THE WESLEYAN.

family Circle.

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The Dying Child.

EMMA RAY was twelve years old when she Dear child, how sweetly she fell asleep ! So calmly, so pleasantly did she sink to repose, like a summer's sunset !--Folded her thin and wasted hands over the young heart, so early stricken ; opened her eyes, that beamed with celestial hope, and looked upon her friends with so sweet a smile ; faintly murmured " Jesus," and then-she slept.

It was just at evening, one day about the middle of June, when a little boy, perhaps eight years old, came to the door and said. " Mother wishes you would please to come to our house." "Who is your mother ?" I esked. "Mrs. Ray," was the reply .-"What does your mother want ?" I enquired. "Sister Emma is sick," was his answer: " is very sick, and wishes you would come and see her ;" and the tears forced themselves down his cheek, in spite of his erident attempt to keep them back.

He mentioned the street where they lived, and I said, " Well, I will come round there this evening, and see your mother and Emma." The boy turned slowly away a step or two, then stopped, looked up in my face, and said, while his lips quivered and his tears started afresh, "I wish you could go now." " I will go now," I replied. In a moment I was ready, and taking the little fellows hand, hastened along with him.

We were soon at the door, and entered the kitchen. There was no one present .--The little boy handed me a chair, and then went into the next room. I looked around ; it was evidently the abode of poverty, and, no doubt, of sorrow. The dilapidated house, the old, worn and shattered furniture, seemed to wear a forced and almost painful appearnce of neatness, like a smile that hides heart-eating grief.

In the next room was Emma, the sick child ; and there, too, I supposed, was her mother, watching over her; and I beard also the voice of a man. It might be her father, or it might be her physician, or perhaps some friend come in to see her.

But a moment after, all doubt was dissipated, as the voice rose louder and harsher " She shall too ; so get up, now. What's the use of lying there all day, when she's well enough to be up ?" The sound of the mother's voice could be heard expostulating ; and I wondered if Mr. Ray was a drunkard.

" Get up this minute," growled out the savage father; "I'll see if you won't mind." I stepped to the door and opened it. The mother held a bowl of drink for the sick. child in one hand ; with the other she attempted to restrain the father from any act of violence to his child.

"Don't John," she said ; " you know Emma is sick, and isn't able to get up. Don't act so." He pushed her roughly away, spilling the drink from the bowl, and, without perceiving me, caught the child's hand to enforce his brutal authority.

ed every premonition of her early decline. Oh, how like a canker it had eaten into her mother's heart, as day by day and month by month she had watched her tender lamb, chilled and shivering beneath the storms of life, from which she had no power to shelter or protect her, and knew that she was wasting away and sinking into the grave. And the father-what shall we say of the father ? God forgive him !

No matter; it was all right. Emma said it was. She would be with the angels soon ; and she knew it wouldn't be long before her 12 years. In Heaven," - "believe that for poor mother would come too And her father-Oh, if she could only think that he would come also ! That was the only thorn and Reflector. in her dying pillow. She scarcely thought of death. Of earth she thought, and did not grieve that she was to leave the sorrows she had tasted so bitterly. Of heaven she thought, where the rivers of life gently flow, and the good Shepherd leads his flock ; that was her home, and she hasted to it.

Three evenings after. I called again. It was just at sunset. Emma was about to take her departure. Her mother had raised her up in the bed a little. She smiled as if some good news had been told her, or as one might, who, in the glee of childhood, was going out with playmates for a run in the green fields, or to gather flowers in the wood.

How she talked of heaven and the angels. and of the Saviour, her Saviour ! wondered if they would know her when she got there, and if she should see her little brother who died last spring, and that she had mourned for so much ! how sweet the music of golden harps would be, and how beautiful the green fields, and the bright flowers, and the crystal waters !

" And oh, mother, you must come soon. You will, won't you ? I shall want to have you with me so much !" said the child in the transport of her joy. Her mother covered her face, and answered only with tears. " And father," she added, as a cloud passed over the sunlight of her vision ;---" think poor father will come too ? I want him to come - And, little Willie, you must be a

good boy and you will come some day; and we'll all be there." She failed. Presently her father, who had been absent

all day, opened the outside door and stumbleed into the kitchen. Emma heard him and wished him to come in. Mrs. Ray stepped to the door and called in her husband. He came with an unsteady step, and a dreamy, vacant look, that told of the excesses of the day.

"Father," said Emma, " come and sit down here by me; I wanted to talk a little with you before I go." He took the hand she held out to him; he saw the change, and the truth flashed upon his mind. His child was dying. It entered his soul like a sword. In a moment he was a sober man, and it seemed as if some fearful storm of agony overwhelmed him. "Father," she said, "I always loved

you, and I've tried to be a good girl, and mind you. Haven't I minded you, father ?"

Then her mother went softly to her, and way of supplying the earth with moisture Emma was sleeping, so sweetly-

- Blessed sleep ; From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mr. Ray kept the promise made to God and to his dying child. And should you created, it is said there was no rain but stroll along the south-east declivity of the mist, and from this we would infer against cemetary of P----, where the spring sun- Biblical critics that after man was placed shine falls so pleasantly, and the early vio- in the Garden before the flood, there came lets bloom so lovely, and mark a plain me- rain-" showers that u-hered in the spring morial inscribed, " To Emma Ray, aged and cheered the thirsty ground." once, at least, tombstones may tell the truch : osophical works, not filse philosophy, and for Enma Ray is in heaven. - Watchman in no case do we find them contradicting

General Miscellany.

The Drying up of the Sea.

There is an interesting discussion in progress in the National Intelligencer, respectng the progress of the coral formations' reducing the waters of the sea to solid land. W. D. Porter introduced the discussion. and he has been replied to by H R. Schetterly, our gorrespondent. Mr Porter maintains that the ocean has dummshed in liquids, by the amount of the solid formed by the zoophites and shell lish, and that the shores and lines of coasts have changed their form in consequence of the subsidence. of water caused by this diminution. The zoonhites surround the world in a belt, 'extending 39 degrees from the equator each way. They are constantly forming solid from the liquid ocean. They have already formed sixteen millions of square miles. And liquids when reduced to solids, generally occupy less space. Mr. Porter says :

Where rolled many millions of waves, now stand many millions of miles of firm rocks their bases fast to old ocean's sand, their tops peering above old ocean's blue waves.

Mr. Schetterly, in reply, maintains, that though there is a subsidence of waters, it must be from other causes-the actual quantity of water on the globe has not diminished. He thinks a diminution of the sea would diminish the amount raised by evaporation, and falling in rain, and would be destructive to vegetable hie. This sort of reasoning is not satisfactory against a matter of fact. Should great changes take place on the face of the world, Providence has sources to make one thing balance another. And agencies of which we now have no idea might come in to do the work of sprinkling the earth, after the submarine land makers had exhausted a considerable portion of the sea. It is evident that the world is yet to subsist a population vastly greater than it now does; and that God is making room for them. And we read that in the new earth which is to exist after the dissolution and re-construction of this-" There was no more-sca"

And there may, for aught we know, be a gradual diminution of the sea, to make way for the vast population which is to fill the world in the millennial state. At least we need not shrink from allowing the actual progress of things towards such a result, to have its weight on our minds, for fear that God cannot spire the wasted waters, or cannot preserve the life and health of the world without them. The earth before the flood appears to have been watered in a different way from what it now is. And it very much limits the resources of Him who made the world, and who set to work the zoophites, making its solid land more ample, to assume that he has no other means of watering the solid earth than to devoting to it so large a proportion of the earth's surface, as is now covered by the sea, -- Pur. itan Recorder, We understand by our worthy cotempoporary that it believes in Mr. Porter's theory, and draws from the Bible, an argugument for the necessity or rather probability of its correctness, against Mr. Shetterly, that although the waters of the sea and evaporation were diminished Providence has other resources to make one thing bulance another. It throws out the hint that the increase of the earth may be for the vast population of the millenium; but posure had nourished disease, and aggravat- fore they would disturb her, but let her rest. surely Providence, which can make a new following proofs :- In his declining years,

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whispered, " Emma." She answered not. could also find a way to sustain the ran population of the earth with the present entent of dry land. The earth was witered before the flood just as it now is by evapo. ration and condensation. Before man was

The Books of Moses are profound philsound science. The hypotheses of Mr. Porter, we believe, is founded on ever s'ender data. The seas have no less waters to day than they had four thousand years ago; they are a constant quantity. It is true that some reefs and islands have coral foundations, but if the dry land has made encrotchments on the sea in some places, the sea has made encroachments on the dry lud to others. Where the cutes of the Plain stood, there is now the deep Dead seat the waves roll over the walls of ancient Tyre. Where Port Royal stood, the shark sports and where the guay of Lisbon onces tifted up its solid walls, also they are now filly fathours deep below. The sea has been making, year after year, great encrotchments on the coast of Norfolk, in England; and where once the large and fine island of Norland stood in the German Ocean, there are only three small islets, In one tempestuous night, the sea buried the most of it beneath its waves.

> We could cite various other instances of the sea's encroachment; England was once united to France and so was Scotland to Ireland-the evidence of this appears to be beyond cavil. There is one expression in the extract quoted which we cannot pass over-"liquids when reduced to solids generally occupy less space. This is not the case with water, and zoophites cannot raise a foot of coraline rock without taking the material from the sea to build it. They do not make their formation out of nothing, therefore the waters of the sea cannot be growing less, unless the corals have discorered a way to change the very nature of the water itself, convert it from water into their time formations-a thing impossible.

> The coral formations increase very slowly. In some of the gaps in the Australian reef, scarcely a perceptible difference has been discovered in their elevation for fifty years. If there are elevations taking place in one part of the earth, science teaches us that there must be depressions in some other, By the common laws of the Universe, no portions of any kind of matter are growing less-such as the drying up of the sea -by any organic or inorganic action. The sea will never dry up until "the elements shall melt with fervent heat," and when there shall be no more sea, there will not be the same kind of inhabitants on the earth, for our bodies are composed of about 81 parts of water.

1851.

Maimonides tan of Egypt century, whe and renown : great was his sulted, not 1 court, But by Arabian auth sentiment of him the " pl medicine ;" ; and the E-ci his learning. scentises of 1 Three Jews, father, son, a renowned for the master o says in one (owes everyth The third of physician to At the So: were also oc was to one o King Leon t plied in orde from an allia arch was re: temper. and sessing so m his royal Cli undertake w cess, that tas others recoil great progre that in medi mentioned a tion for cata Spain, in th niso that R. Nahurdea, w in 210, form which the J in which no centuries. lelo, under the famous written in II O. Jewish s stances. W tie Caliphs tant mission honesty, fi Charlemagn av to the mide choice The chief a le Debonna cessor, was Of their bei we find that kings of Sp wards by th office; they count of the when some ing further out to mak some of the led ultimate India by th torians, we assch ben phy, the na is a host in to the list o find among Davoust, a noblesse, & inspiring m the divine delssohn, a Halevi; or of a Malibi or a Rossin tion the ce Rachel. 1 sent, have ciers, we fi to the Stat the patrioti smid, and Chronicle.

Stepping forward, I laid my hand rather suddenly upon his shoulder. He turned, gazed at me with a balf-stupid stare, and muttered, "He'd see if his children could'nt be made to mind - have 'em lying abed all day"-and in a few minutes the intoxicated man left the room.

Little Emma hid her face in the pillow and sobbed with shame and grief.

I sat down by her side, took her hand, and spoke kindly to her; the mother wiped a few tears from her own cheek, seated herself, and drew her little boy to her lap. We talked of sickness and of the Saviour, of living and of dying, of the weary pilgrimage of earth, and the blessed rest of heaven.

Fmina was a Christian. From her mother's instructions, and the kind and faithful labours of her Sabbath-school teacher. the had learned of her Saviour, and been able to believe in him and to love him. Poor child !- happy child, rather. She was soon to go home; soon to see Ilim, whom not having seen she had loved. With a frail constitution, she had never enjoyed the health and buoyancy that give joy to childhood. Could she have been tenderly cared for, nursed and favoured, she might have lived. blessed and a blessing. But want and exYes, you have," he fairly sobbed.

" And when I haven't been a good girl, I am sorzy for it, and want you to forgive me. And now I am going to be with the Saviour. I shall see Henry ; he is there ; and mother is coming before long; and little Willie, he will come too, some time ; and, father, won't you come too ? Won't you ?. I want you to, father."

He laid his head on her pillow, and wept like a child.

" But you must leave off drinking, father, and swearing, or else you never can come ; and you must be kind to mother, and go to meeting and hear the gospel preached .-Won't you, father ? Won't you do all this, and get ready to come too? Say, father ; promise me ;- I won't ask you anything else ; -say, quick." Her strength failed.

"Yes, Emma ; yes, I will promise you. If God will help me, I will try to come too." "Thank you ; thank God ;" she answer ed. " Now let me kiss you, father - and mother - and Willie ; there; good bye !-Father will come, and we'll all be there," she faintly murmured, as she turned away her head, tired, exhausted, folded her hands upon her bosom, shut her eyes, and went gently to asleep. It was some minutes beIntellectuality of the Jews.

The eastern schools of Casarea, Tiberina, Nahurdea, Sora and Pumbeditha, (the latter a considerable university,) which arose after the dispersion, and which, even according to the testimony of Dr. M'Caul, existed for ten centuries; the subsequent great academics of learning in Spain, which continued even after the subjugation of that country by the Moors and the names of Maimonides, Abarbanel, Kimchi, Ib'n, Ezra, and a host of other sages, whose name is legion, and from whose philosophical and ecclesiast cal works many modern literary Christian writers have drawn freely without acknowledgment, and to which they owe much of their fame, attest that in every age, literature, and that of the highest order, has ever been cultivated, and was the guiding star, and solace under affliction, of the calumniated and persecuted Israelite .--In this country, the Jews had schools in London, York, Lincoln, Lynn, Norwich, Oxford, Cambridge, and other towns, which appear to have been attended by Christians as well as by those of their own persuasion; some of these seminaries, indeed, were rather colleges than schools. As physicians, Jews also have flourished, and we select the

Humilit mixed with tom ; but t In the eye

He who has, by th scaled the