

tween the light of Goshen and the darkness of Egypt. They are superior in morality, civilization, and in all that constitutes pure and undefiled religion. In that country, where Bible Societies were denounced in 1816, as a crafty device by which the very foundations of religion are undermined, and as a new species of tares which an adversary has abundantly sown, gross crimes are committed with little compunction, and revolution and despotism have alternately ploughed up the very foundations of society. But wherever the Bible has been freely circulated, it has dispelled the grosser forms of vice, even where it has failed to effect its dislodgment from the heart, and the experience of the past has fully shown that only those institutions can remain which derive their strength and stability from the conservative principles revealed in the word of God. And at the present moment there are numerous indications that the time is rapidly approaching, when a redeemed and renovated world shall lie prostrate at the foot of the cross; when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.

But that there may be made on our midst a more distinct and definite conception of the beneficial results effected by the Bible, let us consider the case of a single individual, reclaimed by this book from his wanderings, and made an heir of God. A young man, for example, is brought up under the roof of a godly parent; and after his departure from the parental home, he continues for some time sober, pious, and given to the reading of his Bible. But, in course of time, he falls into sceptical company, reads infidel books, imbibes the pernicious principles they contain, and at last throws aside his Bible. Has he become more virtuous now than formerly—more chaste—a better member of society—a better husband—or a more obedient child? Alas! alas! The answer might be written in the tears and heart's blood of many a pious parent, whose grey hairs have been brought down with sorrow to the grave.—Many profligates have been reclaimed by reading the Bible, but have any by its perusal been led into the haunts of dissipation and crime? It has humbled many a proud heart—has it ever elated the humble with pride? It has softened many a hard heart—has it ever hardened a really soft one? It has turned the heart of stone into flesh—has it ever changed the heart of flesh to stone? It has sweetened many a bitter stream, and cleansed many a polluted fountain—but did it ever embitter a sweet stream, or pollute a clear one? No: never—never. All the fear that ever agitated a human bosom; all the terror that ever wrung a human heart in prospect of death, arose either from morbid feelings, or from high and exalted notions of the divine law and abasing views of human depravity; or from a fear that we had not believed in its testimony and acknowledged its power. And when you take into account the millions that the Bible has led along the dark and dangerous path of life, and that they have found it a light unto their feet and a lamp unto their path, you must feel persuaded that the word of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes; that, in the hands of the Spirit, it is able to make wise unto salvation, and that waiting pilgrims shall be reading it, when the last trumpet sounds—Come for judgment. II.

Miscellaneous.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

Not here! Not here! Not satisfied! wherever
Hope's joyous song is lost in sorrow's moan,
Not where anticipation's light hath never
On the fulfilment of its promise shone.

Not where the light from happy eyes is fading,
Where, on each hearth the shadow of the bier
Falls darkly, every home with gloom invading,
And chastening love itself with mortal fear.

Not where so many cold, harsh words are spoken,
Not where so few may breathe love's purest air,
Where cherished ties are in a moment broken,
And life's long agony becomes despair.

Not here—where every dream of bliss deceives us,
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal,
Where, haunted ever by the thoughts that grieve us,
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

Not here! Not here! not where the sparkling waters
Fade into mocking sand as we draw near;
Where in the wilderness, each footstep falters—
I shall be satisfied! but oh! not here!

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With rapture earth's enjoyments may not know,
Where Heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling
And peacefully life's time-tossed current flow.

Ear hath not heard, nor eye hath seen the vision
Of light and loveliness beyond the skies;
Hope is forgotten there in full fruition,
And the heart vainly to conceive it tries.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abound,
And of its bliss nought more wondrous told us,
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied."

Satisfied! Satisfied! the spirit's yearning
For sweet companionship with kindred minds—
The silent love that here meets no returning—
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? The soul's vague longings—
The aching void which nothing earthly fills!
Oh! what desires upon my soul are thronging
As I look upward to the heavenly hills.

Thither my weak and weary steps are tending—
Saviour and Lord! with thy frail child abide;
Guide me toward home, where all my wanderings ending,
I shall see thee, and "shall be satisfied."

LOUGH DERG PILGRIMS.

For the following statement we are indebted to a young friend, a distinguished student of Trinity College, Dublin, the son of the Rev. D. D. Heather, well known to many of our readers.—*Juv. Mus. Mag.*

Lough Derg is a remarkable place, situated in the southern part of Donegal, near the borders of Fermanagh and Tyrone. For ages it has been the resort of Roman Catholic pilgrims, and it is their chief penance or purgatory station. Its effect upon the souls of those who resort to it are most wonderful. They go there wicked sinners, justly deserving perdition, and (to believe their own story) they return pure and spotless, having obtained, by their penances, the forgiveness of their many sins; and in the short space of three days (for the pilgrimage has been shortened from nine to three days) they have become, as far as sin is concerned, guiltless as new-born infants.

The lake is surrounded by hills as bleak and barren as if they were cursed, on account of the manner in which God is dishonoured by the superstitious transactions carried on in the lake which they encircle. Few inhabitants are to be seen on or about them. The lake itself is about six miles long, and four in breadth. In it are several rocky islets. That to which pilgrims resort is of a very forbidding aspect; it is about half a mile from the shore, and is elevated very little above the level of the lake.

The largest island is called by some St. Avoog's, who is said to be buried there; others call it St. Fintanus's; and others again call it "The Island of Saints." There was formerly a Convent of Canons regular, of the order of St. Augustine, subject to the monastery of the apostles Peter and Paul, in Armagh; two of these monks were generally chosen to instruct the pilgrims.

It was said that in this island the passage into purgatory was first found, which consisted of a cave capable of containing six or eight individuals; but, it being very near the shore, and connected by a bridge, the pilgrims had free access to purgatory, as it was a sin (whether mortal or venial, I cannot say) for the coffers of the disinterested monks to be empty, they discovered a new entrance, and one which was calculated to be of more real service to the souls of the poor pilgrims, for whose spiritual welfare those devoted pastors felt so truly solicitous. Therefore, with very commendable zeal and self-denial, they packed up and set off to another island, to which, for the small charge of sixpence halfpenny, the penitent is wafted over this Popish Styx to undergo beforehand the pains of purgatory, which otherwise would be his inevitable doom on departing this life. The island where the penitent has now arrived is called "Station Island." After arriving on this thrice blessed land, if the pilgrim is an epicure, or has not previously been drilled at the starvation exercise, there is no time to be lost, for he will only be allowed one meal of bread and water every twenty-four hours, with the exception of a little wine, which the pilgrims say is of a very refreshing quality. Now, what is the wine, think you? Nothing more than the water of this lake, which is blessed by the priest, and by virtue of that blessing turned into wine. Some say it is served up scalding hot, and occasionally the throats of the partakers suffer rather a painful sensation on the descent of this *vin ordinaire*.

I shall now give you an account, in proper order, of the religious exercises performed here. As soon as the pilgrims have come to that point of their journey from which the lake is visible, they immediately, imitating the example of Moses when the Lord called to him from the burning bush, take their shoes from off their feet, and, in addition to what Moses did, they pull off their stockings, uncover their heads, and walk thus, with their beads in one hand and a cross in the other, to the lake side, where they enter the ferry boat, and (having paid their sixpence