

Fourth's Corner.

CRUELTY OF THE HEATHEN.

I shall begin with the cruelty of parents to their children. One of the Missionaries from New Zealand says, that when children are born, their parents actually pray to their gods to make them savage and fierce, and put small pebbles into their mouths, which they hope will get into their hearts and have the effect of hardening them. In Africa, Mr. Moffat tells us that they make the poor little boys sleep out in the open air all night to make them hardy, and force the girls to hold hot irons in their hands in order that they may be fit for work. But I wish this was all. One of the Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society says, that once near Sierra Leone he saw a father selling his own son to a slave-dealer for two gallons of rum, an old musket, a little powder, and a few other trumpery articles, worth altogether about six and twenty shillings.

But even this is not the worst. In the South Sea Islands, and in many other parts, there is a dreadful custom of killing the poor children when they are quite young, and I could tell you many dreadful stories which would make your flesh creep, about mothers having killed seven or eight, and even more, of their own children. I remember hearing Mr. Leupolt tell the children of this place that the High Priest at Benares had a baby born, and a wicked man who pretended to know future events told him that if the child lived, the father would die. The wretched man instantly took his own child by the feet, and with one blow, dashed out its brains upon the stones.

I must now come to shew how the children are avenged upon their parents for their cruelties. In India it is the commonest thing possible for children to murder their own parents as soon as they become too ill or too infirm to maintain themselves. Mr. Leupolt told me that one of his native readers was walking out one evening at Benares, and he saw some people carrying what appeared to be a corpse, towards the river. He allowed the bearers to pass, intending to speak to the crowd who were following them. Suddenly the covering was thrown from the body, and the man they were carrying cried out that he was not dead, but only *very ill*, and that they were going to murder him because he was so much trouble to them. The reader remonstrated, but in vain. They said he might as well die then as afterwards.

Mr. Schoen, in his Journal, says, that among the Ibos, in West Africa, if a mother gives birth to twins, the poor infants are put into two pots and left to die in the woods; and that if a child cuts its top teeth before its bottom ones, they always kill it, because they think it is a proof that the poor child will turn out very wicked if they allow it to live.

I could fill all the pages of this Magazine with dreadful stories of this kind, but I must not write any more, or you will be tired of them. I will, therefore, finish this letter by telling you something which happened in happy England. A clergyman in Nottinghamshire was once called to visit a parishioner on his death-bed. The dying man told him that he used to think him much too earnest about getting money for the Missionary Society; but now he was dying, his views on this subject were very much altered. The clergyman asked him what had altered them. He said, that a few nights before, he awoke about midnight from a *doze*, and looked about to see if any body was watching him, and in a moment his two dear sons were at his side to see if they could do any thing to comfort him. He remembered having heard at one of the Missionary meetings, that the Hindus are in the habit of drowning their aged parents when they become a burden to them, and the thought flashed across his mind, To what do I owe the difference? He remembered that it was the Gospel of Christ which had made his children differ from the children of the heathen, and with his dying breath he gave glory to God for his mercy.—*Rev. F. M. Cunningham.*

SOW THY SEED.

Lady W—was left with a family of young children; and being a person of eminent piety, and great zeal in the cause of her divine Master, her first care was, to endeavour to bring up her children in the fear of God, and in the faith of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ. For this purpose, she was unceasing in her labours, in reading and explaining to them the Holy Scriptures, and impressing upon them a proper sense of the infinite value of their immortal souls. Her labours, however, appeared at the time to be lost with her sons, who all seemed to turn a deaf ear to her instructions. At last, her youngest son determined to go into the navy. This excellent mother objected, from her fear of the many temptations to which young men are too commonly exposed in that service; separated as they are, at such an early age, from the counsel and example of all their relations and friends. She, therefore, implored him in the most earnest manner to give it up, and choose some other pursuit. Her entreaties, however, were all in vain; his mind was fixed on going into the navy, and nothing could induce him to alter it.

With a heavy heart, therefore, and fervent prayers to his heavenly Father, in his behalf, Lady W—employed herself in preparing his outfit; and, as she had found from former experience, that he was decidedly averse to, nay, sometimes ridiculed, her pious advice and instructions, she considered it hopeless to attempt to renew them; and the only resource she could think of was, to put a Bible amongst his clothes, at the time she was packing them for him, previous to his departure. She accordingly folded up a small Bible in paper, having first written her son's name, and her own under it, on the first leaf, and put it at the bottom of his trunk unknown to him. He went to sea, and was not heard of for some time; until at length the painful account reached her ears, that the vessel in which he sailed had been lost, and her son in it. The thought so deeply affected her, that he had died in an impenitent and unprepared state, that she determined to withdraw herself from all society, even of her religious friends, and to devote herself entirely to the religious instruction of seamen and their families, in the hope of being the humble instrument, in the hands of the Redeemer, of saving some from the wrath to come.

She spent her whole time in going about from house to house amongst them; reading and explaining the Bible, delivering tracts, and conversing on heaven and heavenly things, with such as she could prevail upon to listen to her; regardless of the coarse repulses, rude rebuffs, or more frequent contempt and ridicule to which she was often exposed.

One day, however, on calling at the dwelling of an aged seaman, and presenting him with one of her little tracts, he looked up at her with a grateful smile, and said; "ma'am, I have for some time been led by grace to know the value and comfort of religion." "Have you?" his benevolent visitor replied. "How long have you been led to seek and love the Saviour?" "Oh! ma'am, answered the veteran tar, "ever since the ship was lost, in which I last sailed. We had a young gentleman on board, who used to collect the sailors about him, in different parts of the ship, and read the Bible to them. He was lost with the ship, but I escaped; and when I saw my danger of being lost too, all the things which he had read to me came into my mind, and I thought what must have become of me, if I had then been taken into the presence of my holy God, in the midst of my sins. And these thoughts have remained with me, I thank God, ever since; and I have from that time devoted myself entirely to a religious course of life." "Can you tell me," anxiously inquired his pious instructor, "the name of the youth who read the Bible to you?" "No ma'am," he answered, "I do not remember who or what he was, but I have got his Bible, which is the only thing I could save in the ship; and I saw it, and picked it up, and put it into my breast, and brought it safe home, and have kept it safely ever since; and if you will wait a minute, I will go and fetch it you." He did so. And I leave you to judge of her feelings, on opening the book, to see her son's and her own name in it; and thus to recognize it as the very Bible she had put into his trunk; and to have the blessed confirmation, that her labour for her son's eternal welfare had "not been in vain in the Lord." She was so deeply affected by this truth, that she had not the power of utterance, but silently lifted up her heart in adoration and praise to her beloved Saviour, who had thus condescended to cheer and comfort her heart with this undoubted testimony, that the heart of her beloved son had been renewed by grace; and that he had died "a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."—*Children's Friend.*

LAST DAYS OF KING WILLIAM IV.

In the course of the night, the Queen observed to his Majesty that the Archbishop [of Canterbury] had only been invited to stay till the following day; that his Grace wished to be honoured with his commands, and that he had expressed himself not only willing, but anxious to stay as long as his services could be either acceptable or useful to him. The King immediately said, "Yes; tell him to stay. It will be the greatest blessing of God to hear that beautiful service read by him once more; alluding to the Liturgy of the Church of England, from the frequent use of the prayers of which, his Majesty had been so much comforted and supported in his illness.

Monday, June 19.—Though his Majesty passed a tolerably tranquil night, yet no corresponding effect was produced upon his health. Decaying nature could no longer be recruited by the ordinary sources of strength and sustenance. His Majesty, however, rose at seven, for he had at no time during his illness been confined to his bed, and had even for some weeks anticipated by an hour his usual time of rising. There was much in the King's language and manner this morning which spoke of approaching death. On awaking, he observed to the Queen, "I shall get up once more, and do the business of the country;" and when being wheeled in his chair from his bedroom to his dressing-room, he turned round, and looking with a benign and gracious smile on the Queen's attendants, who were standing in tears near the

door, said "God bless you;" and waved his hand.

At nine o'clock, by the desire of the Queen, who was naturally anxious that the hope so fervently expressed by the King on the preceding night might be gratified as soon as possible, the Archbishop entered the King's room, and was received, as at all other times, with the significant tokens of joy and thankfulness which his Grace's presence never failed to call forth.

On this occasion the Archbishop read the service for the Visitation of the sick. The King was seated, as usual, in his easy chair, the Queen affectionately kneeling by his side, making the responses and assisting him to turn over the leaves of the large Prayer-book which was placed before him. His Majesty's demeanour betokened the most genuine spirit of devotion. Though unable to join audibly in the responses which occur in the service, yet when the Archbishop had rehearsed the articles of our creed, his Majesty, in the fulness of his faith, and labouring to collect all the energies of sinking nature, enunciated with distinct and solemn emphasis the words "All this I steadfastly believe."

During the whole service, his Majesty retained hold of the Queen's hand, and, in the absence of physical strength to give utterance to his feelings, signified by his fervent pressure of it not only his humble acquiescence in the doctrines of our holy faith, but his grateful acknowledgment of those promises of grace and succour which so many passages of this affecting portion of the Liturgy hold out to the dying Christian, and the belief of which his Majesty so thankfully appreciated in this hour of need.

With the other hand, his Majesty frequently covered his eyes and pressed his brow, as if to concentrate all his powers of devotion, and to restrain the warmed emotions of his heart, which were so painfully excited by the distress of those who surrounded him. His Majesty did not allow the Archbishop to withdraw without the usual significant expression of his gratitude, "A thousand, thousand thanks."

It was when the Archbishop pronounced the solemn and truly affecting form of blessing contained in the "Service for the Visitation of the Sick" that the Queen, for the first time in his Majesty's apartment, was overpowered by the weight of affliction.

The King observed her emotion, and said in a tone of kind encouragement, "Bear up, bear up."

At the conclusion of the prayers, his Majesty saw all his children; and as they successively knelt to kiss his hand, gave them his blessing in the most affectionate terms, suitable to the character and circumstances of each. They had all manifested the most truly filial affection to his Majesty during his illness; but on Lady Mary Fox, the eldest of his Majesty's surviving daughters, had chiefly devolved the painful, yet consolatory duty of assisting the Queen in her attendance on the King.

The extreme caution of his Majesty, and his anxiety to avoid causing any pain or alarm to the Queen, was very remarkable. He never alluded in distinct terms to death in her Majesty's presence. It was about this period of the day, that he tenderly besought her Majesty not to make herself uneasy about him; but that he was already anticipating his speedy dissolution, was evident from his expressions to several of his relatives. Even at this advanced stage of his disease, and under circumstances of the most distressing debility, the King had never wholly intermitted his attention to public business. In accordance with his usual habits, he had this morning frequently desired to be told when the clock struck half-past ten, about which time his Majesty gave audience to Sir Herbert Taylor. At eleven, when Sir Herbert was summoned, the King said, "Give me your hand. Now get the things ready." On Sir Herbert saying that he had no papers to-day, his Majesty appeared surprised, till Sir Herbert added, "It is Monday, Sir; there is no post, and no boxes are come;" when he replied, "Ah, true, I had forgot." The Queen then named Sir Henry Wheatley, who had entered the apartment. The King regarded him with a gracious look, and extended his hand to him, as he did also to Doctor Davies, evidently influenced by the same motive which had prompted a similar action to Sir Herbert Taylor,—a last acknowledgment of their faithful services. His Majesty then passed several hours in a state of not uneasy slumber, the Queen almost uninterruptedly kneeling by his side, and gently chafing his hand, from which assurance of her presence his Majesty derived the greatest comfort.

During this afternoon, to such an extremity of weakness was the King reduced that he scarcely opened his eyes, save to raise them in prayer to heaven, with a look expressive of the most perfect resignation. Once or twice, indeed, this feeling found expression in words. "Thy will be done;" and on one occasion he was heard to utter the words, "The Church—the Church!" and the name of the Archbishop.

It was about nine o'clock in the evening of this day, that the Archbishop visited the King for the last time. His Majesty's state altogether incapa-

citated him from joining in any act or exercise of devotion; but, as at each preceding interview, his Grace's presence proved a source of joy and consolation to the dying Monarch, who strove in vain to convey any audible acknowledgment of the blessings which he sensibly enjoyed; but when, on leaving the room, the Archbishop said, "My best prayers are offered up for your Majesty," the King replied, with slow and feeble, yet distinct utterance, "believe me, I am a religious man!"

After this exertion, his Majesty gently moved his hand in token of his last farewell, and the Archbishop withdrew.

As the night advanced, a more rapid diminution of his Majesty's vital powers was perceptible.

His weakness now rendered it impracticable to remove him into his usual bedroom, and a bed was accordingly prepared in the Royal closet, which communicates with the apartment in which his Majesty had passed the last ten days of his life. At half-past ten, the King was seized with a fainting fit, the effects of which were mistaken by many for the stroke of death. However, his Majesty gradually, and though imperfectly, revived, and was then removed into his bed.

From this time his voice was not heard, except to pronounce the name of his valet. In less than an hour his Majesty expired, without a struggle and without a groan, the Queen kneeling at the bedside, and still affectionately holding his hand, the comfortable warmth of which rendered her unwilling to believe the reality of the sad event.

Thus expired, in the seventy-third year of his age, in firm reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH, a just and upright King, a forgiving enemy, a sincere friend, and a most gracious and indulgent master.

THE LATE MR. JACOB LORILLARD, Merchant in New York.

He was apprenticed at an early age, when he had received but little schooling; finding himself deficient in knowledge, he spent the evenings in study, when other boys in situations like his, after their day's work, would seek amusement.

For some time, he spent, what money he could save, upon books for the improvement of his mind; then he began to save in order to have a capital to commence business with. When he had a thousand dollars of his own, his brothers lent him two thousand more, and then he commenced business on his own account.

His property, when he died, was more than a million of dollars. He often said, he had become so rich, because he did not make haste to be rich.

He was always ready to do good, giving money, or lending it to deserving people when they were in want, and particularly fond of finding out industrious persons that he might help them in the outset of life.

One day, in the depth of winter, a woman called upon him to ask for help that she might procure some wood. He had some doubt about her; so he told her he would make inquiry, and she had to go away without any relief. Walking in the street, immediately after, with a gentleman who was present when the woman applied to him, he saw a cartload of wood for sale. He at once bought it, and ordered it to be delivered at the woman's door, whose address he had accurately taken down. His companion was surprised, and asked him: "Did you not say you would make inquiry about her first?" "O yes," he replied, "but while I make inquiry, she might freeze to death."

He professed religion as a consistent member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, from his seventeenth year. Every morning and evening, his family were gathered around him for domestic worship; a portion of the Lord's day was always devoted to the religious instruction of his children. When he felt his end approaching, he called his children around him, addressed appropriate counsel to each of them, and soon after, sank away easily and gently, and slept in the Lord.

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