eminently judicious and appropriate. That malignant, self-complacent, indescribable leer, true to the original, I have no doubt, almost made me shudder, as the impious edict, '*Crush the wretch*,' seemed ready to issue from those marble lips. Would the

Arch-Anarch, the great High Priest of Atheism, have chosen this spot, to be enthroned by the sculptor? Would he have believed that an admiring and almost adoring country would ever thus consign his statue to everlasting darkness and forgetfulness! But God will sooner or later, even in this world, pour contempt upon those who deny his being, vilify his attributes, and blaspheme the name of his Son, while 'the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance.'"

## A WORD IN SEASON.

The late excellent Rowland Hill, at the conclusion of a sermon in which he had been exhorting his hearers not to be conformed to the world, related the following very interesting circumstance:—

"It is now many years since a young man, who had been conformed to this world, and who had lived a very wicked life, made up his mind to come to this chapel to hear the man preach, who, in his estimation, was beside himself. He came; and He, who by the foolishness of preaching can make many wise, put words into my mouth to suit his case. He went away sorrowing, with an arrow in his heart.

"Now he had a brother, who had pursued the same thoughtless ungodly course as himself, and he told him where he had been, and how he felt. 'Brother,' said he, 'we have lived very wicked lives; I wish you would come with me; for I think if you were to hear the same man preach, you would feel the same as I do.' His brother consented, and they both came here and sat, as you are now sitting, to hear the word of God preached by his unworthy servant. I had this account from the young man who first came; and he told me, that if ever he had enjoyed a happy moment in the course of his life, it was when, turning round to his brother, he saw the repentant tear trickling down his cheek.

"These two young men became servants of God; and though one of them is dead, yet they are servants of God still. The one worships God at his throne, and the other at his footstool."

## "THE CHURCH" NEWSPAPER

Is conducted by Clergymen of the English Episcopal Church, and is published every Saturday at Cobourg in Upper Canada. It appears to be edited with much care and ability;