

Greeks supplied, and he wished to learn something more of these new doctrines. He drew near to the Apostle, and said, "I would know more of thee. Wilt thou teach me this new faith?"

Paul gladly assented, and Timon, requesting him to follow, led the way to his own house. It was delightfully situated; but even its exterior marked it the abode of a Stoic. No Corinthian or Ionic column supported its portico, but its architecture was of the simplest style, and, on entering, it almost chilled one, from its cold and severe aspect. Statues of Minerva and of Zeno, the founder of the sect, were the only ornaments of the large vestibule, through which Timon led his guest into the garden, whose beauty atoned for the plainness of the mansion. It was filled with flowers and fruits, arranged with exquisite taste,—the trailing arbutus and the graceful dolicos,—indeed all the varieties that the "garden of nature" can boast, except the vine of the grape, that, consecrate to Bacchus, was banished from the Stoic's garden, while it formed the principal ornament of the Epicureans.

In this cool and refreshing spot Paul seated himself. Having partaken of some fruit, which Timon placed before him, he drew from his bosom a roll of the Hebrew Scriptures, and first explained to his young disciple, who listened with a glowing cheek, the Hebrew account of the formation of the world; then he traced the prophecies, and shewed their fulfilment in Jesus' sacred person. He told of his own persecution of the Christians, and of the miracle which closed his eyes to the light of day, while it opened them to the inner light which poured upon his benighted mind.

So clear did the words of truth appear to Timon, that his mind embraced them instantly, and when Paul had finished his discourse, he clasped his knees, and said, "Show me how I too may become a Christian; do with me what thou wilt, but lead me to the Lord Jesus."

Paul, with noble boldness, told him of the sacrifices that must be made, if he would bear the cross of his Master; but these were no discouragement to the young Stoic, whose nature seemingly had undergone a change, and, instead of the cold and indifferent being he had appeared to Damocles and the gaping crowd in the market-place, he had become soul-absorbed by the Divine teachings to which he had listened, and animated with the high and holy enthusiasm which their spirit inspired.

Seeing that the change was indeed in his heart, Paul offered to baptize the young disciple, and water being brought, his consecrating hand was laid upon the noble head of the Greek, who from that time went forth as the disciple of Christ, to preach him crucified; one of the many converts who, won by Paul's noble eloquence, "clave unto him and believed."

Timon soon found he could gather but few

bearers among the luxurious and news-loving Athenians, and therefore, bidding farewell to his native city, he went to Corinth, where he laboured among the converts, till age crept over his healthy frame, and in advanced life he resigned the cross he had so long borne, to receive in its stead the crown of light which has been promised to the true disciples of the Saviour.

T. D. F.

(ORIGINAL.)

LINES TO THE SEA.

BY S. O. H.

Unfathomable Ocean! yield thy dead,
From the first struggling victim that hath slept
On thy impenetrable coral bed—
Whom pond'rous centuries have long time kept
Immersed beneath thy dark infinity—
Thou emblem fearful of Divinity!—

To him, who last amid the billowy strife,
The bitter chalice drank—whose last wild shriek,
Proclaimed the frenzied close of weary life,
And sank in silence ne'er again to break.
Oh, Sea! reveal thy secrets! give thy dead!
That countless lie beneath thy salt waves dread!

Oh! what imagination can conceive,
The rush of thoughts that then the shipwreck'd
seize—
Of home—of children—sisters—wife—that weave
Their concentrated fantasy? to freeze
Each longing hope; and fond affection's gush
For ever in the deep abyss to hush!

The war's-man oft upon thy glassy breast,
Delighted, fearless, ploughs thy bright expanse,
In calm profundity, or sees thee rest,
When on thy waves the fitting moonbeams glance
Their silver show'rs, of soul bewitching light,
The watch to gladden through the lonely night.

Thus to behold thy stillness, who would think
In wrath thy surging waters ever rage,
In Death's cold arms the mariner to sink?
Whose pow'r Jehovah only can assuage.
Many, alas! unthought of and untold,
Among thy victims have their names enroll'd;
But, greedy Sea, thou'lt yet restore thy dead
Who slumb'ring lie upon thy rocky bed.
Montreal, Aug. 13, 1842.

OF DOING INJURIES TO OTHERS.

PROFITIOUS conscience, thou equitable and ready
judge, be never absent from me! Tell me, constantly, that I cannot do the least injury to another, without receiving the counter-stroke; that I must necessarily wound myself, when I wound another.
Mercier.