The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

"NOT SAVED!"

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—JER. viii. 20.

Not saved? Not saved!
O God, the mournful cry!
It ringeth ever in my ears,
The echo will not die:
Above the reapers' joyful song
Soundeth its wailing loud and long.

Not saved! Yet Christ
Through all the passing year
Has waited, ever full of love,
Bending a listening ear
For the first whispered words of prayer—
First longing for a Shepherd's care.

Not saved! O heart
Touched by God's mighty power,
Despair not of salvation yet,
Be this the happy hour;
Lie humbly at the Saviour's feet,
There righteousness and mercy meet.

Then saved! Yes saved!
Shall glorious angels sing,
As upwards to the Heavenly Land
The gladsome news they bring,
That thou to Jesus Christ hast come,
An earnest of the Harvest Home.

Thus saved! Thus saved!
To Him the praises give,
Who paid the precious ransom down,
That thou mightst ever live
A trophy of His wondrous love
Amidst redeemed ones above.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PREACHERS.

In a review of the autobiography of Peter Cartwright, the backwoods preacher, the London *Times* remarks as follows on the difference of preachers in England and America.

America is the Promised Land of eccentricities; there they flourish and become strong; you search for them in vain within the sound of Bow bells. The modern Englishman has not the gift of wonder; he is astonished and touched by nothing. We are all so much alike, one knows not a lord from his tailor; and out of livery "Jeames" sometimes looks a properer man than his master. For now and then a man is born who claims to think, and act, and speak for himself; but society soon yells him down, and he vanishes; or, if he be worth his money, and society buys him up, and makes of him a useful official—a mighty red-tapist, a judge, or a bishop. Who shall say that society is wrong? Society asks uniformity. Where religion is concerned—where the interests, not of time, but of eternity are involved—where the message professes to be not human but divine, we have a right to expect a freer spirit and a language less shackled by common modes of utterance and of thought. Is it so? On any Sunday you like, enter an average metropolitan church—how demure is the preacher, how faultless the discourse, with what good taste are the devotional parts of the service performed, with what exquisite pathos do father and son—mother and maid—confess themselves to be miserable sinners! Alas! all is here but the one thing which can make a simple man eloquent—the inspiration which made the Hebrew fishermen and tentmakers more than a match for the rhetoric and philosophy of Greece and Rome. Look at the popular parson, the idol of the women, the envy of the men; can that scented, curled, pale faced, white-handed, effeminate man-milliner arrest the sinner, ease the agony of the wounded conscience, sound the depths of the human heart? "Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook!" With a penny whistle can you wake the echoes of the universe? In the American backwoods, at any rate, we shall find sturdier figures.

Manly, physical power, at least, the preacher in that district must have. In his way he is a son of thunder. He may lack much grace and culture, but he is in earnest. He prays till he sweats—he preaches till he is hoarse. To compete with him a man must have the bodily strength of an ox or a prize-fighter. Multitudes come out in the desert to him, and hundreds own his power; they yell, they scream, they fall on the ground, they tear their hair and their garments. They sit in sackcloth and ashes, and are saved, as they tell us, from the wrath to come. Uncultivated human nature always gets converted in this violent way. It was so with our Wesley and Whitfield. It was so in the days of the commonwealth, when the saints wielded the sword of the Lord and of Gideon. It was so, we believe, years, lest its [illegible] version of the Bible [illegible] fresh sanction for their [illegible] with the [illegible] our day, amongst the Ranters [illegible] Primitive Methodists, something of the same sort [illegible] We may laugh at and despise it, but the fact [illegible] Inward terror and alarm operate on the body. [illegible] men are not [illegible] restraint—where they have [illegible] as it were [illegible] where one man's feelings does not interfere with another [illegible] where there is no English dread of a scene—we may expect preaching to produce an effect outwardly which you may in vain look for here. Add to this that the audience thus collected are rare; that a preaching is an event, not an every-day occurrence; that whilst among ourselves the excitement of the drama, of literature, of music, and of oratory, rivals that of the pulpit, there the preacher stands alone.

Very rough and ready is our Backwoods preacher, with very little faith in human learning, and with great confidence in a loud voice and a strong hand. We admire his zeal, his straightforwardness, his common sense. There is no nonsense with him. If he cannot vanquish the sinner with words, he has no objection to quieting him with a blow. With irascible females he has a very summary mode of taking them by the shoulders and bundling them out. Of course he is very sectarian, and looks upon a man who leaves the Methodist Church as little better than one of the wicked.

MR. SPOONER ON CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

At a meeting held at Warwick on Monday, the member for North Warwickshire said—Did they believe that they had established in India, in one hundred years, a vast empire, which began only with a small mercantile company for their own gain, for their own aggrandisement? There was a higher object in view, and they were placed there with a great responsibility upon them to carry out the principles of that association, and offer the gospel to the millions of heathen in that land. That was what they were placed there for. Had they executed that commission? On the contrary, they had been participators in the idolatries of the natives, and when, through the pressure of public opinion they were obliged to relinquish that participation, not wholly but partially, although they no longer supported these things, they still smiled upon them and were ashamed of Christianity. Was that a line of conduct which it became a great Christian nation to have adopted—a line of conduct which they in England would suffer any Government to continue without earnest remonstrance such as they dare not slight? A great change had taken place in the government of that vast empire. It had been transferred from the Company to the Crown, and great hopes had thereby been created that the opportunity would have been seized of openly avowing our Christianity. Far was he from advocating anything like persecution, but he was in hopes that they would have felt it their duty, as a Christian country, to send to India and proclaim that the Queen of England and India was a Christian Queen, and that Christianity alone must be the religion which she could protect. It was not so. Any one who had read what took place when the deputation waited on Lord Stanley must view with alarm the line of conduct which was contemplated. What said Lord Stanley? He talked to them of neutrality. They were to look upon idolatry as a matter of indifference. Was the plan proposed really neutral? The Government were anxious to provide them with education in science, that they should increase in wealth—that this country should increase its own wealth through India—and yet was indifferent whether their religion was Christian or Hindoo. Was that the way in which Christianity called upon them to act, to found an empire and continue to govern it? He did not wish for any compulsion, but let us tell them openly that we are Christians, that we cannot support or countenance idolatry. Do not endeavour to force them, but do not deceive them by holding out professions of neutrality when they believe it cannot continue long. Our own conduct showed it could not. He greatly feared the country was not at all aware of the evil and danger in which this scheme was involved. When they saw a deputation go to the Secretary of State for India, and heard him talking not of Christianity as opposed to idolatry, but dealing with the two, one as the religion of India, the other that of Europe, not even calling the religion of this country Christian; he asked them whether, in such a state of mind, they had much to expect from such a body as the Government of India so led?

A HINT.

Church members should never resent, by coldness and distance of behaviour, the conduct of those who leave their congregation to join another in the same town. They have a right to exercise their own judgment as well as we, and in their veiw, at least, have as good reason for preferring the pastor to whom they go, as we have for continuing with the one they leave. They may separate too hastily, and not on sufficient grounds; but that is their concern, not ours. I have known cases in which both the minister and his flock have refused even the civilities of ordinary intercourse to those who have left their church to associate with another. This is a most pitiful and unchristian disposition.—[James' Church Members' Guide.

WHY DON'T THEY SPEAK TO US.

The words were not intended for my ear—they came to me from a stranger's lips—but they touched my heart more than many sermons on unfaithfulness in duty could have done. The speaker was a young man, and from what followed I concluded he had said that no one cared for his soul. "You are mistaken," said his friend, earnestly; "Christians care for you." "Then why don't they speak to us?" I heard no more, but the words rang in my ears, and the echo sounded in my heart. I passed on, but my thoughts were busy, and again and again I asked myself, "Why don't we speak to them?" In our daily intercourse with men, we meet many who are unreconciled to Christ; and yet how slow we are to speak to them of a Saviour's love, and point them to "The Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world!" We talk to them about our friends, but make no mention of that Friend, dearer than any earthly, who "sticketh closer than a brother,"—of business, but not of the business of life,—of riches, but forgot Him who, "though He was rich, for our sake became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich." On all other topics we can speak yects we dom, but on this most important of silence seems are, alas how often! [illegible] are few who will not to be [illegible] if kindly approached by one whom respect as a follower of Christ. How then does it become us who profess the name of Christ to "let our light so shine before men," that they may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus! Let us confess and forsake our sins, and, kindly taking our impenitent friends by the hand, speak to them of the preciousness of a Saviour's love, and urge them to come to Him. Let none rise up in the last great day of account and say, "Why did you not speak to me about my soul?"—*New York Observer.*

TRIUMPH AT THE LAST.

If you are Christ's, there is that in your condition which may well mitigate the fear, as it will ultimately triumph over the power, of death. Death comes at Christ's command to call the believer to Himself; and, grim and ghastly though be the look of the messenger, surely that may well be forgotten in the sweetness of the message he brings. Death comes to set the spirit free; and rude though be the hand that knocks off the fetters, and painful though be the process of liberation, what need the prisoner care for that, when it is to freedom, life, home, he is about to be emancipated? Death strikes the hour of the soul's everlasting espousals; and though the sound may be a harsh one, what matters that? To common ear it may seem a death-knell, to the ear of faith it is a bridal peal. "Now," may the fainting passing soul reflect, "now my Lord is coming; I go to meet Him—to be with Jesus—to dwell with Him in everlasting light and love;—to be severed from Him no more for ever: O Death, lead thou me on." Or, if frail nature should faint and fail in that awful hour, surely this may be its strong consolation, the thought that even in the article of dissolution He to whom the soul belongs is near and close beside it, to sustain the fortitude of his servant, and shield him in the last alarms. "The night falls dark upon my spirit; I tremble to go forth into that awful mystery and gloom: help, Lord, for my spirit faileth"—Is this the cry of its passing anguish? "Fear not," will be the sweet response that falls upon the inner ear—"Fear not, I am with thee: the night is far spent, the day is at hand; a little moment, and the shadows shall flee away for ever!" "O Death, I fear thee not; I am not thine, but thou art mine! Thanks be to God that giveth me the victory through Jesus Christ my Lord."—*Rev. John Caird, M. A.*

THE MIND OF JESUS.

THANKFULNESS.

"*I thank thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and earth.*"—Matt. xi. 25.

A thankful spirit pervades the entire life of Jesus, and surrounded with heavenly halo His otherwise darkened path. In moments we least expect to find it, this beauteous ray breaks through the gloom. In instituting the memorial of His death, He "gave thanks!" Even in crossing the Kedron to Gethsamane "He sang an hymn."

We know in seasons of deep sorrow and trial that everything wears a gloomy aspect. Dumb Nature herself to the burdened spirit seems as if she partook in the hues of sadness. The life of Jesus was one continuous experience of privation and woe—a "Valley of Baca," from first to last; yet, amid accents of plaintive sorrow, there are ever heard subdued undertones of thankfulness and joy!

Ah, if He the suffering "Man of Sorrows," could, during a life of unparalleled woe, lift up His heart in grateful acknowledgement to His Father in heaven, how ought the lives of those to be one perpetual "hymn of thankfulness," who are from day to day and hour to hour (for all they have, both temporally and spiritually) pensioners on God's bounty and love.

Reader! cultivate this thankful spirit; it will be to thee a perpetual feast.—There is or ought to be with us no such thing as small mercies; all are great, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from every thing, making the most even of scanty blessings. St. Paul, when in his dungeon at Rome, a prisoner in chains, is heard to say, "I have all, and abound!".

Guard, on the other hand, against that spirit of continual fretting and moping over fancied ills; that temptation to exaggerate the real or supposed disadvantages of our condition, magnifying the trifling inconveniences of every-day life into enormous evils. Think rather, how much we have to be thankful for The world in which we live, in spite of all the scars of sin and suffering upon it, is a happy world. It is not, as many would morbidly paint it, flooded with tears and strewn with wrecks, plaintive with a perpetual dirge of sorrow. True, the "Everlasting Hills" are in glory, but there are numberless eminences. of grace, and love, and mercy below; many green spots in the lower valley, many more than we deserve.

God will reward a thankful spirit.—Just as on earth, when a man receives with gratitude what is given, we are more disposed to give again, so also, "the Lord loveth" a cheerful "receiver," as well as a cheerful "giver."

Let ours, moreover, be a Gospel thankfulness. Let the incense of a grateful spirit rise not only to the Great Giver of all good, but to our Covenant God in Christ. Let it be the spirit of the child exulting in the bounty and beneficence of his Father's house and home! "Giving thanks alway for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ!"

While the sweet melody of gratitude vibrated though every successive moment of our daily being, let love to our adorable Redeemer show for whom and for what it is we reserve our notes of loftiest and most fervent praise. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!

"ARM YOURSELVES LIKEWISE WITH THE SAME MIND."

A HAPPY DEATH.

"Cymon," a contributor to the columns of the Boston *Post* writes the following:

"In what a variety of forms and shapes cometh the last summons to us, for this body to separate from the soul, for this corruption to put on incorruption, this mortal, immortality!

"'Tis better in battle than in bed,' said my uncle Toby. 'He is very frightful in an house,' quoth Obadiah. 'I never mind it myself,' said Jonathan, 'upon a coachbox' 'It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed,' replied Susannah. And so one has his or her particular desire touching the mode and manner of their departure from earth to the 'undiscovered country,' although it cannot always be gratified.

"We, with a party of friends, were discussing this matter one evening, when one of our number, a physician, remarked that if he could have his choice of exit from this world, he would prefer to go off in a consumption. 'My wife,' he said, 'died that way. So gradually and so gently was her demise, that she seemed to steal imperceptibly away; and when the hand of death was really upon her, I leaned over her, and asked her how she felt. She opened her bright blue eyes, radiant with a most happy expression of joy, softened with tranquillity, and whispered, 'Do not speak, dear husband, I pray you, but fold your arms around me, darling—it will be as well. I am just changing worlds, and O, how beautiful! Good bye.'"

Delaware is a beautiful town of five thousand inhabitants. It is the stronghold of Methodism in this State. Here they have a flourishing College and Female Seminary. The former is well endowed, and has four hundred and fifty students now in attendance. Its Faculty is full and efficient. There are few men in our country of better parts than Dr. Thompson and Professor Merrick. With the other teachers our acquaintance is limited. They are well spoken of as gentlemen, scholars, and Christians. Thanks be to God that they are now striving to do that which their Church, a few years ago, laboured to prevent and undo, viz., to procure an educated ministry for the Church. Then Presbyterians were berated and misrepresented for doing the very thing that Methodists are now zealous in doing. And once they get this thing done, that is, the minds of all their ministers enlightened and enlarged by a long *curriculum* of literary and theological training, then will a wild declaimer against Calvinism be as much a *rara avis* as would an haranguer against college-bred ministers be now. *Sed tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur cum illis.*

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

A Professor of the Berlin University has been making curious researches respecting the population of the globe. The following is the result:—"Population of Europe, 272,000,000; of Asia, 720,000,000; of America, 200,000,000; of Africa, 89,000,000; of Australia, 2,000,000. Total population of the globe, 1,283,000,000. The average number of deaths per annum, in certain places where records are kept, is about one to every forty inhabitants. At the present time the number of deaths in a year would be about 32,000,000, which is more than the entire present population of the United States. At this rate the average number of deaths per day is about 87,761, the average per hour about 3653, the average per minute 61. Thus, at least, every second a human life is ended. As the births considerably exceed the deaths, there are probably 70 or 80 human beings born per minute."

TRANSFORMING KNOWLEDGE.

"But we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. iii. 18.

READER,—Is *your* knowledge of God a *transforming* knowledge? Have you so become acquainted with God as to receive the impress (as it were) of what God is!—for a true knowledge of God is a transforming knowledge. As I look upon the glory of God I am changed into that glory; and as my acquaintance with God deepens I become more like God. There is a transfer of God's moral image to my soul. Is your knowledge then transforming? Does your acquaintance with God make you more like God—more holy, more divine, more heavenly, more spiritual? Does it prompt you to pant after conformity to God's mind,—desiring in all things to walk so as to please God, and to have as it were, a transfer of the nature of God in your soul! Examine therefore your professed acquaintance with God, and see whether it is that acquaintance which will bring you to heaven, and will go on increasing through the countless ages of eternity.—*O. Winslow.*

POPERY AT WAR WITH THE HOLY SPIRIT.

As we think of the progress of Popery in our land and world, one wish still rises in our hearts—that the people of God may see that the contest is simply between the religion of a great absorbing hierarchy, playing with souls like chessmen for its own aggrandizement; and the religion of the Holy Spirit, enlightening the heart and converting it to himself. Let this be everywhere seen and felt, and we shall take hold on the Divine strength by prayer, and labor for the salvation of every individual Roman Catholic within our influence. Papists know that where the enlightening and sanctifying influence of the Spirit are, the shackles of the soul are broken. But they know that the mass of minds are blinded in sin, and love anything more than humility, repentance and faith, and therefore count upon their votaries. It is a daring denial and even challenging of the power of the Spirit. Let spiritual Christians see this, and pray the Lord by earnest entreaty that, for the honour of his own great name, and in vindication of the power of his blasphemed, insulted Spirit, he will pour out a blessing on individual souls—then will God appear, and it shall be known in heaven who shall reign, Christ or the Pope, the Holy Spirit or a corrupt priesthood.

MATRIMONY.

I shall always endeavor to make choice of a woman for my spouse who hath first made choice of Christ as a spouse for herself; that none may be made one flesh with me who is not also made one spirit with Christ my Saviour. For I look upon the image of Christ as the best mark of beauty I can behold in her, and the grace of God as the best portion I can receive with her. These are excellences, which, though not visible to carnal eyes, are nevertheless agreeable to a spiritual heart, and such as all wise and good men cannot but be enamored with. For my own part, they seem to me such necessary qualifications, that my heart trembles at the thought of ever having a wife without them. If I should court and marry a woman for riches, then, whensoever they fail, or take their flight, my love and my happiness must drop and vanish together with them. If I choose her for beauty only, I must love her no longer than while it continues, which is only till age or sickness blasts it: and then farewell at once both duty and delight. But if I love her for her virtues, and for the sake of God, who has enjoined it as a duty, that our affections should not be alienated, or separated by any thing but death, then, though all the other sandy foundations fail, yet will my happiness remain entire. If ever, therefore, it be my lot to enter into the holy state of matrimony, I beg of God, that He would direct me in the choice of such a wife only, to lie in my bosom here, as may afterwards be admitted to rest in Abraham's bosom to all eternity—such a one as will so live, and pray, and converse with me upon earth, that we may be both entitled to sing, to rejoice, and be blessed together, for ever in heaven.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

THE REFINING POWER OF RELIGION.

It expands the mind of its possessor and purifies his taste. It is a great mistake to confound riches and refinement, just as it is a great mistake to fancy that, because a man is poor, he must be coarse and vulgar. There was no vulgarity about James Ferguson, though herding sheep, whilst his eye watched Arcturus and the Pleiades, and his wistful spirit wandered through immensity. And though seated at a stocking loom, there was no vulgarity in the youth who penned the "Star of Bethlehem;" the weaver-boy, Henry Kirke White, was not a vulgar lad. And so, if you surrender your minds to the teaching of God's Word and Spirit, they will receive the trust, deepest refinement. There may be nothing in your movements to indicate the training of the school, nor anything in your elocution which speaks of courtly circles or smooth society; but there will be an elevation in your tastes and a purity in your feelings as of men accustomed to the society of the King of Kings. The religion which is at last to lift the beggar from the dunghill, and set him with nobles of the earth, will even now give the toiling man the elevated aims, the enlarged capacity, the lofty tastes, and manly bearing, which princes have often lacked.

FRANCIS SPIRA: AN APOSTATE.

BY WM. S. PLUMER.

The sixteenth century was a wonderful era in human history. There were great dynasties, managed by great men; great errors, upheld by long established usages; great events, moving all the energies of men, and great heroes, glorying in perils and persecutions for truth and righteousness. The human mind was wrought to the highest pitch of excitement. Hopes aroused some. Fears agitated some. Some were a flame of love. Others showed the most deadly malice. Seldom has virtue risen higher, seldom has wickedness sunk to lower depths.

Several causes united to give the Reformation unexpected degree of success and stability. One was the faith of its friends. Such a work was never wrought by doubting minds. Allied to this was an intrepidity, that struck terror into enemies, while it mightily emboldened friends. If there were not many martyrdoms, there were yet many who in spirit were martyrs. For more than a thousand years the Gospel had not been preached with as much zeal, nor heard with as much zest, as in the first half of the 16th century. Catechizing among Protestants was generally and earnestly attended to, and gave great success to truth.

Nor were things of a terrible nature wanting in those days. Let one of this class be noticed. Several old writers tell us of one, whose history has often thrilled the hearts of men. Even to this day his name is often met with in print, and sometimes heard in the pulpit. It was a terror while he lived. It is a watchword of alarm, now that he has passed away from earth. Many already anticipate the name of FRANCIS SPIRA.

This great man was a Venetian, wonderfully gifted by nature, and no less remarkable for his acquirements; by profession a lawyer, or advocate, of almost unrivalled power; as a man just, courteous, friendly, and held in the highest esteem. His career was brilliant till he was past middle life.

When he was over *forty* years of age, he became interested in the great religious controversy then agitating Europe. He examined for himself. He searched into foundation truths. He felt that it was not a little thing; it was his life. His convictions of the truth were strong, and his zeal in making it known was exemplary. He studied God's word; he told his family and his countrymen the wonderful things of God. He was the source of a new impulse to inquiry. A few such men, in the course of an ordinary life time, would have reformed all Italy.

This was seen at Rome. Spira was marked for destruction. The Pope's legate applied to the State of Venice. The foundations of society were moved. Confiscation, reproach, poverty to his wife and eleven children, a dungeon, torture, and death, all rose up like monsters before his imagination. His purpose faltered, his courage failed, his faith was gone. He went from Citadella, the town of his residence, to Venice, there found Casa, the legate, and signed the following paper:

"Having for several years maintained opinions respecting certain articles of faith contrary to the orthodox and accredited judgment of the church, and advanced many things against the authority of the Church of Rome and of the universal Bishop, I acknowledge, in all humility, my fault, mistake, and folly, in seducing others, and in consequence I return in entire obedience to the Sovereign Bishop in the communion of the Church of Rome, without ever desiring to depart from the traditions and decrees of the Holy See. I am extremely grieved for all which has passed and humbly implore pardon for so great an offence."

Twice was he required to sign his recantation, and then to go to his own town, and publicly declare his renunciation of the doctrines he had so lately and zealously defended. But ere this work was fully done, conscience began to awake, a sense of guilt began to take hold of him; shame at his own cowardice unmanned him; but worldly friends urged him on till he had in the presence of a great assembly, renounced the principles of the Reformation.

The awful deed was done. But it was the signal for the letting loose of the tormentors. From that moment he regarded himself as an impious apostate, a weak and wicked creature, who had trifled with his own convictions on the most solemn subject. He always maintained that his sin was against light. He said: "I believed it when I denied it; now I neither believe that nor the doctrine of the Church of Rome—I believe nothing; I have neither faith, nor confidence, nor hope: I am a reprobate, like Cain or Judas, who, rejecting all hope, fell from grace into despair; and my friends do me great wrong in not suffering me to depart to the abode of the unbelieving, as I have justly deserved." Again "I have denied Christ voluntarily, and against my knowledge; and I feel that he hardens me, and that he will allow me no hope." Again "I tell you my own conscience condemns me. What need is there for any other judge?"

Those who had been the instruments of his denying Christ, attempted to comfort him. The priest who had received his recantation came to see him, and made himself known. This awakened new horror. He cried: "O the accursed day! O the accursed day! O that I had never been there! Would to God I had then been dead!" Another Roman Catholic undertook to satisfy him that he had not denied Christ by abjuring Protestant doctrines. His answer was: "Assuredly, when I renounced those opinions, I believed them to be true, and yet I renounced them." Some Roman Catholic called on him now to believe the doctrines of the Reformation to be false. He cried out: "I cannot, I cannot: God will not permit me to believe them so, nor to take refuge in his mercy."

Others told him of God's mercy to Peter, who had thrice denied his Lord. This gave him no hope. He exclaimed: "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The sight of the Bible filled him with anguish. He begged that it might be carried out of his sight, and read no more in his hearing. The bitterness of death was in him, and seemed to assimilate every thing to itself.

When he was urged to believe, his answer was, "Oh! I wish I could believe, but it is impossible for me. I HAVE DENIED CHRIST, I can only believe what is contrary to my salvation and my comfort."

When prayer was recommended to him, he said "I ardently desire to pray to God with my whole heart, but I am unable. I see my condemnation, and know my only remedy is in Christ. Yet I can not persuade myself to embrace him: such is the punishment of the damned. My crime is not one iota less than that of Judas." One proposed to him that they should together repeat the Lord's prayer. He began and after each petition, he would express such sentiments as these: I deplore my misery, for I perceive that I am abandoned by God, and cannot invoke him with all my heart, as I have been accustomed to do."

In this deplorable state he continued for some time, once attempting self-destruction, and failing; once going to Padua for medical and religious advice, but deriving no benefit from any until at the age of *forty-eight* years, without comfort, without hope, without confidence, his body being wasted to a skeleton, he left this world, and entered on the realities of eternity.

BREVITY.

If brevity is the soul of wit, Talleyrand was the greatest of wits. A single word was often sufficient for his keenest retort. When a hypochondriac, who had notoriously led a profligate life, complained to the diplomatist that he was "enduring the torments of hell," the answer was "*Deja!*"—(Already!) To a Lady who had lost her husband, Talleyrand once addressed a letter of condolence in two words, "O, madame!" In less than a year the lady had married again, and then his letter of congratulation was, "Ah, madame!" Could any thing be more wittily significant than the "O" and the "Ah" of this sententious correspondence!