

The Provincial and Esplanade

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume V. No. 16.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1853.

Whole No. 197.

(FOR THE PROVINCIAL WEEKLY.)

Home.

What wonder that the exile longs for home,
Home, the dear centre of his hopes and fears,
Within whose magic circle is enshrined,
All the loved objects of his early years.

Though fair, to other eyes, the land may be,
In which, a stranger, he is doomed to roam,
Before his mental vision, daily, fit
The fairer landscapes that surround his home.

Though beaming eyes his presence glad, may greet,
And kindly voices fall upon his ear,
His sister's looks of love he pines to view,
His mother's gentle tones once more to hear.

That mother often, silent, lost in thought,
Recalls the image of her distant son,
And his young sisters, at the twilight hour,
Breathe forth fond wishes for the absent one.

While he, sad gazing on the waters blue,
The waves that bore him from his native land,
With that deep yearning, exiles only know,
Longs to behold again the household band.

But hope still whispers that blissful hour,
Which shall behold again his weary feet
Enter, within the threshold of his home,
Where love's warm welcome shall the wanderer greet.

And oh, if earthly homes, though cheered by sin,
Though care and sorrow often enter there,
Have such a charm the exile's heart to bind,
Such memories fond, to banish dark despair.

Should not the Christian pilgrim, though com-
demned
Amid earth's wilderness awhile to roam,
His fainting heart, and weary footsteps cheer,
With the glad vision of his heavenly home.

That home, too bright for mortal eyes to scan,
Whose harmonies may thrill no earthly ear,
Whose raptures reach of man can never conceive,
This is the home his father God prepare.

Its threshold gleaming, farewell to sin and death,
To sorrow, that pursued him all the way,
To the vain cares and joys of life, that strove,
With many a wife, his journey to delay.

Rejoiced by Him, whose welcome thrills his soul,
Celestial friends his coming through to greet,
He shares with them the joys that know no end,
The bliss, begun on earth, in heaven complete.

M. E. H.

Trusting in God—its Safety.

You have heard of the famous expedition that Napoleon Bonaparte, the Emperor of France, led against Russia. He had resolved to make the whole world subject to himself; he had won great victories in Italy and Germany, and now he gathered together a vast army, assembling foot and horse, cannon and baggage, and set forth against Moscow. But God had said, "I'll thwart shall thou come, and no further;" and the elements were commanded to fight against him, whom man could not overcome. The French soldiers, in that dreadful retreat from Russia, suffered such miseries from the bitterness of the winter, that you could hardly find another tale of equal suffering. Tens after tens, and hundreds after hundreds, lay down to die in the deep snow; the roads were strewn with frozen corpses, and every day thinned more and more rapidly the numbers of that once mighty army.

You may imagine the terror that prevailed through all the country by which this host, driven to desperation by famine and cold, had to pass. Peasants abandoned their cottages and fled with their wives and children to the mountains and forests; rich men tried to enter into fenced cities, or, if they were unable to do that, shut themselves in their own strong houses, knowing that the flying host was marching far too rapidly to be able to form a regular attack. "Before the face of this host," every road and field were much pained; all faces gathered blackness.

There was a little town in the very road of the French army, which we will call Meissen.—It was one of those old-fashioned German towns which are more like dreams than realities; the streets were dark and narrow; the houses had lofty gable ends, with rich wood-work in door, eave and cornice; and unrolled wings, looking down peacefully on the busy passers by; there was the rich old church with its mountain of roof, and two spires; and the one arched bridge, with so steep an ascent, that it seemed rather hinder than help in crossing the river. And throughout this fair little city there was grief and terror, and the wailing of women, and the hurrying to and fro of men. For news was brought that the great army of the Prussians, known by the name of the "White," would quarter itself in the place that night. The sun was all but setting; there was not a cloud in the sky; the frost which had been bitter all day, grew sharper and sharper; milk froze in the pail, and beer in the barrel; every road and field was as hard as rock, and men passed about muffled in furs to the very teeth. Yet carts and cars of all kinds were hurrying out from the town; families were hastening anywhere, so it were but out of the way of the invaders; shops were shut, and doors barred; none staid who by any possibility could go.

Now, near the market-place, and in the very heart of Meissen, stood an old miser who had built three hundred years before. It seemed all made up of gables and oriel windows, and odd projections, put up, one would think, for the purpose of puzzling people. It stood by itself; and in the interior there was a little garden around it. In the garden were daisies, roses and tulips. In the parlour of this house—kitchen and parlour both—sat on this same evening three people.—A huge log fire went roaring up the chimney; the black oak wainscot, and roof, and floor, seemed like a dark mirror; on the shelves were a gilded display of cups, plates, and dishes; a chimney eight-day clock stood near the door—sundry brass hung from the great rafter that ran across the room; and a mat was stretched before the hearth. The paring, who inhabited this room were an old woman, with a countenance, notwithstanding

her age and infirmity (for a crutch that lay by her side showed her to be lame), sweet and cheerful. She sat in a quaintly carved arm-chair, and her dress, though poor enough, was as neat as that of the first lady in the land. On the back of her chair leaned a boy some fifteen years in age; and opposite to her, and engaged in knitting, sat a girl somewhat older than he.

"It is useless to talk, grandmother," said the boy whose name was Frederick. "If you will not fly, neither Meta nor I will go; be quite assured of that."
"I will not because I cannot, from my lameness," replied the grandmother, whose name was Dorothea Knuff; "and if I do not desire you, on your obedience to leave me, it is because I think that flying from danger you might fall into it; and none of our friends have thought that you, too, might need protection. So it is better to meet danger of God's sending, than of our own devising."

"So it is, dear grandmother," said Meta, throwing back her yellow hair from her forehead, and fixing her deep blue eyes on Dorothea. "Remember what Burger says, 'What God does, that is well ordained.'"

"His will be done in all things," answered the old woman; "and if it seem good to him I earnestly pray that I alone may suffer, if any are to be hurt. The clock is striking five, and the bell ought to be going for service; but I suppose there is none to ring it. I wish, my Meta, that you would sing me the old vesper hymn that I love so well; it may be the last time that I shall hear you sing anything."

"I will, grandmother." And she sang as follows:
The golden sun is in the West,
The earth is sinking into rest;
Day hath its turmoil and its strife;
Day hath its end,—and so hath life.

The moon is rising from the sea
Till its dark waves shine gloriously;
If we have perit, fear and thrall,
We have a Christ to glad them all.

When earthly light is almost dead,
And earthly hopes have missed their mark,
And sorrow's cup is to the brim,
God is with us, and we with Him.

O God, till darkness goeth hence,
Be thou our stay and our defence;
A wall, when foes oppress us sore,
To save and guard us evermore.

"Thank you, Meta. They are not the kind of verses that they sing now-days, but they are true, and I like them. It may be so with us, now; for as the proverb says, 'When thou turnest, God is nearest.'"

"There is a thought in that," said Meta. "He will be our wall himself," answered Dorothea. "Is his arm shortened, think you?"

"No grandmother; but that thing is impossible without a miracle."
"Take care, Frederick, that you are not like the nobleman in the Bible, that, when the Prophet promised abundance of food to a starving city, said, 'Behold, if the Lord would make windows in Heaven might this thing be?' and you know what was the answer: 'Thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but shalt not eat thereof.'"

"I did not mean to say," replied the boy, "that he could not make windows around us; but only that he must work a miracle to do so."
"And I say," said Dorothea, "that we must beware of limiting his power by saying, this can be, and that cannot be; he can do this way, and not in that way; he can save us thus, and not otherwise."

"The wind is rising," said Meta. "Hark how it moans down the chimney!"
"And it is snowing hard," said Frederick, going to the window. "It is indeed an ill night!"

"And thus they sat waiting and watching, hoping and fearing, and every moment expecting to hear the French trumpets. And still the snow fell thick and fast, and as it fell it drifted. Horse-ropes and sleds were buried deep beneath the soft load; streets and walls, hedges and paths, were blotted out; barriers and mounds of snow formed here and there, and where the draft was strongest the drift was deepest. Toward nine o'clock the uncertain notes of a trumpet, now caught, now lost,—an occasional shout, and a low continual murmur, gave notice that the French had entered the city.

In half an hour every house in the principal streets were occupied; there in the principal streets travelled the same road, the one on foot, the other on horseback. Though strangers to each other, they entered into conversation, and it appeared that both were on their way to preach.
"Our profession," said the one on horseback, "is one of great drudgery, and by no means profitable. I never get more than half a guinea for preaching a sermon."
"You preach for a half a guinea, do you?" said the one on foot; "I preach for a crown."

"Preach for a crown? You are a disgrace to your cloth."
"Perhaps so; and you may think I am a still greater disgrace when I tell you that I am now walking nine miles to preach, and have but seventeen pence in my pocket to bear my expenses out and in, and I do not expect to receive even that amount from those I go to serve. But I look forward to that crown of glory which my Lord and Saviour will bestow upon me when he makes his appearance before an assembled world."

The horseman, it may be well supposed, did not care to continue his conversation with one who was ready to disgrace his cloth by preaching for a crown.

The foot soldier was the Rev. Howell Davies—a man whose labors were greatly beloved to the revival of religion in Wales. He had four stated places for preaching, besides often preaching in barns, commons and hill sides. He had more than two thousand communicants in his church. On communion days the church was frequently emptied twice to make room for a third congregation to partake of the Supper.

He has doubtless received a very brilliant crown; for he was one of those who turn many to righteousness.
Reader, are you laboring for a crown? There are crowns for laymen as well as for ministers. A soul saved by the instrumentality of a layman gives as much glory to

Christ as a soul saved by the instrumentality of a minister. Arose thick, and labor for a crown. Strive to lead one sinner at least, to the Lamb of God.

HEATHEN IDEAS OF HEAVEN.—Christianity alone reveals a heaven into which "nothing that defileth shall enter;" a bliss which is entirely pure and spiritual, and wholly incongruous with the natural taste of man. The views of darkness, blinded reason have ever borne the impress of sensuality; thus, when the savage has ventured to send forward a thought to the land of souls, he has pictured of refined and joyous life, in the manner of a handless game; an eye to the hand, which will be undimmed by the progress of age; and a nerve to draw the bow, which shall never lose its vigor. The elysium of refined and joyous life, in the manner of a handless game; an eye to the hand, which will be undimmed by the progress of age; and a nerve to draw the bow, which shall never lose its vigor.

Let us again, I saw him when the careless glee of childhood, and the fiery heat of youth had passed away; and in manhood's prime, he was earnestly engaged in the warfare of life. "Fornication hovered around him, and dark clouds of sorrow hung grimly o'er his head. Danger was on every hand, and he must do or die. He felt himself unequal for the struggle, yet gave he not over to despair, for he knew that prayer was heard in heaven. And as he raised his heart to God to ask for help, the softly whispered, 'Lo! I am with you always,' he on his fainting heart like dew on the sun scorched flower; reviving and purifying, and again he went forth boldly to the battle."

Yet once again saw I that being bowed before the mercy seat. Long years had passed, and time's rough billows had lashed his locks white as the driven snow. His journey is almost done, but ere he steps across the stream of death into the bright land prepared for him, he turns to review the scenes of other years. His vision is cleared now, for the mists of sorrow, and he sees again the sunny days of childhood, bright before him when not a care was his, when a fond mother clasped him to her heart and prayed Heaven to shield him from the shafts of sin.

Now he looks of the bright dreams, the buoyant hopes and the gay companions of his youth, how his dreams had been chilled by the cold reality of after years, his hopes crushed by the heavy hand of sorrow, and those companions of youth's bright morning, from his path like the faded flowers of autumn, while he was left to mourn the loss of a happy life. A scattered band are these his early friends. Some have fallen in the smoke of battle thickened;—others have buried their only remain. Others live and hope they shall see our dear friend. Others still, are sleeping where the bright sun shines, the wild bird sings, the tall grass waves and the flowers bloom in beauty o'er them, on the broad prairie of the west. Thus have their lights gone out, till not one of the gay company is left save that aged man, and he too, has come within sight of the stream o'er which his friends have passed, and he will soon be with them.

Now the stern scenes of after life rise before him with all their joys and all their woes; he sees how all the hand of God has assisted him in every struggle, and led him on through all life's dangers even to the present hour, gently smoothing down the roughness of the way. The old man's heart is melted, and he is a child once more. He bows his aged form to thank and bless the hand of mercy that has ever thus been stretched to help and comfort him, and for the last time on earth, he prays. While his heart is raised in sweet communion with his God, the eye of faith peers through the morn out veil of flesh, and sees that home prepared for him above. Through the half open gates of glory he beholds the Saviour bidding him "come home," and all around upon the battlements of Heaven his long comrades stand and beckon him away from earth.

While thus absorbed in the Heavenly vision, the last chord is severed that bound his soul to earth. His eye is glazed, and his worn out body fallen, cold and still. Seck not to fall asleep, for the prison gates of matter are broken and the shackled soul is free.—*Corr. Zion's Herald.*

THE FLOWERS TEACHING.—"All flesh is grass, and all the glory of man, as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away."

Dear reader, have you seen the pearly dew-drops of the morning, sparkling in the tiny cup of the morning flower? So have we. It may be that flower which, in some sequestered glen, by some quiet walk or running stream. The early sun shone with genial rays upon its soft petals, and its fragrance filled the air. It was an object of joy to the eye, and a delight to the nose. Have you marked it when the hour of evening had fallen, and the air shook the green leaves of the morning dew? It is now a withered, and the flower is gone.

Thus we thought of the flower of human life, and "all the glory of man as the flower." For "in the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, and in the evening it is cut down and withereth." Such is the lot of man here on earth. He is like a flower, fragrant, fading flower which, by its beautiful and impressive emblem of his continuance in this world.

"Lies a dream—man's a flower,
He dies—alas how soon he dies!"

UNIVERSALISM.—A writer for the *Congregationalist*, who was present at the Convention of the denomination, recently held in New York, gives a doleful account of the small attendance, the want of interest, the evident signs of decay, announce that when a man goes to a world of woe, stays there one year, or one hundred years, expiates his sins, and goes up from blackness and darkness to swell the hosannas of the saved. Universalism is now being taught in India, a second division is going into Unitarianism, and a third class are convinced of the truth of Orthodoxy. The days of this delusion are numbered.

A POOR MAN'S WISH.—I asked a student what three things he most valued. He said: "Give me books, health, quiet, and I care for nothing more."
I asked a miser, and he cried: "Money—money—money!"
I asked a pauper and he faintly said: "Bread—bread—bread!"

I asked a drunkard, and he loudly called for strong drink. I asked the multitude around me, and they lifted up a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "wealth, fame, and pleasure."

I asked a poor man, who had long borne the character of an experienced Christian; he replied that all his wishes could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, "I greatly desire three things—first, that I may be like Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; and thirdly, that I may be like Christ. I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems."

PRAYER.—"Prayer," says Mr. Cosh, "is continued in, in spirit and truth, free from pride, and the blessing could be met in Christ. He spoke seriously, and I asked him to explain. He said, 'I greatly desire three things—first, that I may be like Christ; secondly, that I may be like Christ; and thirdly, that I may be like Christ. I have thought much of his answer, and the more I think of it the wiser it seems.'"

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The Jubilee of the Bible Society.

Out into all the world! the sound must go,
Announcing everlastingly the word.
The plan is lofty! Dare we touch the theme
"Good to create, but greater to redeem!"
Heralds proclaim it, harbingers are ye,
The Jubilee can make the prisoner free!

There must be heralds, that the world may see;
Christians and sinners,—halt this Jubilee!
There must be heralds, that the world may hear
"Through every land, there is a Saviour near!"
How far and wide this Jubilee may bless,
How far and wide this Jubilee may bless!

When computation fails—and numbers cease,
Hosts shall proclaim it in a land of peace!
Dark the domain—And fabulous the creed
That this domain—And fabulous the creed
That this domain—And fabulous the creed

Then heralds take the Book, go forth and preach,
You live a comment on the Word you teach!
The Spirit, and the Word, will win their way,
Your path be lighted on to endless day!

This Jubilee will multiply that throng!
Destined to sing a never ending song!
Halifax, March 30th, 1853.

Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the Parsee Merchant.

We are indebted to the North American Review, and the Merchant's Magazine, for a review of the life of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a Parsee merchant of Bombay. We would note it as an example of the times, that literary and commercial journals of such standard character should exhibit for the initiation of Christian benevolence such an example of magnificent benevolence as is furnished in the history of the Parsee tradesman with an unpronounceable name.

Jeejeebhoy has risen from poverty and obscurity to wealth and distinction, as a shipper and merchant at Bombay. In the acquisition of his fortune, he adopted principles which doth it which doth it which doth it.

He was a healthy looking girl, of perhaps eighteen summers. Removing to ———, she was introduced to the Sunday school, by some acquaintance, and placed in the class of a truly spiritual and faithful teacher, one Sabbath shortly after her admission, she submitted to God, and showed that she clearly comprehended the consequence of an impenitent life. "But," she said, "I am determined to enjoy the pleasures of life while I am young."

"Yes, you are young, but you may be nevertheless very near death," replied the teacher.

"No, I am not. I am healthy, and shall most likely live a long time; but any how, I don't mean to seek religion yet. I shall take all the pleasure in life that I can," said she, with such bold and decided manner, that her teacher was discouraged and silent.

Two weeks from that Sabbath, we stood beside that maiden's coffin, and spoke emphatic words to her companions over her corpse! A violent death had suddenly assailed her, only ten days after her boast of having long to live. Its first blow de-throned reason; the next broke the golden bowl at the fountain of life; and all guilty, unannounced and unrepentant, as she was, she was hurried into the presence chamber of the Infinite.

Such was her end. This impenitent sinner, wedded to thy pleasures, and recklessly rushing upon consequences? Be entreated, in view of this example, to pause, to reflect, to repent, to embrace Christ, and to be saved.—*Zion's Herald.*

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A Fact for the Presumptuous.

There is a spirit of impious boldness in the following lines from that strange poem, Festus, which we shudder at, whenever we repeat them. Speaking of the passions and their indulgence, the poet says:

Enough shall not find me, I find the fact
As I let me look on single which casts
The shadow of a pleasure, and here I have
A breast which will endure a write of the
Pleasure, my part not. No, it were easier
To wind God's lightning from the grasp of God!"

These are repeat, is startling, daring language. We instinctively shrink from the laudatory impetuosity of such a boast. Yet, it strikes us as being no more than a strong, but truthful expression of the spirit of rebellion, which reigns in impenitent sinners. For, does not every enlightened sinner follow his favorite sins with a conscientiousness that, embracing them, he embraces death? Does he not really make war on God, whenever he tramples upon his authority? And is not a defiance of Jehovah—a fearful setting at naught of divine holiness—an impotent assertion of personal independence? We shudder at the poet's words; but we liberally tremble in spirit when we abandon ourselves to the contemplation of a sinner's attitude towards God.

This terrible presumption does not exclusively belong to what are considered the abandoned classes of society. It may often be seen, in its worst aspects, in moral, and apparently pious persons. Even timid maidens, who tremble in the shadow of a physical danger, frequently exhibit the utmost daring in their treatment of God and religion. We remember such a maiden, and the catastrophe which befell her, as she was on her way to school, and she was the same time how to spend it for the benefit of his fellow-man. The record is before us of a small part of his gifts for twenty years, and yet it amounts to 608,000 rupees, or more than \$300,000. He expended 200,000 rupees for the supply of Foon, with pure water. He erected an inn for the accommodation of poor travellers, at a cost of 80,000 rupees, and with 50,000 rupees, and his wife added another 20,000.

His year has passed without some act of benevolence. He has been a member of the works in all parts of the country, have all been aided by his liberality. He has a bigoted faith, no false feeling of nationality, no narrow standard of judgment, has ruled his efforts for the good of mankind. He

"Grasp the whole world of reason, life and sense, In a single system of benevolence."
The homage paid to this benevolent merchant has been very marked. The Queen of England has conferred on him a patent of knighthood, at the solicitation of the East India Company. Kingman and friends presented him an address, accompanied by a testimonial of the value of 15,000 rupees, not after the American method of a silver service or a statue, but to form a "translation fund" for defraying the expenses of translating into the Gujaratee language such books from the European or Asiatic languages as may be approved by the Committee, to be by them published and distributed gratis, or at a low price, among the Parsee community, in furtherance of the education of the people.

In support of this testimonial, the princely merchant uttered sentiments worthy of Christian emulation. He says: "I shall ever wish my name to be connected with every endeavour to diffuse knowledge among our people; and the surest way to incite them to elevate and improve themselves, is to spread far and wide among them, gratuitously or in a cheap form, translations into our language of the most approved authors." And he demonstrates the fitness of the memorial, by the munificent gift of 300,000 rupees—\$150,000—as a fund to be applied towards relieving the indigent Parsees of Bombay, and Surat, and the education of their children.

The wife of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy shares his generous spirit. At a cost of 175,000 rupees, she has constructed a causeway at a point between Salotee and Bombay, where a dangerous ferry previously existed, and a loss of life was frequent. And this seems not to be a solitary instance of her benevolence.

Do not these instances of princely liberality seem more like the fable than fact? Where do we find this parallel in Christian lands? Yet their author is a Parsee—a fire-worshipper! His lineage, perchance, may be traced to the Magi who followed the star that rested over Bethlehem. However this may be, that he entertains just notions of stewardship, will lend him as one of the wise men from the East; and blithely to knowledge the contrast with the folly and luxury too often witnessed in connexion with the more universal Christian grace, that we might trace these acts of benevolence to the possible source suggested by an eminent authority as to the history and character of the Parsees, who says, "From some circumstances, it has been supposed that they have imbibed some points of Christianity."

But, instead of investigating the philosophy of this remarkable history, or suggesting the practical thoughts awakened by it, we prefer to add the truthful and weighty remark of the literary magazine from which this sketch is condensed. The North American Review says:—

"We have forgotten that we are the most prosperous community that the world ever saw, and that we should be more blame-worthy than any other people were we less liberal. While the laws which regulate the acquisition and the possession of property are so ill understood as they are at present are all the world over, benevolence is not simply a duty, it is a necessity. More than anywhere else, it is a necessity in a republic like ours. We have learned that expensive schools are the cheapest institution of the State; we have yet to learn that the prevention of pauperism, at any cost, is cheaper

than the care of it when it exists; we have yet to learn that the truest pleasure which wealth can afford is in spending it so as to promote the happiness of others. Nor ought our rich men only to be called on to be benevolent. The portion of our community which is too poor to be charitable is very small. The duty is the same to every man, to give to others according to his means. Let every one in his own way devote a portion of his possessions, it matters not whether to his labour, his money, or his thoughts, to the good of others. Whatever he does for their happiness will return in tenfold happiness to himself, for benevolence is the most divine of virtues."—*Amer. Messenger.*

continually increasing, he cannot fail of accomplishing glorious results for the kingdom of Christ.

But how often the instances where a Leader's heart sinks within him, and his hands hang feebly down. He sees not the success he anticipated, the results for which he laboured, and prayed, and hoped. The interest of his class declines, the attendance diminishes. He questions his qualifications—doubts his being in the order of Providence—ready to throw up his commission and retire from his post in disappointment and chagrin. But why so soon discouraged? Why flee from duty and leave unutilized so important a position? Is it from want of capacity, or want of moral power? Want of mental or spiritual endowment? Let him examine with candour and diligence into the cause, and he may discover a lack, first, of an all-absorbing love for souls, second, of those rich treasures of divine knowledge and Christian experience, which can furnish an exhaustless supply of help to his brethren, and the profit of his flock.

Then let him fall down before the blessed Jesus, with contrition and the prayer of faith, remembering the promise, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and is not grudging; it shall be given him;" let him pray that, apprehending the way and will of the Lord more fully, he may be enabled to gain that overcoming faith which brings in a full salvation to the soul