

made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and who sing forever a new song before the Throne. We shall never witness a contrast more marvellous, until this corruptible shall put on incorruption, and this mortal, immortality. It is a greater step from here to heaven, than from that dark group to that sweet and joyous choir; but somewhere could the wondrous transition be more sublimely illustrated before mortal eyes. The words of the divine Apocalypse rushed upon the heart—

“What are those which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?”

“These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; For the Lamb that is in the midst of the Throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

Thanks be to GOD, that this shall all be said of some of those now present. May it be true of many, and of many generations succeeding, until the last outcast has signed and suffered! “Four or twelve little girls, from four to ten years old, now ranged themselves before us in a crescent, the tallest, a sweet child, in the centre, where she stood and sang with artless earnestness, up turned face, and the smaller ones tapering off the wings of the crescent on either side: and they sang these words with the whole assembly dissolved in sympathetic emotion:—

I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
There right before my SAVIOUR,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd raise the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children,
Have gone to Heaven to live.
Dear SAVIOUR, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

O, then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand:
And then before my SAVIOUR,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

After this Mr. Pease was asked to speak. “What can I say,” said he, “after this! I want to hear it sung again by this whole assembly together, high and low, small and great.” It was done. The air was familiar, and loud and sweet and solemn, from hundreds of voices, swelled the chorus—

“I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL!”

The effect upon the Five Points people astonished every observer, and themselves not least of all. They had tried preaching, and they had heard music; they had tried many things, good and bad; but they had never dreamed of any thing like this; no preaching and no music was like what they heard that night. Without cost, these hallowed evenings for the poor people of the Five Points, will do more for them than a hundred preachers and the revenues of a kingdom devoted to them.—N. Y. Churchman.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LAITY.—ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE CLERGY.—The earnest words which, in the following letter, are not only in word but in deed, will, we trust, touch the right chord in many a Christian heart. They are important and needful, both for our clergy and people, and, if rightly pondered and acted on, will remove all the slackness of apathy and the lack of funds by which the progress of our Mission is so sorely retarded and hindered. The people only need to be informed and stirred up, to do all that we need or desire. They have the ability; let them, then, “have the opportunity to do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.”

“We have been greatly encouraged by the generous donation of \$300 for the first Church in the Mississippi Valley, from a truly noble-hearted Churchman

whose name I am not permitted to make public. He had sent the Missionary \$100, and, reading one of his reports in the *Spirit of Missions*; and, accompanying this last donation, he has made some observations on the subject of giving for the support of Missions in the West, that I cannot forbear to forward you extracts from his letter for publication. I had remarked to him that I thought it a rare occurrence that any Missionary in the West received the sum of \$100 from a single individual. In reply, he says, “I fear this is too true, and a pity it is that it is so. There are thousands who call themselves Episcopalians, who are able to give that sum every month in the year for Missionary purposes; and I don't doubt many, yes, very many, would do it, if they were properly instructed in their duty. But the fact is, that no small number of the clergy are in fault in this matter, especially those having charge of wealthy parishes. They either feel little interest in the subject of Missions, are ignorant of the influence they have, or might have, with the people, or want the moral courage to use that influence, or all these combined. I sincerely believe that tens of thousands of dollars might be had for mission purposes more than is now received, if the clergy felt the interest they should in the subject, and would exert themselves wisely to promote it. The wealthy men of business need information on the subject. They are generally liberal in the disposition of their money, and need to be told, often and plainly, but in the most kind and affectionate manner, what their duty is, not only from the pulpit, but also in private, face to face. The amount of money expended by this class of people yearly, upon mere superfluities, would build a Church in every considerable village in our country, educate young men enough to supply those Churches and support them comfortably, and I have no doubt that, with proper exertion on the part of the clergy, the money could be had. It certainly would require a good deal of zeal and perseverance. Write to some of the rectors of these wealthy parishes; state your labors, privations, and discouragements; tell them plainly, but kindly, that it is their duty to make known your situation, and that of others of your brethren at the West, to their rich parishioners, and to urge them to liberal contributions; to show them that it is the duty of those possessing riches by the goodness and blessings of their Heavenly Father, to impart them liberally to promote the Gospel, and to relieve the Lord's servants from the embarrassments they labor under; that money thus given by them will bring down the blessings of Heaven upon them and their children.” He adds: “I hope you will pardon me for taking the liberty of writing thus to you. All the excuse I can offer is, that I can't help it.”

“This is from a layman whose liberality has abounded to us, and encouraged us to begin the erection of a Church.” I trust that his earnest words may not be lost upon those who read them.—*The Spirit of Missions*.

PESTILENCES AT VARIOUS PERIODS.—In more than one quarter it has been remarked, that the fever at New Orleans equals, if it does not surpass all former pestilences in its mortality. This, however, is a mistake. A notice of some of the most remarkable epidemics will refute the error.

The first pestilence of which we have a detailed account is that recorded by Thucydides, and which visited Athens about four hundred and thirty years before the Christian era. It appears to have been identical in kind with the great plague of London in 1666, the accounts written of the one applying almost exactly to the other. The mortality which attended it seems almost incredible. It was followed at uneven periods, by other visitations of pestilence, which swept off millions of the human race at Rome, Egypt, Syria, and finally Constantinople. Gibbon relates that in the reign of Justinian, A. D. 527, a plague devastated the empire for fifty-two years. During a portion of this time, when Constantinople was visited by the epidemic, ten thousand persons died daily. Two centuries later, two hundred thousand persons were carried off, in that capital, by another visitation of the plague. In the earlier visitation many smaller cities were depopulated by it. Whole districts, devoted to agriculture, were abandoned, the harvest being left to wither on the ground. Gibbon computes the entire mortality, during the fifty-two years of plague, at one hundred millions.

During the middle ages, the plague swept over Europe several times, with frightful violence. Boccaccio has left a vivid narrative of its appearance at Florence

“We have since learned that he intends himself to de-

about the middle of the fifteenth century. It bore the name of the “Black Death,” and closely resembled the old plague of Athens. Visiting England, it swept off fifty thousand inhabitants of London alone, though the British capital had not, at that time, probably more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. Fifty years later the plague appeared again in London, when thirty thousand persons perished of it within a twelvemonth. In 1517, an epidemic called the “Sweating Sickness” broke out in Europe, and extending to England, deprived the principal towns, according to Stowe, of half of their inhabitants. In 1603, nearly forty thousand persons died of plague in London. About the same period, Constantinople is said to have lost two hundred thousand of its inhabitants by the same disease. As the age of official statistics had not yet arisen, these numbers may have been occasionally exaggerated; but the very closeness of the estimates, even if but approximations, proves the frightful rate of mortality. It is to be regretted that we have not more exact accounts of these epidemics, so as to be able to determine whether they were identical in character, as the best medical writers conjecture, or really different, as their names imply.

We now come to the pestilence which devastated London in 1665, and which is commonly known as “The Great Plague.” It does not appear, after all, to have been as fatal as many which preceded it; and really owes its pre-eminence to the vivid descriptions left of it. This epidemic appeared in September, 1664, and after lingering all winter, began to rage violently as early as May. The summer set in unusually hot. In the week ending 13th of June, 112 had died of the disease; the next week the number rose to 168; the next to 367; and the next to 470. Macaulay computes the population of London at this time, at about half a million. By the middle of July, however, two hundred thousand had fled to the country. The pestilence now began to increase with appalling rapidity. The deaths for the week ending with the 1st of August were 2,010, and they rose steadily in numbers till the 5th of September, having reached, for the week ending with that date, 6,988. The week following there were 6,554 deaths; the week after that 7,165; and the next week, 5,533. The pestilence now rapidly abated. The mortality for the ensuing five weeks was, respectively, 4,528, 4,327, 2,665, 1,421, and 1,031. By the 5th of December, the weekly deaths from the plague had fallen to 210. This, after the awful mortality which had preceded it, was considered a trifle; the survivors consequently returned to town, and business was generally resumed.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Among new editions of well-established works, we have, from BARNES & Co., a copy of IZAAK WALTON's amiable “*Lives*,” with the pleasing account of the good old fisherman himself, by Dr. ZOUCH. To the title-page has been added the general recommendation “choice English Biography,” which could not be better applied by the publisher. WALTON was not a scholar by education; but it is noticeable how far his quiet, happy receptive disposition carried him in the appreciation of learned and gifted men, and even made him a sharer in their acquisitions. He was connected by marriage with Bishop Ken, which may have helped him. As it was, he enjoyed the acquaintance of DONNE, SIR HENRY WOTTON, HOOKER, SANDERSON, Usher, Archbishop SHEDDEN, MORTON, PEARSON, JOHN HALES of Eton, CHILLINGWORTH, and with the approbation of his times, had interest enough to be entrusted with the lives of the first five of the noble spirits whom we have enumerated. The family of every Churchman should possess on its shelves a copy of this work, as one of its choice classics. Our readers are doubtless too well acquainted with it to need any particular introduction at the present time. The best criticism on it is WORDSWORTH's sonnet:

There are no colours in the faintest sky,
So fair as these: the feather whence the pen
Was shaped, that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropt from an angel's wing, with moisten'd eye,
We read of faith, and purest charity,
In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen.
O I could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A glistening ray, or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burn (in a lucid ring,
Around meek WALTON's heavenly memory.

—New York paper.

Show me a man of whom it can be truly said that he loves what he hated, and hates what he loved, and I will pronounce him to be God's workman.—*Adams*.