

Youths' Department.

SUFFERING WRONGS PATIENTLY, OR, THE PATH TO GLORY.*

After living some time in the constant fear of assassination, the royal family attempted an escape, but they had not gone far, before at Varennes they were discovered, and brought back prisoners to Paris. From this time they were confined in a gloomy building called the Temple, and morning and evening the little Dauphin prayed that God would have mercy not upon them only, but upon the poor misguided, wicked people, who were bent upon their destruction. The patience, the gentleness, the cheerfulness with which they endured hardships and the sorrows which now came upon them, proved that they had learned of One who bore the cross for us. The king's first words on entering their new abode, were words of prayer, "O God, Thy judgements are terrible! Help us to adore the hand that chastens us, as that which has so long blessed us." And they were helped, wonderfully helped! The king's youngest sister, Madame Elizabeth, who shared their imprisonment, was a great comfort to them, and while they wept together, and strengthened themselves with the consolation God gives to those who suffer patiently, they were happier than the cruel people without. Beautiful it was to see how quickly the Dauphin learned to conciliate by all gentle ways and words, the rude; and even brutal keepers of their prison; and Marie Antoinette's tearful face still brightened up from time to time as she listened to her truly loyal child.

The thorny path was leading on to glory, but the thorns were multiplied. The king was put to death, and the Dauphin was torn from his widowed, heart-broken mother, and given to the care of cruel jailors, a man named Simon and his wife. I can hardly bear to tell you the sufferings of the gentle and princely boy—how books were taken from him, and the tame canaries reared for him by his aunt Elizabeth, and how when Simon found him with uplifted hands beside his flock bed, he seized him by the arms, and flung the terrified child into a dark dungeon, where he was kept for some days on bread and water; but sad as it is to think of this, I have no doubt that there was One with the child, guiding, soothing, comforting him with a comfort which we know not of; and when the worn out sufferer slept on his hard bed, dreams of his beloved ones, dreams of a rest that remaineth to the people of God, and of a time when God Himself shall wipe away tears from off all faces, lit up the pale face with a gleam of joy and peace, such as the world can neither give nor take away. The lessons, the holy lessons of his parents, lessons of endurance, and of patience, of forgiveness, and of faith, and hope, and love, were not forgotten. He might not bow down and pray to God before Simon, but in secret none could hinder him from pouring out his full heart in the bosom of his Father in Heaven; and God and holy angels ministered to him, and the thought of God was to him a strong tower. One day when he was building a house of cards, Simon bent over the table, and blowing down the work of his little captive, asked with a savage laugh, "Eb, Capet" (for so he was called), "what do you say to my breath?"

"I say that the breath of God is more mighty still," replied the child, and the calm majesty of his answer shook even the proud and evil heart of his tyrant. On another occasion, Simon asked him tauntingly, what he would do if the Vendean, who had taken up arms for the royal family, were to set him at liberty. "I would pardon you," was the instant answer of the noble child.

The wicked people, anxious to find some show of evidence against the queen, in order to condemn her to death, used every means to procure the signature of her little son to the paper which they had drawn up; but neither threats nor promises could prevail on Louis Charles to sign he knew not what. It was only by administering to him strong intoxicating drink, that they succeeded in forcing him, while under its influence, to affix his name to the evidence.

Marie Antoinette well knew that violent and unfair means could only have rung from the reluctant child what could in any way be used against the mother he so loved and honored. Her death was determined on; and she met it in the faith and hope of a Christian; but when the tidings reached Louis Charles in connection with the story of his own signature, his loving heart sank within him. "I will speak no more; they may do what they will with me. They may kill me, but not another word shall pass these lips." And

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from that time for eighteen months, not one word was ever heard from him.

It was not the stern determination of a proud spirit but the steadfast resolution of a Christian child, that sealed his lips, for in the words of Scripture he might well say, "I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me. I was dumb with silence, I held my peace even from good, and my sorrow was stirred."

Only the grace of God could have enabled him to persevere in such a course, lest in some unguarded moment a word should escape him, which might injure his few remaining friends.

And who can tell of the holy and blessed communications with his God and Saviour that cheered the lonely hours of the day, and the dark and dreary solitude of night? Might it not be given to him to hear the songs of angels, and to listen in his sleep for the gentle voices that in other days had sounded in his ears?

Weaker and weaker he got in mind and body, pale and worn, yet beauty still lingered in his look and smile, and those who looked upon him could not but acknowledge that months of captivity and agony had passed gently over him; for all that the wicked could do to him, could not hinder him from prayer, and in prayer he found help and consolation. A touching story was told of him at an earlier period, when on the 10th of August, 1792, the rabble broke into the palace of the Tuilleries after putting the Swiss guard to death. The wainscoting of a secret passage in which the royal family had taken refuge, appeared to be giving way under the repeated blows of the mob, when the Dauphin, letting go his mother's hand, fell on his knees, and prayed, "O God, save mamma! Thou art able to do everything—oh send away these men! a poor child is praying for his mother! O Thou good God, wilt Thou not hear him?" and, as if in answer to his child-like prayer, the people desisted from their work of destruction, and the noise suddenly ceased.

The same spirit pervaded the whole family. On the walls of his sister's prison chamber, the following prayer was traced in pencil by her own hand, "O my Father, watch over me from heaven! O my God, forgive those who have put my parents to death."

The thorny path was wellnigh trodden—the gentle boy lay upon his bed in fever, sick unto death. Two physicians who had been sent to examine the state of his health, could not refrain from expressing their indignation at the neglected condition of the tenderly-reared and royal child. The long sealed lips were unclosed, and with a sudden effort, he whispered, "Speak low, sir; I pray you speak low, lest my sister should hear you, and I should be so sorry that she should know I am ill; it would grieve her so much." A proof, if any were needed, that the fount of affection was unchilled, and the unselfish heart still cared for others first. The little sufferer was now treated with comparative kindness—his apartment was changed, and as he sat by the open window which looked out upon a garden, the fresh air seemed for a moment to revive him, and the attendant said to cheer him, "You will soon be able to walk and play about the garden."

"I!" was the answer, "I shall not go anywhere but to my mother, and she is not on earth."

"You must hope the best, sir," said the physician soothingly.

A smile was the only answer—he could smile, for a dearer joy was before him. On the 8th of June, 1795, about two o'clock, he made signs to have the window opened. His wish was gratified, and raising his eyes to heaven, he softly whispered, "Mother?" and fell on sleep, aged ten years and two months, leaving an example of suffering wrongs patiently, which may well teach us of this work of mercy, this witness bearing for Him, who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, while in the words of Scripture, "We count them happy which endure."

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN DEATH.—A Sunday-school scholar was dying. Her friends had gathered around to listen to her dying words. After she had been raised in bed, and had spoken a few words to each one, she said:

"Now, mother, I would like to have you lay my head down on the pillow."

Her request was granted.

"Now," said she, "I want to say the Lord's Prayer, just as I said it when I was a little child."

Slowly and fervently that beautiful prayer was repeated. For a few moments a smile played around the lips of the dying girl, and then her happy spirit winged its way to that better land, where prayer is lost in praise.

News Department.

Extracts from latest English Papers.

(From the Aberdeen Journal, June 3.)

SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ELECTION OF THE BISHOP OF ABERDEEN.—This event, which, for some weeks past, has been looked forward to with great interest by members of the Episcopal communion, and by the public generally, took place on Thursday last, within St. Matthew's Church, Meldrum, in terms of a summons issued to the clergy of the diocese by the Dean, acting under a mandate received from the Bishop of Edinburgh, as the senior member of the Episcopal College. The following is an authentic statement of what was done on the occasion.

After Morning Prayer and celebration of the Holy Communion, of which the clergy and several of the laity partook, the special Synod for the election was constituted about one, P. M. All the diocesan incumbents—twenty-four in number—were present—the Very Rev. David Wilson, the Dean, occupying the chair, and the Rev. Arthur Ranken officiating as Synod Clerk. The sederunt having been taken, the members agreed to put on record their sense of the loss the diocese had sustained by the lamented decease of the late Primus. After this, the Episcopal mandate was read. It bore date 5th May, 1857, and required the Presbyters of the diocese to meet within thirty days thereafter, to elect a fit person for the office of Bishop, in room of the Right Rev. Dr. Wm Skinner, the late Ordinary, the election to take place betwixt eight, A. M., and four, P. M.

Mr. Ranken then preferred a request that, owing to the importance of the business before the Synod, and the part he had himself to take as one of the electors, he might be allowed the assistance of one or two laymen of the diocese, which was unanimously acceded to, and Messrs. George Grub and Norval Clyde, advocates, Aberdeen, were introduced and requested to assist Mr. Ranken.

The Very Rev. James Smith, Forgue, moved that in order that a full report of the proceedings might be furnished to the members of the Church, a professional Reporter should be allowed to be present, which motion was seconded by the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, St. John's, Aberdeen. The Rev. Gilbert Rorison, Peterhead, and others of the clergy, opposed it as unnecessary and inexpedient in the circumstances; and a vote being taken, the motion was supported by nine members, while fifteen voted against it, and it was consequently lost.

It was unanimously agreed that lay-members of the Church within the diocese should be admitted as spectators, and several laymen availed themselves of this privilege.

After a short address from the Dean, stating his views in regard to the manner in which the meeting should be conducted, he called upon the presbyters to nominate a fit person as Bishop, upon which,

The Rev. Nathaniel Grieve, Ellon, proposed the Rev. Dr. Thomas George Suther, incumbent of St. Andrew's Church, Aberdeen, whose nomination was seconded by the Rev. A. Bruce, Banff.

The Rev. A. Ranken, Deer, then proposed for the vacant office the Rev. Patrick Cheyne, incumbent of St. John's Church, Aberdeen, and the Rev. W. Webster, New Pittligo, seconded the nomination. In both cases, the proposer and the seconder addressed the meeting in support of their respective nominees, three of the speeches being read, and extending to a considerable length.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Cheyne rose, and, explaining that, under no circumstances whatever would he vote for himself, requested leave to return during the discussion, which, he presumed would follow the above nominations; and Dr. Suther made a similar request in regard to himself. Both gentlemen, therefore, left the meeting. No other candidate was proposed.

A long discussion ensued relative to the qualifications of the respective nominees, various members of the Synod expressing their sentiments in speeches, some of which were of considerable length, and partly written and partly extemporaneous. It is impossible to give here even an outline of the views urged by the different speakers, so as to do anything like justice to them. It may be mentioned, however, that a principal topic was the Scottish Communion office, the speakers on both sides urging, on behalf of Dr. Suther and Mr. Cheyne respectively, their firm attachment to that office, and determination to maintain it in its integrity. Another point of debate was the incom-