

change the life of one hitherto so vain, and so evidently pursuing the road which leadeth to destruction.

It would be satisfactory to our readers to know that the change in Miss ——— was as permanent as it was singular;—she walked consistently with her profession of religion for many years, and at length became the wife of a minister of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

SOME years since, a gentleman, well known for his liberality and zeal, was passing through an obscure alley in London, on the Sabbath morning, distributing religious tracts as he went along. A woman with whom he left one of the little publications, informed him that she had a lodger in an apartment in the house who appeared to be very ill, and who she thought would feel pleased and grateful if the gentleman would pay him a visit. He instantly complied with the request, and was introduced into a room almost destitute of furniture, where, upon a miserable bed, he perceived the ruins of a fine young man, in the last stage of emaciation and decay. The gentleman, with his accustomed kindness and fidelity, entered into conversation with him, and was pleased to discover that the sufferer was not only fully prepared to receive his instructions, but that he appeared to be truly impressed with the character of his state, acquainted with the system of salvation through the crucified Saviour, and manifesting those dispositions of repentance and faith, which are so essential to the safety of the soul. He confessed he had been brought up in respectability, that he had received a religious education, that he had fallen a victim to the multifarious seductions of vice, that he had abandoned his parental home, that his constitution had been ruined by excess, and that his present condition had resulted from his own depravity. He then proceeded, in broken language and with exhausted strength, to describe how, in his misery, like the prodigal son in the parable, he had come to himself, how all the impressions of early life had been revived by an influence from above, how earnestly and penitently he had cast himself before the throne of grace, how hope had animated him while dwelling upon the love and mediation of the Redeemer, and how at last he was enabled to indulge in some expectations of final forgiveness and acceptance beyond the grave. When the gentleman kindly enquired if he could do any thing for him, the young man with considerable hesitation, but yet with absorbing earnestness, said, "I hope I have obtained the forgiveness of God, would that I could obtain that of my father!" The gentleman, whose feelings were very strongly excited, offered his services, and enquired the parent's address; and it was with some astonishment that he heard the name of an individual whom he knew to be occupying a station of respectability and reputation.

As the situation of the young man admitted of no delay, he immediately repaired to the residence of the father, whom he found at home, and to whom he was introduced. Some embarrassment followed. At length the gentleman said, "I believe, sir, you have a son." The old man became violently affected, burst into a flood of tears, and sufficiently exemplified how much the conduct of his child had agonized his heart. The gentleman, after some delay, proceeded, with as much caution as he could exercise, to narrate the circumstance which had transpired in the morning, and concluded by offering his services to conduct the parent to an interview with his erring and penitent child.

A silent assent having been given, they proceeded to the house where the young man was residing. They soon arrived at the place. The gentleman first entered the apartment. The young man when he saw him faintly smiled with pleasure; and then looking further, he perceived the grey hairs and well-known countenance of his father. With all his remaining strength he uttered the most pathetic entreaties for forgiveness; the whole affection of his father was aroused; and, according to the description in the parable before quoted, he ran, took his son in his arms, and gave him the most endearing assu-

rance that he was pardoned. The young man had put his arms round the neck of his father, who suddenly felt the filial embrace relaxed. He looked through his tears, and found that he held the corpse of his child! The effort and the emotion had proved too much for his strength, and his spirit had fled to the presence of God.

From the German of Gauss.

ASTONISHING ACCURACY OF THE BIBLE.

AN astonishing feature of the word of God is, that notwithstanding the time at which its compositions were written, and the multitudes of the topics to which it alludes, there is not one physical error,—not one assertion or allusion disproved by the progress of modern science. None of those mistakes which the science of each succeeding age discovered in the books of the preceding—above all, none of those absurdities which modern astronomy indicates in such great numbers in the writings of the ancients—in their sacred codes, in their philosophy, and even in the finest pages of the fathers of the Church,—not one of these errors is to be found in any of our sacred books. Nothing there will ever contradict that which, after so many ages, the investigations of the learned world have been able to reveal to us on the state of our globe, or on that of the heavens. Peruse with care our Scriptures from one end to the other, to find these such spots; and whilst you apply yourselves to this examination remember that it is a book which speaks of everything, which describes nature, which recites its creation, which tells us of the water, of the atmosphere, of the mountains, of the animals, and of the plants. It is a book which teaches us the first revolutions of the world, and which also foretells its last; it recounts them in the circumstantial language of history: it extols them in the sublime strains of poetry, and it chants them in the charms of glowing song. It is a book which is full of oriental rapture, elevation, variety, and boldness. It is a book which speaks of the heavenly and invisible world, whilst it also speaks of the earth and things visible. It is a book which nearly fifty writers, of every degree of cultivation, of every state, of every condition, and living through the course of fifteen hundred years, have concurred to make. It is a book which was written in the centre of Asia, in the sands of Arabia, and in the deserts of Judah; in the courts of the temple of the Jews, in the music-schools of the prophets of Bethel and of Jericho, in the sumptuous palaces of Babylon, and on the idolatrous banks of Chebar; and, finally, in the centre of the western civilization, in the midst of the Jews and of their ignorance, in the midst of polytheism and its idols, as also in the bosom of pantheism and of its sad philosophy. It is a book whose first writer had been forty years a pupil of the magicians of Egypt, in whose opinion the sun, the stars, and the elements were endowed with intelligence, re-acted on the elements, and governed the world by a perpetual allovium. It is a book whose first writer preceded, by more than nine hundred years, the most ancient philosophers of ancient Greece and Asia—the Thaleses, and the Pythagorases, the Zolucuses, the Xenophons, and the Confuciuses. It is a book which carries its narrations even to the hierarchies of angels—even to the most distant epoch of the future, and the glorious scenes of the last day. Well, search among its 50 authors, search among its 66 books, its 1189 chapters, and its 31,173 verses, search for only one of those thousand errors which the ancients and the moderns committed when they speak of the heavens or of the earth,—of the revolutions of the elements; search—but you will find none.

YOU AND ME.—Some years since, when sitting under the ministry of a devoted servant of God, he on one occasion preached upon the Diotrephesian spirit. In his usual faithful manner, he pointed out its sad effects upon a church, until in his application he came so close, that I was surprised, knowing as I did how delightful the harmony had always been in that church. I soon began to persuade myself; however, that there was a Diotrephes there, but could not satisfy myself who it was. Finally I ventured to seek information, and turned to a good brother, an elder in the church. I said, "Mr. L——, who does Mr. S—— mean?" "You and me," was his quick reply. I have never asked since, who my minister meant, when he was delivering the message of his Master.—Recorder.

THE TRAVELLER.

CAMBRIDGE—SIMON.

FROM DR. TYNG'S "RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLAND."

THE two Universities present most agreeable and attractive objects to the American clergyman who travels in England, and particularly to one of our Church. But they have been so often described by various travellers, that I shall despair of giving any information in reference to them which all your intelligent readers do not already possess. There are, however, personal circumstances connected with the particular visits of each traveller which are peculiar to the individual; and though all such may not be described, perhaps I may be allowed to dwell, in a communication of my recollections, upon some of those things which make so very prominent and pleasant a part of these recollections in themselves. I passed a few delightful days in Cambridge, in the society of Christian brethren, whose intelligence and piety charmed and gratified me in an unusual degree. The Rev. Wm. Cairns, whom you know so well, as the excellent successor of Mr. Simon, met me at the Anniversary of the Bible Society in London, and invited me most cordially to make him a visit at his residence in Trinity College. I took the coach for Cambridge in the afternoon, and arrived there at dusk,—and I went immediately to Mr. C.'s rooms according to his appointment. I remained with him, amidst all the delightful circumstances which were naturally collected in such a visit, from Friday until Tuesday. You may well imagine how agreeable and refreshing the occasion was to me. I was disappointed in the appearance of Cambridge, after the accounts which I had received in London and at home of its comparative inferiority to Oxford. Its situation is indeed not level for a distant view of it. But there is a rural beauty in its groves, and pinacles, and towers, rising embosomed in the midst of them, which is very striking. The appearance of the town, as you enter its main avenue, has been undoubtedly much improved within a few years past. The erection of the splendid structures of the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the Pitt Press, and the new front to King's College, have greatly adorned this beautiful street. I was surprised at the unexpected elegance and grandeur of it; and even after my subsequent visit to Oxford, I still consider the whole aspect of Cambridge, in itself, decidedly the more beautiful and satisfactory of the two. The immense quadrangles of Trinity College are unequalled; and as I passed through its venerable gates, and beneath the towers which have marked its greatness for centuries past, I was deeply impressed with the grandeur of the scene. The whole style of English College life is unknown to us. The fellows, and, I believe, the undergraduates also, have their breakfast in their own rooms,—the dinner being the only public and united meal. Mr. C.'s rooms are truly elegant,—having ample accommodation for quite a family,—and therefore able to exercise hospitality to his friends. His windows open upon the private garden and bowling green of the fellows of Trinity College, which are bounded at the foot of the river Cam, and over which is opened the prospect into the beautiful public gardens and walks of Trinity. All this, covered with the peculiar verdure of English foliage, made a charming object daily before me. My coming was welcomed by him with real Christian cordiality; he received me with all the affection of a brother. The lovely character and interesting manners of this excellent man no one can adequately describe. Every thing that can make a man attractive, in gentleness, and dignity, and intelligence, and kindness, and active sympathy, seems to have been bestowed upon him. I could not but say, after days spent with him, in the privacy of his own rooms, and in the scenes of his public employment, "he comes behind in no gift." He had laid out plans of occupation for me, which kept me fully busied during my whole visit,—having invited, to every morning's breakfast, and every evening's social hour, a different party of gentlemen from the various Colleges, allowing me thus an opportunity to see as many and as much as possible that were likely to interest me. Our first evening was spent without company, in the delightful Christian conversation to which mutual confidence and united experience in the ways of God will assuredly lead the servants of Christ,