

flower; the men were lying on the grass, and the beasts fed with their burdens on their backs in most luxuriant herbage. Above was a small ford where the Nile was so narrow that Bruce stepped across it more than fifty times: it had now dwindled to the size of a common mill stream.

When Woldo came to Bruce, he declared he was too ill to proceed, but this imposition being detected, he then confessed he was afraid to enter Geesh, having once killed several of its inhabitants: however Bruce gave him a very handsome sash, which he took, making many apologies. "Come come," said Bruce, "we understand each other; no more words; it is now late; lose no time, but carry me to Geesh, and the head of the Nile directly, without preamble, and show me the hill that separates me from it. He then carried me round to the south side of the church, out of the grove of trees that surrounded it. . . . "This is the hill," says he, looking archly, "that, when you were on the other side of it, was between you and the fountains of the Nile; there is no other. Look at that hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot; IT IS IN THAT THE TWO FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE ARE TO BE FOUND! Geesh is one on the face of the rock where you green trees are. If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes as you did the other day, for these people are all pagans, worse than those who were at the ford; and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day as if it were God; but this perhaps you may do likewise."

"Half undressed as I was, by loss of my sash, and throwing my shoes off, I ran down the hill, towards the little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which was in form of an altar apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture over the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it.

"It is easier to guess than describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years! Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my mind, over Kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain-glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence. I was, however, but then half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already passed, awaited me again on my return—I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself." [How forcible the moral here! ED. CHR. GUAR.]—*Sir Francis Bond Head.*

HINDOO SHEPHERDS.

"He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

THE shepherds of antiquity were "an abomination unto the Egyptians," and so they are among the Hindoos; and as the Egyptians would not eat with the Hebrews, so neither will the various castes of India eat with their shepherds. The pastoral office in the East is far more responsible than in England, and it is only by looking at it in various relations and peculiarities, as it exists

there, that we gain a correct view of many passages of Scripture.—Flocks at home are generally in fine fields, surrounded by hedges or fences; but there they are generally in the wilderness, and were it not for the shepherds, would go astray, and be exposed to the wild beasts. As the sons of Jacob had to go to a great distance to feed their flocks, so still they are often absent for one and two months together, in the place where there is plenty of pasturage. In their removals, it is an interesting sight to see the shepherds carrying the lambs in their bosoms, and also to witness how gently they "lead those that are with young." Another interesting fact is the relationship which exists betwixt the pastor and his flock; for being so much together, they acquire a friendly feeling: hence the sheep "know his voice, and a stranger will they not follow." Does he wish to remove to another place, he goes to such a distance as that they can hear his voice, and then he imitates the noise made by a sheep, and immediately they may be seen bounding along to the spot where he is. Thus "he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." But another way of leading a flock, especially where there are goats, is to take the branch of a tree and keep showing it to them, which causes them to run along more cheerfully. He also calleth "his own sheep by name," and it is interesting to notice how appropriate the names are to the animals. Thus, should a sheep or a cow have a bad temper (or any other failing,) it will be called the angry one, the malicious, or sulky, or wandering one; the killer of her young, the fiend; the mad one, the jumper, the limper, the dwarf, the barren, the fruitful, the short, the fat, the long, the tricky one. The cows also are named after some of their goddesses, particularly after the wives of Siva, Vishnoo, and Scandan; thus Lechymy, Parvati, and Valle, may be heard in every herd. To bulls are given the names of men and devils; as Vy-raven, Pulliar, Mathan, &c. Before the sun shall have gained his meridian, the shepherds seek out a shady place, where they may make their flocks "to rest at noon." As the shepherd who mounted the throne of Israel, carried his sling and his stone, so they generally have the same missiles by which they correct the wanderers, and keep off their foes: hence the dog is scarcely ever used in the tending or guiding of flocks. As was Jacob, so here the shepherds are often remunerated in kind, and therefore have not any other wages (except now and then a little cloth or rice); hence, often, a certain number of the rams are given as pay, and to this also the Patriarch may allude: "The rams of thy flock have I not eaten." In most of these particulars we see illustrations of Him who "is the Shepherd, the stone of Israel," who laid prostrate the "roaring lion" of hell, and who keeps us in safety, so that the foe cannot pluck us out of his hand.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

HAVING occasion to spend a day or two upon business in a lonely quiet village in the interior of the State of New-York, I attended the funeral of a child. The villagers had laid aside their several occupations, and were there. The young mother was overwhelmed with anguish for the loss of her loved one, and the father's rough features were softened by unaffected sorrow. The appearance of the preacher was calculated to increase the interest of the occasion. The frosts of nearly seventy winters had whitened his locks for the grave, and his trembling limbs and faltering voice gave warning that his race was well nigh run and his messages of mercy almost ended. His prayer was simple, heartfelt, sincere. It was an old man's appeal to the mourners: God for the consolations of his Spirit, and his Spirit was there. The increasing interest of the scene was further increased by the mere announcement of his text: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? and so said it is well."

The sermon was eloquent, the simple eloquence of nature and of truth. It came from the heart and reached the heart. He diverted their sorrowing thoughts from their child that was dead, to themselves who were yet living, and accountable. He appeals to the mourning mother to know whether it was well with her, whether her hopes of heaven were fixed in the cross, and whe-

ther she could say, though death has taken my babe away, I know that my Redeemer liveth. He also touched another tender chord, and called into life those holy affections that twine around the heart of a wife, "Is it well with thy husband? Is he travelling with you the road to Zion? Has he made the God of Jacob his refuge?" And then, to bind up their broken hearts, he asks, "Is it well with the child?" And the preacher said, "it is well;" that, according to his belief, (and who, at such an hour, care to question the doctrine?) the child was happy in heaven—that they could not be so cruel as to wish to recall it from those holy joys back to this vale of tears, this scene of sorrow; and then lifting his dim eyes towards heaven he exclaimed,

"And who that has gazed his not long'd for the hour,
When misfortune and sorrow should cease,
And hope like the rainbow displays through the bow?
Her bright written promise of peace.
And oh, if that rainbow of promise should shine
On the last scene of life's chequered gloom,
May its blaze in the moment of parting be mine;
I ask but one ray from a source so divine,
To light the dark vale of the tomb."

RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

WINNING OTHERS TO CHRIST.

WHERE is the Christian almost that seriously thinks himself, what might I do to win souls? It may be you will go in the company of the godly, where you will be edified; but when do you go to your poor neighbor, whom you see to live in a sinful state, and tell him of his danger, and labor to gain him to Christ? If it were but his ox or his ass that lay ready to perish, you would make no question but it was your duty to help him out of the ditch. And do you in earnest think that you owe more to those than you do to his soul? "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise." Surely the lives of too many Christians speak the language of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Do you not know how to get into a poor neighbor's door? Carry an alms with you—do him a kindness—speak as a brother, or a sister, or a friend to his children, and you will prepare the way for a welcome reception. Then I shall look to see the kingdom of Christ flourish gloriously, when every one that professeth godliness shall arise and take hold of the skirt of his neighbor. Oh! see your neglect in this. Do not think it enough to keep your own vineyard—let your friends' and neighbors have no quiet for you till you see them settling in good earnest to seek after heaven. Oh! if you would bring in but every one his man to Christ, what a blessed thing were it. When so many are busy leading men astray, how active should the friends of Christ be in bringing back the lost sheep to him.—*Alleine.*

AN ANGEL STANDING BY.

WE read of a youth in the early days of Christianity, on whom his persecutors had put in practice a more than common share of their cruel ingenuity, that by his torments they might compel him to deny his Lord and Saviour. After a long endurance of those pains they released him, in wonder at his obstinacy. His Christian brethren wondered too, and asked him by what mighty faith he could so strangely subdue the violence of the fire, as that neither a cry nor a groan escaped him. "It was indeed most painful," was the noble youth's reply, "but an angel stood by me while my anguish was at the worst, and pointed to Heaven." Oh, thou, whoever thou art, that art tempted to commit sin, do thou think of death, and that thought will be an angel unto thee! The hope of heaven will raise thy courage above the fiercest threatenings of the world; the fear of hell will rob its persuasions of their enchantments; and the very extremity of the trial itself may contribute to animate thy exertions, by the thought that the greater the endurance now the greater will be thy reward hereafter.—*Bishop Heber.*

IN nine cases out of ten, the wisest course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he be abusive, quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him.