

INTERESTING EXTRACTS.

THE STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SMUGGLER."

Alas for those by drooping sickness worn,
Who now come forth to meet the gladness ray,
And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play;
Yet oft, as sadly thronging dreams arise,
A while forgetful of their pain they gaze,
A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
And o'er their cheek the tender hectic strays.

There are few scenes more painfully distressing, than that which presents itself on a bright spring day, in one of those towns in the south west of England, whither the afflicted with pulmonary disease have been recommended to remove, in the (alas, too often fallacious!) hope that change of air and a milder climate may arrest the progress of that Disease so fearfully prevalent in our beloved island, and the eradication of which has often baffled the skill of the most eminent medical men. There is a solemnity reigning in such places which cannot fail to impress the heart. The gradual disappearance of faces once familiar, when little doubt remains that the emaciated frame has at length given way; the frequent tolling of the passing or funeral bell; the churchyard, crowded with the remains of those who have found a grave far from the homes of their childhood; more especially the invalids to be met with at almost every step, and on whose wasting cheek the fearful hectic flush is so prominently marked;—these are all calculated to engender painful feelings; and much to be pitied is that man, who can sojourn amidst such mementos of the evanescence of earthly joys, without being awakened to serious reflection.

Walking in the streets of one of the towns referred to, and struck with the solemn scene which now for the first time presented itself, I met an old college acquaintance, on whose arm was leaning a young man of peculiarly elegant and prepossessing appearance, but on whose frame it was obvious that disease was working its ravages. How touchingly descriptive the language of one of our most elegant Christian poets—

Where time has rent the lordly tower
And moss entwines the arches grey,
Springs many a light and lovely flow'r
That lends a lustre to decay.
Thus while existence wanes away,
Consumption's fever'd cheek will bloom;
And beauty's brightest beams will play
In mournful glory o'er the tomb."

DALE'S *Widow of Nain*

He appeared exceedingly languid, yet very cheerful. He was introduced by my acquaintance as a cousin; and, by a look which I could not misunderstand, signifying that I should not notice his sickly state, I was invited to spend the evening at their lodgings, which I accepted, with mingled feelings of pain and pleasure, for our walk had exceedingly interested me in the young man's state. He was a member of the University of Oxford; of an old family in the northern country; and had been reading for honours, with good prospect of success, when disease first manifested itself in an alarming form. His family was decidedly consumptive: two sisters had fallen victims; an only brother in the army had died in Madeira, whither he had gone in hopes of recovery; his mother, by the same disease, had found an early grave; and a paralytic father who resided at the family mansion, too enfeebled to accompany this frail prop of his declining years, was save himself, the only one who remained of a once joyful circle. He had been strongly urged to try a change of climate for the winter; and, accompanied by his cousin, a barister, and an old faithful domestic, he had taken up his residence at —. The cousin did every thing in his power to add to the comfort of the invalid;—paid him the most unremitting attention, and would I am sure, have made any personal sacrifice to obtain alleviation of his complaint: but he could not be regarded as living under the influence of vital religious principle. Though a pleasant, he was not a fit companion for an invalid. It is, indeed, of the utmost importance that such a companion should be a person of decidedly serious views; should delight to converse on those grand truths which he himself has received, and of that land,

* Where graves are not, nor blights of changeable time."

The evening was spent pleasantly, though not with much edification: stories of by-gone years were vividly recalled. The invalid joined at times in the conversation, to which I was most anxious, if possible, to give a religious turn; but every attempt to do so proved fruitless; any remark of such a tendency was received with the most marked repulse. He talked of his future plans and prospects—of his expected ex-

amination; of his probability of obtaining honours. Little did he seem aware that death could not be far distant; and that long before the period when he proposed to return to college, his remains would be mouldering in the sepulchre!

The invalid retired—not to rest, for incessant cough which no anodynes could remove, prevented the possibility—but for one of those long and weary nights which, though frequently unattended with actual suffering, generally attend consumptive cases. On his departure, I asked his cousin if he was at all aware of his danger. The reply was, "I do not think he is, I am anxious, if possible, to conceal it from him.—The medical men in the country begged that he might, as much as possible, be kept in darkness to his real state; that his mind should be cheered, and that he should not be suffered to dwell on the subject of death." "But he must be aware," I added, "that his mother, brother, and sisters, died of decline; and he cannot be ignorant that it is wasting his frame." "It might be thought so," was the reply; "but somehow or other, the fact does not appear to impress him: he frequently speaks of what he will do when he leaves college; and I make it a point never to check him." I could not but express my regret that he should thus be allowed to remain in ignorance, and should not be counselled as to his danger: but my acquaintance seemed anxious to change the subject; and I found it vain to urge any further remarks. I had no opportunity of seeing the patient alone. I was obliged to leave at a very early hour the following morning; I intended to visit it, however, in the course of a few weeks, and I trusted to make such arrangements as might enable me to have some serious conversation with the interesting invalid.

There is something peculiarly affecting in the hope even against hope, which is usually discoverable in consumptive cases. How powerfully does it remind us of the ignorance too often testified by the sinner, in the certain ruin of his soul's eternal welfare, from his indulgence in some of the lusts of the natural man! He fancies danger is far distant, whilst it may be at the very door.

On my return, on calling at the lodgings, I found that, three days before, the invalid had been removed from his earthly trials. His decline had been exceedingly rapid at the last; much more so than his medical attendants had expected. He had died, I was told, apparently without any severe struggle: nature was too much exhausted to contend against the last enemy; and he gently fell asleep.

At the request of the cousin, I attended the funeral. The corpse was followed by a small band of mourners—the cousin, the old domestic and myself. I have seldom felt more than on that solemn occasion; for I had then little evidence that the young man had been brought to build his hopes of acceptance on the only true foundation. Amiable and estimable, he yet appeared, as far as I could judge, to lack a principle of vital godliness. As remarkable for the natural sweetness of his disposition, as for his intellectual acquirements, he yet seemed a stranger to the "wisdom which is from above;" and deeply did I regret that I had not been permitted to have some conversation with him, in the hope that God might have blessed it. There are few objects more painfully interesting than that of a young person testifying, in an eminent degree, the various amiable qualities of the natural character, which may excite the esteem and admiration of those who associate with him, while yet the heart is not brought under the impression of vital religion. How much is that interest increased, when disease has marked the victim as its own. I would not undervalue the honours which this young man aspired to attain; I would not check that lawful ambition which stimulates to the acquirement of mental and intellectual rank. It is delightful to witness energy and activity in youth; but then only will it produce unalloyed satisfaction on the mind of the true Christian, when it is accompanied by deep religious feeling, and when every intellectual acquirement is regarded as wholly valueless when brought into competition with the soul's growth in grace; and aimed at as a means whereby the glory of God and the good of fellow-creatures may be advanced.

I was truly grateful to be afterwards informed that the young person in question had, before his removal, been led to clearer views as to the plan of salvation, and to an unreserved acquiescence in the Divine will. Life's brief day speedily drew to a close; but at eventime there was light—light, not emanating from the earthly lore, in which he was no mean scholar, but from the eternal Spirit, the source of heavenly wisdom. The old domestic was a man of deep religious feeling, and had been made acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus. Many had been his efforts to arouse his young master to a sense of his salvation; he had been with him from his birth; had ministered to the amusements of his boyhood; had watched with anxiety the sure progress of his disease. Others had hoped he might recover, but hope had never entered his bosom; he foresaw what would be the result, and often had

ventured to throw in a word of counsel, when it was met with apathy, and even with unkind rebuke. He found, however, that by degrees his words were not without effect. Many were the weary hours he watched by the invalid's bed, with God's word in his hand, eager to catch the favourable opportunity to read some little portion for the young master's comfort. Often, amidst the restlessness of a weary night, would he bring forward some passage leading to patience and acquiescence in the Divine will. Many were the prayers he offered; and they were not offered in vain. It was his satisfaction to believe that a good work was begun in the young man's soul; that as the outward man perished, the inner was renewed and strengthened, day by day: and that the last convulsive sob of that dear young master, as the drooping head leaned upon his aged bosom, was the signal of the release of the ransomed spirit from its worn-out tabernacle, that it might flee away and be at rest in the bosom of its Saviour and its God.—*Church of England Magazine.*

THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.

Methought I saw a vast and countless host of people, pressing towards the banks of a wide and rapid stream, which they were under the necessity of crossing. As they approached the margin, a person of commanding mein and benignant aspect, directed their attention to a safe ford, by which the stream might be passed with entire security. Some, I observed, listened to the advice, and by following it, succeeded in reaching the opposite shore with ease and safety. But other counsels seemed to prevail with the multitude, and they recklessly dashed in without regarding the breadth or rapidity of the stream. The spectacle was at once singular and alarming. As they lost their footing in the deep water, some struggled violently to reach the bank; others shrieked for aid; some could be heard lamenting their neglect of the kind advice given them about the ford; and others, folding their arms in despair, sunk rapidly from view. As the eye extended along the stream, it beheld the struggling victims as they were swept along towards the boundless ocean, throwing their arms about in wild and fruitless efforts, while with rolling eyes, and dreadful contortions of countenance, they were hurried along, their shrieks becoming more and more indistinct.

Reader, how would such a scene pain and afflict you; and yet it bears no comparison with one which is daily passing before our eyes. Thousands daily approach the river of death. Its waves are tossing in wild and fearful commotion. There is but one way in which it may be safely forded. Jesus Christ has pointed it out. And yet while the few listen to his advice, and cross safely, the multitude rush in and meet destruction in its most appalling forms. Consider and be wise.—*Presbyterian.*

REPENTANCE.

Some are satisfied if their conscience does not accuse them with positive and manifest transgressions; others are still more satisfied, if in addition to this, they can boast of an outward attention to public religious duties; this satisfaction is heightened in others, if in addition to all this, they are conscious of a daily observance of private prayer and reading the Scriptures; and yet this satisfaction may be delusive; it may consist with impenitence. The true penitent and believer has something beside all this. His slightest omissions of duty are a matter of grief to him; he has a painful sense of his short-comings; he laments that the love of Christ does not more inflame his heart that he does not obtain more evident triumphs over his corrupt nature; that he does not keep his mind in a more spiritual frame; and in a word, he repents daily of things, which a formalist in religion would regard as very innocent, or at least very excusable.—*Ibid.*

HONOUR AND HONESTY IN HUMBLE LIFE.

At the great fair of Ballinasloe, October, 1839, an Austrian officer (Count Weiper) who attended to purchase horses, set up at "Craig's Hotel" and upon the morning of the day that he intended to make those purchases he breakfasted in the "long room," where, several tables were laid, and many persons in succession took their hurried meal and started off to the fair; Count Weiper in the throng. After he had left the room, a young man who superintended and received the money from the numerous waiters in that room perceived a pocket-book on the floor, took it up, and found therein several bank notes. Immediately he informed his employer, and they (together) counted forty notes of the Bank of England of £100 each; then closed and laid by the pocket-book. Shortly afterwards Count Weiper rushed in almost distracted. The young man, after a few questions to the Count's inexpressible joy, restored to him his lost treasure, and in presence of the "Maitre de Hotel" (Mr. Craig