

PRODIGY OF MEMORY.

(From "Illustrations of Biblical Literature, by the Rev. James Townley.")

THE late Rev. Thomas Threlkeld, of Rochdale, Lancashire, was a perfect living Concordance to the English Scriptures. If three words only were mentioned, except perhaps those words of mere connexion which occur in hundreds of passages, he could immediately, without hesitation, assign the chapter and verse where they were to be found. And inversely, upon mentioning the chapter and verse, he could repeat the words. The power of retention enabled him, with ease, "to make himself master of many languages. Nine or ten it is certainly known that he read, not merely without difficulty, but with profound and critical skill. It is affirmed by a friend who lived near him, and who was in habits of intimacy with him, that he was familiarly acquainted with every language in which he had a Bible, or New Testament." After his decease I had an opportunity of examining his library, and noticed Bibles, or New Testaments, in English, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Welch, Dutch, Swedish, Gaelic, and Manks; besides Grammars, &c. in other languages. In the Greek Testament, his powers of immediate reference and quotation were similar to those he possessed in the English translation; since he could in a moment produce every place in which the same word occurred, in any of its forms or affinities. In the Hebrew, with its several dialects, he was equally, that is, most profoundly skilled; and it is believed, that his talent of immediate reference was as great as in the Greek, or even in the English.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

I SHALL end this first consideration with a plain exhortation—that since repentance is a duty of so great and giant-like bulk, let no man crowd it up into so narrow room, as that it be strangled in its birth for want of time and air to breathe in: let it not be put off to that time when a man hath scarce time enough to reckon all those particular duties which make up the integrity of its constitution. Will any man hunt the wild boar in his garden, or bait a bull in his closet? Will a woman wrap her child in a handkerchief, or a father send his son to school when he is fifty years old? These are inconcencies of providence, and the instrument contradicts the end; and this is our case. There is no room for the repentance, no time to act all its essential parts; and a child who hath a great way to go before he be wise, may defer his studies, and hope to become learned in his old age and on his death-bed, as well as a vicious person may think to recover from all his ignorance and prejudicate opinions, from all his false principles and evil customs, from his wicked inclinations and ungodly habits, from his fondness of vice and detestation of virtue, from his promptness to sin and unwillingness to grace, from his spiritual deadness and strong sensuality, on his death-bed, (I say,) when he hath no natural strength, and as little spiritual: when he is criminal and impotent, hardened in his vice, and soft in his fears—full of passion, and empty of wisdom; when he is sick, and amazed, and timorous, and confounded, and impatient, and extremely miserable.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE CRAZY MAN AND HIS WATCH.

A poor crazy fellow, one day, on finding his watch half an hour too slow, insisted that the sun had gone down that evening half an hour sooner than it ought to have done; when a sober-minded neighbour of his assured him that, be that as it might, he would find it wiser and easier to regulate his watch by the sun, than to attempt to order the sun's revolutions by his watch. How many a conceited socialist, how many vain-glorious deists, and how many proud atheists, are acting as this poor crazy man acted! Poor, purblind, mortal creatures, would do well to remember, when cavilling at the word and works of Almighty God, that it is much more likely that wisdom, power, and goodness should be right, and that ignorance, weakness, infirmity, and folly, should be wrong.

CHANNING is right when he talks of the dignity of labour. The real degradation is sloth and idleness.

DUELLING.

WITH regard to the heathen, brutal, and barbarous practice of duelling, there is a good letter written by the Emperor Joseph II., which is given in *Frazer's Magazine* for last month. The Court of Vienna then opposed and discountenanced the practice, as this letter shows.

"General Count — and Captain — shall be put under arrest immediately. The Count is of an impetuous disposition—proud of his birth, full of false ideas of honour. Captain —, who is an old soldier, pretends to settle everything with the sword and pistol. He has shown himself too passionate concerning the challenge of the young Count. I will not suffer duelling in my army. I despise the maxims of those who pretend to justify it, and who kill each other in cold blood. I feel high esteem for officers, who courageously oppose themselves to the enemy; and, also, under all circumstances, show themselves intrepid, valiant, and resolute, both in attack and defence. The indifference with which they brave death is useful to the country; but there are among them men ready to sacrifice any thing to revenge, and to the hatred which they bear to their enemies. I despise them. Such a man, in my opinion, is no better than a Roman Gladiator. Call a court-martial to try these two officers; examine the subject of the quarrel with the impartiality which I require from every man who is invested with the office of rendering justice, and let him who is guilty submit to his fate, and to the rigour of the laws. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, worthy only of the time of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which has so often thrown families into mourning, shall be repressed and punished, should it even cost me half of my officers to effect it.

"JOSEPH.

"Vienna, August, 1722."

The law of the army ought to be *Christianity*—the law of kindness and brotherly love. There is no law like it for making gentlemen, and producing gentlemanly conduct. The savage law of duelling is disgraceful to a Christian army and a Christian country. It is only fit for Pagans.

WHAT A TREASURE!—There is at present in the possession of Mrs. Parkes, of Golden-square, a copy of Macklin's Bible, in forty-five large folio volumes, illustrated with nearly seven thousand engravings, from the age of Michael Angelo to that of Reynolds and West. The work also contains about two hundred original drawings, or vignettes, of Loutierbourg. The prints and etchings include the works of Raffaele, Marc Antonio, Albert Durer, Callot, Rembrandt, and other masters, consisting of representations of nearly every fact, circumstance, and object mentioned in the Holy Scriptures. There are, moreover, designs of trees, plants, flowers, quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects—such, besides fossils, as have been adduced in proof of an universal deluge. The most authentic scripture atlases are bound up with the volumes. This Bible was the property of the late Mr. Bowyer, the publisher, who collected and arranged the engravings, etchings, and drawings, at great expense and labour; and he is said to have been engaged upwards of thirty years in rendering it perfect. It was insured in the Albion Insurance Office for £3,000.—*London paper.*

The only son of the celebrated Mr. BURKE, died before his father. The affecting circumstances of his last illness are graphically described by Dr. LAWRENCE. They are so truly pathetic as to be worthy of being extensively known:—

"In June, 1797, he was returned to Parliament for Malton, and appointed Irish Secretary to Earl Fitzwilliam; but consumption came rapidly upon him, and he died on the 2d August following. On the morning of his death, the lamentations of his father and mother reached him where he lay. He rose from his bed, and desired his servants to support him towards the room where they were sitting in tears. He endeavoured to enter into a conversation with his father; but grief keeping Mr. Burke silent, the son said: 'I am under no terror—I feel myself better, and in spirits—and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray

talk to me, Sir!—talk of religion—talk of morality—talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects.'—Then turning round, he exclaimed, 'What noise is that?—does it rain?—No: it is the rustling of wind through the trees; and immediately, with a voice as clear as ever in his life, and with a more than common grace of action, he repeated from Adam's morning hymn—

'His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud—and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.'

He began again, and again pronounced the lines with the same happiness of elocution and gesture—waved his hand in sign of worship—and, worshipping, sank into the arms of his parents, as in a profound and sweet sleep—dead!"

In the hour of death, remember that every thing in the parting soul fades and dies away: poetry, reflection, effort, each earthly joy; the night-flower of faith alone blooms, and flourishes, and strengthens, with its fragrance, in the last closing darkness.

POETRY.

JUDAH'S SHEPHERDS.

BY THE REV. J. PIERPONT.

THE night was moonless. Judah's shepherds kept
Their starlight watch; their flocks around them slept.
To heaven's blue fields their wakeful eyes were turn'd,
And to the fires that there, eternal, burn'd.
Those azure regions had been peopled long,
With Fancy's children, by the sons of song:
And there the simple shepherd, conning o'er
His humble pittance of Chaldean lore,
Saw, in the stillness of a starry night,
The swan and eagle wing their silent flight;
And, on their spangled pinions, as they flew,
On Israel's vales of verdure shower the dew:
Saw there the brilliant gems that nightly flare
In the thin mist of Berenice's hair;
And there Bootes roll his lucid wain,
On sparkling wheels along th' ethereal plain;
And there the Pleiades, in tuneful gyre,
Pursue for ever the star-studded Lyre;
And there, with bickering lash, heaven's Charioteer
Urge round the Cynosure the bright career.

While thus the shepherds watch'd the host of night,
O'er heaven's blue concave flash'd a sudden light.
Th' unrolling glory spread its folds divine
O'er the green hills and vales of Palestine;
And lo! descending angels hovering there,
Stretch'd their loose wings, and in the purple air
Hung o'er the sleepless guardians of the fold:
When that high anthem, clear, and strong, and bold,
On wavy paths of trembling ether ran—
"Glory to God—benevolence to man;
Peace to the world;"—and in full concert came
From silver tubes, and harps of golden frame,
'The loud and sweet response, whose choral strains
Linger'd and languish'd on Judea's plains.
Yon living lamps, charm'd from their chambers blue,
By airs so heavenly, from the skies withdrew;
"All?"—all but one, that hung and burn'd alone,
And with mild lustre o'er Bethlechem shone.
Chaldean sages saw that orb afar
Glow unextinguish'd:—'twas Salvation's Star.

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