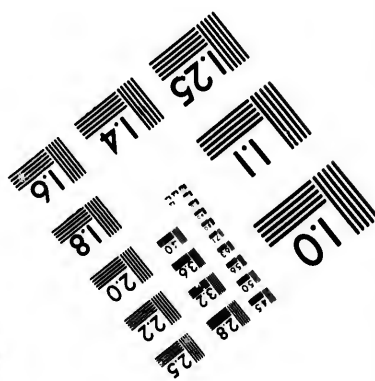
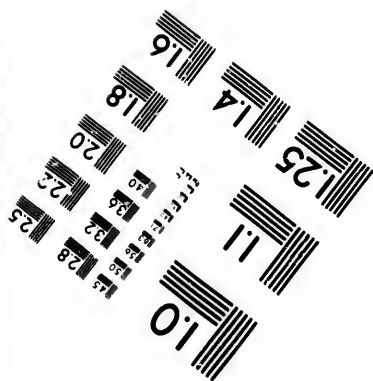
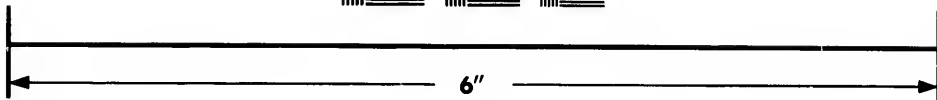
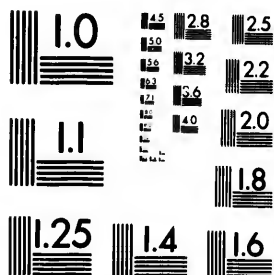


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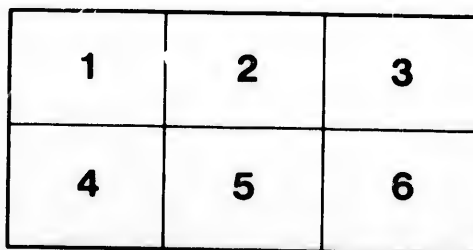
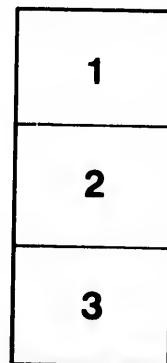
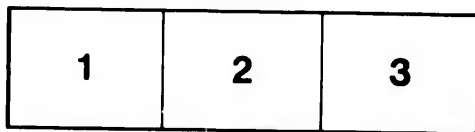
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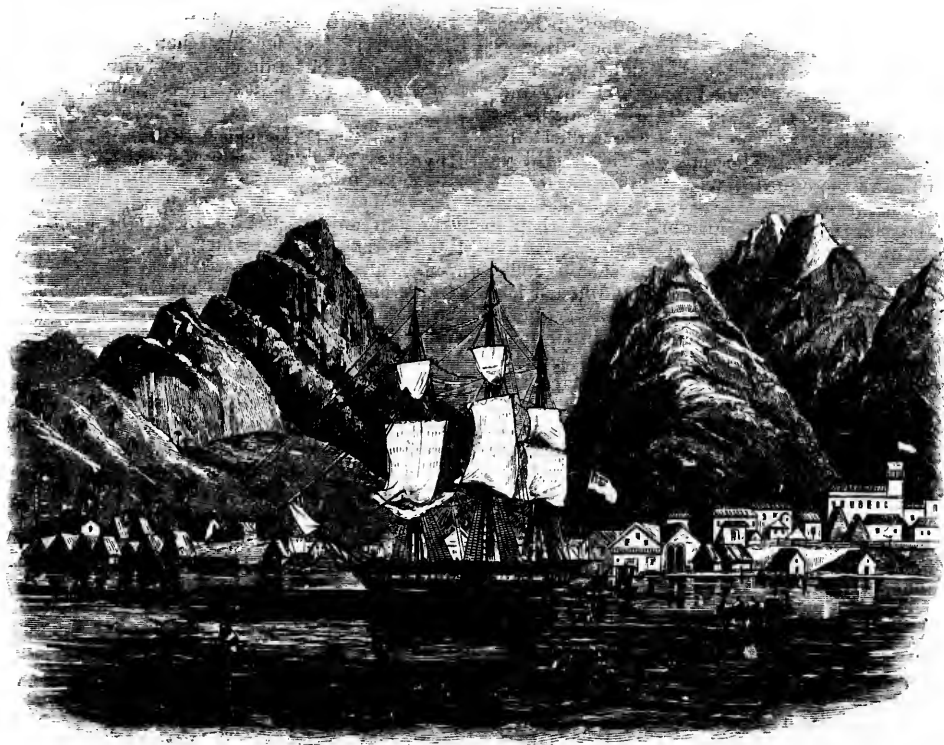
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THE
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



HONOLULU.

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

I.

On the 18th of January, 1850, two gentlemen were travelling from London to Plymouth. They conversed together in a language which some of their fellow passengers might perhaps recognise as German, for one of them could speak no English. That one we are about to introduce to our readers. On arriving at Plymouth, the two friends hired a boat, and were rowed out to sea. Two small ships of war lay at anchor in Plymouth Sound. On board one of these the German stranger was presented to Captain Collinson, of the 'Enter-

prise,' and his guest, Commander M'Clure, of the 'Investigator.' He was kindly received by the two captains, with whom his friend entered into a long conversation, in which he unhappily, from ignorance of the language, could take no part. He was soon left alone among strangers, feeling very lonely, for, though they were kind, none of them spoke German. On board the two ships, all was confusion: the men were busy taking in coals, provisions, and stores of all kinds; the decks were encumbered with casks, ice-saws, ice-anchors, ice-triangles, and other strange articles. What was the object of this preparation?

It was then but five years since the departure of the Arctic expedition under Sir John Franklin; and hope was still cherished that he might return in safety. The 'Enterprise' and the 'Investigator' had but just returned from their unsuccessful expedition in search of him in 1848 and 1849, and had been refitted as speedily as possible to resume the search by way of Behring's Strait. Captain R. Collinson was appointed to the 'Enterprise,' as leader of the expedition, and Commander M'Clure, who had served as first lieutenant under Sir James Ross in the last expedition, to the 'Investigator.' It was probable that important intelligence might be obtained from the Esquimaux; the Admiralty therefore applied to the Moravian Missionary Society, with the request that one of their Labrador missionaries might accompany the expedition as interpreter.

Johann August Miertsching, who had been labouring five years in Labrador, was then on a visit to his relations in Germany. To him the proposal was made that he should undertake the office. He consented, and hence it is that our readers are about to make his acquaintance. His journal was published in Germany after his return; from that it is proposed to translate the more interesting passages, connecting them by a very brief narrative of the expedition. There was, as yet, no cabin for him in the 'Enterprise;' he was, therefore, transferred next day to the 'Investigator.'

By six o'clock on the morning of January 20th, the last farewells were spoken or looked, the last letters written, the anchors raised, and, with a favourable wind, the ships were under weigh. "Shall we ever see Europe again? and when?" These questions pressed involuntarily on the mind of the missionary as he stood on deck and gazed at the receding shore. "An Arctic expedition is so beset with hindrances and dangers. How long will the ice hold us imprisoned in the far North? Perhaps for two years or more—and perhaps for ever! But all is known to the God under whose protection we unworthy men commence this perilous voyage. He will deal with us according to his good pleasure."

Brother Miertsching was happily exempt from sea-sickness, and at once applied himself diligently to acquire the language of his new friends, in which task they willingly assisted him. But the sailors evidently contrasted strangely with the crew of the mission ship 'Harmony': their songs, dancing, and "skylarking" astonished him not a little; and they, if they chanced to overhear him in his cabin singing German hymns to his guitar, probably set him down for a very odd kind of "land-lubber," little imagining how many solid,

useful accomplishments he possessed—that, in fact, there were very few things he could not do. In time each learned better to appreciate the other. The journal offers little of interest during the first part of the voyage.

March 5th, the 'Investigator' crossed the Line, and the crew celebrated what our friend called "Neptune's feast," which he declined describing in his journal, because he "would much rather forget it."

Sunday, March 23rd.—"Glorious weather! How delightful it would be if we were all Christians! Not far from hence is the land of palm-trees, but unhappily there are there but few who break off branches, and go forth to meet the King of Glory."

The additional timber and iron required to withstand ice-shocks, and the heavy cargo of stores, retarded the speed of the ships; the 'Investigator' did not reach the Straits of Magellan until April 15th. There they met the 'Gorgon' war-steamer, which had come from Valparaiso to tow them through the straits, and learned from Captain Painter that the 'Enterprise,' which had not been seen since January 26th, had arrived two days before.

The green treeless hills of Patagonia came in view. On the shore appeared nearly three hundred of the gigantic natives, many on horseback. They are described as being clothed in long mantles of llama skins, having broad, well-formed faces, and long black hair. Even the women are six feet high. In Fortescue Bay, the 'Enterprise' was lying at anchor. Mr. Miertsching was invited by Captain Collinson to take possession of the new cabin which had been prepared for him. This, however, was not a positive command: Captain M'Clure evidently did not wish to part with him, and it was therefore decided that he should join the 'Enterprise' at the Sandwich Islands. The 'Gorgon' now took both vessels in tow; the stately Patagonians were succeeded by the diminutive, miserable-looking natives of Terra del Fuego. They endeavoured to approach in their bark canoes, which were about twelve feet long, each containing two men and three women, besides children. In the middle of each boat, on a flat stone, burned a small fire, which was tended by one of the women; the other two rowed: at each end of the boat sat the men. From time to time the women dived, returning to the surface with shell-fish, which, after being roasted at the little fire, were devoured by the men. Their only clothing was a small sealskin hung from their shoulders.

Their condition touched the heart of our voyager at least: the good Moravian asked

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himself sadly, "Shall not these poor heathen also hear the gospel? Ships sail by carrying missionaries to other lands, but for these poor brethren, lowest in the scale of humanity, no man cares."

Under the influence of a strong north-west wind the Pacific Ocean proved anything but pacific, and for several weeks the weather was very stormy. When it became fair, the interpreter made his first humble attempt to benefit the sailors by giving tracts to some of them when he brought his books on deck to dry. He records with pleasure that they were thankfully received.

June 30th the lofty mountains of Hawaii appeared. Wearied by the monotony of the broad Pacific, the voyagers gazed with delight upon those verdant, sunny isles of the west. It was the sabbath-day when they passed Marakai, so near the land that those on deck could hear the gongs, which serve as a substitute for bells, and see the white-clothed natives hastening to church. What a contrast to those poor naked women who were left diving for shell-fish in the Straits of Magellan! The next day signals were made for a pilot, who soon came on board, bringing the information that the 'Enterprise,' which had not been seen since April 21st, had been at anchor there four days, and sailed yesterday morning. This was startling intelligence: there was much to be done before the 'Investigator' could follow; masts and sails had been lost during the stormy weather in April, and a quantity of provisions spoiled by sea-water and heat. By ten in the morning, July 1st, the 'Investigator' was anchored in the harbour of Honolulu.

Mr. Miertsching gladly availed himself of permission to go on shore, where he received a fraternal welcome from the American missionaries, and a kindly greeting in his native tongue from a Hamburg merchant. In the evening his heart was gladdened by news from afar; a ship arrived from Panama bringing letters and papers from England, and for the German wanderer, from the dear ones in his fatherland. The missionaries kindly invited the stranger to take up his abode with them, and took pleasure in showing him all that was worthy of note. One day was devoted to exploring the country, which he terms a "paradisaical land." Honolulu contained then about thirty thousand inhabitants, among whom were many English, Germans, Americans, Chinese, and Jews. It was increasing almost daily; houses of wood and iron being brought from England and America, which were put together and ready to be inhabited in a few days. There was a fort which presented a doleful appearance, having been recently shattered by the guns of

a French frigate, sent out to convert the people to Romanism. The fourth of July, being the anniversary of American independence, was not forgotten by the American dwellers in Honolulu. The missionaries had arranged to hold a festival at one of their schools, about an hour's journey from the city. Mr. Miertsching cheerfully accepted an invitation to join the party, but his pleasure was damped by receiving that morning a note from Captain McClure, desiring him to be on board by four o'clock, instead of remaining a fortnight; he had decided upon sailing that day. Letters were hastily finished and left in the care of the English consul; and at one o'clock the guest sat down to dine with the mission circle. After the meal, a farewell service was held, in which earnest prayers were offered, not only for the Christian brother present, but for all his companions in danger and hardship. Then children crowded round, offering flowers and books as farewell gifts, their parents uttered fervent blessings, two of them accompanied him to the boat which was waiting for him, and cheered by their kindness, though sad at parting, the voyager returned to his ship. "By five o'clock we were out of the harbour, and as the wind was favourable, the city of Honolulu soon vanished from our eyes. The captain's presence being required on deck, I went into his cabin and sang to my guitar:—

'Give me thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow or thunders roar;
I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.'

The captain had been advised by an experienced seaman not to take the usual course to reach Behring's Strait, but the most direct, by the Aleutian Islands. This proved perilous on account of the strong currents, the incorrectness of the charts, and also the prevalence of fogs. The 'Investigator' entered the Strait July 27th. On arriving in Kotzebue Sound, guns were fired as a signal for the 'Enterprise,' which were answered by the appearance of the 'Plover,' Commander Moore. The enquiry, "How long since the 'Enterprise' passed?" received the unexpected answer, "We have seen nothing of her."

Two days later, beyond Cape Lisburne, H. M. S. 'Herald,' Captain Kellett, hove in sight. The 'Plover' had been stationed in Kotzebue Sound as a depôt ship for Sir John Franklin in case he should succeed in the object of his expedition; and the 'Herald,' which was engaged in surveying the coast of Central America, paid a yearly visit to the 'Plover' with a supply of provisions, remaining three months cruising about in the hope of fall-

ing in with Sir John Franklin; and also aided in correcting the charts of those coasts. The account given of the ice was unfavourable; the faster sailing 'Enterprise' had not improbably passed unseen during a fog. Captain McClure had orders from the Admiralty to be in the ice by the 1st of August, he therefore determined to wait no longer for his chief. The crew of the 'Herald' manned the rigging and gave the 'Investigator' three hearty cheers, and so they parted.

On the morning of August 2nd the cry of "Ice!" was heard from the masthead, and in two hours the ship was in the midst of it, receiving many severe shocks. After sailing northwards for several days, the ice barred all further progress, so that Captain McClure was compelled to alter his course, and seek the open water along the American coast.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

WE are frequently in Holy Scripture taught lessons of heavenly wisdom from the lower creatures, and their faithful fulfilment of the post assigned them by their Maker in his creation is not seldom contrasted with man's less willing and less perfect service. It is, however, to be remarked that, except as Solomon points us to the graceful bearing of the greyhound, the dog is never spoken of in the Bible but with disgust and aversion, and the epithet of "dog" is always used whenever the most contemptuous term is required. The nature and character of the dog in the East seems to remain unaltered; travellers agree in attesting that they are the most disgusting and annoying of animals; yet even in this degraded condition, man's interest and advantage are promoted by their existence, for they are the scavengers of eastern towns. But in more civilized countries the dog has a higher place, and is singularly adapted to meet the wants, the comforts, the safety, or the pleasures of man.

Whether we bound with the Esquimaux over tracts of frozen snow; divé with the St. Bernard's for the traveller hurried beneath the fearful avalanche; whether we watch the sagacious shepherd's dog fetching home the distant flock, or leading the ewes and lambs with a tenderness and wisdom almost human, and meeting with indomitable courage any assailant who would harm them; whether we wonder at the almost unerring sagacity of the pointer or setter, the brave and trusty guardianship of the domestic dog, or the faithful and devoted attachment of the house-dog; man sees in each and every capacity they fill, the wisdom and the goodness of Him who gave to each its peculiar instinct; and may he not,

without offence, be stimulated by their example to the laborious diligence, the courage, the cheerfulness, the tender consideration, the wisdom, the usefulness, and the steady, faithful, and devoted attachment of these inferior creatures of God's hand.

Traits of touching interest abound wherever the habits of these animals are closely observed. The following is a well-authenticated instance of affection in a dog. A large and celebrated retriever named Kate, of the black Newfoundland breed, had been for many years in the possession of Mr. C——. Kate had always showed the greatest affection for him. Her master lay at the point of death, and Kate, confined in the kennel, seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of the fact: her ceaseless cries so disturbed the house that they were compelled to loose her: whereupon, being very powerful and savage, in spite of all opposition, she forced her way up into her master's bed-room, where she stretched herself out and remained immovable by his bed-side. Mr. C——'s illness increasing, it was deemed expedient to remove her; but neither force, nor coaxing, nor denial of food and water, could induce Kate to leave the room for a minute. Kate gave no trouble, made no noise; she refused all food offered her, but occasionally drank a little water. She delighted to lick the hand her dying master and only friend was just able to extend to her. This continued three or four days, when Mr. C—— died. Kate still refused to leave the room, and only did so when the coffin of her much-loved master was borne to its grave in the adjacent churchyard. She stood by the grave whilst the funeral ceremony took place (a veritable mourner), and very shortly afterwards stretched herself out and died.

The writer lately visited the house on the banks of the Ouse in which the poet Cowper wrote his touching little poem, 'The Dog and the Water-lily,' while on a visit there to his friends the daughters of Sir Robert Gunning. There the little incident occurred which gave rise to the poem; the eulogy it contains of little Beau* may not inaptly be applied to the faithful and affectionate Kate.

"Charmed with the sight, 'The world,' I cried,
'Shall hear of this thy deed;
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed.
But chief myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine,
To Him who gives me all.'"

* The identical little Beau, with a water-lily in his mouth, was preserved in a glass case by the late Mrs. Hayley.

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TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

THE SHEIKHS OF THE 'ALAWÏN.

V.

SYRIAN QUARANTINE—THE MIGHTY WHO CAME TO HEBRON OF OLD, ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB—THE ANAKIM, CALEB, JOSHUA, DAVID, ABSOLOM—SCRIPTURE PHRASE IN A MOSELEM SOLDIER'S MOUTH—FAREWELL TO THE CHIEFS OF THE 'ALAWÏN—DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF A MISSION TO THE BEDOWIN.

Two hours before we arrived at Hebron, we had been taken in charge by a quarantine soldier, for the Syrian authorities do not consider that persons who have passed forty days in hard travel in the desert have thereby given a pretty conclusive proof that they are at least in fair average health and strength. We had undergone this ordeal, but still we must be put into quarantine before the authorities could ascertain that we were not affected with the plague, or other virulent contagious disease, which we might disseminate amongst the Syrian subjects of the Sultan. When once the guardian of the public health had taken possession of us, he decidedly objected to our stopping to sketch, for fear that we should infect the passers-by; but we were resolute in our determination to carry away some reminiscence of the first phase under which the city of the patriarchs presented itself to us, and of our own impressions of the bright cheerful town which clung to the steep hill-face on one side of this famed and fertile vale, so plentifully enriched with shade—a landscape contrasting so strongly with that upon which we had looked for several weeks past.

The desire to bear away with us some memento of this southern approach to Hebron—"the way of the spies"—would have been strong within us, if the scene had possessed nothing but its own physical beauty and freshness to recommend it as a subject for our pencil; but this earthly comeliness was its least attraction in our eyes. It was not for this that we were so anxious to possess some tangible memorial which should serve years afterwards to renew our fading recollections of the distant spot we should never revisit. Our thoughts were not of the present possessors of the trim houses, the groves and gardens and vineyards outspread before us. Our minds wandered far away among the dim shadows of the hoary past. Awful phantoms—the unsubstantial shapes of the mighty who dwelt here of yore—stalk across that narrow plain, haunt those cool dark groves, and glide along those mountain slopes which hem the valley round. Its shadowy outline on the mountain summit, faintly seen against the clear blue sky, with arms outstretched to the heaven up to which his trusting glance is raised, stands a reverend

form, endowed with more than mortal majesty, whose title, when he dwelt here below, was still more awe-inspiring: that is "the friend of God." More than three thousand seven hundred years have been engulfed by eternity's broad flood, since on that same mountain-top he pleaded face to face with his Creator, in earnest intercession for sinning men. There, too, the righteous Judge of all the earth, who descended to the land to "see whether they had done altogether according to the cry of it which had come up to him," yielded to mortal man's petition for his fellow-man. Alas! in vain. The cry that had gone up to heaven had spoken too clearly, too truly; and outside the walls of one man's house there were not ten righteous to save the wicked, or one single righteous soul to fly or perish with them. "The prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and great things were here granted by God to his faithful servant's prayer; but that long-suffering mercy brought no remission of punishment to the land that was so deeply flooded by the torrents of pollution.

The venerable shape upon the high hill-top now melts away from sight; but flitting round that one grand structure of past days, now dominated by the minarets, and desecrated by the possession of the Paynim infidel, the spirits of the faithful and the holy, who sprang from Abraham's loins, watch their own and their fathers' sepulchres.

There, too, are the grim giants, the sons of Anak, in whose sight ordinary mortal men appeared as grasshoppers. Strong and brave were the Anakim, proud and self-reliant; they trusted in their own arm and their own spear.

But the stalwart frames of the pagan giants fade away, and other shapes succeed. Men of common mould they seemed in life, but the might of the all-powerful Deity strengthened their weak arms, whilst Omniscience guided their feeble reason and inspired their fallible speech. They were human, and they were weak, but they were full of faith and humility; their trust was in no resources of their own, but in that great God who made them; and before them, giant force and giant pride fell prostrate in the dust. They were the instruments of God's vengeance, and their energies were wielded by Omnipotence. These were the two who in the prime of life had visited this spot, viewed the good land, and had not feared its giant owners. Near half a century afterwards they returned with the sword, and before their heaven-sent power the valour of the Anakim melted away like summer hail.

And there, with the ointment of a royal consecration on his brow, the ruddy youth, the wondrous harper, the champion of his God and

of his king, the fugitive outlaw, the man of blood, the sweet singer of Israel, the king over all the tribes of God's people, the inspired prophet, the deeply repentant sinner, the ancestor of the Messiah—stands by the city where first he reigned.

And there, too, is one with flowing locks, whose beauty was matchless through the land, and whose frank word and seductive smile "stole the hearts of the children of Israel." He, so loved and cherished by the father whom he honoured not, passes before us in parricidal rebellion, with a trumpet blown before him, and a crown usurped, breaking God's command spoken in Sinai's thunder, and destined soon to lose the blessing attached to its observance, for his days were not long in the land which the Lord his God had given him—his fate the great warning to disobedient children.

Strangely in unison with our mind's flight into the spectral past, was the phrase with which our wearied guard, whom we had kept so long waiting for us, broke in upon our train of thought and dispelled the vision of the mighty men of old: "Have you no bowels?" Here was a form of expression used in common talk by a Moslem soldier, in a sense which was familiar to us from its frequent occurrence in Scripture, and in Scripture alone. It was a phrase belonging to those ancient days and that old dispensation whither our thoughts had wandered. He was tired of having to take charge of us for so long a time, sitting out in the sun, whilst we were engaged in an occupation that seemed to him utterly childish and futile, if not positively wicked, and we had pity for him. Our "bowels" were "troubled for him;" we had not showed him "any bowels and mercies;" we had shut up our "bowels of compassion." He thought that we were "straitened in our bowels," and said in his own mind to each of us, "The sounding of thy bowels and of thy mercies towards me, are they restrained?" He looked upon us as altogether selfish and unfeeling for continuing to do our own pleasure in opposition to his wishes, but what else could he expect from infidels and Nazarenes such as we were? And he doubtless thought that "the bowels of the wicked are cruel."

Our sketch at length was finished, and then we remounted our dromedaries, yielded ourselves up as prisoners to the quarantine official, and were lodged by him at last within the walls of the lazaretto, to his great satisfaction.

This was our last day of travel upon camels and dromedaries. We were now supposed to be within the border of civilization, and amongst a fixed population, dwelling in houses instead of amongst the nomade dwellers in tents. From

henceforth, horses and mules were destined to carry us and our baggage. The quarantine establishment of Hebron is situated in a great cemetery outside the town; and now that we and our belongings were deposited there, the "ships of the desert," whom we had burdened so long, were to return to their native wilderness.

We had now to take leave of our wild Arabs and their chiefs, the sheikhs of the great tribe of the 'Alawin or 'Alooin Bedowin, and to give them "baksheesh," i. e. small presents over and above the price stipulated for our safe conduct and the hire of their animals. This bargain had been struck and this price fixed at Akabah with the famous Sheikh Hussein, the chief of all the 'Alawin. The "baksheesh" was optional on our part, but still was expected, as a matter of custom, by the subordinate sheikhs sent with us by the crafty and powerful old man of Akabah.

During our long desert journey we had overtaken, or been overtaken by, several independent parties of travellers, who joined our cortège, until the caravan, gradually swelling in numbers, amounted, when we reached Hebron, to upwards of seventy dromedaries and camels and one horse, of which latter unfortunate beast we have before made mention. The whole caravan was governed by a brother of Sheikh Hussein, who obliged us all to start more or less together each morning, to adhere to the same route during the day's journey, and to pitch our tents in tolerable proximity at night. He also regulated the hours of our morning's start and of our halt for the night, but beyond these points he did not interfere. In other respects, each party preserved its own independence, was guided by its own sheikh, had its own encampment, went its own pace during the journey, made slight deviations from the route if it chose, stopped to lunch or sketch when it pleased, and amalgamated with or isolated itself from the companions whom chance had thrown in its way, just as it fancied.

Our own private detachment of this great gathering was led by Sheikh Eid, and we had a dozen dromedaries and camels for our share. We had also a supplementary sheikh attached to our party, a boy, by name 'Aish, who had inherited the rank and property of his dead father, and who for the first time acted as a guide and guard to wayfarers traversing the land of his tribe. His inheritance comprised a dromedary or two, an immense and faded "kefieh," or striped silk and cotton handkerchief worn over the head, and an "abbaya," or outer garment, striped brown and white, and so much too long for its diminutive wearer

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that it was all frayed at the bottom from trailing on the ground, so that it appeared to be doubtful whether the boy would first grow to the proper height for his robe, or the robe sooner wear itself away to the dimensions of its boy owner. One other chattel descended to the young sheikh, which he looked on as an emblem of his rank and position, and which was the pride of his heart. This was a matchlock of portentous length, heavy and unwieldy, a most undesirable burden for a pedestrian; but the boy could not bear to abandon this badge of dignity, and he trudged along the greater part of each day with this cumbersome appendage slung across his shoulders. He was a pleasant, cheerful lad, but grave withal, and full of a sense of what was due to his position. He was far from handsome, being somewhat monkey-like in the form and arrangement of his features. Our head sheikh—Sheikh Eid—was a son-in-law of the great Sheikh Hussein. He was decidedly good looking, and his frame was more square built and powerful than is customary with the Bedowin, and his face also was more massive. If the adjective "respectable" were not utterly and outrageously inappropriate as applied to anything Bedowin, Sheikh Eid might have laid claim to this qualification, at any rate relatively. He was kindly and courteous, as became a man of mark; and on the strength of his rank and connections he paid us a visit every evening in our tent, and conversed for a few minutes, then wished good-night, and departed.

As we were two Englishmen under his guidance, he attached himself to one of us during each day's travel, and young Sheikh 'Atsh extended his care and the protection of his long matchlock to the other, and during all our journey under such escort, we had every reason to be thankful that we had fallen into the hands of Sheikh Eid and his youthful protégé. Other parties travelling in the same caravan were not so fortunate.

It is always difficult to arrange a matter of "baksheesh." Arabs are never satisfied with a gratuity, however liberal. They will often take scant pay for hard service, gratefully; but the moment a free gift is in question they become grasping and rapacious. We were by this time pretty well used to Bedowin habits and characteristics, and knew what we ought to do. We therefore presented Sheikh Eid with some piastres, and with nearly two pounds of English gunpowder—a gift beyond all price to an Arab—and gave a few piastres and a pound of gunpowder to the miniature shiekh, which latter gift raised him no doubt vastly in his own estimation, and gave him great importance. We took the customary amount of

grumbling as a matter of course, and as soon as it was seen that we were firm, and that no more was to be got from us, the faces of the sheikhs, young and old, cleared up, and we became capital friends again. Then it was that we made them both stand for the portraits we give in our engraving—young Aish being especially anxious that due prominence should be given to his weapon of war—and then, the sketch being finished, we took a cordial farewell, spoke the final "Peace go with you!" and parted.

It has been a subject of deep regret to many an earnest minister of Christ's gospel who has crossed the desert under the guidance of its wild denizens, to feel, when he spake these last words of courteous farewell to the sons of Ishmael who had been his faithful guides and guards through the perils of the wilderness to the very threshold of civilization and town life, that the wish was a barren one. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." These poor barbarians are fast bound in the toils of a fierce and false superstition, and the heart of the clergyman or the missionary has been sad within him at the thought that those who had rendered him cheerful service through dreary and difficult journeys should return to their native wilds in the same state of ignorance of things spiritual, and with their future as uncheered by one gleam of a better hope as when first they became his companions.

The countries over which the Bedowin roams have been as yet entirely excluded from the boundaries of that vast field of labour in which the missionary toils. The whole of Arabia, its cities and their inhabitants, its fertile valleys and pastoral tribes, has been altogether excluded from that message of peace, that proclamation of mercy and pardon, which has resounded in the ears of savages of all races in all parts of the world. Arabia and the Bedowin have not yet heard the good news which has cheered the hearts of some—a very few, perhaps, but undoubtedly some—in each country or island of the globe's remotest regions.

Many circumstances have operated upon the missionary mind, tending to divert its energies into other channels, leaving Arabia still neglected, and many bold, zealous men have been deterred at the very outset from attacking this stronghold of a false creed. Space forbids the enumeration even of these obstacles in this place, but there can be no doubt that they are numerous and great—almost insuperable, in fact, at present—and very special gifts of very diverse kinds, physical and intellectual, must he possess, in addition to his Christianity and his zeal, who would put his hand to God's work in Mahomet's native land.



SHEIKH EID AND SHEIKH 'AISH—BEDOWIN CHIEFS OF THE 'ALAWIN TRIBE.

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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN.

"Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins."—
Acts xiii. 38.



THIS is the gospel as the apostle Paul preached it in the synagogue at Antioch. Being invited to give a word of exhortation to the people, after the reading of the law and the prophets, he declared that Jesus was the Messiah promised to their fathers and predicted by the prophets; that he was crucified, dead, and buried, and that God raised him again according to the Scriptures; and having appealed to

facts then quite recent and within the knowledge of his hearers, he confirmed his statements by testimonies out of the Scriptures, concluding with the substance of the gospel message, "Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that by this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, that by him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

1. Let us consider the way of forgiveness, "through this man."

It is not by a vague dependence on the Divine mercy that forgiveness is to be sought, nor by vain attempts to please God by personal righteousness. God will by no means clear the guilty. The holy lawgiver requires a perfect obedience, which no mere man can give. But "this man," this Divine man, undertook to meet the requirements of the Divine law. God dealt with him as a substitute and surety; exacted from him the full penalty of the broken law; hence he suffered, died, and was buried. God demanded obedience from him, and he wrought a perfect righteousness; hence God raised him again, and placed him at his right hand, in token of perfect satisfaction with him and all his work, both of obedience and suffering. And now he sends forth his ambassadors, to preach the glad tidings of forgiveness.

By the deeds of the law can no man be justified; by this way there is no salvation. But there is another way, and only one. It is through Jesus Christ. Consent, then, to God's way of salvation. Renounce all dependence on self. You must be condemned when weighed in the balances of strict justice. Put no trust, therefore, in your own righteousness. Cease to plead other than guilty. Come, poor, and helpless, and lost, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Come through this man,

through whom alone is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.

2. Consider the nature of the forgiveness that is preached.

First, it is free. It is the announcement of a gift on the part of God. It is free in the widest and most absolute sense. It took its first origin in the heart of God. The first thought of it began with him, not with us. The whole device and execution of it, from beginning to end, was the work of God. It was carried on, not by our help, but in spite of us. And though wicked men fulfilled the whole counsel of God, when they put to death the Lord of glory, so soon as the Lord Jesus was dead and risen, this free gospel came to the very men that crucified him with cruel and wicked hands.

The same forgiveness is now preached unto us, and that freely. Its very nature is its freeness. It does not come to glorify us, but to glorify the goodness and grace, the majesty and the mercy of God. It is because we could do nothing to save ourselves, that God has done everything to save us. It is because there is neither righteousness nor strength in us, that the gospel comes with the righteousness and the strength of God. The gospel is no gospel if it is not free. If it is not free, then it is not true that no flesh may glory in God's presence. It is sinners that are sought, that are called, that are offered forgiveness. God seeks glory, and that to his grace and mercy; and that we may give it him we must come empty—bring nothing, take everything. The forgiveness is free.

Second. It is full. There is no distinction, no separation of classes and sorts. When an amnesty is declared in a conquered country, there are generally certain persons excepted, and certain classes of offenders are refused the benefit of the general act of grace. But in the gospel there is no excepted case, saving only he who sins against the Holy Ghost—a crime which no one has committed who is coming as a sinner to the foot of the cross, seeking salvation. It embraces and includes all the sins committed up to the very hour and moment of believing. It includes the sin of your nature, and the sin that cleaves to you unconsciously. You have put it, as it were, in God's hand. Like a skilful and strong and wise physician, he rejoices to attack the disease that is consuming away the very strength of your bones; and he will not leave you till health again throbs through your veins, and glows and gladdens on your cheek. Be it known to you, men and brethren, that through this man, this full forgiveness is freely preached to every one of you.

This forgiveness is final. It is never revoked. It is the act of God, and God undoes none of his own work. It was a transaction between the Father and Son; it was done between them. The reasons were found in Christ; the forgiveness came through him; and so long as there is no change in him, so long as God continues the unchanging and the unchangeable God, so long this forgiveness remains as it was. You may ask me, Does this forgiveness remain in force if a man falls into sin, and abides in it, and altogether forsakes God? The answer to such a query is this, that if a man can fall into sin and abide in it, can depart finally from God, then that man was never truly forgiven; his sin remains; he is a deceiver, has been deceiving others, or quite possibly only himself. There are two natures in the forgiven man, an old and a new, and between them the conflict goes on with ever varying success till the day of death, when the old nature finally dies, and is a burden no more. But to say that a forgiven man can *abide* in sin, is to say that the old nature, with the devil for its strength and power, and the first Adam for its head, is stronger than the new nature, which, born of God, has the Spirit of God dwelling in it, Christ for its living head, and God for its grace and strength. True forgiveness comes on the ground of Christ's finished work, who, in dying, bore thy sins in his own body. The change must be in him, ere there can be a change in the forgiveness. It has the nature of God in it. It rests on the word, and promise, and strength of God. It is as the Lord liveth, and because the Lord liveth, that thy soul liveth. Your life is hid with Christ in God.

Let the sense of this forgiveness once fairly enter mind and heart, and see what a change it will produce within. See if you cannot soon tell the meaning of peace in believing and joy in God. Go out into the world, lie down at night, rise up in the morning, saying: "I am a pardoned man. God hath forgiven me. I am past death, past hell, past despair, and darkness, and woe. I am pardoned, my heart is pure, my conscience is purged, I am safe." I say, believe that; believe that you have that through this man. Honour the God of truth so far as to believe his word. Go out and go on in the strength of it, and see if you are not a new man; tell me if all things have not passed away, and whether you cannot say, "Behold, all things are made new." And ever go on in this faith and this strength. Never once lose sight of this the first and fundamental principle of the gospel, but hold fast this the beginning of your confidence stedfast unto the end, and your path will be as the

shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Ah! it is because people do not really realize and act upon this, that there is so much of the hanging hands and the feeble knees among us. It is an awful fight to toil and strive along the Christian path without the sense of forgiven sin. Obedience is cramped and constrained. Till you can behold God as a loving Father, who has forgiven you, you want the very first principle which causes love to spring up in the heart. Unforgiven sin is a thick black cloud between you and the sun, and causes thick darkness, and your path is blind and groping. Labour to enter into this rest. You will never know peace till you do; you will never be made glad with the joy of God till you accept this full and free salvation.

STOPPED ON THE HIGHWAY.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF DANGER AND DELIVERANCE.

It was in the fall of the year 1838 that I set out from home late one evening to walk a distance of twelve miles into the country. It was for the greater part a solitary journey, and to add to its discomfort the absence of the moon rendered the night very dark, whilst a thick drizzling rain commenced shortly after my leaving, and continued throughout the whole length of my lonely way. Having no companion to cheer the solitude, I had only my own thoughts to beguile the tediousness. It was a road, too, that was occasionally attended with some danger to foot travellers; but I was on the Lord's work, and feeling assured that his presence is always nigh, and that without his permission no evil can befall his servants, "nor an hair of their head fall unto the ground," I gathered courage; and committing myself to his gracious care, proceeded through the thick darkness, which so effectually excluded objects from view that I could scarcely distinguish the form of the umbrella which I carried for protection from the rain.

At the present date, the locality is much improved, and where there was then only the highway with its cross-roads, persons have now the advantages of the railway, with its facilities and comforts. But I was well acquainted with the route, and had therefore not much difficulty in finding my way, whilst I had plenty of occupation for my thoughts in the important errand on which I was going, having on the next day to preach in a small town and an adjacent village—the former being the place of my present destination.

It may not be out of place to state here that

in the earlier periods of my ministerial life, my duties entailed much hard work, and many long journeys on foot—so that, to walk twenty miles in the day and to preach two or three times was a weekly custom, but happily I was equal to my work; though after a few years I found my strength yielding to the great tax upon it, and my health also began to suffer, owing to weariness and frequent exposure to the severity of the weather.

But to return to my narrative. I had proceeded about ten miles of my journey safely, and with no material impediment beyond what the extreme darkness naturally caused, with the unfavourable state of the roads, which in many parts had become very miry; whilst, where the trees overhung, the large drops battered heavily and rather dismally upon the umbrella, which in fact had a long while continued to shoot off a plentiful discharge of water from every point.

I was absorbed in thought, which the stillness of the night (it being nearly eleven o'clock) served to favour, when suddenly I heard a slight rustling sound somewhere near, which attracted my whole attention for the moment. Before I could form an opinion as to its cause, and whether it might not proceed from some strayed horse or bullock, which certainly I would not have wished to come into contact with, I was startled by the voice of a man from the opposite side of the road, authoritatively calling to me and bidding me instantly to "stop there."

Surprised at this unexpected interruption, and somewhat alarmed by a sense of danger, my first impulse was, mentally, to call unto the Lord to help and protect me; then, shutting my umbrella, by an extraordinary sort of impulse I went over towards the spot whence the voice came; when, to my horror, I perceived a man jumping down from the hedge upon me, with a large bludgeon in his hand, which he instantly upraised, as if intending by a blow therewith to fell me to the ground.

I immediately spoke to him; and in as calm a manner as I could assume, requested to know what he wanted of me, and why he had stopped me on the public road.

He at first gave me no answer, but stood before me with the stick still elevated in the air, which I every moment feared and expected he would bring down with a violence that perhaps might inflict some grievous, or it might be mortal, injury. It was a critical moment. But although I could not in the least have competed with my antagonist, the Lord enabled me to feel a degree of composure which at the time surprised my mind; it was certainly the result of Divine interference, and

a voice seemed to say, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." (1st Sa. xci. 7.)

As I said, the man kept the stick raised, as if intending to strike, but from some peculiar cause it appeared he either hesitated in his purpose or was altogether unnerved.

In the meanwhile I was emboldened to repeat my question, and, without manifesting timidity, expressed a hope that he would not attempt to injure me. He then answered, "No, I won't harm you."

"Then, pray put down the stick," I said; but he did not, and I repeated my request: "Do remove that stick from over my head, and I will believe you?"

"I do not mean to hurt you," he answered; "I would not, for I know you."

Surprised at this statement—for I had no idea how it was possible I could be known to him, neither of us being able, by reason of the darkness of the night, to distinguish each other's features—I said, "Know me, do you? Why, how is it possible you should have any knowledge of me?"

"I do know you," he again averred.

"Then who am I?"

"You are the minister of —."

"Pray how do you make that out?" I said.

"Why, sir," he answered in a subdued manner, while he put the stick down by his side, "I once heard you preach at —, and just now when you spoke, though I could not see who you were, I knew you again by your voice; so I would not harm you."

This singular disclosure both surprised and pleased me, and therefore, feeling all apprehension removed from my mind, I began to go on my way again, saying to the man: "I am indeed the person you describe, and am surprised at the recognition. I am now on the Lord my Master's work; and with the object of serving him and, as I hope, doing some good to my fellow-creatures, by directing them to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world,' I am out thus late to-night on my way to — town; come along with me now, and let me talk with you."

The man stuck close to my side, and we went on together some little distance, whilst I made inquiries of him respecting his lying in wait in the hedge at that hour of the night and in such weather. But to all he kept mute; he neither answered my questions nor made any response to the remarks which I felt it a duty to press on his attention. He was evidently ill-disposed, and had lain in secrecy with some evil design. I doubt if any honest man would have been where he was and acted

as he did ; or else, certainly, if I had mistaken his purposes, he would have immediately told me so and set me right, and not have continued silent to my words, particularly when seeking to ascertain the object he had in lying behind the hedge. After proceeding a short distance, he suddenly grasped my hand, then darted forward, sprang into a narrow lane on the left, and I entirely lost him.

How I felt at that moment, so suddenly left again to my own reflections, I cannot describe ; but my first impressions were those of Jacob when awaking from sleep on his journey between Beersheba and Haran (Gen. xxviii. 16) : "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

Oh ! how often we need some special circumstance to be to our mind the remembrancer of our absolute dependence upon God. The presence of God is always surrounding our path, and we cannot go from his presence nor flee from his Spirit. (Psa. cxxxix. 7—12.) But we do not always, perhaps, so recognise that presence as when the Lord, by his interposing providence in the season of a threatening calamity, shows us he is still caring for us, remembering us, and is everywhere with us. We need occasionally some unusual and peculiar circumstance or trial to prove to us that the Lord is "a God nigh at hand and not afar off." And then, like the patriarch, we attest our surprise that God was still so near, when perhaps we thought ourselves "all alone ;" that in this or that crooked troubled path, so intricate to our minds, so trying to our spirits, so dark to our comprehension, he was there too, in his aiding, supporting, protecting, saving providence, love, and grace. "I knew it not." Oh ! what joy to our souls to make the discovery, by whatever means it may be, that God is very nigh unto us. But we ought always to believe so if we are his people and servants, for "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." (Psa. xxxiv. 7.)

Rescued so remarkably from the danger in which I had been placed, my heart was lifted up in gratitude to the Almighty for his merciful and timely providence, and I went on some way ejaculating portions of his word, as— "The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade on thy right hand ; the Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth and for ever." (Psa. cxxi. 7, 8.) I blessed him for his protecting hand, and also that he had enabled me at the moment *not* to endeavour to make my escape from the man, which attempt, perhaps, would have altogether failed ; but to speak, and to speak in the natural tones

of my voice, by which I was instantly recognised, and which prevented the violence that probably would otherwise have been done unto me.

It was near midnight when I arrived at my friend's house, to whom I narrated the occurrence, and then we joined together in offering unto the Lord the praise due unto his great goodness.

In the week following, inquiries were set on foot in the neighbourhood, to trace if possible the individual, but nothing could be elicited ; and to the present he remains unknown, as probably will continue to be the case until that day when all secrets shall be made public, and the hidden works of darkness, with all that is treasured up in the Divine remembrance, shall be brought to light. I can only hope that the few words I addressed to the man may have been blessed by the Holy Spirit unto his eternal good. Then, in more senses than one, we shall be constrained to give glory unto God, and say, "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

CHOICE SAYINGS OF DYING SAINTS.

PART II.

THE great reformer, John Knox, when he lay a-dying, was much in prayer, ever crying, "Come, Lord Jesus, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Being asked by those that attended him if his pain was great, he answered, "That he did not esteem that a pain which would be to him the end of all trouble, and the beginning of eternal joys." Ofttimes, after some deep meditation, he said, "O serve the Lord in fear, and death shall not be terrible to you : blessed is the death of those that have part in the death of Jesus."

After a sore temptation from Satan, over which he triumphed at length, he said : "Now the enemy has gone away ashamed, and shall no more return. I am sure my battle is now at an end, and that, without pain of body, or trouble of spirit, I shall shortly change this mortal and miserable life for that happy and immortal life which shall never have an end." After one had prayed for him, he was asked whether he heard the prayer. He answered, "Would to God you had heard it with such an ear and heart as I have done !" adding, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." With which words, without any motion of hands or feet, as one falling asleep rather than dying, he ended his life.

Mr. John Bradford, a minister and martyr in queen Mary's reign, when the keeper told him that the next day he was to be burnt in

Smithfield, he put off his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said, "I thank God, for it comes not now to me on a sudden, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof." One Cresswell offering to interpose for him, and desiring to know what his request was, he said, "I have no request to make; if the queen gives me my life, I will thank her; if she will banish me, I will thank her; if she will burn me, I will thank her; if she will condemn me to perpetual imprisonment, I will thank her." The chancellor pressing him to do as others had done, in hopes of the queen's mercy, he said, "My lord, I desire mercy with God's mercy, that is, without doing or saying anything against God and his truth. But mercy with God's wrath, God keep me from. God's mercy," added he, "I desire, and also would be glad of the queen's favour to live as a subject without clog on conscience; but otherwise, the Lord's mercy is better to me than life. Life in his displeasure is worse than death, and death in his favour is true life."

In one of his meditations, after confession of sin, he said: "O what now may we do? Despair! No: for thou art God, and therefore good; thou art merciful, and therefore thou forgivest sin; with thee there is mercy and propitiation, and therefore thou art worshipped. When Adam sinned, thou gavest him mercy before he desired it; and wilt thou deny us mercy, who now desire the same? Adam excused his fault, and accused thee, but we accuse ourselves, and excuse thee; and shall we be sent empty away? How often in the wilderness didst thou spare Israel, and defer thy plagues, at the request of Moses, when the people themselves made no petition to thee! Now, we do not only make our petitions to thee, but also have a Mediator, far above Moses, to appear for us, even Jesus Christ thine own Son; and shall we, dear Lord, depart ashamed?"


In a letter to Mrs. Anne Warcup, he said: "My staff standeth at the door. I look continually for the sheriff to come for me; and I bless God I am ready for him. Now I go to practice that which I have preached. Now I am climbing up the hill; it will cause me to puff and blow before I come to the cliff. The hill is steep and high, my breath is short, my strength is feeble. Pray therefore to the Lord for me that, as I have now through his goodness almost come to the top, I may by his grace be strengthened not to rest till I come where I should be."

He was singular for humility and self-abasement, though a most eminent saint. He subscribed some of his letters, "The most miser-

able, hard-hearted, unthankful sinner, John Bradford."

Mr. Hooker, a minister in New England, when one that stood weeping at his bed-side as he lay a-dying, said to him, "Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labours," replied, "Brother, I am going to receive mercy."

Holy and learned Mr. Rutherford, when his death drew near, said: "I shall shine. I shall see him as he is; I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him; and I shall have my large share: my eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and no other for me." When exhorting one to be diligent in seeking God, he said: "It is no easy thing to be a Christian; but for me I have gotten the victory, and Christ is holding out both his arms to embrace me." He was wonderfully strengthened against the fears of suffering and of death; for, says he, "I said to the Lord, if he should slay me five thousand times, I would trust in him; and I spoke with much trembling, fearing I should not make my part good. But, as really as ever he spoke to me by his Spirit, he witnessed unto my heart that his grace should be sufficient for me." He said to some ministers that came to see him: "My Lord and Master is the chief of ten thousand of thousands; none is comparable to him in heaven or in earth. Dear brethren, do all for him; pray for Christ, preach for Christ, feed the flock committed to your charge for Christ, visit and catechise for Christ; do all for Christ, and beware of man-pleasing. Feed the flock out of love; the chief Shepherd will appear shortly." Once, when he recovered from a fainting fit, he said, "I feel, I feel, I believe, I enjoy, I rejoice, I feed on manna." After some discourse, Mr. Blair said to him, "What think you now of Christ?" To which he replied, "I shall live and adore him: glory, glory to my Creator, and to my Redeemer for ever." Afterwards he said, "O that all my brethren did know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day; I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness." Then he said, "This night shall close the door, and put my anchor within the vail; I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning;" which exactly fell out. That night, though he was very weak, he often had this expression, "O for arms to embrace him! O, for a well-tuned harp!" When one spoke of his former painfulness and faithfulness in the work of God, he said, "I disclaim all that; the port I would be in at, is redemption, and forgiveness of sins through his blood." His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's land."



Page for the Young.

THE PILGRIMS AND THEIR PITCHERS.

BY THE REV. DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

It was long ago, and somewhere in the eastern clime. The king came into the garden and called the children round him. He led them up to a sunny knoll with a leafy arbour on its summit; and when they had all sat down, he said: "You see far down the river, and hanging as on the side of the hill, yon palace? It is a palace—though here it looks so little and far away. But when you reach it, you will find it a larger and sweeter home than this; and when you come, you will find that I have got there before you. And when you arrive at the gate, that they may know that you belong to me, and may let you in, here is what each of you must take with him." And he gave to each of the children a most beautiful porcelain jar—a little pitcher so exquisitely fashioned that you were almost afraid to touch it, so pure that you could see the daylight through it, and with delicate figures raised on its sides. "Take this, and carry it carefully. Walk steadily, and the journey will soon be over."

But they had not gone far before they forgot. One was running carelessly and looking over his shoulder, when his foot stumbled, and as he fell full length on the stony path the pitcher was shattered in a thousand pieces; and one way and another, long before they reached the palace, they had broken all the pitchers.

When this happened, I may mention what some of them did. Some grew sulky, and knowing that it was of no use to go forward without the token, they began to shatter the fragments still smaller, and dashed the broken sherds among the stones, and stamped them with their feet; and then they said, "Why trouble ourselves about this palace? It is far away, and here is a pleasant spot. We will just stay here and play." And so they began to play. Another could not play, but sat wringing his hands, and weeping bitterly. Another grew pale at first, but recovered his composure a little on observing that his pitcher was not broken so bad as some others. There were three or four large pieces, and these he put together as well as he could. It was a broken pitcher that would hold no water, but by a little care he could keep it together; and so he gathered courage, and began to walk along more cautiously.

Just then, a voice accosted the weeping boy, and looking up he saw a very lovely form, with a sweet and pleasant countenance—such a countenance as is accustomed to be happy, though something for the present has made it sad. And in his hand he held just such a pitcher as the little boy had broken, only the workmanship was more exquisite, and the colours were as bright as the rainbow round the stranger's head. "You may have it," he said; "it is better than the one you have lost; and though it is not the same, they will know it at the gate." The little mourner could scarcely believe that it was really meant for him; but the kind looks of the stranger encouraged him. He held out his hand for the stranger's vase, and gave a sob of joyful surprise when he found it his own. He began his journey again, and you would have liked to see how tenderly he carried his treasure, and how carefully he picked his steps, and how some-

times, when he gave another look at it, the tear would fill his eye; and he lifted up his happy thankful face to heaven.

The stranger made the same offer to the playing boys, but by this time they were so bent on their new amusements, that they did not care for it. Some saucy children said he might leave his present there if he liked, and they would take it when they were ready. He passed away, and spoke to the boy who was carrying the broken pitcher. At first he would have denied that it was broken, but the traveller's clear glance had already seen it all; and so he told him, "You had better cast it away, and have this one in its stead." The boy would have been very glad to have this new one, but to throw away the relics of his own was what he could never think of. They were his chief dependence every time he thought of the journey's end; so he thanked the stranger, and clasped his fragments firmer.

The boy with the gift-pitcher and this other reached the precincts of the palace about the same time. They stood for a little and looked on. They noticed some of the bright-robed inhabitants going out and in; and every time they passed the gate, they presented such a token as they themselves had once got from the king, but had broken so long ago.

The boy who had accepted the kind stranger's present now went forward, and held it up; and whether it was the light glancing on it from the pearly gate, I cannot tell, but at that instant its owner thought that it had never looked so fair. He who kept the gate seemed to think the same, for he gave a friendly smile, as much as to say, "I know who gave you that," and immediately the door was lifted up and let the little pilgrim in.

The boy with the broken pitcher now began to wish that his choice had been the same; but there was no help for it now. He adjusted the fragments as skillfully as he could, and trying to look courageous, carried them in both his hands. But he who kept the gate was not to be deceived. He shook his head, and there was that sorrow in his look which leaves no hope. The bearer of the broken pitcher still held fast his useless sherds; but he soon found that it was vain to linger. The door continued shut.

* * The key to the parable of the Pilgrims and their Pitchers will be found in the following passages:—Gal. ii. 16; Rom. iii. 19—26; Acts xiii. 39.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURES.

II.

ON a lonely mountain peak, whose rocky slopes are strewn with the blackened and disfigured remains of human beings, is seated a man of stern and imposing appearance. Absorbed in meditation, he retains an attitude of calm and majestic composure, unmoved by the awful solemnity of the scene around him, until the approach of a band of armed men, when, yielding to the urgent but respectful entreaty of their leader, he rises and descends the mountain with them.

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Religious Intelligence.

January, 1861.

If we may judge from the significant indications which mark the horizon of continental Europe, the year 1861 is pregnant with events as important in their religious bearing as any that have occurred during the last twelve months. The precarious tenore by which Pius IX. still retains the shadow of temporal power in a limited portion of his former territories may end at any moment. In spite of the insalubrious and desolation of the Campagna, amid which Rome is situated, it is evident that the Italians look forward to its transfer from sacerdotal to secular rule as the crowning achievement of their struggle for national unity. Such is the well-known conviction of that wonderful man who has been raised up in so remarkable a manner to break the yoke of despotism and priestcraft by which the whole of Southern Italy was long and grievously oppressed. The patriotic Garibaldi, in his selflessness of purpose, his stern and uncompromising denunciation of "wickedness in high places," and, above all, in his success with what, but for the blessing of Heaven, we should call very inadequate means, reminds us sometimes of the most distinguished of our own Puritans—sometimes of the judges by whom the God of Israel effected his people's deliverance, and punished the injustice of their oppressors. The language in which Garibaldi has more than once stigmatized the papacy as the source of the evils from which his countrymen suffer, is very remarkable. Before he left the scene of his triumphs in continental Italy, he had used language with reference to the pope more like that which might be expected from some modern John Knox, than from one who is, nominally at least, still within the Romish communion. He had declared, in a large public assembly in Naples, the pope to be Antichrist, and the source of all the evils from which his country suffers. More recently he writes to the same effect from his retreat at Caprea. He calls the papacy the "offspring of ignorance and superstition," and points out how, while it engenders hypocrisy among the great ones of the earth, it leads, among the poor, to degradation and misery. "Albion became great and prosperous," he remarks, "when she courageously cut off that cancer." Rome (he continues) ceased to be great, and continues prostrate, because afflicted by that scourge. These opinions, promulgated by such a man, can hardly have been without considerable effect upon the people of Italy.

The popular feeling has been manifested during the past month, at Naples, towards the cardinal archbishop, in the most unmistakable manner—cries of "Down with the cardinal!" having been raised on his return to that city. We may expect further demonstrations of the same kind as the present movement proceeds. And the feeling of the people is in entire harmony with that of their rulers. The government of king Victor Emmanuel continues its steady warfare against those hitherto impregnable fortresses of priestly power—the monastic orders. Against these proceedings, so far as they refer to his own order, the General of the Jesuits has issued a protest, which, were his cause not identified with superstition and

misgovernment, might well move our pity. Yet, if we may judge by a counts from Italy, bearing the impress of impartiality, every reasonable precaution appears to be taken, in effecting the abolition of conventual establishments, to avoid the infliction of unnecessary hardship upon individuals. Such, at all events, is the policy adopted by the Marquis Pepoli, governor of the newly-constituted and extensive province of Umbria, which till very recently formed an important part of the pope's dominions, and whither monks of all kinds fled after their dispersion in the provinces previously annexed to Sardinia. The marquis has published a decree, in twenty-one articles, in which he abolishes "all the corporations and establishments, of any kind whatever, of monastic orders, and of regular and secular bodies," with the exception of the "Do-good Brethren"—a charitable community, chiefly in charge of the hospitals—and the "Brethren of the Pious Schools," who are engaged in the work of elementary education. The chapters of collegiate churches, simple benefices, chaplaincies, and all pious foundations or legacies, ecclesiastical patronages, etc., whenever they enjoy a revenue exceeding the amount necessary to the fulfilment of the duties attached to similar institutions, are also abolished. The properties of the suppressed corporations pass into the possession of a government department, instituted to secure their better administration, entitled "The Ecclesiastical Treasury." The monks of some of the suppressed orders are to remain in possession of their property till they dwindle down to the number of three members, when they are to be pensioned off. All others are to quit their religious houses within forty days from the date of the decree; but the nuns, by giving notice within the same period, may remain in their present houses, or be removed to other cloisters which may be assigned to them. The "brethren" and "sisters" of the suppressed communities are to receive a pension, proportioned to the present net revenue of the house to which they belong, varying from eight hundred francs to (in the case of servants) two hundred and fifty francs. The first charge upon the "Ecclesiastical Treasury" will be the pensions in question; the surplus funds will be devoted to alleviating the wants of the poor parochial clergy of country districts. "It is against the drones, not the bees of the church," says one writer, "that war is declared, and even the former insects are treated with a gentleness which may either spare them if they are willing to be turned to any useful purpose, or leave them to die quietly away in the blessed idleness which they choose as a state of ascetic perfection upon earth."

The present position of the papacy appears the more remarkable when we remember how different it must be from what was anticipated by its present representative and his councillors, when they assembled in St. Peter's, in such solemn pomp, a few years since, to promulgate authoritatively the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The Virgin, whose special favour Pius IX. expected to secure by that proceeding—who, indeed, he prophesied would restore to "the Church" her former glory and prosperity—has responded as little to the prayers of her devotees as did Baal of old to the passionate outcries of his priests, when they were upon

the eve of their downfall. The 8th of the present month was the anniversary of that impious ceremonial by which Mariolatry was declared an essential dogma of the church of Rome.

France—although ready as ever to advance her secular interests, in China or elsewhere abroad, by espousing the quarrels of her priests who can boast that they are also Frenchmen—has been for some time past on anything but amicable terms with the pope, and matters threaten to grow worse. At the present moment at least six bishoprics are vacant in France, in consequence of the pontiff having hitherto withheld the necessary confirmation of the earlier of these appointments, or "nominations," made by the emperor, in accordance with the terms of the French Concordat. As the pope has never accepted certain presentees long since designated by the Imperial Government for episcopal honours, the latter, when a bishopric now falls vacant, does not make any presentation whatever, and the diocese remains without a spiritual head. The French people begin to feel that their national dignity is involved, and one public writer proposes that France shall disown with the pope altogether. Such is the drift of a pamphlet, by M. Cayla, entitled, 'The Pope and the Emperor,' which has excited not a little attention throughout Europe, and has been denounced officially by Pius ix. himself.

The Austrian Concordat, so different from the French in its large concessions to the papacy, will doubtless be revised or completely abolished. In fact, it has never been fully carried out. And in this matter again the court of Rome becomes a loser where she had hoped to gain.

There is one land, indeed, where Romanism still flourishes with an exclusiveness and in a spirit of intolerance which might have been natural in the sixteenth century, but in the nineteenth must awaken our sorrow and indignation. We refer to the Spanish peninsula. The most bigoted country in Europe, it is also the most ignorant, and has shared, less than any other, in the intellectual and social progress of the age. Yet even in that benighted land there are those who, in increasing numbers, seek a purer worship than they are able to enjoy in the communion of Rome. The conversion of one of these—a young priest named Alonzo, residing in Granada—has become the occasion of a general persecution. Several of those known or suspected to have become converts to Protestantism—some accounts say eight or twelve, and one mentions fifteen—were arrested and imprisoned; others fled in various directions, and five or six escaped to Gibraltar and Marseilles. The most detailed accounts which have been received relate to Manuel Matamoros, of Barcelona, and José Alhama, of Granada. Both are personally known to Dr. Tregelles, the well-known Biblical critic, who, with several other gentlemen, have presented a memorial upon the subject to her Majesty's foreign secretary. This document states that Manuel Matamoros is a man of excellent character, formerly a soldier, but who purchased his discharge, and has since, as well as previously, been engaged in diffusing the gospel among his countrymen. He was arrested on a charge made against him in Grenada, and consigned to the prison in Barcelona, and after having been confined there several weeks, he has been summoned by the council of Grenada to appear there, and it is expected that he will be forced to travel about seven hundred miles on foot, bound with a gang of criminals, and be associated with murderers and other felons; that he will be confined in most loathsome prisons, in the various places he will pass through on his way to Grenada; and that, as he is in very delicate health, such a journey will prove highly dangerous to his life. José Alhama is a working hatter, a man much respected, very active in doing good, and is now a prisoner in Grenada for the

sole offence of having quitted the church of Rome. The families of these good men are reduced to great misery and want in consequence of their imprisonment. To the facts thus stated in the memorial, Dr. Tregelles added that the law of Spain inflicts, as the punishment of apostacy, or worshipping contrary to the principles of the church of Rome, eight years' imprisonment with hard labour. This is a penalty which few persons who have been accustomed to hard labour can endure. The deputation had the advantage of being introduced to Lord John Russell by that veteran diplomatist and friend of religious liberty, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Both the noble lords expressed themselves favourable to the general object of the deputation; and the former, while pledging himself to do whatever might promise a beneficial result in the way of diplomatic action, urged, as a yet more effectual means of securing the recognition of the rights of conscience, the efforts of associations and individuals in the creation of a powerful public opinion at home, which might make itself influentially felt abroad. Several letters have been received from Matamoros, written in his prison at Barcelona, all of which breathe a spirit of resignation under his sufferings, combined with unshaken constancy to the truth as it is in Jesus.

A letter from Dr. Livingstone to the Bishop of Oxford has been received, expressing the doctor's satisfaction that a mission to the interior of Africa has been undertaken by the universities. "By my letter respecting the opening made into the highland lake region from the Shire," he writes, "you will have seen that simultaneously with your prayerful movement at home, our steps have been directed to a field which presents a really glorious prospect for the mission. By the Shire you get easily past the unfriendly border tribes, and then the ridge, which rises on the east to a height of eight thousand feet, affords variations of climate within a few miles of each other. The region bathed by the lakes is pre-eminently a cotton-producing one, and, as far as we can learn from Burton and Speke, the people possess the same comparative mildness of disposition as I observed generally prevailing away from the sea coast. Viewing the field in all its bearings, it seems worthy of the universities and of the English church; and bearing in mind and heart Him who promised, 'Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world, there is not the shadow of a doubt but that her mission will become a double blessing—to our own overcrowded home population, and to the victims of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world. Let the church of England only enter upon this great work with a will, and nations and tribes will bless her to the latest generations.' The Central African Mission, thus referred to, has already sailed. It consists of Archdeacon Mackenzie (who will hereafter be consecrated a bishop), his sister, two clergymen, a lay superintendent of industrial works, a carpenter, and a farm labourer. Others will shortly follow, until the clerical members of the mission are at least six in number. As to the exact spot they will occupy, they will be guided by information they are to receive from Dr. Livingstone.

An extraordinary spiritual awakening has just taken place in Jamaica, and at the date of the latest accounts was spreading in the various districts of the island. A writer on the spot, having given details, says: "Few, if any, expected such a manifestation of God's power as is now being put forth. The awakening seems to have appeared first in the lowlands of St. Elizabeth's and amongst the Moravians, and then to have spread to Westmoreland, Hanover, Manchester, and was gradually extending itself to St. James's and Trelawny. The excitement is such as no one in the island has ever known before, and the missionaries are worn out by incessant labour."

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Notes from an Arctic Diary II

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SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



FRIENDLY INTERVIEW WITH THE ESQUIMAUX.

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

II.

On August 7th the 'Investigator' rounded Point Barrow, being the first ship which had done so. The following morning Mr. Miertsching was aroused from his sleep at three o'clock, his services as interpreter being required for the first time, the man stationed in the "crow's nest" having seen people on land. A boat was soon ready, and Mr. Miertsching and Mr. Court were rowed to the shore. They were met by three Esquimaux men, at the sight of whom the missionary almost fancied himself again in

Labrador; there were the same figures, faces, and clothing, and, better still, the same language, the difference of dialect not occasioning any difficulty in understanding them. They pointed out their tents at a distance, and invited the strangers to visit them. This being declined, they hastily departed, no doubt to give an account of their proceedings: they had seen the ship the previous day, and these men had been deputed to follow it along the shore. Next day these Esquimaux came off in great numbers, bringing fish and sea-fowl, which they bartered for tobacco. As the fish became smaller, the pieces of tobacco were cut asunder:

church of Rome, reduced to great imprisonment. al, Dr. Tregelles the punishment the principles of imprisonment with few persons who an endure. The ng introduced to diplomatist and ord de Redcliffe. ves favourable to ; and the former, might promise a tic action, urged, uring the recog- efforts of associa- a powerful public tself influentially en received from Barcelona, all of der his sufferings, the truth as it is

Bishop of Oxford etor's satisfaction has been under- ter respecting the e region from the seen that simult- ent at home, our which presents a on. By the Shire order tribes, and ust to a height of of climate within on bathed by the ucing one, and, as Speke, the people s of disposition as ay from the sea bearings, it seems English church: ho promised, 'Lo, nd of the world, t that her mission own overcrowded of slavery and the ot the church of work with a will, the latest genera- thus referred to, e deacon Macken- ed a bishep), his gent of industrial rer. Others will ers of the mission e exact spot they formation they are

ng has just taken e latest accounts of the island, A is, says: "Few, if God's power as is g seems to have Elizabeth's and have spread to and was gradually Trelawny. The e island has ever e worn out by in-

this proceeding they imitated directly by cutting each fish in two, demanding the payment for half that was intended for the whole. They received many presents, and were requested, if white men came to them over the ice, to treat them kindly, and give them reindeer flesh to eat, which they promised to do. But having now obtained all they could get honestly, they began to steal, and were forthwith ordered into their boats, and forbidden to come on board again.

Another visit from the Esquimaux was received on Sunday, August the 11th. Although a strict watch was kept on deck during the time of Divine service, they succeeded in conveying several things into their boats, and, before the theft was discovered, had disappeared among the ice. Soon after tents were seen on an island near the mouth of the Colville River. A party from the ship attempting to land, was at first opposed by the natives, armed with knives, spears, and bows; but finding no harm was intended them, they became very friendly. These people, unlike those of Point Drew, were well clothed and clean. Their chief, a fine-looking and intelligent man, named Attua, received a boat-flag and other presents from the captain, in return for which he promised to convey letters to the Russian traders on the Colville; but, unhappily, with the Esquimaux, promise and performance are two different things. It does not appear that any of the letters Captain McClure hoped to forward in this manner ever reached their destination. The next interview is thus described by Mr. Miertsching.

"Saturday, August 24th.—This morning we sailed near the coast, and, as usual, saw Esquimaux tents. Some of the crew, who have a very keen sight, asserted that they saw also a man in European clothing. Thereupon the captain determined to land, and wrote several letters, in order to forward them by these people to the Europeans on the Mackenzie River. A white flag was hoisted, and then the captain, Dr. Armstrong, and I, with six sailors, rowed to the shore. We found only a few Esquimaux, who threatened us with knives, spears, and bent bows. Every attempt to approach these wild men in a friendly manner failed, but the captain was unwilling to return without having spoken to them. At length, after several vain attempts, I succeeded in approaching within ten paces of them. I spoke to them kindly, and they at last ceased their outcry and listened, but told me, pointing to the ship, that we must go back again. I had picked up several of their arrows; these I returned, venturing still nearer; but they became angry again, and I thought it advisable

to fire my pistols in the air to show I meant no harm. This was not without effect. They listened to me quietly, and after a while consented to lay down their arms. The captain and the others, also unarmed, now drew near. We became at length such good friends, that they offered us their newly-built wooden house as a dwelling, and gave us birds, fish, and reindeer skins in exchange for knives and saws. Their friendship became still greater when we told them of our visit to Attua. Kairoluak, the principal man, was especially pleased, saying, 'He is a great chief.' This man possessed a good house and two tents. Everywhere reigned the greatest order and cleanliness, more than I have ever seen before among the Esquimaux. Piles of dried skins of the reindeer, bear, fox, and badger were ready for sale. They had never before seen Europeans, and have no dealings with the Hudson's Bay traders on the Mackenzie, but carry their wares westward, and barter them with Attua.

"I wished to talk longer with these people and tell them something of their Creator and Redeemer, but the captain called out, 'The ship is aground!' and we were obliged to return hastily to our boat. These Esquimaux put to shame many Christians, since they undertake long journeys to barter their skins for useful articles, instead of exchanging them nearer home for brandy. This they had done once, but they repented of their folly, and said, 'The evil water killed some of us, and made the others foolish.'

"They told a story of some strangers having come there without a boat, and built a house on a distant promontory. They disappeared one by one, and Kairoluak affirmed that he found the last dead on the ground, and buried him. It was impossible to learn when this happened; the Esquimaux are not exact chronologers. 'Perhaps two years ago, or perhaps when I was a child,' is often their nearest approximation to a date. On visiting the spot pointed out, nothing was found but two ruined Esquimaux winter houses built of drift-wood, a few broken stone lamps, and other trifles, all old and overgrown with moss, but not the slightest trace of Europeans."

The coast of the American continent appeared to be well peopled. Whenever the ship approached the shore, tents were seen; but, on account of the shallow water, it was necessary to keep as far from land as the ice would permit. The last interview with the Esquimaux at this time shall also be narrated in the worthy interpreter's own words.

"Saturday, August 31st.—After breakfast, the captain, Dr. Armstrong, and I, with eight sailors, started in a sailing-boat, carrying with

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us provisions for the day and suitable presents. We steered towards the spot where we parted with the two women yesterday, intending to sail along the coast till we reached the promontory which they had pointed out as the present abode of the men who were whale-fishing. The ground, on which yesterday we found many flowers, was to-day covered with newly-fallen snow seven inches deep. We sailed ten miles before reaching the place pointed out by the women, and found no people there. Five miles farther we came to another promontory, and were about to return, as the shallow water proved that here there could be no whales, when, looking through a telescope, I descried elevations, which, when the fog lifted for a few minutes, revealed themselves as Esquimaux dwellings. We counted about thirty tents and three houses. Over a small tongue of land the sea was visible. We were now certain that we had reached Cape Bathurst.

"We had scarcely landed, when the people came in a swarm to meet us, brandishing spears and knives, and uttering frightful yells; the women following with reserve weapons. The captain asked, 'What is to be done?' I gave him my gun, and fastening my Esquimaux coat properly, ran to meet them. They did not allow themselves to be intimidated. I fired my pistols in the air, and desired them to lay aside their weapons, but they only shouted the louder. I called to them again that we were friends, had brought them presents, and intended them no harm. On hearing this they became more quiet; the captain came up, and after many words and promises they agreed to lay down their weapons, keeping their knives, however, ready for conflict. I drew a line in the snow over which neither party was to pass, but they soon became more friendly, and at last quite confiding, bringing forward their wives and children, and placing the infants in our arms. These Esquimaux trade with the Hare Indians, whose language they understand; the Indians convey the skins to Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie River. After the captain had satisfied himself by many questions that they knew nothing of Sir John Franklin's expedition, he gave the Esquimaux Kennalik letters for the Hudson's Bay station, and many presents for himself.

"While the captain was exploring the locality, I conversed with the people, who listened to me willingly, asked many questions, and when their expressions were not intelligible to me, made use of signs. Of a Creator, or any Divine Being, they had no idea, and had apparently never thought that sun, moon, and stars must have been made by some super-

natural power. They were therefore much astonished when I told them that a great and good Spirit dwells above the sun and stars, who can see all that we do, and that this Spirit made all things. All that I said was allowed to pass uncontradicted; only upon the subject of the stars, old Kennalik gave me this piece of information. 'Over our heads is a large blue chest, the house of the sun. In the day-time, and in the summer, the sun is for a long time not in his house; but when he goes in it is dark. In the house are many little holes through which the sun can see the earth, and through which his light shines: these are the stars.' Of a future life these Esquimaux have also a peculiar idea. There are two lands, one good and beautiful, the other bad. In the former lives a good spirit, who watches the game, that it should not stray out of the country. In the latter dwells an evil spirit, who is always bringing ills upon mankind. When an Esquimaux dies who in his life-time has fed and clothed widows and orphans, he goes to the good land, where the sun always shines, where there is neither rain, wind, nor ice, but always warm weather, and where there are countless herds of reindeer, seals, etc., which may be caught by the hands. But when any man dies who has not acted thus kindly, he goes to the bad land, which is in every respect the reverse of the other.

"While I was still talking with these interesting people, the captain called me. I rose to depart, but Kennalik held me back, and said I should remain here and tell him more; I should live with him. I told him I could not stay, I must go with the ship to seek some of our brothers in the ice. Therupon he offered me a sledge and dogs, that 'when the next moon became invisible,' and the sea was frozen, I might travel over the ice to my ship. I answered that by that time the ship would be so far off that I should be unable to find it. He repeated his offer of the sledge, and added to it a tent. I was obliged to tell him decidedly that my 'angaynga' had called me, and I must obey and follow him. This, however, did not satisfy him; he not only renewed his former offers, but placed before me his daughter, a very good-looking damsel, about sixteen, with the words, 'Takka unna'—'Take this.'

"The captain now came to fetch me, and we were both taken by the arms and thus conducted to our boat, where we divided the presents. I bestowed double gifts upon my friend Kennalik and his daughter, giving the latter some needles, which are greatly valued. To escape further importunity we put off, leaving the poor people standing on the beach and shouting many farewells after us. Their

language differs a little from that of the other Esquimaux on this coast; it was at first difficult to understand them, although they understood me quite well. Several had brown hair and blue eyes, whereas the Esquimaux generally have black hair and brown eyes. Their garments, skilfully made of the finest skins, are very becoming to these small but well-formed people.

"On the following day, fifteen men in kayaks and two other boats filled with men and women, came off to the ship. Some of these had made our acquaintance yesterday, and were therefore the more confiding. Towards me they were especially friendly, brought me several trifling articles as presents, and followed me even into my cabin. One of them told us that the day before yesterday strangers came here in two boats, and lived in a tent on land, also that they shot a white bear on the ice. He described minutely the appearance of the people in their different clothing, the boats with their masts, and even related how the chief of the party, a stout man, constantly walked up and down on the strand, always walking just twenty paces and then turning round again. The captain rewarded this man for his story, which was quite correct, with the exception that 'the day before yesterday' was more than two years ago, at which time Dr. Richardson conducted a boat expedition from the Mackenzie to the Coppermine River."

Captain McClure intended continuing his course in the direction of Dolphin and Union Straits; but after passing Cape Parry, the coast was found so blockaded with drift ice that this was impossible. He therefore steered in a northerly direction, and on the 5th of September land was seen to the north—a high rocky coast. The next day a place was found suitable for landing, and the newly discovered country was duly taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria. It was named by the captain Baring Land; and the southern point, a castellated promontory a thousand feet high, Lord Nelson's Head. The ice would not admit of sailing along the western shore of this land. Sailing eastwards, with a fair wind, for two days, the 'Investigator' entered what appeared to be a deep gulf. The ice now became heavier and the navigation more perilous. There was a strong current, which, in conjunction with the wind and tide, threw the heavy masses of ice into violent commotion. With intervals of calm, this continued many days, but our space will only admit the account of the last day.

"September 26th.—Yesterday we had but a few hours' rest; a strong wind drove the ship, together with the ice, towards a perpendicular

cliff a hundred and twenty feet high. We were carried within fifty feet of this dangerous cliff, the water being sixty five fathoms deep. The past night was the most terrible we have yet seen. It is impossible for me to describe those fearful hours; but all my life I shall remember them, and the remembrance will ever excite in my mind gratitude to the Lord, who saved us in such a wonderful manner from impending death. Seventeen hours we stood on deck, looking upon each moment as the last of our lives. Masses of ice, each three or four times as large as the ship, piled on one another, were driven about, and then rushed against each other with a crush like thunder. In the midst of this wild uproar, the ship was thrown now on one side, now on the other, or lifted out of the water, and then, when the ice crashed, plunged again into the raging sea. The seams parted and the caulking fell out, and even some of the casks in the hold burst. If we could have escaped to land, no one would have remained on board; but this was utterly impossible, either in a boat or on foot. When the danger was greatest; when the ship, thrown on her side, was on the point of being crushed by a towering mass of ice, which would have buried in a moment seventy-six human beings; then spake the Most Merciful—'Thus far, and no farther.' The ice stood perfectly still! We looked at one another, astonished at this sudden change, scarcely daring to believe it, and expecting every moment a renewal of the fearful uproar. But the Lord had commanded the waves and the ice, and there was a great calm. A strong watch remained on deck; the others, exhausted and wet through, retired to rest."

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

VII.

THE VALLEY OF ESHCOL.

THE FERTILITY OF THE VALE OF ESHCOL—ITS CAUSES—VINEYARDS AND OLIVE GARDENS—THE WHITE-THORN IN BLOOM—THE "FENCED CITIES" OF JUDAH, MAON, CARMEL, ZIPH—NABAL, ABIGAIL, AND DAVID—DAVID'S WANDERINGS AND GOD'S PROTECTION—SAUL'S PURSUIT OF DAVID IN THE WILDERNESS OF ZIPH—DAVID AND JONATHAN.

The quarantine doctor at Hebron was a Frank in the Turkish service; and by the prospect of a small fee, he was induced to promise that on the morning preceding that on which we were to be liberated he would come and inspect us all, and if he could then conscientiously declare that we were free from plague and other such-like disorders, we might the same day explore the country about Hebron under the charge of a guardian. The doctor was behind his time, so that the afternoon was advanced

before we could wander forth into the valley above Hebron, which is considered by most authorities to be the valley of Eshcol. whence the spies cut "one cluster of grapes, and bare it between two upon a staff, and brought of the pomegranates and of the figs," and carried them to all Israel at Kadesh, as evidence of the exuberant fruitfulness of the land that "surely flowed with milk and honey."

Starting so late, we could not go far. The day was cold and cheerless; heavy clouds sailed rapidly overhead, now and then pierced by a gleam of sunshine, whilst ragged streamers of mist flew across the hill-tops. The whole effect produced appeared more appropriate to Scottish highlands than to a landscape almost on the border of Arabia. This bitter, gloomy weather seemed strange, but it was not unsuited to the locality, for we were really in a mountain land. We had been constantly rising ever since we left the Arabah, and Hebron itself is the town of highest elevation in all Syria, standing two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, so that truly Jacob and his sons "went down into Egypt." This considerable elevation, this variable climate, caused the fertility which prompted Caleb to ask for the region round Hebron as his portion of the promised land, and which made that district so rich a reward. It is the mists, the moisture, and the cooler air of a more northern clime, conjoined with the fervid heat of the sun of a Syrian summer, that have made Eshcol's valley so celebrated. These same causes still work out similar results, and the vines of Eshcol's vale still bear splendid grapes, the largest and best in all the country round; figs and pomegranates burden the trees on the terraced mountain-sides, whose groves likewise enrich her with "oil olive," and the fields wave with corn.

This was the first place we had seen in all the border-land of the south, in which we could appreciate the longing of Abraham's children for the land God had promised them. Here, indeed, we had a fair example of that country which was "a land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of oil olive and honey," and of which we had read so much.

The vines in the vicinity of Hebron are sometimes enclosed in vineyards surrounded by stone walls, and overlooked by "the tower of the watchman;" sometimes they run along terraces which may have existed from the early days of Israel's possession, and here and there is built a hut for the guards or vine-dressers—"a cottage in a vineyard." In these towers and huts, and also in tents, the families of Hebron are crowded in time of vintage, which is a festival season for the whole population, and the town is left deserted. The produce of

the vineyards is sent all over Palestine. The proprietors, being chiefly Mahometans, make no wine or raki, but a little is made by the Jews, though not in sufficient quantities for exportation. Whilst in the lazaretto, we procured some wine of two kinds grown here, both of them sweet, and found them excellent. The best grapes are made into raisins; the remainder are trodden out in the winepress, and their juice is boiled down to a syrup, which resembles treacle, but has a pleasanter taste. This syrup is called "dibs," a Hebrew word signifying "honey" and also "syrup of grapes," and wherever in Palestine there is "a land of vineyards" this syrup is commonly eaten with bread.

The valleys hereabouts are all well cultivated, and the hills, wherever they are terraced, well repay the toil expended upon them. Where they are left to nature, loose rocks and scanty grass are scattered over them.

During our ramble in Eshcol's valley, we met with one tree which forcibly and instantaneously bore us back in spirit to our own dear land, so worthy in these days to bear the name so often given to Palestine—"the land of the Bible." That tree was an ancient whitethorn, snowy with luxuriant blossom—the sweet fresh "may" of the springtide at home—the pride of our hedgerows—the "may" that, to our sore disappointment and discomfiture in childhood's years, so seldom kept the promise we thought she gave, to inaugurate the spring by her pure open flowers on May's first day. Here, amidst Abraham's pasturage and on Caleb's estate, the tree was in full bloom before April was nearly ended.

We went up to some considerable ruins on one of the western hills, among which was a long vaulted chamber, some wells, remains of columns, walls, etc.; but we could find out nothing about their history; our guides called them "the convent."

We sketched the valley of Eshcol looking about north-west from Hebron, and just included in our view a straggling suburb nominally belonging to Hebron, but quite separated from it by fields and gardens. The evening was very cold, and the air was so damp that it saturated our drawing-paper, and prevented its lying flat; and we had only just completed our sketch, when the sun went down and drove us back to our temporary home.

We must now return, as we promised to do, to the south country, and continue our notice of the fenced cities of Judah, near which we passed on our road to Hebron. In our next chapter we shall say something about Hebron itself, and then pursue our journey onwards. We have already made mention of Beersheba

and Moladah: it was after leaving the latter place—the modern El Milh—that ruins and hills, many of them still bearing their old historic names exactly, and others preserving with some slight modification the nomenclature of Joshua's days, began to crowd upon us.

Attir, Anab, Main, Kurnel, Yutta, Zif, Shuwoikeh, names now in use for localities we passed, speak to us of Yattir, Anab, Maon, Carmel, Juttah, Ziph, and Socoh, so called when Judah first took possession of his heritage. Maon, Carmel, and Ziph we left a little to our right, with the wilderness of Engedi beyond them. These names are especially familiar to us, for it was in this district that Saul hunted David like “a partridge in the mountains.” This “wilderness of Maon” and this “wilderness of Ziph” harboured David “in the rocks of the wild goats,” in caves and forests, which were then the haunt of lions and other wild beasts. Both the lions and the forests have long since disappeared, but the grey hills, the deep caves, the scattered ruins, and the old names still remain.

Many an eventful story are we told of David's adventures here; and very strongly marked is that providence of God which preserved him, when he wandered here an outlaw, for a great work in the future; but in all the records of his wild career there is no tale more strangely romantic than that of which Maon and Carmel were the scene.

In Maon, on the top of that high, bare, conical hill, now crowned with ruins, dwelt the “churlish and evil” Nabal, “whose possessions were in Carmel.” He was a worthless offshoot of the house of the mighty Caleb, but no portion of Caleb's virtues had descended to Nabal with Caleb's land. He was rich in flocks, and he was, at the date of our narrative, shearing his sheep in Carmel. At that time, David and his armed men, outlaws and fugitives like himself, were hiding in the neighbouring wilderness; and day by day Nabal's pastoral wealth, and those who tended it, had been at the mercy of David's band, without suffering diminution or hurt, but, on the contrary, they had been “a wall unto them both by night and by day.” David consequently expected to share in the feast prepared for the shearers, as any modern Arab sheikh of the wilderness, who had protected the flocks of his rich neighbour, would on a similar occasion. He sent messengers to greet Nabal, in the words that any native of Palestine would use at the present time: “Thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity, Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast.” Then he set forth his claim for a portion of the food that was

in preparation, but his request was met by Nabal with contumely and railing. Nabal was avaricious, ill-tempered, and uncharitable, even to those from whom he derived benefits. He repudiated all obligation by falsely professing ignorance of the whole matter, because he meant to evade any return of kindness. He threw an insulting slur upon David's character. “Who is David? and who is the son of Jesse? There be many servants nowadays that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my water, and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?” Here Nabal asserts his absolute right to, and power over, all that belonged to him, and scouts the idea that he was but the steward of the Almighty, who had entrusted him with his wealth that he might enjoy it, but enjoy it without being niggardly and pitiless to the poor and needy. Nabal felt no thankfulness to God, and he had no gratitude to man. His conduct, bad as it seems to us at home, is seen in a much worse light when in the land in which he lived we pass judgment upon it. He grossly transgressed all the proprieties, he violated all the usages—the established, unvarying customs—of Eastern social life. To the present day, such conduct as his would be considered worse than boorish and brutal; for even as his temporary neighbour, from whom he had received no help, David might expect to share in the festivities, according to oriental habits; but as Nabal's benefactor he had an absolute right to do so, and Nabal's refusal was an outrage—an outrage sufficient to cause the hot blood of the Arab to wash out the insult in blood.

Now Nabal had a wife, named Abigail; “and she was a woman of a good understanding and of a beautiful countenance,” and she and Nabal's servants knew his character well, “that he was such a son of Belial that a man cannot speak to him.” They also seem to have rightly estimated the probable vigour of David's rejoinder, for Abigail sent to David provisions which were luxuries compared with those which he would have been satisfied with, and which her lord had refused; and then she set forth herself to meet him. She was only just in time, for the sword was girded on the thigh, and David was already on his way to the slaughter of Nabal and his race. But God designed otherwise, and made use of woman's fair face, woman's gentle tact, and woman's persuasive tongue, as his instruments to check his servant in the career of blood, and to save him from sin.

Abigail, in her mediation, did not attempt to deny her husband's wrong-doing, or to gloss

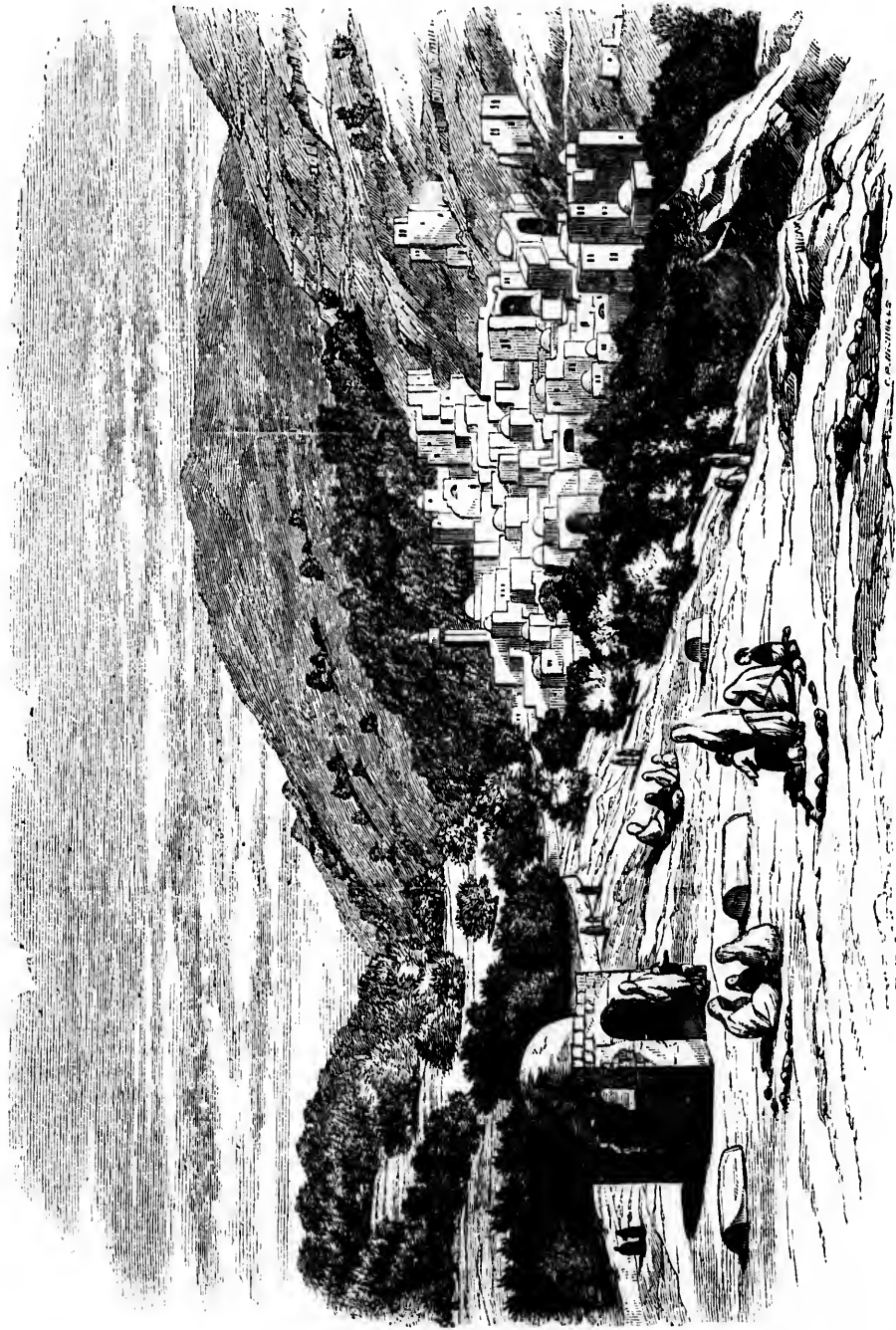
over his churlishness; but with the fear of God in her heart, she argued gently and firmly with David's hot wrath. Far different in spirit from Nabal with his feigned ignorance, she believed in the future promised to David, she looked up to him as "bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord his God;" and what a beautiful image this is in which she expresses her sense of God's care for David's security. She knew that God destined him to rule over Israel. She advised the future monarch neither to shed blood nor to avenge himself with his own hand; and then, speaking of that future time, when he should reign over all the tribes of God's people, she said, "This shall be no grief unto thee, nor offence of heart unto my lord, either that thou hast shed blood causeless, or that my lord hath avenged himself; but when the Lord shall have dealt well with my lord, then remember thine handmaid." Abigail speaks in all humility, and puts no reliance in the power of her own arguments, but sees and acknowledges God's hand in the success of her mission. God's grace, through his handmaid's means, calmed the turbulent flood of David's fierce anger, and he gave glory to the Almighty, and gratitude to Abigail, as God's instrument, for her wise counsel, which had saved him from crime; and how earnest and heartfelt is the expression of that gratitude: "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel which sent thee this day to meet me, and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou, which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with mine own hand."

David and Abigail parted and went their ways; he to his hiding-place in the wilderness, she to where her husband, in fancied security, "held a feast in his house like the feast of a king," where, but for her intercession, blood would have flowed as freely as did the wine with which "Nabal's heart was merry within him, for he was very drunken." Nabal, who could not bring himself to pay debts of gratitude, and had no charity for those who required it, was ready without grudging to squander wealth on his intemperate pleasures. In the morning, his good wife told him the danger he had incurred, and the mode of his escape. Then his boldness all fled, and "his heart died within him, and he became as a stone." About ten days after, God smote Nabal that he died and left those riches whose stewardship he had so flagrantly abused. David's first thought at the news of Nabal's death was one of thankfulness to the Lord who had kept his servant from evil. His second was for Abigail's wisdom and beauty. He at once sent messengers to her, and she became

his wife. "The mighty one of Jacob" was jealous for his honour; Nabal forgot there was a God in Israel, and "the Lord returned the wickedness of Nabal upon his own head." There are many Nabals in the world; many who are as forgetful of and unthankful to their Creator and their Redeemer as Nabal was; many who are as lavish to themselves and as ungrateful and uncharitable to others. Let us strive and pray that we are not among the Nabals of our dispensation.

We must here mention, to prevent confusion of ideas, that this "Carmel," where Nabal had his possessions, is far distant from Mount Carmel on the Phœnician coast, the scene of Elijah's sacrifice. The ruins of Carmel in Judah are extensive, and some of them very ancient. The castle, from the style of its masonry, is probably of the time of Herod. Among the ruins are the remains of churches, showing that Carmel had at one time a large Christian population. It is all desert now. About an hour and a half from Carmel is the little hill "Tell Zif," close to which are the ruins of Ziph, whose people on two occasions betrayed David's hiding-place to Saul. On the first occasion David was "in a mountain in the wilderness of Ziph," and though "Saul sought him every day," yet "God delivered him not into his hand;" and here it was that Jonathan gave another proof of his strong, tender, and life-long affection for the son of Jesse, for he "went to David into the wood and strengthened his hand in God."

In all history, sacred and profane, there is no more touching example of true, unselfish, unwavering devotion of man to man than that of Jonathan for David. Jonathan knew that his friend would deprive him of the throne to which he might, but for him, succeed; but no thought of self ever entered his mind. He knew that it was the will of Jehovah that David should rule Israel, and he bowed his heart without a murmur to that Almighty will, and rejoiced in the thought that his friend would be his king. David now wandered into the wilderness of Maon for a time, and after that the Ziphites again betrayed his haunts to Saul, who sought him in the wilderness of Ziph with three thousand chosen men of Israel. To no purpose, for the Lord watched over David, who penetrated Saul's camp at night, and took the spear and cruse of water from beside the bolster of the sleeping king. God here specially interposed in David's behalf, for "no man saw it nor knew it, neither awaked, for they were all asleep, because a deep sleep from the Lord was fallen upon them." David spared his enemy when in his power, and God preserved him from all danger.



THE VALLEY OF ESHCOL.

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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF THE HEART.

The heart is deceitful above all things."—*Jer. xvii. 9.*



HERE is great deceit in the dealings of men in the world, great in their counsels and contrivances, in reference to their affairs private and public; great deceit in their words and actings; the world is full of deceit and fraud. But all this is nothing to the deceit that is in man's heart towards himself, for that is the meaning of the expression in this place, and not towards others.

Now this deceitfulness of the heart, whereby it is exceedingly advantaged in its harbouring of sin, lies chiefly in these two things.

First, that it abounds in contradictions, so that it is not to be found and dealt withal according to any constant rule and way of procedure. There are some men that have much of this from their natural constitution, or from other causes in their conversation. They seem to be made up of contradictions; sometimes to be very wise in their affairs, sometimes very foolish; very open, and very reserved; very facile, and very obstinate; very easy to be entreated, and very revengeful, all in a remarkable height. This is generally accounted a bad character, and is seldom found but when it proceeds from some notable predominant lust. But in general, in respect of moral good or evil, duty or sin, it is so with the heart of every man; flaming hot, and key cold; weak, and yet stubborn; obstinate and facile. The frame of the heart is ready to contradict itself every moment. Now you would think you had it all for such a frame, such a way; anon it is quite otherwise; so that none know what to expect from it. The rise of this is the disorder that is brought upon all its faculties by sin. God created them all in a perfect harmony and union. The mind and reason were in perfect subjection and subordination to God and his will; the will answered, in its choice of good, the discovery made of it by the mind; the affections constantly and evenly followed the understanding and will. The mind's subjection to God was the spring of the orderly and harmonious motion of the soul, and all the wheels in it. That being disturbed by sin, the rest of the faculties move cross and contrary one to another; the will chuseth not the good which the mind discovers; the affections delight not in that which the will chuseth, but all jar and interfere, cross and rebel against each other. This we have got by

our falling from God. Hence sometimes the will leads, the judgment follows. Yea, commonly the affections that should attend upon all, get the sovereignty, and draw the whole soul captive after them.

Secondly, its deceit lies in its full promissings upon the first appearance of things. And this also proceeds from the same principle with the former. Sometimes the affections are touched and wrought upon, the whole heart appears in a fair frame, all promiseth to be well. Within a while the whole frame is changed; the mind was not at all affected or turned; the affections a little acted their parts and are gone off, and all the fair promises of the heart are departed with them. All the disorder that is in the heart, all its false promises and fair appearances, promote the interest and advantage of sin. Hence God cautions the people to look to it, lest "their own hearts should entice and deceive them."

Who can mention the treacheries and deceits that lie in the heart of man? It is not for nothing that the Holy Ghost so expresseth it, "It is deceitful above all things;" uncertain in what it doth, and false in what it promiseth. And hence, moreover, it is amongst other causes that, in the pursuit of our war against sin, we have not only the old work to go over and over, but new work still, while we live in this world; still new stratagems and wiles to deal withal, as the manner will be where unsearchableness and deceitfulness are to be contended with.

Never let us reckon that our work in contending against sin, in crucifying, mortifying, and subduing of it, is at an end. The place of its habitation is unsearchable; and when we may think that we have thoroughly won the field, there is still some reserve remaining that we saw not, that we knew not of. Many conquerors have been ruined by their carelessness after a victory; and many have been spiritually wounded after great successes against this enemy. David was so; his great surprise into sin was after a long profession, manifold experiences of God, and watchful keeping of himself from his iniquity. And hence in part hath it come to pass that the profession of many hath declined even in their old age, or riper time. They have given over the work of mortifying of sin before their work was at an end. There is no way for us to pursue sin in its unsearchable habitation but by being endless in our pursuit. And that command of the apostle which we have in Col. iii. 5, on this account is as necessary for them to observe who are towards the end of their race, as those that are but at the beginning of it: "Mortify, therefore, your members that are on the

earth;" be always doing it whilst you live in this world. It is true, great ground is obtained when the work is vigorously and constantly carried on; sin is much weakened, so that the soul presses forward towards perfection. But yet the work must be endless, I mean whilst we are in this world. If we give over, we shall quickly see this enemy exerting itself with new strength and vigour. It may be under some great affliction, it may be in some eminent enjoyment of God, in the sense of the sweetness of blessed communion with Christ, we have been ready to say that there was an end of sin, that it was dead and gone for ever. But have we not found the contrary by experience? hath it not manifested that it was only retired into some unsearchable recesses of the heart, as to its in-being and nature, though it may be greatly weakened in its power? Let us then reckon on it, that there is no way to have our work done, but by always doing of it; and he who dies fighting in this warfare, dies assuredly a conqueror.

The fact that the heart is various, inconstant, deceitful above all things, calls for perpetual watchfulness. An open enemy that deals by violence only always gives some respite; you know where to have him and what he is doing, so that sometimes you may sleep quietly without fear; but against adversaries that deal by deceit and treachery (which are long swords, and reach at the greatest distance) nothing will give security but perpetual watchfulness. It is impossible we should in this case be too jealous, doubtful, suspicious, or watchful. The heart hath a thousand wiles and deceits, and if we are in the least off from our watch, we may be sure to be surprised. Hence are those reiterated commands and cautions given for watching, for being circumspect, diligent, careful, and the like. There is no living for them who have to deal with an enemy deceitful above all things, unless they persist in such a frame. All cautions that are given in this case are necessary, especially that, remember not to trust it. "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." (Prov. xxviii. 26.) Doth thy heart promise fair? rest not on it, but say to the Lord Christ, "Lord, do thou undertake for me." Doth the sun shine fair in the morning? reckon not therefore on a fine day; the clouds may arise and fall, though the morning give a fair appearance of serenity and peace; turbulent affections may arise and cloud the soul with sin and darkness.

Commit, then, the whole matter, with all care and diligence, unto Him who can search the heart to the uttermost, and knows how to prevent all its treacheries and deceits. In the thing before mentioned lies our duty, but

here lies our safety. There is no treacherous corner in our hearts, but he can search it to the uttermost; there is no deceit in them, but he can disappoint it. This course David takes (Psa. cxxxix.); after he had set forth the omnipresence of God, and his omniscience (Psa. cxxxix. 8, 9, 10), he makes improvement of it (ver. 23): "Search me, O Lord, and try me." As if he had said, "It is but a little that I know of my deceitful heart, only I would be sincere, I would not have reserves for sin retained therein; wherefore do thou, who art present with my heart, who knowest my thoughts long before, undertake this work, perform it thoroughly, for thou alone art able so to do."

Dr. John Owen.

THE SISTERS.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER II.

"I AM so glad you are come, dear Charles," said Kate, one evening, after waiting tea to an unusually late hour; "I began to fear something strange must have happened to detain you so long; but now you are here, we will have tea, and you shall tell me what has made you look so tired."

Dear, loving Kate soon put his feet into the well-warmed slippers, and held ready the loose coat in which he was accustomed to lounge in his luxurious easy-chair; and after the tray was removed, she took her usual seat on a low stool at his feet, and waited with patient child-like gentleness to hear the truant's account of the day.

"You know, my little wife, how often Edward Walters has asked me to his rooms, and, since the night I took leave of all my bachelor friends, how steadily I have refused every invitation, both from him and others. Well, just as I was leaving my office, he came and pleaded so irresistibly, that at last I promised to spend to-morrow evening with him. I shall be sorry to leave you alone, but will return quite early."

Poor Kate felt the first pang of wedded life then, for she knew this man's character was lightly spoken of; yet she would not grieve her husband by referring to what she thought and hoped might be mere idle report. But as evening after evening now began to be passed away from home by her husband, who she was left to weep in secret over hopes crushed and prospects blighted, Kate felt that she must make some effort to withdraw her husband from the evil influences by which he was entangled. Little did she dream that this was but the renewal of the life he had led before she

became his wife, and that the few months of quiet life he had passed with her had been irksome beyond longer endurance. But so it was; and Kate soon found that though every night's cruel neglect was for a time followed by a repentant morning, and promises that all should be given up for her sake, she was obliged to acknowledge to herself that her confidence in such promises was daily becoming weaker.

As by degrees the dreadful truth that she was married to a worthless man forced itself upon the mind of Kate, she was filled with grief so agonizing as almost to unfit her for daily duties; yet even now she would not meet the cause of all her sorrow with a cloud upon that face, which nevertheless told either of failing health, or, worse still, a mind ill at ease. When the first baby voice was heard in her home, fondly did the young mother hope that the father's presence would gladden that fireside which his absence alone made sad. For a while the reward of patient endurance seemed to have come; and as each returning evening found Charles seeking the side of his wife, she was happy, the roses returned to her cheek, the brightness to her step, and all the world looked bright once more.

It is true, Kate had mourned deeply over the sad awakening from her dream of wedded joy, but she, poor girl, unlike her sister, had yet to turn to a pitying Saviour for comfort in every time of sorrow. Her heart was not yet given to holy things, but was entirely filled with the image of him who had already made her taste of the cup of bitterness. But now that God had committed a little one to her care, deep and holy thoughts were stirred within the mother's breast, and she sought tremblingly and earnestly for that "wisdom which cometh from above," to enable her to train her dear one for the God who sent it.

About this time Harry and Ellen removed into the immediate neighbourhood of the Mortimers, an event which was most annoying to Charles, as hitherto the defects in his character had not become generally known; for however little he had scrupled to wound his devoted wife, he still wished to present a fair appearance to the world; and now that he seemed so changed and domestic in his habits, Kate trusted that her sister might never learn the grief she had passed through. Well was it for that gentle one that God had given her a child to love and train, for old habits ere long threatened again to gain the ascendancy over Charles, who was fast relapsing into his evil ways.

With a feeling of undefined dread, Kate noticed the gradual alteration in his appear-

ance and manner; but she had no idea that he was rapidly sinking into habits of intoxication. till one night he returned, not alone, but led to his home debased and senseless, brought by one who had helped him in the downward course. We draw a veil over the dreadful grief of that stricken one, too sacred and intense for other eyes than her tender, pitying, loving Father's to rest upon. By the bedside of her sleeping infant she prayed for guidance in her hour of trial.

Charles was covered with shame and remorse when, on the following morning, his meek and suffering wife put his sin before him, and with tears and prayers besought him to reflect and make a firm stand, while he might yet retrieve the past. In the hour of humiliation and grief he promised all she desired; but alas! evil habits had gained too great a power over him. He bartered away his present happiness and eternal joy for the short-lived and falsely called pleasures of the prodigal, and seemed to forget that misery, woe, and death were the constant attendants on such a life of sin.

What could Kate do? Whither could she go for comfort and advice? She was unwilling that any should know how low her still dear though degraded husband had fallen. She therefore turned to the "Strong" for help, and cried in the desolate sorrow and anguish of her mind, "When my heart is overwhelmed within me, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

In the midst of these sad scenes were the first few years of the little Annie passed. What wonder if her young mind were prematurely tinged with care! for to her were almost unknown the joys of childhood. It is at home that even the youngest look for endearing, happy hours, and Kate had now so fully realized her wretched and forlorn position that she was often too bowed by grief to wear a cheerful aspect even before her child.

In very truth might it be said that he "wasted his substance in riotous living," so that, in addition to her other trials, the broken-hearted wife saw poverty becoming every day more apparent. She spoke to her husband on the subject of his pecuniary affairs, and heard, not with surprise, that they must leave their present home, and seek one more suited to their greatly reduced means.

Even now could Kate have been happy in poverty and exile, if her still beloved husband were what her true woman's heart would have him to be. But alas! her cup was not yet full; her trials were not yet ended. One morning, whilst she was trying to arrange her future plans, Ellen surprised her in tears. She had long noticed the altered looks of the sufferer, and from the rumours which had reached her

of Charles' dissipated life, she knew too well the cause; but affection is ever delicate, and though often tempted to question her sister, she resolved to wait, feeling sure that she would know all when the right time arrived. Little did she imagine the embarrassed circumstances of the Mortimers, or the great cause existing for grief to Kate, who now, in the bitterness of her anguish and depth of her despair, confided her wrongs and sufferings to the astonished and indignant Ellen. Harry at once came forward with willing heart to help, not the destroyer, but his gentle, uncomplaining wife and child. Nothing could be saved from the wreck; and a quiet, humble lodging received one who had begun life with bright and happy prospects.

It was proposed that Annie should become a member of her aunt's family for a time, and join her cousin Hugh in his studies; but neither she or her mother could bear the thought of separation; their very lives were entwined, and it was beautiful to see the devotion of the child and the intense love of the mother. And so Kate and her darling Annie remained together, whilst he, the cause of all their sorrow, often absented himself for weeks, and then only returned to leave them poorer than before. At length he left them, and returned no more. Weeks and months passed away, and still he came not. The deserted wife yearned and longed for his coming; she could not give up the husband of her youth; and it took all Annie's love and efforts to keep her from sinking altogether under this final blow. Well was it for her that she had found a sure refuge in this her time of greatest need.

STORM-WINDS.

"When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy?
When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
Their ancient barriers, deluging the day?"

COWPER wrote these lines in his "Task" in allusion to the unusual natural phenomena which marked one of the years of his troubled life. They may as truly be applied to the year 1860, with a few preceding months, for living experience has known no similar interval, during which there has been such a succession of furious storms, with heavy rains, and a generally disturbed condition of the atmosphere. There is no peculiarity in the mere occurrence of a tempest. Our fathers and their grandsires were familiar with it; and occasionally with even more terrible displays of its power than we have ever witnessed. But the lessons of such occurrences are for all times. Whatever may be the aspect of external

nature to us, it is our comfort to know that God's government of it is ever a reality, as much so when the elements are in fearful agitation as when they are profoundly calm; while all inanimate agents in their various operations do his bidding, equally, though unconsciously, with the vast joyous host of heaven's intelligences:—

"The winds are his messengers;
His servants, flames of fire."

However suddenly disastrous to life and property may be the wild uproar of the tempest, we are reminded by it 'of being under the mighty hand of God, and are stirred up to holy conversation and godliness before him.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth." It is completely independent of the will of man, both as to its direction and its force. "Thou hearest the sound thereof." It is a whisper, a murmur, a sob, or, anon, almost a laugh in the gentle breeze—a wild cry in the fast-flying gale—an awful roar in the tremendous hurricane. But no man can tell "whence it cometh and whither it goeth." The quarter, indeed, from which it sweeps, and to which it speeds, is readily ascertained; but the starting-point of the current is beyond our finding out, as well as the terminus of the journey. Who can say where its first movement began, and where it will end? But while obscurity rests upon aerial agitations in matters of detail, it is sufficiently clear that they are primarily occasioned by changes in the temperature of a portion of the air, or in the quantity of water which it holds in a state of vapour. In either of these cases, a temporary destruction of the equilibrium of the atmosphere is produced, and its particles are set in motion to restore the balance. The process of restoration will be conducted with more or less vigour according to the extent and suddenness of the derangement; and damage to both person and property may be incident to it. But this is only very occasional and local, while there is a resulting benefit which is constant and general.

The winds display an endless variety in their velocity and power. There is the zephyr which scarcely wrinkles the lake, stirs the leaves, or fans the frame; and the mighty blast which dismantles the forest of its branches, tears up its trees by the roots, makes havoc of the handiwork of man, and far outstrips the swiftest locomotive in its speed. The storm winds, under the names of tornadoes, typhoons, and hurricanes, are most common and violent within the tropics, where they are often confined to comparatively narrow limits. But sometimes they pass to extra-tropical latitudes, reach our own islands, and sweep over wide

areas of the northern hemisphere. It was noticed by the enemies of Cromwell, that at the time of his death, the winds went forth raving and howling through the land; but the same tempest dashed the vessels of the Baltic seamen on the strand, buried Venetian argosies in the Adriatic, shivered the pines of Norway, and swept before it the cypresses of the Bosphorus. But what is known in our records as the "Great Storm" occurred in the early part of the reign of Queen Anne, on the night of the 26th and the morning of the 27th of November, 1703, and is referred to by almost all writers of the period. Under that date, Dr. Isaac Watts wrote the entry in some private memoranda, "Friday night and Saturday morning, the great and dreadful storm." It was terribly destructive both by land and sea; and has never since been equalled in violence.

During the preceding months of the year, great rains fell in the south of England and the north of France. On the day before the tempest, the wind rose high in the afternoon; in the evening there was lightning; and between nine and ten o'clock at night, there was a severe but short squall, with heavy showers. The next morning, Friday, the weather was tempestuous, yet not so as to give rise to apprehensions of danger, though had the indications of the barometer been understood and consulted as at present, the fall of the mercury would, doubtless, have told a tale of coming peril. The wind blew high all day, increased towards night, and became a perfect tempest about ten o'clock. Still most families in London retired to bed, though few were so hardy as to remain there past midnight. The roar of the elements, the unroofing of houses, the fall of chimneys, and the cries of the injured, combined to form a scene of the greatest terror, appalling to the stoutest hearts. Many thought that the end of the world was come. The celebrated De Foe was in a substantial brick house in the suburbs. A stack of chimneys falling, which belonged to the next dwelling, gave the house such a shock that he fancied it was coming down upon the heads of its inmates. Opening a door to escape into the garden, the danger of doing so was so apparent, that they all deemed it best to leave themselves quietly to the disposal of Almighty Providence, and expect a grave in the ruins of the building, rather than court almost certain destruction by venturing into the open air. De Foe remarks, in a commemorative poem:—

"I felt the mighty shock, and saw 'he night,
When guilt look'd pale, and own'd the fright;
And every time the raging element
Shook London's lofty towers, at every rent
The falling timbers gave, they cried 'Repent.'
I saw, when all the stormy crew,

Newly commission'd from on high,
Newly instructed what to do,
In lowering cloudy troops drew nigh;
They hover'd o'er the guilty land,
As if they had been backward to obey;
As if they wonder'd at the sad command,
And pitied those they should destroy.
But heaven, that long had gentler methods tried,
And saw those gentler methods all defied,
Had now resolved to be obeyed:
Almighty power upon the whirlwind rode,
And every blast proclaim'd aloud,
There is, there is, there is a God."

Between seven and eight o'clock on Saturday morning the mercury began to rise swiftly, and the hurricane slowly abated, but the wind continued to blow with the force of a strong gale, and nearly a week elapsed before the atmosphere was lulled to rest. "Thus ended," says one, "the greatest and the longest storm that ever the world saw."

The country north of the Tweed was not affected by this tempest. It swept up from the south-west, over the district between the Trent in England and the Loire in France, where dwellings unroofed, steeples blown down, trees prostrate, stacks of corn scattered abroad, and vessels wrecked on the coast, proclaimed its fury. It is supposed that upwards of six thousand sailors found a watery grave on that fearful night, and that a total of eight thousand persons perished. The damage to property was estimated at more than four millions sterling. In the metropolis, the loss exceeded that occasioned by the great fire; and for many days, the city seemed as if it had been exposed for a long period to the cannon of a besieging army. "The wind," says Oldmixon, "blew west-south-west, and grumbled like thunder, accompanied with flashes of lightning. It threw down several battlements and stacks of chimneys at St. James's Palace; tore to pieces tall trees in the Park, and killed a servant in the house. The guard-house at Whitehall was much damaged, as was the banquetting-house. A great deal of lead was blown off Westminster Abbey, and most of the lead on churches and houses was either rolled up in sheets or loosened. The pious and learned prelate, Dr. Richard Kidder, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and his lady, were killed by the fall of part of the old episcopal palace at Wells. The Bishop of London's sister, Lady Penelope Nicholas, was killed in the same manner at Horsely, in Sussex, and Sir John Nicholas, her husband, was grievously hurt."

In a dismal enumeration of the items of the calamity, mention is made of 800 houses, 400 windmills, and 250,000 timber trees thrown down; 100 churches unroofed, 300 merchantmen and 12 ships of the line lost upon the coast; 900 wherries and barges destroyed on

the Thames, and 15,000 sheep, besides other cattle, drowned by the overflowing of the Severn. Rear-Admiral Beaumont perished with his crew on the Goodwin Sands; and Mr. Winstanley, the engineer of the first Eddystone Lighthouse, was swept away with the structure he had reared. He had expressed the utmost confidence in its stability, and was in the building superintending repairs when the storm arose. The next morning not a vestige of the habitation on the rock was to be seen from the shore. It was afterwards found, that the waves had so completely torn up the structure from the very foundation, and carried it away, that not a beam, stone, or iron-bar remained. The only article left was a piece of chain, wedged in a cleft, which was cut out about half a century afterwards. Faintly to illustrate the impetuosity of the wind, it may be stated that a vessel laden with tin broke from her moorings off Falmouth, and was driven to the Isle of Wight at the rate of more than thirty miles an hour.

This dreadful visitation silenced for a time the clamour of political factions, specially loud and rancorous at that period, and brought to the remembrance of a godless generation Him who sendeth forth the stormy wind to fulfil his word. The queen appointed a national fast, stating in the royal proclamation relative to the event, that "we most humbly acknowledge it to be a token of the divine displeasure; and that it was of the infinite mercy of God that we and our people were not thereby wholly destroyed." Many persons had cause to regard that night of terror as one to be remembered with gratitude, owing to the almost miraculous manner in which they were preserved from death or injury. One of these, Mr. John Taylor, a bookseller in Paternoster Row, was so affected by the interposition of Divine Providence on his behalf, that he regularly devoted the anniversary of the event to thanksgiving and prayer, with some friends like-minded. They met at his usual place of worship, the Baptist Chapel, Little Wild Street, when a sermon was generally preached commemorative of God's goodness in preserving the worshippers at a time when so many perished. This good man at his death bequeathed a sum of money to trustees, with directions to employ the interest in securing the continued remembrance of an event in which judgment and mercy were so remarkably displayed. The will of the testator has been duly executed; and last November, the one hundred and thirtieth annual commemorative service was held.

Down to the present century, a hurricane was generally deemed to be simply a gale of

wind pursuing, with immense velocity, a rectilinear course. But it is now known that these storms are real whirlwinds, or huge eddies in the atmosphere, having two motions, a progressive and a rotary, both following certain fixed laws. Originating generally within the tropics, they travel from thence at a comparatively slow rate towards the poles, north-easterly in the northern hemisphere, and south-easterly in the southern. Thus the storm of 1703 came across the Atlantic from the tropical regions of America, and passed over Britain, France, Holland, Germany, Sweden, Russia, and northern Asia, to the polar ocean. But if the progressive motion is a grand slow march, the rotary, or the whirl of the air at the outer circle, has an intense velocity, while the interior space, or vortex, is the scene of gusts and lulls. In the northern hemisphere, the whirl of the wind is in a direction *against* the hands of a watch, and *with* them in the southern; and of course on opposite sides of the same whirl-storm, the wind blows in precisely opposite directions. The particular cause of these peculiar commotions in the atmosphere remains in obscurity; but they may be due in part to the same law under which eddies or whirlpools are formed in water, by two currents being obliquely impelled against each other. The great hurricane may thus correspond in principle to the small local whirlwind, so commonly seen in the summer season, carrying upwards and along with it the dust and loose grass in spiral columns, exhibiting a progressive and rotary motion.

The general conclusions stated have been well established by the independent observations and comparisons of highly-gifted men; and we ought to be thankful to the Author of all good for disposing their minds to the inquiry. By taking advantage of the law of storms, a ship may sail out of a hurricane, instead of drifting along with it to be fatally entangled. It is also a most happy circumstance that, like "coming events" which "cast their shadows before," these awful storms are preceded by signs indicating that

"Deep in a cloudy speak

Compressed, the mighty tempest brooding dwells."

Among the surest signs are the sinking of the barometric columns, and the temperature becoming warmer or colder than usual at the season. Such indications are distinctly shown many hours, if not two or more days, before a dangerous tempest. With warnings of this kind providentially given, the calamities now endured by our fishermen and coasters might in many instances be avoided, if good barometers were generally available for their use. But those who are the most exposed to peril

are either too poor, or ill-informed, to provide such permanent instruments of instruction for themselves. Hence it is satisfactory to find that the National Life-Boat Institution proposes to place them at its own stations, wherever they are likely to be of most service; and to instruct agents properly in reading their indications, so that they may act as so many storm-warners in the towns or villages in which they reside. Such a proposal will have the warmest sympathy of the Christian philanthropist.*

It is a time of fear and peril to man and beast when the tempest develops its giant strength, as in inter-tropical regions. Few scenes in the varied panorama of nature are more awful than the appeal then made to the senses of sight and hearing, by the dense black masses of cloud that roll in wild confusion through the air, the tumultuous aspect of the ocean, the agitation of the woods, and the voice of the wind, varying from the piercingly-shrill cry to the deafening roar, and occasionally combining every kind of intonation in the sound. But it is unquestionable that neither breeze, nor gale, nor storm, could be dispensed with in the economy of nature, for the various forms of life which the common air sustains are preserved in vigour by that conflict of the elements which occasionally to some involves disaster. A variety of causes in operation on the surface of the globe, and in its interior, concur to derange that constitution of the atmosphere which is alone salubrious, and would convert the medium of life and health into a fruitful source of fever, pestilence, and death were it not for an antagonistic influence in constant action. The vitiated air (carbonic acid gas) which is thrown off as deadly by animals, becomes the food of plants, which, under the influence of solar light, retain the carbon for their own growth, and restore the oxygen to the atmosphere. The exhalations from low swampy grounds are a further cause of deterioration. But the atmospheric currents separate and disperse the poisonous ingredients, render them innocuous by bringing them into new combinations, and thus keep up that due proportion between the component parts of the atmosphere upon which its life-conserving property depends. The ordinary play of the winds, in the breeze and in the gale, has been ordained to accomplish this benign purpose, and even the dread tornado becomes a messenger of life and health to the regions over which in brief violence it has passed.

* It is estimated that a good barometer cannot be fixed at a life-boat house under 6*l.*, so that it will require a considerable sum to carry out efficiently the above plan. It may serve the cause to state that the office of the institution is 14, John-street, Adelphi, London.

Pages for the Young.

WASTE NOT.

"I wish I were a princess," said little Mary Horton to her mother, as, with a very discontented looking face, she entered the parlour.

"And what has made my little girl dissatisfied with the station in life in which God has seen fit to place her?" inquired Mrs. Horton.

"Why, mamma, I was just thinking, if I were a princess I could do as I like. I should not be obliged to take such great care of every little thing. Miss Ashton was quite angry this afternoon because some of my books had turned-up leaves; and when I asked her to let me have my new doll, she refused."

"But I am quite sure that Miss Ashton had some good reason for this refusal. What did she say besides 'No' when you asked permission?"

Mary's face turned red, and she slowly replied: "I think, mamma, I displeased Miss Ashton by leaving my playthings strewn upon the floor, and she said I must be taught to *take care* even in little matters."

"So Miss Ashton denied you this pleasure for the sake of teaching you a useful and necessary lesson?"

"Yes, mamma."

"And you wished to be a princess, thinking you might, in such a station, commit with impunity a sin for which you are now blamed?"

"Oh, mamma," said Mary, "surely you do not call it a sin to leave a few things lying upon the floor?"

"Were they not wasted by being left there, Mary? Now tell me, my dear child, should you not consider it wrong to waste time and be negligent in performing your duties?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Listen to what the wise king of Israel wrote in the eighteenth chapter of Proverbs and the ninth verse: 'He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.' Now, here you see the sluggard who throws away time, and the extravagant person who wastes his goods, are classed together; the one for not working with his might; the other for not taking care of what he actually possesses."

"But, mamma, they were *only* toys of which I was careless."

"That does not alter the matter, my dear. Persons very seldom begin by breaking God's commandments in great things. They begin with matters which seem of very little importance, and they go on until the sin becomes a habit. The same wasteful spirit which made you indifferent about your toys, would cause you to waste things of more importance when you are older. And just think, my dear, the toys you used so carelessly, because they were old, would have furnished amusement to a child poorer than yourself, in whose eyes they would have seemed perfect treasures. So you not only wasted something, but lost an opportunity of conferring happiness."

Mary hung her head, and her blue eyes filled with tears when this view of the case was presented by her mother, who added, "Does my little girl *now* think that Miss Ashton was right?"

"Oh, yes," half stifled by a sob, was Mary's reply.

"Then if, as I fear was the case, you gave your governess a pettish answer when she reproved you, go and ask her forgiveness. When you have gained it, come back, and I will tell you something more on the subject we have been talking about."

Mary ran off to seek her governess, and soon returned to her mother's side with a face widely different in expression from that which had presented itself a short time before.

Miss Ashton had willingly forgiven her penitent little pupil, and dismissed her with a few kind words of advice; so Mary now awaited, with smiling looks, what her mamma had to tell.

"You were wishing to be a princess, my dear little Mary," said Mrs. Horton; "and I know you uttered the words with very little idea of the duties which people who occupy such high stations have to perform. Do not fancy that any virtue which the humblest follower of Christ ought to practise, is less requisite for the rich and great."

"Not exactly that, mamma; but I did think rich people could do more as they liked, and that kings and princesses could do *anything they choose*."

"Come now, Mary; I will tell you a little anecdote, which may perhaps prove that princesses are not ashamed to be careful."

"When I was at Kew, three years ago, I happened to be in the house of one of the Duchess of Cambridge's dependants. The duchess often stays at Kew, as she has a residence there. Her daughter, the Princess Mary, who is cousin to our own dear queen, is a very kind and amiable young lady. I was told many circumstances which prove that she acts in such a manner as to deserve the love and respect of all about her; and, amongst others, that at Christmas she always invites quite a large party of children whose parents are in her mother's service. These little people, you may be sure, look forward most eagerly to this annual treat; and well they may, for the kind princess joins in all their sports, and bestows a present on each young guest besides. I saw Bibles, Church Services, work-boxes, and, in one case, a handsome and well-furnished writing-desk, of her giving. While I was looking at these things, a very little girl was clamorously trying to draw my attention to her own particular gift. I was not surprised at her anxiety when I knew its history. It was a doll about sixty years old!"

"Mamma, mamma, you cannot be in earnest. Who would take care of anything for so long a time?"

"I am in earnest, Mary. That very plaything had been the property of the Princess Amelia, daughter of King George the Third, and had been given to the Princess Mary, from whose hands it passed into those of the little girl who exhibited it to me with so much delight. If you look in your history, you will find that the Princess Amelia was born in 1783; so, supposing she had it when she was ten years old, it must have been more than sixty when I saw it."

"Then, was it not soiled or dirty?"

"No; its white satin dress was rather yellow from age, and so were the curtains and counterpane belonging to its cradle, which were of the same material; but all these things, I was much struck with the example of my little girl will profit by it, since it rebukes her own care and economy their preservation teaches; and I trust foolish wish, and must convince her that being a princess does not lessen our duties, or make the performance of them needless. Had either of those princesses been wasteful, with even her playthings, the exhibition of one of them would not now give such pleasure to a child in a much humbler station. Remember, darling, we are not taught that *anything* ought to be wasted."

"Mamma," said Mary, "I will try to cure myself, by

God's help, of this fault, which Miss Ashton calls an every-day one, and I shall be more anxious now that I know it was so wrong to waste what might have made a child happy."

"I am glad of your resolution, Mary; and I trust the blessing of God will, indeed, attend my child's efforts to walk in the right way. But before we dismiss the subject, I must give you another example of the same. One far higher than even the wise king of Israel, who said that 'he who is slothful in business is brother to him that is a great waster.'"

Then Mrs. Horton bade Mary take her Bible, and read how Jesus fed five thousand with five barley loaves and two small fishes; and that when they were filled, he said to his disciples, "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost;" thus teaching them not to waste a crumb that could be of use.

"Yet," said little Mary, "Jesus could create as much more as ever he liked, and he would not waste a fragment. How wonderful that he should care for the broken pieces!"

"It was for our example, Mary. And now you have the very best that I can tell you of; for he who gave it was far above all earthly princes, being himself King of kings and Lord of lords."

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Judges i. 16. "And the children of the Kenite, Moses' father-in-law, went up out of the city of palm-trees with the children of Judah, into the wilderness of Judah, which lieth in the south of Arad; and they went and dwelt among the people." I Sam. xv. 6. "And Saul said unto the Amalekites, Go, depart, get you down from among the Amalekites, lest I destroy you with them; for ye showed kindness to all the children of Israel when they came up out of Egypt. So the Kenites departed from among the Amalekites."
2. Judges ii. 11, 13. "And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and served Baalim. And they forsook the Lord and served Baal and Ashtaroth."
3. Gen. xxiv. 61. "And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, and they rode upon the camels, and followed the man."
4. Acts xiv. 8, 11. At Lystra, where St. Paul healed the cripple. "When the people saw what Paul had done, they lifted up their voices, saying in the speech of Lyconia, The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men."
5. Gen. xxxv. 19, 20. "Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." I Sam. x. 2. "When thou art departed from me to-day, then thou shalt find two men by Rachel's sepulchre in the border of Benjamin."
6. Gen. ii. 21. "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept." Gen. xv. 12. "And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram." I Sam. xxvi. 12. "So David took the spear and the cruse of water from Saul's bolster," etc.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

13. From what mountain was the law given to Israel?
14. In what promise, relating to the Lord's care over his people, is the mountainous character of the region round Jerusalem referred to?
15. What are the names of the two mountains on which the blessings for obedience and the curses for disobedience were pronounced?
16. What mountains are mentioned in the New Testament history, and what remarkable events occurred on them?

Notes of the State of New York III See page 125

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THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

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HANANIAH, THE FALSE PROPHET, BREAKING THE YOKE WHICH SYMBOLIZED SUBJECTION TO BABYLON.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JEREMIAH THE PROPHET.

CHAPTER V.

JUDGMENT BEGUN.

"The Lord's voice crieth unto the city, and the man of wisdom shall see thy name: Hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it."—*Mich. vi. 9.*

Jehoiachin, or Jeconiah, succeeded his father. He reigned but three months, and then was carried captive to Babylon, as Jehoahaz had been to Egypt. Nebuchadnezzar set up his uncle Mattaniah in his stead, whose name he changed to Zedekiah. There were thus two kings living at the same time, and the number

of Israelites who were captives in Babylon was so great that there were almost two nations. Adversity did its work on the exiles, who were in many respects superior in character and conduct to their brethren at home. (Jer. xxiv.)

Nor were these expatriated Israelites without the blessing of special revelations from heaven. Among them, also, a prophet was raised up. In the fifth year after Jehoiachin was carried captive, the word of the Lord came to Ezekiel, (Ezek. i.,) a priest, as was Jeremiah, while he was dwelling by the river Chebar. His thoughts were of his distant home, and of the temple where he had been wont to minister, but in

whose sacred services he might no longer assist, when a glorious vision of the Divine majesty, enthroned between the cherubim, was vouchsafed to him, bringing the cheering assurance that though far from the temple of the Lord, he was not far from the Lord of the temple. To him, no less fully than to Jeremiah, was revealed the approaching desolation of the city and destruction of the temple; and the utter corruption that drew down such heavy judgments was shown to him in vision. (Ezek. viii.)

He was transported to Jerusalem, and conducted to the house of God. There, over the altar, an idol image was set up. On the walls of the sanctuary were represented every form of creeping beasts and abominable things that the heathen worship, and seventy elders of Israel stood there, burning incense to false gods. Women were weeping for Tammuz, a fable of heathen mythology annually commemorated by the Syrians and the Greeks, in those gates which should have resounded with thanksgivings and psalms of praise. And within, between the porch and the altar, in the space reserved for the priests, the ministers of the Lord, were five-and-twenty men, "with their backs toward the temple and their faces towards the east, worshipping the sun." These were the things that Jeremiah was daily seeing and hearing; well might rivers of waters continually run down from his eyes.

The doom of the nation was sealed, the will of God was proclaimed that for seventy years they should dwell in captivity. And the exertions of the prophets were directed to persuade the people to submit to that will, to reconcile the captives to remaining peaceable citizens of Babylon, and to dissuade those still in Judea from vain resistance to Nebuchadnezzar. For a time Zedekiah continued submissive to the master to whom he owed his kingdom. In the fourth year of his reign he undertook the journey to Babylon to do homage (Jer. li. 59), accompanied by some of his nobles. One of these, named Seraiah, was brother to Jeremiah's friend Baruch. Their grandfather, Maaseiah, had been governor of Jerusalem during the reign of Josiah (2 Chron. xxxiv. 8), and both brothers were early companions of the prophet. To him Jeremiah entrusted a manuscript, containing the prediction of the sudden and complete overthrow of the magnificent city he was about to visit, which was afterwards placed as the appropriate conclusion of his prophecies when they were collected into one volume. On arriving at Babylon, Seraiah was first to read the book, and then binding to it a heavy stone to throw it into the river Euphrates with these words: "Thus shall Babylon sink, and not rise." How

like were words and action to what St. John long afterwards saw and heard in vision concerning another Babylon. "A mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all." (Rev. xviii. 21.)

Both among the captives and in Jerusalem, false prophets were numerous, and their predictions of peace and liberty deceived many. Jeremiah was going about with a yoke on his neck, similar to those he had sent to different monarchs as the symbol of their subjection by Nebuchadnezzar. Hananiah, one of the impostors, insultingly laid hold of this yoke and broke it, (Jer. xxviii.) with the impious words, "Thus saith the Lord, After this manner will I break the yoke of the king of Babylon from the neck of all nations within the space of two full years." Jeremiah made no reply. It was not his word, but God's, that was contradicted, and to the personal insult he meekly submitted: "the prophet Jeremiah went his way." But soon he was sent to Hananiah with a message he dared not but deliver: "Thus saith the Lord, Thou hast broken the yokes of wood, but thou shalt make for them yokes of iron. The Lord hath not sent thee, but thou makest this people to trust in a lie: this year thou shalt die." Within two months Hananiah was no more.

At Babylon two false prophets, Zedekiah and Ahab, disturbed the minds of the exiles by promising them a speedy return to their fatherland. Very different was the Divine message by Ezekiel (Ezek. xii. 13): "This burden concerneth the prince that is in Jerusalem: I will bring him to Babylon, to the land of the Chaldeans; yet shall he not see it, though he die there." Jeremiah was not unmindful of these distant countrymen. He addressed to them a letter, entirely accordant with the language of Ezekiel. (Ezek. xxix.) He exhorted them to settle quietly where they were, to be good and peaceable citizens of Babylon, for seventy years must pass ere their captivity would end. Far from their quickly returning to Jerusalem, king Zedekiah and the remnant of his people were to be brought to them. And as for the deceitful impostors, a terrible doom awaited them; their very names were to become a proverb—"Ahab and Zedekiah, whom the king of Babylon roasted in the fire."

Ezekiel and the faithful among whom he ministered must have been refreshed by this message from their distant home. But such was not the feeling of all to whom it came. The only reply mentioned to Jeremiah's letter was addressed by one Shemaiah to the priests at Jerusalem, advising them to reprove "Jere-

miah of Anathoth" for the counsel he had given—advise the priests were too ready to follow; for rebellion, not submission, was the popular feeling. Yet a solemn oath bound king Zedekiah (2 Chron. xxxvi. 13); he was the sworn vassal of Nebuchadnezzar. When he revolted from his allegiance, he added sin against God to rebellion against his sovereign lord; (Ezek. xvii. 11-21) and punishment followed quickly and surely.

"In the ninth year" of Zedekiah's reign (Ezek. xxiv. 1, 2), "in the tenth month, in the tenth day of the month, the word of the Lord came unto" Ezekiel, in Chaldea, "saying, Son of man, write thee the name of the day, even of this same day; the king of Babylon set himself against Jerusalem this same day." "In the ninth year of Zedekiah's reign," says the eyewitness Jeremiah (Jer. xxxix. 1; lii. 4), "in the tenth month, in the tenth day of the month, Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon came, he and all his army, against Jerusalem, and pitched against it, and built forts against it round about." This was the beginning of calamities that ended only with the destruction of the people and the overthrow of the nation.

In this necessity (Jer. xxi.) Zedekiah sent a message to Jeremiah, begging him to inquire whether the Lord would deal with them "according to his great mercy," and cause the king of Babylon to depart from them. The message in reply was, that instead of fighting for his people, God would himself fight against them, and give the city into the hands of Nebuchadnezzar. And to the people it was openly proclaimed by the prophet: "He that abideth in the city shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence; but he that goeth out and falleth to the Chaldeans that besiege you, he shall live, and his life shall be given to him for a prey."

Such language was most displeasing to the king. He immediately confined Jeremiah in the prison attached to his own palace, to hinder him from spreading these doctrines among the people. Of him, as of Joseph when he was in prison, it might be added, "but the Lord was with him."

ASYLUM FOR FATHERLESS CHILDREN.

THE eyes of the numerous travellers on the Brighton and South-Eastern Railway must, by this time, have become familiar with the imposing structure which stands on a gentle eminence on the east of the line, about three miles south of Croydon. But, whilst the pleasing exterior attracts the observation and excites the interest of many passers-by, the more in-

teresting interior, with its numerous family and busy occupations, is known only to those who have the opportunity and the leisure to visit it, and institute a minute examination into its character and operations.

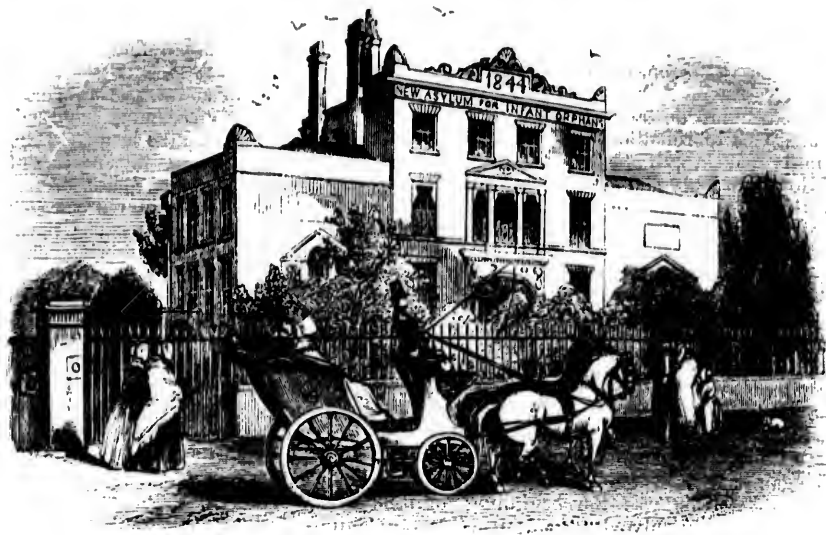
It is an asylum founded, as its reports indicate, "to board, clothe, nurse, and educate, fatherless children from the birth, till the boys are fourteen, and the girls fifteen years of age, without distinction of sex, place, or religious connexion; that class of children being eligible for admission whose 'connexions have been respectable;' and 'every case being considered to have a claim on the subscribers, in proportion to its respectable standing in society.'" As is the case with the Orphan Working School, of which a sketch was given in a recent number of this periodical (No. 341), no denominational catechism whatever is introduced into the Asylum for Fatherless Children. While, in accordance with the fundamental law of the charity, "the education of the infant family is to be strictly scriptural and religious," no particular forms whatever are to be imposed on any child, "contrary to the religious convictions of the surviving parent or guardian of such child." This rule has hitherto worked admirably. While the board of management is composed of churchmen and dissenters, not a jarring sound has ever been heard in its meetings, arising from any of the ecclesiastical differences that may exist among its members.

With a solitary exception,* this institution stands alone in or near the metropolis, in one of its most beneficent but costly provisions, that of receiving from the cradle the young and helpless infant orphan; the generality of asylums requiring that the candidates should have passed that age when they need the tender, watchful care of the nurse.

This asylum is one of the most recently instituted of the kind, having been originated by the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D. (the founder of four other charitable institutions), and a few benevolent gentlemen, so lately as 1844. Among its earliest friends, and as one of its first honorary secretaries, the late Mr. Alderman Wiro occupied a prominent position. For sixteen years he sustained office in connexion with the charity, and by his eloquence, influence, and liberality, rendered to it most valuable and efficient service. In him the orphan family has lost a warm-hearted and generous friend and advocate.

Though now grown to be a large and flourishing institution, numbering upwards of 3400 subscribers, it had its "day of small things." At

* The Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead. Other well-known institutions for orphans are "The Asylum for Female Orphans, Westminster Road," and the "Female Orphan Houses" at Walworth and Walthamstow.



THE FIRST HOME AT STAMFORD HILL.

first, a solitary orphan boy, the son of a minister of the gospel, was received. Before a year had elapsed, twenty others were elected, and placed out to nurse at Richmond. After this, the promoters were encouraged to extend their operations, by renting a commodious house at Stamford Hill, which, however, in about three years, became too strait for the increasing family, and an additional residence was taken: first, a small one at Shacklewell Green; then a larger one, in its stead, at Stoko Newington, which was appropriated to the infants of the family. Ultimately, a third house was secured for the elder boys at Kingsland Green.

The means, and consequently the number, of orphans continuing to increase, it was then felt to be desirable, both for the sake of economy, and for efficiency of management, to unite under one roof these divided members of the family; and the vigilant and energetic managers soon succeeded in securing, at a moderate cost, the pleasant and very salubrious site which the present edifice now graces. The foundation-stone was laid August the 5th, 1856, by the then lord mayor, Mr. Alderman Salomons, and the building was formally opened by the Earl of Carlisle, July the 14th, 1858.

During the comparatively short period of the history of the charity, 432 children have been the recipients of its benefits, all of whom were bereaved of the support and care of a father, and very many of whom were likewise deprived of the fostering tenderness of a mother. At the present time there are 190 in the institution,

while accommodation is provided in the spacious building for 100 more.

The managers have taken great care that the supply of food shall be plentiful, and the quality good and wholesome, whilst the clothing is not only comfortable and neat, but entirely devoid of everything grotesque in shape, or in any other way rendering the children conspicuous as the objects of charity.

The education is a sound English one, practical and scriptural; and whilst due attention is given to the ordinary scholastic studies, all the children are taught and trained to be useful and handy, generally, in attending to themselves, and in performing domestic and other duties. The girls make all their own clothing (including frocks); the boys' shirts; they repair the boys' socks, etc., and help in house and laundry work; whilst the boys, in addition to many duties in the house, work in the grounds and in the workshops.

Of still greater importance is it to be assured that the children are "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord" (Eph. vi. 4): and that from their earliest years they are instructed in "the holy Scriptures, which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. iii. 15.)

Mr. Saunders, the inspector of schools, from the Borough-road Training School, in his last report, testifies to the satisfactory working of the institution, as follows: "The very cheerful and prompt obedience which has been secured and established, the harmonious working of all



THE ASYLUM AT BERDHAM, NEAR CHERTSEY.

the educational agencies, and the confidence and affection with which the teachers are regarded by the children, hold out the promise of the most satisfactory results from these efficient and interesting schools; while they must be the source of much gratification and encouragement to the directors and friends of the charity."

The cheerful happy looks and free movements of the children indicate to the visitor that the managers and officers of the institution are very desirous of making, what to the bereaved orphan might after all be but a cold, cheerless abode, a home of happy hearts.

It may be interesting to the reader to state that, in addition to the ordinary cases of admission to the benefits of the charity, by election, a power is vested in the board of managers of admitting at once peculiarly distressing and urgent cases of orphanage: of such class were two children who lost their fathers in the ill-fated "Amazon" some years ago. Another child, only five weeks old, was the daughter of a city missionary, who died from a fever caught in attending cases of a malignant nature in his district. The mother, in her mental agony, became an inmate of a madhouse, and gave birth to this child, while suffering from the dreadful malady which detained her there.

A list of the names of the children elected, with the occupations of the fathers, and the circumstances in which they were left, is published with each annual report, and is obtainable at the office, 10, Poultry, London. A perusal of this list alone is calculated to arouse sympathy for such institutions, and to induce those

who have means, and especially those who are blessed with loving and loved ones of their own, to come forward liberally to aid the benevolent efforts of the promoters of this and kindred institutions. To the already numerous supporters of such charities it must be a source of great gratification and a present reward, as they pass these homes, to reflect and feel that there dwell in comfort the objects of their generous regard and Christian beneficence.

In conclusion, we present (as we did in urging the claims of "the Orphan Working School" in No. 341) the scriptural motives to this special form of Christian charity. "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction" is one of the divinely-appointed duties of "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father." Personal visiting and assistance may not be within the power of many, but the next best way of fulfilling this duty is by contributing to the support of an orphan institution. It is written, "Leave thy fatherless children, and let thy widows trust in me." To be the agents in carrying out this beneficent purpose should be regarded as a privilege, and must be approved by Him who is called "the Father of the fatherless."

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

111.

AFTER the events recorded in our last chapter, the wind ceased, and the ice, carrying the ship with it, drifted slowly northwards with the current, and gradually froze together. The

ship finally became stationary about four miles north of Princess Royal Island, and by the 9th of October was roofed in and arranged as a winter dwelling.

The following day, at eight in the morning, a party started to visit the eastern coast, which, though only six miles distant, took more than two hours to reach over the rugged blocks of ice. "We planted the English flag upon a hill and took possession of the newly-discovered country in the name of Queen Victoria, the captain bestowing upon it the name of Prince Albert's Land. Leaving the sailors to erect a cairn and bury a glass bottle with the intelligence of our visit, our officers strolled inland, and ascended a hill about 1200 feet high, in order to see, if possible, whether the water in which the ship was frozen up was a gulf or a channel, but intervening heights prevented this. We ate our luncheon, which by this time was hard frozen, and then descending, rejoined the sailors and started on our return. In a quarter of an hour we came to a channel of deep black water, a hundred feet wide. Owing to the high tide, the sea had parted from the land-ice. For a long hour we wandered up and down, hoping to find a place where the rift narrowed sufficiently for us to spring over, but the farther we went the wider it became.

"Returning to the spot whence we started, we ascended a mass of ice, more than thirty feet high, from whence we could see the ship distinctly, and fired our guns as long as we had any powder; but the report did not reach so far. As it grew dark, we saw rockets thrown up and cannon fired on board the ship, but that was of no use to us as we had neither powder nor fuel to give an answering signal. Hunger and thirst were now added to the other discomforts of our situation, and which was especially unpleasant to Dr. Armstrong and me, for in the dark we had both slipped and fallen into the water. Being completely wet through, we found the cold almost intolerable, and could scarcely move in our frozen clothing. About nine o'clock, three companies with torches started from the ship in different directions. With our united voices we shouted as loud as we could, but in vain. At last, about eleven o'clock, one company seemed to be approaching. We heard them fire, and shouted again, this time not without effect, and by midnight we had the satisfaction of speaking to them over the water. We were conveyed across in an india-rubber boat, and reached the ship safely by two in the morning, thankful to find ourselves well and unharmed. A good supper awaited us, to which, half famished as we were, we did ample justice. This was our visit to Mount Adventure.

"October 29th. This morning, Lieut. Sainsbury, Mr. Paine, Newton, and I, started for Prince Albert's Land. A two hours' march brought us to the shore, where we collected drift-wood and made a good fire. After taking some coffee, we proceeded inland in search of game and shot a hare. Returning to our fire, we saw something coming towards us over the snow, which we took at first for a party of Esquimaux. I was rejoicing at the idea of meeting these people here, and was already planning how I should pass the winter with them, when we perceived that the objects were not men, but large dark-coloured animals. There are no black or brown bears so far northward; they were not reindeer, for we saw no antlers; and all the other creatures known to us were white. We loaded with ball and awaited their approach. Mr. Sainsbury was unable to use his gun, his fingers being frozen stiff, so we three were obliged to prepare for a conflict with the unknown animals. As they continued to approach without seeing us, we lay down on the snow, about twenty paces from each other, on the side of a low hill, and watched them as they came heedlessly nearer. They were the size of an ox, with formidable and somewhat crooked horns; their bodies were covered with long hair, which reached nearly to the ground, so that their feet were scarcely visible. At the distance of about sixty paces they became aware of our presence, stopped, began to snort and stamp, and tear up the snow with their horns. We lay quite still, but prepared for action. The largest ox now came slowly forward alone, stopping again at about thirty paces distant, when he received the first ball through his head. Turning round, he received another in his side, and returned to the rest, who were advancing quietly. We crept fifteen or twenty paces nearer and fired again. The mortally-wounded animals were now furious, and it was well for us that we fired from different directions, so that while one was attacked the others had time to reload. Three were already killed, when one rushed directly towards me. My gun missed fire, the percussion cap having fallen off. I started up, and it was only by an awkward side-jump that I avoided his rush. The animal, however, as much alarmed as I, bounded past me and fled without looking round. I soon put my gun in order and ran after the fugitive, which I found standing in the deep snow bleeding from many wounds. Another bullet stretched him dead, and then I hastened back to aid in the contest with the last infuriated creature, but found that already dead. We had now time to see how we had perilled our lives, and all acknowledged that it was only through the protection of the

Lord that we had escaped unhurt. We had read in Sir James Ross's narrative that he had found musk-oxen on Melville Island, and although we had never seen any, we could not doubt that these animals were of that species. There were amongst them only one cow. The greatest difficulty of the chase in such cold is with one's stiffened fingers to put on percussion caps."

Captain McClure was then absent on an exploring expedition, the result of which is thus given:—"October 31st. Yesterday morning, at half-past nine, the captain arrived unexpectedly and alone. The previous morning he had left his party with the sledge about nine miles off, thinking to reach the ship about two, and order a good meal to be in readiness for them. A snow-storm coming on, however, he lost his way, had wandered about the whole night without rest or food, and had been twice in danger from bears. He had fired away all his powder in the hope of being heard by the watch, but this must have been at too great a distance. At last, after wandering for twenty hours, he found himself at daybreak only half an hour's distance from the ship. He looked more like a corpse than a living man. He was unable to speak, and his limbs were stiff with cold. At midday the party came with the sledge, and were astonished to hear that the captain had but just arrived. They had pitched their tent after he left them, and, on account of the snow, had passed the night in it. They returned, after an absence of ten days, in good health, and well pleased with the result of their journey.

"On the 26th of October, they had reached the end of the water in which we are frozen up, and found themselves at the eastern extremity of the land seen by Captain Parry thirty years before from Melville Island, and named by him Banks' Land. To the north they saw only ice, and eastward the coast of Prince Albert's Land. Thus the long-sought north-west passage was found at last. This is really a channel, here only about ten miles wide, but having a breadth of thirty-five miles at the extremity; from the eastern point of Banks' Land, named Point Russel, to the angle formed by the coast of Prince Albert's Land, named by our captain, Point Peel. The strait will henceforth bear the name of Prince of Wales's Strait."

The recent discoveries of Sir Leopold McClintock prove that the lamented Sir John Franklin had already discovered a north-west passage. That, of course, Captain McClure could not know; he had, therefore, every reason to believe himself the first discoverer.

"Nov. 11th. To-day we saw the sun for one minute only, and for the last time this year.

Oh! how joyfully shall we greet the commencement of February, if we live! Snow has been collected, sawn into blocks two feet square, with which a wall eight feet thick has been built all round the ship, to shelter from the cold: on each side of the deck a snow staircase leads down to the now levelled ice. The decks have received a coating of snow a foot thick, trodden down, and then covered with a newly-invented polar cement, composed of snow, sand, and water. This will remain through the winter as hard as granite."

At this time was carried out a long-cherished intention of establishing a school for the men. Five evenings in the week, from half-past six till eight, they received instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. There were also four who studied navigation. They appeared to take an interest in learning, and attended the school very regularly. December came in with stormy weather; there was little snow, but a constant strong wind rendered the cold intense; patients came daily to the doctor with frozen faces and extremities.

At the close of the month the journal records the writer's gratitude to God for the many mercies that had distinguished this, the most eventful year of his life, for happy solitary hours, for continued health, and for the friendship and respect of the whole ship's company. Soon after, we find that when he had attained sufficient readiness in speaking English, he endeavoured prudently and quietly to benefit those around him. He writes: "My cabin is open to all, and, to my great joy, some of them often come in, to whom I read the Bible, and then converse with them upon the subject of our reading."

The dark winter days passed slowly away, clear and cloudless, but with no distinction between day and night, and little or none between one day and another. Those who neither read, wrote, drew, nor knitted, found the time drag very heavily. It was otherwise with our industrious friend; we find him busily employed making thick cloth boots, with cork soles, for himself and the captain, that they might be prepared for the chase when daylight returned; also repairing his under-clothing, and lining his sealskin coat with woollen.

On January the 31st, the sun reappeared for a minute, and within a fortnight afterwards there was sufficient light for the sailors to resume their ball-playing on the ice. Employment was found for them the next month in making a level road from the ship to Princess Royal Island. It was not difficult to foresee the probable fate of the 'Investigator' on the breaking up of the ice; but even if she were lost, the crew might escape to that island, and



"IT WAS ONLY BY AN AWKWARD SIDE-JUMP THAT I AVOIDED HIS RUSH."

thence reach the shores of the continent. Therefore, as soon as the road was completed, provisions sufficient for three months, together with clothing, ammunition, and a large boat, were conveyed there, carefully secured against bears and foxes, and the sailors forbidden to visit the spot again, lest they should be tempted by the spirit casks. At the commencement of April, an exact inventory was taken of the ship's stores. It was found that there were provisions and fuel enough to last two years, though not candles sufficient to light two dark winters. "But we all hope," remarks the diarist, "that next winter we shall be at home again. It is very beneficial that we have now daylight in the cabins. I wandered to day alone on land; was in spirit with my Esquimaux in Labrador, and sang with them, 'O, Bethany, thou home of peace!'"

Preparations had been making for some time for sending out exploring parties as soon as the weather would permit. There were to be three companies, each consisting of an officer and eight sailors, furnished with a tent and provisions for a month. It was decided that they

should start on Good Friday. The usual service was held in the morning, and in the afternoon all mustered on deck. The parting was felt to be rather sad, but the captain made a speech, the colours were hoisted, the twenty-four sailors harnessed themselves to their sledges, and with three cheers from their shipmates, they started in three different directions. Under the date of the following Sunday, we read: "In the morning there was service; and as the men could not go on the ice in the afternoon on account of the stormy weather, I held a meeting with them, at the close of which I was requested to hold another soon."

Of such times, it is said that "the Lord hearkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him, for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name." (Mal. iii. 16.) Let us hope that the good brother's exhortations were not without some spiritual blessing; and if this narrative falls into the hands of any of his old shipmates, may it serve to bring to remembrance their prayers in time of trouble, and their deliverance from the perils of which we have yet to give the record.

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE WAY TO GOD.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me."—*John* xiv. 6.

IS there a way to God? Can we traverse that vast expanse of thought, that unutterable distance, which seems to lie between a human soul and the infinite Deity? It is true that "the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." (Rom. i. 20.) But even sup-

posing the unsearchable Jehovah has in part manifested his attributes, unfolding to us as much of his nature and character as human language can express, can we draw near to him with any expectation of a favourable regard—we, who have transgressed all his holy laws, and neglected to do the things which we ought to have done? Or, where is his temple of mercy to which a sinner can repair? Where can we hope to receive a visit of his grace, or a passing token of his pardoning mercy? Job, the best and most upright man of his generation, poured out a complaint on this matter, in the following mournful strains: "Oh, that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. He is not a man, as I am, that I should answer him, and we should come together in judgment; neither is there any daysman betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both." (Job xxiii. 3, 4; ix. 32, 33.)

It is evident that merely to know what God is, cannot give peace or satisfaction. On the contrary, a proper sense of the Divine grandeur and holiness would overwhelm a thoughtful mind and awaken conscience. We can feel assured, not only that there is a God, and that he is approachable by his creatures; but that there is a way in which sinful mortals may come to him with acceptance. Such a way has been opened for us by Christ; "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me." Here is a grand revelation. It tells us that there is a way to God, a way to God as our "Father." We can come where he will deign to meet us in mercy, and show himself our reconciled father and friend; for "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them."

How glorious the prospects which are thus opened to us by the gospel! Well does it

deserve to be called "glad tidings." The offended Lord of the universe invites us to come to the cross of Calvary, where we may behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world; and believing on him as our Saviour, we may have the loving regard of a heavenly Father restored to us. All that we can want for our peace is contained in this restoration. For, as the term "God" implies an ability to supply all our wants, so the word "Father" implies a readiness to give us every good thing. Therefore, he is able and willing to bless us at all times in the appointed way. So that, if you are in Christ Jesus, you are always in the way of receiving grace from heaven. And God will supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. (Phil. iv. 19.)

"Having, therefore, brethren, boldness (or liberty) to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say his flesh; and having a high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith." (Heb. x. 19—22.) For this is the only way to "the Father." The Bible tells us of only one salvation prepared for guilty men, who must avail themselves of this way of life, or perish. Christ himself said, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins." God has, of his infinite love and mercy, made a provision for your soul's welfare; so that it may be pardoned, renewed, made righteous, and sanctified. He invites you to try this simple and efficacious way of life: "O taste and see how good the Lord is; blessed is the man that trusteth in him." But he will do nothing else for you. He will not adopt or condescend to another plan, and thus let it be supposed that the present one is hard or imperfect. He sets before you his own wise mode of grace; and he does not promise life in any other way.

Have you accepted God's terms of deliverance? Or, is your way better than his? Why not at once submit to his plan of mercy? Do not dare to hope that the glorious Lord will save you, whether you come to his terms or not. Do not presume to think that, after all he has done to reconcile a guilty world, he will change his eternal purposes, to suit the rebellious will of a wayward creature; that he will go out of his great and holy way, to bless those who refuse to come in it for the offered salvation. Be assured, "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." (Acts iv. 12.)

Think! does God ever go out of his way? All nature witnesses that he does not. Look at his doings in providence. The husband-

man must cultivate the ground according to the previous arrangements of the Creator, if he expect to reap a harvest. The physician must use certain remedies, if he would cure certain diseases. You would starve beside granaries of wheat, if you refused to eat. Everywhere there are appointed means for desired ends. What we call miracles may be deviations from the common course of things as observed by our limited view, but they are foreseen and arranged events, developing the purposes of the eternal and unchangeable Ruler of heaven and earth. God does not move in the least to avert any of the physical evils of man, where he has provided means for man's use. He has prepared what is good for them; he has given them the ability to find it out; and he says, "Seek it out and use it, or continue to suffer." This is the divinely appointed constitution of nature and of man.

The same principles prevail in the spiritual world. Here, too, certain means are preordained for certain ends. For the evil of sin in the world and the heart there is a grand remedy, provided by the all-merciful Lord. Yet he allows the world to go on suffering, from generation to generation. He has heard its groaning, whilst ages have rolled on, but he has not stirred from his purpose. He neither steps forward to deliver it, nor allows it to relieve itself in another way. The remedy is through Christ the Saviour, and can come through him alone. Men have racked their brains to invent means of reforming society without the true religion; but they have not succeeded. God has set before them one sure mode of relief; and when they will not adopt it, he lets them suffer on. They will not come by this way, that they may have life and salvation.

This is right. It becomes the Lord of glory to act in this manner. Were he to change or vacillate in his plans, all confidence in the moral government of the universe would cease; and into heaven itself the element of insecurity would be introduced. Were God to save sinners each in his own way, Christ had died in vain.

But God promises to dwell with the humble and contrite soul, "to revive the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite one." Those who trust in the Divine provisions of salvation, will find them to be ample and satisfying. They are free and full. Everything about God is rich and great. He is "rich in mercy, rich to all that call upon him." If you come to him through Jesus Christ, you will find that there is a bounteousness in his doings which surpasses all that you can imagine. His way is like himself, rich and glorious; it blesses us now, and leads us to heaven. Christ is able

to save to the uttermost all who come unto God through him. When you submit yourself to God, you submit to the Father of mercies, the Giver of all grace. Oh, may the Holy Spirit incline your hearts to hear the gracious words of the Redeemer, "I am the way," and to hear also the solemn warning, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.

NO. V.

As the Wesleys, John and Charles, were men of genius and taste, both in music and poetry, it was to be expected that they would employ those powerful agents in the revival of religion in England, of which they were both such distinguished instruments. Accordingly, singing and poetry were a conspicuous and attractive feature in the worship of their vast assemblages, whether in the open air or within doors. After many successive publications of hymns during their long public ministry, in the year 1779 Mr. Wesley gave his sanction to a general collection of hymns for the use of his congregations throughout Great Britain and Ireland. It was no fault of his if the collection did not at once displace every other hymn-book in existence, for the patriarch thus liberally praises it: "As but a small part of these hymns is of my own composing" (the greater part was composed by the Rev. Charles Wesley), "I do not think it inconsistent with modesty to declare that I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of scriptural Christianity? such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, speculative and practical? so strong cautions against the most plausible errors, particularly those that are now most prevalent? and so clear directions for making your calling and election sure, for perfecting holiness in the fear of God?"

In almost every hymn-book, whether published under the sanction of particular denominations or by private individuals, hymns are to be found altered greatly from the words and even the sentiments of their original authors. On this subject Mr. Wesley says: "Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now, they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore

I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or for worse, or to add the true reading in the margin or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men." This is certainly a very reasonable request; yet when Wesley himself adopted Watts's Hundredth Psalm, he altered or "improved" it. Watts wrote the first two lines:—

"Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

Wesley changed it thus:—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne
Ye nations bow with sacred joy."

Another distinguished hymn of Watts was altered by the same hand with universal approbation. Watts wrote:—

"He dies! the heavenly Lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings. Deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground."

Wesley's altered stanza is incomparably better:—

"He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep aloud;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

The truth is, that hymns, by common consent, are subject to have liberties taken with them, to which no other compositions are subjected for a moment. We have many volumes of "Elegant Extracts," "Lessons in Reading," "Specimens from the Best Authors," etc. What would be said of any compiler of such books, if, without warning or notice, he altered an opinion which he did not like, or changed the grammar and structure of the periods, to conform them to theories of his own? On this whim for making alterations take the following specimens:—

A universal favourite, and deservedly so, is Charles Wesley's hymn:—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

We receive a hymn-book not known before, and turn to see if our well-known piece be there. We find it thus tampered with:—

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy mercy fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high."

An alteration surely most flattening and unnecessary. Henceforth it would be most desirable that no changes should be made unless for absolute heresy in doctrine or absurdity in manner, and in no case without warning and notice where we can find the original.

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

This is a good beginning; the following verses by Wesley are rather inferior in merit. They are judiciously altered thus:—

"Veiled in flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity:
Pleased as man with man to appear,
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

On the 8th of March, 1750, there was great excitement and consternation in London, owing to some slight shocks of an earthquake, and to give the thoughts of the people a right direction, Charles Wesley composed several hymns.

"Come, Desire of nations, come!
Hasten, Lord, the general doom!
Hear the Spirit and the Bride;
Come and take us to thy side.
Mindful of thy chosen race,
Shorten these vindictive days!
Hear us now, and save thine own,
Who for full redemption groan."

Another on the same occasion began thus:—

"How weak the thoughts and vain
Of self-deluding men;
Men who, fixed to earth alone,
Think their houses shall endure,
Fondly call their lands their own,
To their distant heirs secure!"

The earthquakes of 1750 were of no great violence, but in November, 1755, the city of Lisbon was nearly swallowed up. On this occasion Wesley produced the hymn:—

"Stand the Omnipotent decree;
Jehovah's will be done:
Nature's end we wait to see,
And hear her final groan.
Let this earth dissolve, and blend
In death the wicked and the just;
Let those ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us in the dust.

Rests secure the righteous man," etc. etc.

There is also a very sublime hymn by Wesley.

"Thou God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
A half-awakened child of man;
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.
Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible.
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell."

This was actually composed on the promontory of the Land's End, in Cornwall. Dr. Adam Clarke, in 1819, thus writes: "I write this on the last projecting point of rock of the Land's End, upwards of two hundred feet perpendicular above the sea, which is raging and roaring tremendously, threatening destruction to myself and the narrow point of rock on which I am sitting. On my right hand is the Bristol Channel, and before me the vast Atlantic ocean. There is not one inch of land from the place on which my feet rest to the American continent." This is the place where Charles Wesley composed those fine lines:—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand."

The hymn (No. 140) entitled "Wrestling Jacob," many will agree with James Montgomery in ranking as among Charles Wesley's highest efforts:—

"Come, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare;
Thyself hast called me by my name,
Look on thy hands and read it there:
But who art thou, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now."

The interest is increasingly sustained till the burst of joyful faith in the second part:—

"I know thee, Saviour, who thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend:
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love."

In the collection published by the Wesleys in 1779, there is a hymn beginning thus:—

"Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee," etc.

This is the composition of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, the father of Charles and John; and it is said to have been preserved in a very

remarkable manner, when his parsonage-house at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, was set on fire by the parishioners, who were exasperated by his faithfulness in warning and admonishing them for their profligate and immoral conduct. They had attempted twice to fire the parson's house, and succeeded at the third time. John, who was destined afterwards to be so eminent, was then six years of age, and in the confusion and agonies of escape by the other inmates, had been forgotten, till he was heard crying in the nursery. He had been awakened by the light and thought it day, but opening the curtains he saw streaks of fire on the top of the room. He ran to the door, and finding it impossible to escape that way, climbed upon a chest which stood near the window, and he was then seen from the yard. There was no time for procuring a ladder, but happily it was a low house; one man was hoisted upon the shoulders of another, and could then reach the window so as to take him out. It was not a moment too soon, for the whole roof fell in, and had it not fallen inward they must all have been crushed together. In after life John Wesley had a house in flames engraved as an emblem under one of his portraits, with the verse, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning?" As another memento of this calamity, four leaves of music remain, the edges of which bear the marks of the fire. Charles Wesley, junior, has written on one of the leaves: "The words by my grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Wesley; probably the music was adapted by Henry Purcell and Dr. Blow."

The hymn—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot!
How free from every anxious thought,
From worldly hope and fear.
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here!"—

is by John Wesley, and with personal reference to himself. His opinions about matrimony were, at one period of his life, somewhat peculiar, and it was then, probably, that he wrote the stanza, now generally omitted, as he did afterwards marry, but very unhappily:—

"I have no sharer of my heart,
To rob my Saviour of a part,
And desecrate the whole:
Only betrothed to Christ am I,
And wait his coming from the sky,
To wed my happy soul."

Some of the stanzas are remarkable for their elegant simplicity:—

"No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below;
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain."

Nothing on earth I call my own ;
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise ;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies."

The Wesleyan collection is rich in every variety of hymn for special occasions in public worship, and some of these are in universal use beyond the Methodist communities. For instance, every Christian assembly at Christmas-tide celebrates the nativity of the Saviour in the words of Charles Wesley :—

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King."

And, at the opening of devotional services at any season, how familiar are the words :—

"O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free."

The more special occasions for which many of the Wesleyan hymns were composed are well known to every worshipper in Methodist congregations—such as funerals, watch-nights, etc.

Some of the most valued of the Wesleyan hymns are translations from the German. Of these the finest of all is from a hymn of Count Zinzendorf, the Moravian :—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress :
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

The original contains twenty-four stanzas. The Wesleyan collection contain ten stanzas, and selections of these or other stanzas appear in most hymn-books.

Another well-known translation is from the German of Tersteegen :—

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;
I see from far thy beauteous light :
Truly I sigh for thy repose :
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee."

A translation from the German of Rothe, "Now I have found the grace wherein," is a hymn expressive of various phases of Christian experience, and two lines of it were among the last words of the sainted Fletcher of Madeley :—

"While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries."

There is a very beautiful funeral hymn by Charles Wesley :—

"Shrinking from the cold hand of death,
I, too, shall gather up my feet ;
Soon shall resign this fleeting breath,
And die, my father's God to meet.

Numbered among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see ;
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.

O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

When John Wesley's increasing infirmities moved his friends to wish he would spare himself, he would listen to no advice, nor omit any of his religious duties and labours. His continual prayer was, "Lord, let me not live to be useless." In any place where he gave to his society what he wished to be considered as his last advice, he invariably concluded with this verse :—

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive ;
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

Another hymn of Charles Wesley's begins thus :—

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise,
Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one."

A year or two after the death of Charles, in March, 1788, John was officiating in his own chapel in the City-road. After the morning prayers had been read, he ascended the pulpit, but instead of immediately announcing the hymn to be sung, he stood silent, to the great surprise of the congregation, with his eyes closed for several minutes, wrapt in intense thought. He then read this hymn with a solemnity of feeling which at once showed where his spirit had been communing. His decease took place not long after, there being not quite three years between the deaths of the two brothers.

Of the hymns in the Wesleyan hymn-book and supplement, 769 in number, about 600 are ascribed to Charles Wesley, and 30 to 40 to John Wesley. Of the remainder, 66 are taken from Dr. Watts, 10 from Doddridge, and the rest from no fewer than eighteen different hymn-writers. Very many of those attributed to the Wesleys, however, are only new versions of other originals, some of them with only slight verbal alterations.

"SHE WILL NEVER DIE."

CHAPTER II.

THE first sabbath after her return, my friend again united with us in prayer for God's blessing upon our labours, and in thanking him for such a gracious outpouring of his Spirit. But her large heart could not be satisfied until all were inquiring, "What shall I

do to be saved?" When leaving the school-room, her spirit seemed to agonize for them, and she exclaimed: "If by laying down my own life I could save them, I would joyfully do it." That day was long remembered by many of us, for before its sacred hours had closed, some for whom those fervent prayers had ascended, and who had for months been objects of anxious concern, confessed that they had found "peace in believing," and resolved to dedicate their future lives to Christ.

We had often felt that it was no mean privilege and responsibility to sustain the character and to occupy the position of a sabbath-school teacher; but now we more fully realized the greatness of our work and the joy of winning souls to Christ. Our prayers were answered, we had a present reward, and were stimulated not only to ask greater things, but to "work while it is called to-day," knowing that "the night cometh when no man can work."

Early in the autumn of 1844, every hope of returning health was completely dissipated; my friend experienced a relapse, and it became evident that her days were numbered. The languid frame, the hectic flush, and the distressing cough, told too plainly that disease was rapidly progressing. During a violent fit of coughing she ruptured a blood-vessel, and when all around her were filled with alarm and agitation, she looked up with a sweet smile and said:—

"Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

Perfect repose and quietness were from that moment enjoined, but her bright and beaming eye told how happy she was. Her removal to a warmer locality was immediately proposed, which distressed her greatly. The thought of leaving again the place and people to whom she was so tenderly attached seemed too much for her feeble frame. She felt there was a probability that she would never more see them on earth. But when asked for her decision, she replied, "Yes, I am in the Lord's hands."

After her removal, she rallied for a short time, and wrote as follows: "I am in the best hands, those of my covenant God and Father; I have strong confidence in him, and know that all things are working for my good. Oh! pray for me, that I may not grow impatient, but cheerfully wait his will. I have done with the world now; all my happiness is in God. How joyfully can I leave these clouds of sin and sorrow for the eternal sunshine of his presence! but I am passive, willing to stay and to suffer as he pleases.

It was her anxious desire throughout her illness to honour God by quiet, cheerful ac-

quiescence, and those who nursed and watched by her can bear witness how patiently she bore her great sufferings. She frequently asked for a few verses of the Scriptures to be read; it appeared to soothe the anguish of pain, and to keep before her the one great truth so dear to her heart—that God was *her covenant God and Father* in and through Christ Jesus, and that she was *his child* by adoption and grace. This was the sweet truth she had lived upon, and one that she found would now bear the test of the dying hour. The last note received from her was a few days previous to her death. It breathed the same spirit of holy, filial submission; there was no murmuring, no repining; she seemed to rest peacefully and happily in her Father's love, and to cling, with a loving, throbbing heart to that Saviour who was so precious to her, and to whom she was so precious.

A friend, who was with her to the close, supplies the following statement: "After a day of great suffering, and her last on earth, she requested that beautiful hymn might be read to her:—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

When reading the second verse, she exclaimed with eager ecstatic joy, as if already one of the spirit-band: "Hark! they call me; soon, soon shall I be there. Come, Lord Jesus, fetch me home." Before the morning dawned, she fell asleep, no more to wake until the archangel's trump shall bid her rise "clothed in his likeness."

"She landed in the view
Of flaming hosts above,
Whose ranks stood silent while she drew
Nigh to the throne of love,
And meekly took the lowest seat,
Yet nearest her Redeemer's feet."

The peaceful and happy death of a believer in Jesus affords convincing evidence of the value of those principles of the "gospel of the grace of God," which have been the support of Christians in all ages. The martyr for Christ, and those whose entrance into the dark valley has been soothed by the attention of beloved friends, have alike needed and alike experienced the sustaining influence of Divine truths.

It was my painful duty on the sabbath following the death of my dear friend, to supply

her class, and fill the vacancy which had been made. I shrank from the bitter ordeal of announcing to the girls that their beloved teacher was no more. I sat in mournful silence until all were assembled, when, in answer to their anxious enquiring gaze, I could only reply, "She is dead." Oh, the agony of that grief, the sacred silence of that sorrow, my heart can never forget. None dared to interrupt it, until one of the dear girls, with impassioned earnestness, exclaimed: "*She will never die! she will live in our hearts and lives, for we will follow her as she followed Christ, and we shall be as so many gems in her crown of glory.*"

Will not Sunday-school teachers covet such a testimony as this? Will they not strive more earnestly and prayerfully to win souls to Christ? seeking diligently for Divine wisdom to discharge the solemn and momentous trust they have assumed—that of rescuing souls from eternal death? "He that winneth souls is wise. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

The high estimation in which this devoted, humble, consistent disciple of the Lord Jesus was held, was testified by the numerous congregation assembled, and by the presence of the Sunday-school children, all attired in emblems of mourning, particularly her own dear girls, whose bursting hearts and tearful eyes told how greatly they suffered when her beloved pastor spoke of her holy, useful life, taking for his text those words of our Saviour, "She hath done what she could." Her sun went down ere it was yet day, but she had lived to reflect the brightness of the Sun of righteousness, and to allure others by her influence to bask in its warming rays. Oh, will not that same love constrain those in whose hearts it is shed abroad, to make untiring efforts for the promotion of the Redeemer's glory? Will they not so live, that when they die it may be recorded of them, that for Christ they "have done what they could?" Christ calls us to his help; he allows us to work for him, giving to each a circle of influence, and making us the special instruments of good and great things.

"Go, labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.
Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderers to come in.
Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, 'Behold I come?'"



Pages for the Young.

WIDOW DARKSIDE AND WIDOW BRIGHTSIDE.

CHAPTER II.

As I liked Widow Brightside the best, I think I will tell you about her first. Of course you understand that this was not her real name; I only call her so because she always looked at the bright and happy side of things, and seemed so full of thankfulness to God for many little blessings which some people scarcely notice at all. In fact, she was always finding out a fresh cause for rejoicing, as you will see from an account of some of our afternoon visits.

I remember it was on one day in April when we called, mamma and I; Widow Brightside had become by that time like an old acquaintance, and chatted away quite freely about her concerns. She had had a great many trials, but she had learned to see the hand of God in whatever befel her. She had been used to have a fine house, servants to wait on her, and plenty of money. And what were more than these, she once had two daughters and a husband who loved her as I am sure she deserved to be loved. Yet though it had pleased God to take away all these, she never murmured, nor made people unhappy by complaints; but I do think she said, "Thy will be done," with all her heart.

Mamma and she had been talking about her trials—for she said it was a comfort to her to speak of the dear ones whom "God had taken into his rest;" she always spoke of their deaths in those words—and mamma said, "I often wonder that you can feel quite so cheerful when you think of all you have lost."

"Ah!" she said in answer, "it is the thought of the length of time I was allowed to have these blessings that makes me thankful. I have such happy memories. If I had to look back upon nothing but a life of misery, then it would be different. But for many years I seemed to have nothing but happiness with my husband and children, and I think how few are so favoured as I have been. Ought I to murmur that I must in my old age learn to bear the cross?"

"Well," said mamma, "if we look round, we shall see many things which should make us thankful for our lot; but still you must feel lonely sometimes."

"If I do, I find a medicine for loneliness here," she said; and she laid her hand upon the Bible; "but still I am very glad to see a friend's face, for I have not been long accustomed to dwell by myself."

Mamma and Widow Brightside had a good deal more talk about things I did not very well understand; and when we got up to go, mamma asked if she would allow me to come and spend a little time with her now and then. The old lady was quite pleased, and said I might go whenever I liked; and mamma thanked her; for she told me afterwards she was glad for me to have such a beautiful example of contentment and submission to the will of God as I should see in that little almshouse; and she begged me to be very respectful to its tenant, because she was not only old, but a servant of God.

The next day I went by myself to see Widow Brightside, and she let me read the Bible to her, and showed

me a great many of the beautiful Scripture promises which made her feel so happy and hopeful. She said, too, that she felt very glad indeed that she had been taught to learn by heart so many passages of Scripture when she was a little girl, for they had come into her mind just like messages from God when they were the most needed to comfort her.

"And now, Annie," she asked, "if you were in great trouble because you had lost some very near and dear relation, do you think you could find a verse in God's word to comfort you?"

"I do not know where to find one; but I know there are such in the Bible," I said, "because mamma says there is all we want to be found in God's holy book."

"When I lost my husband and children, I felt that a sore chastisement, Annie."

Widow Brightside's voice trembled a little when she said this. She pressed my little hand between hers, and paused a moment. Then she said, "But I remembered these words, 'For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' Still it seemed rather hard to think the sorrows and trials that are sent are a proof that God loves us; but that is explained, too, in a verse a little further on in the same chapter, 'Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.' So you see, little Annie, the Bible told me that my chastening would seem grievous at the time, but it promised me rich and peaceable fruit hereafter."

"But you had more trouble still, had you not?" I asked; for I wanted to know where Widow Brightside found comfort when she lost her fine house and money.

"Yes, Annie," she answered, "I had; but when poverty came, and I did not know how I should find bread in my old age, and I was beginning to feel rather anxious about my future, there were so many texts to cheer my heart, that I can scarcely repeat them all. These are some of them. I was told not to 'take thought for the morrow, for the morrow would take thought for the things of itself;' and 'Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have store-house nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much more are ye better than the fowls?' 'And seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind;' 'Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things;' 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'

"Then I had another trial besides the loss of wealth, Annie; for I found that many people had only cared for me because they thought I had riches, and forsook me in the time of adversity. But clear above all other thoughts in my mind came the blessed words, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;' and I felt that I had a Friend above all earthly ones to whom I could trust my cause and my wants."

"And did you never feel afraid at all?" I asked. "Did you never think that you might be forgotten?"

"No, Annie; because 'God is not a man that he should lie;' and I knew he would never break his promise, unless I ceased to believe in him."

When I heard dear Widow Brightside speak in this way, I felt that I should like to be able to trust in God as she did; and since then, the old lady's words have often come to my mind, and I am so thankful that I had friends to teach me about my heavenly Father's love and goodness. Often I think I should have been ready to faint, "unless," as David says, "I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." Oh, dear children, it is such a delightful thing to go to the Lord's footstool, and tell Jesus all our wants, and hopes, and fears, knowing that he cares for us.

How Widow Brightside took comfort from, and pleasure in, the earthly works of God, I will tell you next week.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA. NO. IV.

"REJOICING IN HOPE."—Rom. xii. 12.

R-ebekah	Gen. xxvii. 15.
E-lisha	2 Kings vi. 18.
J-ehi	2 Kings x. 30.
O-ded	2 Chron. xv. 1-8.
I-onianu	Acts xiv. 1.
C-annan	Josh. ii. 9.
I-saac	Gen. xxiv. 4.
N-naman	2 Kings v. 9.
G-edaliah	2 Kings xxv. 25.
I-nubah	1 Kings xxii. 9.
N-nomi	Ruth i. 20, 21.
H-obab	Num. x. 30.
O-phir	1 Kings ix. 28.
P-haraoh	Exod. viii. 2.
E-ngedi	1 Sam. xxiii. 29.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA. NO. VI.

The mistress of a south and wide domain;
A worthy man who lived in Ahab's reign;
A leper who to Israel's prophet came;
A town which did the Saviour's pity claim;
A name expressive of a mother's grief;
A fearless prophet and a great man's chief;
A blind deceiver of the wise and good;
Birds made to bring a prophet daily food;
She whose hard heart was opened by the word;
An ancestor of Jesus Christ our Lord;
A man whose death excited David's ire
A servant guilty of an act most dire;
A fish employed to stay a prophet's course;
A dauntless man who dared the fire's fierce force;
A noble instrument in hands divine;
One from whose early childhood grace did shine.

If in the ninth and fifteenth lines are taken
The second letter, none can be mistaken.
The first of all the rest will give the clue
Of a wise precept, both for me and you.
And may the Spirit fix it in each heart,
That we may henceforth choose the better part.

MENTAL SCENES AND PICTURE. NO. V.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."
Prov. xvi. 18.

THE light which streams in through high narrow windows shows us the interior of a building whose walls were lined with gold. What a strange scene of contest and excitement on this sacred ground! A robed monarch is moving towards the altar, with a determined air, bearing in his hand a golden censer, from which ascends a cloud of fragrant incense. Pressing around him, and fearlessly opposing his nearer approach, are a company of men, clothed in white. The king, with a face full of fury, pushes on in defiance of their authority.

We look again. For a moment all is still, and every eye is fixed upon the king. A dreadful change has passed over him. His countenance is full of horror, and a ghastly hue overspreads his brow. The censer falls from his hands, which are clasped together, as in sudden anguish. With awe-struck faces the priests now urge him forwards; he yields without a struggle, and the folding-doors close upon his retreating steps.

Notes from the *Book of Jeremiah* IV (Page 137)

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THE

SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.

ATURE ENIGMA.

—Rom. xii. 12.
i. xxvii. 15.
ings vi. 18.
ings x. 30.
ron. xv. 1—8.
s xiv. 1.
h. ii. 9.
i. xxiv. 4.
ings v. 9.
ings xxv. 25.
ings xxii. 9.
h i. 20, 21.
n. x. 30.
ings ix. 28.
d. viii. 2.
am. xxiii. 29.

ENIGMA.

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JEREMIAH REPROVING THE IDOLATRY OF HIS PEOPLE WHEN IN EGYPT.

LIFE AND TIMES OF JEREMIAH THE PROPHET.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXILE.

"I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."—*Gen. xxviii. 15.*

JEREMIAH's captivity was over when that of his country began. Nebuzar-Adan, the Babylonian general, treated him kindly. (Jer. xl.) By the king's special command, he was free to go where he pleased. He chose to dwell quietly in the land of his fathers, where the lower orders were left in peace, and the invaders withdrew when their dominion was

secure. A plentiful harvest was granted to crown the resumed labours of the husbandmen, and the rule of Gedaliah, whom the king of Babylon appointed governor of the land, began in peace and hopefulness.

But soon new troubles arose. The king of the Ammonites formed a plot against the governor, and engaged an unprincipled man, named Ishmael, to slay him. Gedaliah was generally liked; all the captains remaining in the land had willingly submitted to his authority. One of these, Johanan, the son of Kareah, hearing of the plot, warned the governor of his danger, and entreated per-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

mission to kill Ishmael before he could execute his wicked design. But Gedaliah refused to believe the story, and would not consent to the measure proposed, assuring Johanan that his suspicions were unfounded.

The noble-minded man fell a victim to the crafty murderer. (Jer. xli.) Ishmael came to visit the governor, partook of his hospitality, and then killed him. He slew also all his companions, both Jews and Chaldeans, so that for two days his atrocious proceedings remained a profound secret. Then a caravan of travellers from different parts of the land being expected, some further step was needful. Ishmael hesitated not. He put these men also to death, and cast their bodies into a large pit, which, served for a common grave. Then collecting all the booty he could find, he carried off the defenceless women and others too weak to resist, and set out to return to the Ammonitish king, who had prompted and paid for the bloody work.

But Johanan, who had vainly attempted to prevent the murder, was prepared to avenge it, and the other captains joined their forces to his. Ishmael was defeated, and escaped with eight followers. Great was the joy with which the captives welcomed their deliverers, and Johanan seems to have taken the lead among the diminished remnant. In constant fear of new insurrections, and warned by experience of their defenceless state, the idea now suggested itself to him and others, whether it might not be their best plan to seek for shelter and protection in Egypt. They consulted Jeremiah on the question, faithfully promising that they would obey the Divine command, whatever it might be. (Jer. xlii.) After ten days the answer came: they were to stay where they were, confiding in God alone, and they should dwell in peace and safety; but if they followed their own devices and went into Egypt, all the evils they dreaded would fall upon them there. The message was exactly opposed to their wishes and plans, and they would not listen to it for a moment, protesting that it was not really a revelation from God, but an invention of Baruch for their destruction. (Jer. xliii.)

Johanan put himself at the head of the emigration, which was joined by all the people remaining in the land, and Jeremiah and Baruch were compelled to accompany them. They arrived in Egypt, and settled in Tahpanhes. Shortly afterwards, Jeremiah was directed to take some large stones, and hide them in front of Pharaoh's house; declaring at the same time that, so far from their having got beyond Nebuchadnezzar's power, his throne should be set on that very spot, and they

would find themselves a second time involved in all the miseries of a conquered country.

Nor was this journey the single act of disobedience. Once settled in Egypt, the people gave themselves over more than ever to idolatry. (Jer. xli.) And our latest view of Jeremiah is as a faithful witness for his God, the inspired reprove, standing boldly alone, exclaiming, "Wherefore commit ye this great evil against your souls?" A storm was raised against him; the women had been foremost in worshipping "the queen of heaven," their husbands had sanctioned their conduct, and both in the most violent manner declared their resolution to persevere in so doing. They even dared to ascribe all their late misfortunes to their having left off this false worship, and declared that they would not do so again. Jeremiah assured them they were mistaken; it was that very idolatry to which they were now returning which had brought all their troubles upon them. And it would yet draw down still heavier judgments from God, so that a very small number of them should see their fatherland again: "and all the remnant of the house of Israel which are gone into Egypt," said the Lord, "shall see whose word shall stand, mine or theirs."

Here we leave Jeremiah. Tradition says that he lived two years longer in Egypt. In the words of one greater than himself, he might have exclaimed, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain; yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." (Isa. xlix. 4.) His work was done, he had no further message to deliver. The last years of his life were passed in retirement, but we are at no loss to imagine how his thoughts were occupied. We can picture him living much alone, lamenting over his desolated country, her capital in ruins and her temple in ashes, and grieved day by day at seeing his people unwarned by all their calamities. How often must he have repeated, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9.) "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, who are accustomed to do evil." (Jer. xliii. 23.) Or, contrasting the many devices and continued disappointments of the perverse nation among whom he dwelt, with the comfort he was permitted to experience amidst all his troubles, he could set his seal to the words he had long before uttered: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh, but shall

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inhabit the parched places in the wilderness,
 in a salt land not inhabited. Blessed is
 the man that doeth in the Lord, and whose
 hope the Lord is. For he shall be like a tree
 planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out
 her root by the rivers, and shall not see when
 heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and
 shall not be careful in the year of drought,
 neither shall cease from yielding fruit."
 (Jer. xvii. 5-8.)

Yes, in exile and suffering Jeremiah had
 joyful subjects for contemplation as well as
 gloomy ones. Revelations had been made to
 him of future days of blessedness for Israel
 and for the world, which it was his prayer
 and study to understand more fully; "search-
 ing what or what manner of time the Spirit of
 Christ which was in him did signify, when it
 testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and
 the glory that should follow." By him were
 uttered those glorious words which still animate
 the hopes and strengthen the faith of the Chris-
 tian church: "Behold, the days come, saith the
 Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous
 branch, and a king shall reign and prosper, and
 shall execute judgment and justice in the earth.
 In his days, Judah shall be saved and Israel
 shall dwell safely; and this is his name whereby
 he shall be called, The Lord our Righteous-
 ness." (Jer. xxiii. 5, 6.)

A BRAVE BRIDE.

FRANK HOLLAND went to England for his bride.
 Of course, everybody who knew his circum-
 stances, and the peculiarities of his Irish home,
 said he had made a great blunder. Everybody
 remarked that he ought to have chosen a wife
 from amongst the families of those few scattered
 landholders who were just lifted above the
 needy class of cottiers. They said that an
 almost peasant girl, who had been nurtured in
 hardship, and knew nothing of luxurious com-
 forts even by vague rumour, would have been
 the right helpmate for Frank Holland. "Think
 of the place he was bringing her to!"

Frank Holland's father and mother were
 English gentlefolks, who had settled in a wild
 region on the west coast of Ireland. Their
 primal object was certainly a commercial one:
 they were bent on establishing in a most remote
 and neglected district, one of those alkali trades
 which some years ago almost exclusively sup-
 plied the soap-makers of England with that
barilla which was an essential part of their
 manufacture. Now-a-days, this product is al-
 most entirely superseded by the employment of
 soda produced from common salt; for as science
 moves triumphantly onward on its great high-

way, it is perpetually working unexpected
 revolutions amongst the elements of commerce,
 taking down one old dynasty after another, and
 bringing in parvenu families to reign for a while
 in their stead; new acids, new alkalis, new
 solvents, new metals, new developments of im-
 portant forces, from what had hitherto been
 esteemed but waste matter. However, at the
 time of which we speak, an important alkali
 was largely manufactured from kelp, that rough
 seaweed which comes heavily surging in with
 the swell of the Atlantic.

With a view of cultivating this wide-sweep-
 ing commodity, the mere refuse of ocean, and
 of making it produce the required alkali, Mr.
 Holland had fixed his home on the wildest spot
 of a wild coast, building his dwelling-house on
 a ledge of rock which bends over the ceaseless
 dash of the Atlantic. Storm and tempest, or
 sunny swell and hoarse gladness, were before
 and beneath him: dreariness and desolation, a
 sparse population, Romish ignorance and super-
 stition, and a struggling, impoverished agricul-
 ture, scarce deserving of the name, were behind
 him; so that the inland scenery was more
 dreary than the seaward outlook. But Mr. and
 Mrs. Holland were Christian people; and
 though, as has been said, their professed object
 in settling on this stormy west coast of Ireland
 was a secular one, yet a deep religious and phi-
 lanthropic motive was working in their hearts
 and minds. They longed to cultivate that
 barren waste which spread behind their rock-
 built dwelling. They knew that not a single
 family, of such station and education as could
 afford common ground for friendship, lived
 within twenty miles. They knew that not even
 medical aid could be found within the same
 wide circuit; and as for that most vital con-
 sideration, religious fellowship, such church as
 they could unite with, could only be "that
 church which was in their own house"—a
 family congregation of believers—father, mo-
 ther, son, presided over by the unscen but
 ever present head of a household of faith,
 even by Him who pledges himself to be with
 the "two or three who are gathered together
 in his name." And so they took with them
 their book of divinity, the Bible; and without
 even an English servant to aid them, they
 planted their lonely hearthstone high up above
 the waves, like the spray-bathed and wind-buf-
 feted nest of the sea-fowl. It was a brave en-
 terprise; and He in whom they trusted gave
 them good success. They sped well with the
 alkali works; they sped well in cultivating
 the confidence of the rude Romish peasantry
 that were broad-cast over the barren land be-
 hind them. To cultivate their confidence was
 the preparatory step to assailing the stronghold

of their iron-barred superstition. But such missionary work as they were able to accomplish was at first mainly the preaching by example—sometimes a very eloquent homily, which may be known and read of all men—of all but the wilfully blind. This sweet sermon of the life, writ in characters of love and light, sometimes makes its way into the heart when the door would be rudely closed against a polemical attack. However, there is a time for all things; and the hour comes in its turn when error must be denounced and truth proclaimed as from the house-top. God now employs this instrument, now that, in the exercise of his prerogative of wisdom, his purpose of love.

Business frequently led Frank Holland to England, and in one of his visits he became acquainted with young Mary North. Henceforth, Mary North was somehow or other mixed up with every thought of his onward life. Every day of beauty which dappled the green sea with purple shadows and dancing lights, made him almost persuade himself that she would enjoy the wild freedom of his home; and every time that the waves rushed madly in, to leap at the cliff, and then to fall back broken into foam and shivered into spray, he thought with a heavy heart that she would never be able to brook his stormy domain. He pondered upon the question so anxiously that he at last determined to get it answered one way or the other. A visit to England was impending, and he made up his mind to tell Mary North his story in sober prose, neither appealing to her pity nor to her probable love of romance.

To walk into her quiet English home in the civilised neighbourhood of a great city, to mark the luxuries of household life, the refinements of habit, and all the nameless elegancies of mind, taste and association which surrounded her, and then to invite her to share with him a kind of lighthouse life on a lonely cliff, required almost more hardihood than Frank Holland was master of. But, as he had resolved, he told a plain, simple, earnest story, withholding no dreary feature, and adding no fictitious colouring; and Mary North, to his glad surprise, did not say no. But she said very quietly and timidly, "May I go over and see this rock, amongst the seals and sea-gulls, before I decide?" Frank soon obtained from his mother a warm invitation for the young English lady; and soon after his return home, Mary North, suitably escorted by a member of her own family, paid the decisive visit to the ledge of rock and its lonely homestead.

The arrival was at a critical moment, for Mrs. Holland was absent for the day on some business of importance (a visit to a sick neighbour, or the like); and there was not even woman's

presence to take off the sharp edge from the stern realities of the scene. Frank was terrified for the result of this ill-timed inspection, but his father and he did their best to remedy the deficiency. A good dinner was soon spread—no despicable fare; fine fish caught not far from their own door-step, and a couple of chickens from their back-yard. The host and his son were well dressed—dressed like gentlemen, as indeed they were; but the son smilingly confided to Mary North, that "father had dressed the dinner, as it was *his* day to be cook." Two bare-footed girls, cottiers' daughters, of the neighbourhood, now and then peeped in curiously through the chinks of the door, arrayed in their home-spun red woollen petticoats, the traditional heir-loom of the old Spanish settlers; but Frank, as he waited upon his guests, explained that they were not presentable, and therefore, in the spirit of chivalry, he preferred doing service himself. It was a great relief to all parties when Mrs. Holland came in with her gentle kindness, her sweet motherly ways, and her Christian talk; and when the great family Bible was laid at night by Frank before his father, and hosts, guests, and bare-footed maidens gathered solemnly together to hear the word of truth and the gospel of the common salvation, and to offer up the prayer of faith, Mary North began to feel that to be a member of this little church in the wilderness would not be so very dreary an allotment after all.

Her out-look the next day was thoroughly illustrative of what her lot would be, should she be bound to this rock. The poor peasant folk came trooping round the house, each urging his or her plea for medical aid, or motherly counsel, or practical help of all sorts; and Frank told how that during the past twelve-months no fewer than 700 patients had been relieved by his mother! for the whole district was destitute of regular medical attendance. "And when I last went to London," said Frank, "father charged me to bring back a complete set of dentists' instruments; for the whole tooth-drawing of the district devolved upon us, and we were sorely bestead for tools." It was evident to Mary's mind, as she listened to the eager appeals, watched the confiding trust, and smiled at the exuberant gratitude of the poor clients of the Hollands, that here was a field for earnest, humble, self-denying labour, such as life might never again offer to her acceptance. Her heart, in which God's grace had long been working, readily took the conviction, which she found assimilated so happily with the attachment to Frank Holland, now no new feeling there. And so she returned home to make ready for the bridal.

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In due season Mary North became Mary Holland, and accompanied her proud and pleased husband to his nest in the crags. But it was not to be a very smooth arrival, and the brave bride's cheerful faith was rather sharply tested on the way. A great bog had to be crossed in that direction by which they were approaching the home of the Hollands, and the car on which they were travelling had to be dismissed miles off from the desired spot. The rains had made the bog more treacherous than usual, and all the luggage must be left behind. And so Mary took off her bonnet, deposited it in one of the deserted boxes, threw a woollen petticoat over her bonnie head, and essayed the formidable bog. But Frank was too chivalrous to allow his bride to plunge and struggle onward by his side, to her new home, in that dreary fashion; and, taking her light figure in his arms, he bore her over bog and moss, through pool and stream, over rock and ruggedness, until he set her down in triumph on the threshold of her future mission, the grand rock-built home of her life's happiness. And were you now to ask that bright, cheery, hopeful young English matron for her definition of earthly happiness, she would say, with sparkling eyes, "A humble home on a narrow ledge of rock on one of the cliffs of Ireland that overhang the western waves, with Frank Holland for a husband, and with a mission field to cultivate for a dear Saviour's sake."

Reader, we will not tell you where nestles this home amidst the screaming sea-fowl, the driving spray, and the solemn music of the booming waves; but if you had only the right clue, you might easily find it for yourself.

"I WITH THEE."

Ira. xliii. 2, and *1 Thess.* iv. 17.

- "*I with thee*"—while in a world
Of sin, and toil, and care.
"Thou with me"—in that bright world
Where all is pure and fair.
"I with thee"—where sorrows reign,
And woes and troubles meet.
"Thou with me"—where every day
Fresh joy springs 'neath thy feet.
"I with thee"—where storms arise,
And clouds succeed the rain.
"Thou with me"—where not a blast
Sweeps o'er the heavenly plain.
"I with thee"—while passing through
E'en death's deep vale of gloom.
"Thou with me"—when all is lost
In life's perennial bloom.
And didn't thou leave thy glory, Lord,
For such a world as this;
And shall we mourn, its toils to leave,
To be with thee in bliss?

A. A. W.

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

IV.

The sledge parties all returned in safety, and most of the men in good health. It is scarcely necessary now to add that they had found no traces of the Franklin expedition. Lieut. Haswell had met with some Esquimaux, inhabiting five tents on a promontory of Prince Albert's Land. As they were only one hundred miles from the ship, Capt. McClure resolved on paying them a visit, accompanied by Mr. Miertsching, with the view of obtaining from them some knowledge of the south-eastern coast. With a sledge and six men they set forth immediately, and after five days' travelling, had the satisfaction, on reaching the summit of a hill, of seeing the tents below them.

"Full of expectation," says Mr. Miertsching, "as to whether the people and I should understand each other, we approached them. As soon as we came near enough, I called out that we were friends, and had brought them beautiful things. They were silent, and I feared they could not understand me, till they all cried, 'We are afraid! we are afraid!' They did not place themselves in a defensive attitude, not even having any weapons, but they waited our approach in fear and trembling. It cost many words and some presents to win their confidence, they having never seen foreigners before, and perhaps looked upon us as supernatural beings; but as I wore the Esquimaux dress, and they understood me so well, they probably took me for an actual man. Of this they convinced themselves afterwards by feeling my arms, face, and hair. They heard with great astonishment that there were many other inhabited countries, having supposed themselves to be the only people in the world. After they became confiding, and we had answered their eager questions as well as we could, a large sheet of paper was spread out on a seal-skin, upon which I drew our ship, the way from it, and the coast as far as their tents; they were then requested to continue the outline of the coast. It took some trouble to make the matter clear to them, but in an hour's time the drawing was completed, and pronounced correct, both by men and women, who knew the coast well. It extended as far as Point Parry in Victoria Land, even the already known Sutton and Liston Islands in Dolphin and Union Strait being correctly marked.

"According to them, many Esquimaux inhabit this coast. They named to us several promontories, and the families dwelling thereon. Their ideas of a God, of a future state,

and of the sun, moon, and stars, were the same as those of the people at Cape Bathurst. They spoke also of a high mountain, on the summit of which their forefathers had lived in tents during the time of a great water. It grieved me to leave these simple people so soon, but the captain could not stay longer, on Hewlett's account, who was quite unable to walk. Hewlett was a mulatto, whose feet were so severely frostbitten during this journey that it was found necessary to amputate seven of his toes.

"I now divided among them the gifts we had brought, red and blue flannel, saws, knives, needles, etc., but of the meaning of a present they had not the smallest idea, and brought all manner of things to give in return. After we had taken our leave, the captain, who felt really sorry to leave them after such a short acquaintance, turned back and tied his large red comforter round the neck of a young woman who stood near, with her child on her back. She was frightened, and exclaimed that she had nothing to give; then hastily taking her infant out of her breast, and kissing it, she offered it to the captain by way of payment for the comforter, which she did not venture to touch. After I had succeeded in explaining to her that it was a gift, she thanked him with a pleasant smile, very glad that she might keep her child, and then asked me what kind of animal it was that had such a red skin. As they knew of nothing else, they took our tent canvas, cloth clothes, handkerchiefs, paper, and everything for the skins of different animals, and our time was too short to explain the matter to them. Most of the other Esquimaux whom we had seen were avaricious and thievish; here, on the contrary, we observed nothing of the kind."

The ice was no longer safe to travel upon in June, and the sportsmen had the mortification of seeing reindeer through their telescopes, without the chance of shooting a single one. But the actual breaking up, on July 14th, occurred so suddenly, that a quantity of linen, laid out to whiten, was lost. All was now activity and hope; the ten months' imprisonment was at an end. The crew were assembled on deck, and the captain addressed them kindly but seriously. Every one was to be prepared to quit the ship in case of the worst, the boats were to be kept in readiness, and each man's little bundle must be at hand. The next three weeks, with a few intervals of calm, were passed in great peril.

"July 18th. The strong north-east wind continues, and the ice presses fearfully on the ship. The attempt to anchor to a floe failed, and we were entirely abandoned to the ice. But the faithful Watcher of Israel watched

over us, so that in all the danger the night passed quietly."

The ship drifted with the ice, sometimes being freed by the aid of gunpowder, sailing hopefully for awhile in open water, and then beset again and at the mercy of another "ice revolution." All endeavours to proceed in a northerly direction were unavailing, the outlet of the strait being barricaded by twenty-five miles of impenetrable ice.

On August 16th the attempt was finally abandoned; the strait was now clear of ice to the southward, and the 'Investigator' passed down with such speed that the waves foamed up to the bowsprit, and even washed over the deck. Lord Nelson's Head was rounded the next day. Captain McClure had determined on sailing round Baring Land, in the hope of reaching Melville Island; he therefore followed the yet unknown line of coast for several days without any impediment. Then appeared the fearful polar ice, "of which no one who has not seen it can form any idea," on the one hand, and perpendicular cliffs on the other. Between the ice-wall and the cliff-wall the channel became narrower and narrower, until there was barely room for the ship to pass, and then only by repeatedly blasting projecting angles. At last they came to a regular "ice labyrinth," which rendered further progress impossible; the ship was moored to a floe, and all waited and hoped that a land-wind would drive back the ice. For more than a week there was little change; then a high spring tide and a strong north-west wind threw the pack into violent commotion.

"Friday, August 29th, was a day of anxiety and terror, such a one as we had never before lived through. From two o'clock in the morning till ten at night we stood with our bundles ready on the deck of our fearfully-tossed ship, now thrown on one side, now on the other, timbers creaking and crashing, and partitions giving way. At seven in the evening the uproar was the greatest, so great indeed that even the captain said, 'Now it is all over; the ship must go to pieces; in five minutes she will sink.' Two hours later, in the hope that the ship might be thrown on the land, where we had at least shelter and food for the next winter, the captain ordered the five anchor cables to be cut; but before this could be accomplished, the ice became suddenly motionless, and an almost awful stillness succeeded. The feelings of that moment were indescribable. All stood pale and silent."

The calm continued; and during the next two days, by blasting ice, the ship, which was lying on its side, was righted and got afloat again. On Monday, September 1st, the captain

addressed the sailors; he spoke of the merciful preservation of the ship, and admonished them to bear in mind that wonderful deliverance, and not to let their courage sink at the prospect of another winter; adding, in conclusion, that nothing should be wanting on his part to make every one's life as pleasant as possible.

The brief arctic summer was indeed almost over; the pack remained still and freezing together; it appeared probable that this must be their winter quarters. In order to employ the men, they were set to collect stones on land to serve as ballast for the next year. But a high wind drove the pack out to sea, and with it the ship. Several hundred pounds of powder were expended in vain; at last the ice split of itself, and the vessel, once more afloat, though without a rudder, came to anchor safely that night fifteen miles beyond the spot where stones had been collected. Some days passed in great danger; much toil and immense quantities of powder were expended with but little success. "It is a troubled, restless life. Only thy strong arm, Almighty, gracious Lord, can rescue us!"

"September 17th. The weather is clear and cold, the pack freezing together. Should this be our winter quarters, next spring, humanly speaking, all will be over with us and the ship. On the breaking up of the ice, the vessel must inevitably be crushed or stranded, and from here it would be impossible for us to reach our depot on foot." But this was not to be; a storm broke up the ice again, and with a favourable wind, the 'Investigator' held on her course once more. A high promontory was passed to which the captain gave the name of Cape Crozier, under the shelter of which they passed a quiet night.

On the morrow, Sunday, after Divine service the way was cleared by blasting, and the vessel towed by four eight-oared boats. Then a thick fog came on, but on Tuesday it was clearer, and the wind being strong, all the sails were set and soundings taken every two minutes. "At the foremost head was stationed, as usual, a man termed an 'ice-pilot,' who indicates the best way for the ship through the ice, communicating with the officer of the watch through a long gutta-percha tube. As today neither of the successive ice-pilots made any communications, and to repeated questions the only answer returned was, 'All ice,' the officers several times went aloft to convince themselves; for notwithstanding the assurance that far and wide there was nothing before us but ice, we were sailing six miles an hour. They found it really so. Before the ship there was a short strip of water, beyond

which, as far as the eye could reach, nothing appeared but ice. The helmsman held the ship so that the sails received the full power of the wind, the sailors had nothing to do but to walk up and down, talking over this strange occurrence.

"This continued for hours. Then the ice-pilot shouted, 'Heavy ice ahead!' The men flew to their posts, and the captain ordered all the sails to be reefed immediately. Before this order could be executed, the pilot shouted again, 'Hold! the ice divides and opens before us.' It did so, to every man's astonishment. Without the least difficulty, the ship sailed on through a narrow way between ice so high that the ends of the yards touched it on either side. For half an hour we sailed through this strait which God had prepared for us through the sea, as of old for the children of Israel, until we came among lighter ice. This event made a deep impression upon all, and the sailors conversed earnestly among themselves about it.

"After this, we held on with full sail in fog and snow, not knowing whither or how. Only this we knew, that, somewhere in an easterly direction, the land must lie named by Sir Edward Parry Banks' Land, and that the ice covering the sea all around made way for us. At last the ice-pilot, quitting his post without permission, came on deck and excused himself to the officer of the watch, by saying that he could stay up there no longer; it was all ice before us, not a spoonful of water to be seen, and yet the ship sailed on, as might plainly be seen by watching the land. He could not be prevailed on to go aloft again, so much was he awestruck by these inexplicable occurrences. It grew dark early, owing to the fog and snow; the captain therefore ordered that, as soon as we came to a suitable mass of ice, the sails should be reefed and the ship anchored for the night.

"About half-past six the ship struck unexpectedly upon a sand-bank. Every one exerted himself to the utmost to get her off before the heavy ice should crush or drive her on shore. Casks and other heavy things were transferred to the boats, in order to lighten the vessel as much as possible; but all was in vain, and the captain seeing that the soaked and weary sailors could hold out no longer, ordered them to go to rest. As I descended the staircase, he told me to change my wet clothes and come and take tea with him. On entering the cabin he came to meet me with an open book in his hand. 'See here,' said he, 'how often the words of Scripture do not suit our circumstances at all. In this time of need, when all our lives are at stake, I opened the



PERILOUS POSITION OF THE "INVESTIGATOR," AUGUST 29TH, 1851.

Bible to find some comfort, and the first words that met my eye were these, Psalm xxxiv. 3, 4: O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exult his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. That suits very ill with our present situation.' I read aloud the second and third verses. He added, 'I know our position only too well.' I answered that I also had sometimes felt as if the words of Scripture stood in contradiction to experience, and yet in time they had been verified. As we were taking our first cup of tea, a violent shock made the ship tremble. The captain hastened on deck, and I followed him. The ship was floating in deep water. A mass of floe ice, driven by the current, had, by a mighty blow against the fore part of the vessel, forced her off the sandbank. What were the feelings of us all, but especially of the captain and myself, at this moment, cannot be described.

"On the following morning the boats were unloaded and all set in order again. The captain thought of steering for Melville Island, hoping to reach the harbour in which Sir E.

Parry had wintered; but as soon as it was day, he saw the impossibility of proceeding a single mile farther. Now that it was clear, we found that we were in a bay near the western extremity of Banks' Land. Melville Island was distinctly visible to the north. The ship was now anchored in a corner of the bay, near the land, and sheltered by the great sandbank from the pressure of the ice. The men were sent to recruit their exhausted powers by sleep. After twelve hours' rest, they came on deck fresh and ready for their work; but not now to get under sail. The ship was already frozen in, and the captain and I had walked over the new ice to the land. The men were assembled and addressed by the captain, who thanked them for their good behaviour and prompt fulfilment of their duty in the hour of danger; he encouraged them to be cheerful and hopeful, and announced this as the place of our winter abode. He named the long sandy promontory, 'Point Providence,' and the bay in which we are to winter the 'Bay of Mercy,' in grateful recognition of the wonderful help of the Lord."

THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

ABRAHAM'S GREAT TRIAL.

"God did tempt Abraham."—Gen. xxii. 1.



HE whole history of Abraham is truly interesting, but this chapter is more so than anything else in the life of the father of the faithful, of whom it is here said, "God did tempt Abraham."

By God's tempting him, we are only to understand that God proved him, or tried him; otherwise we shall make Scripture contradict itself. For it is impossible for God to tempt any being in the sense in which Satan tempts. It is infinitely removed from the Divine character to lead any of his creatures into the commission of sin. God in no sense whatever is the author of sin; sin is from the creature entirely; and this principle cannot sink too deeply into our hearts. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man; but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed." This is a truth which it is necessary to keep before the eye of the intellect continually, for unless it be so conscience will not be enabled to do its duty. The conscience which does not fix guilt in the bosom of the individual in whom it dwells, is awfully unlightened. But whether conscience condemn or not, the responsibility and guilt remain when the heart gives way to its own evil temptings. It well behoves us all, therefore, to pray that the Lord will of his mercy preserve us in principle as well as in practice.

In asking the reader to consider this subject, the first observation I would make is this, viz., that the life of faith here below is from first to last a life of temptation or trial. It is more or less so with every believer. But the believer is not tried alone. His God is tried and proved likewise; his faithfulness is tried and proved. Abraham was exposed to much trial, yet his faith did not fail. A promise had been given him that he should have a son, and many years had gone by before that promise was fulfilled; and yet it is said of him that "against hope he believed in hope, that he might become the father of many nations; and staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Now this faith was afterwards crowned with the expected blessing; the promise was fulfilled; Isaac was born. He waited long, but he waited in hope; and at length he

learned in a peculiar manner the faithfulness of God to his promise. Isaac was born. Perhaps we may have waited, or may have to wait, for the blessing we seek, and which it is the design of God to confer upon us; but we must wait patiently God's good time. "In due time we shall reap, if we faint not."

But besides trials which more or less exercise every believer, there are seasons which may be called seasons of peculiar trial to the Christian; the trying hour when he is called upon by God to surrender perhaps all he possesses of earthly goods, or it may be some object of his affections dearer to him than life itself. The cup of joy seems to be suddenly emptied, and to be replaced with bitterness and gall. He would seem to be forsaken by his God; his faith is severely tested, almost ready to fail. But in God's time the relief comes; consolation is at hand; the promise sustains him, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." It was so with Abraham. How was he tried! How was his faith as it were put into the furnace! But God had in all this his own gracious purposes. "God did tempt Abraham," not simply that his own faith should be thus tested, but for the encouragement and instruction of the church of God to the remotest periods of time.

From this trial of Abraham we learn, that those on whom the Lord confers a strong faith are frequently called upon to prove to others the genuineness of the faith they possess. Such are the dealings of God with his people; leading them by his Providence into such circumstances that they must surrender the dearest objects of their affections, and "hold fast the profession of their faith," or else renounce their professions in him and refuse the sacrifice. Thus it was with Job, with his many sufferings; thus it was with the three Hebrew children, to whom it was literally "a fiery trial." So it was with Daniel; so it will be more or less with the servants of God till the end comes. But in every instance we find the faithfulness of God to his promises vindicated, the Scriptures verified, the promise to the letter fulfilled. Oh! what consolation to the Christian, in the severest of his trials, to have that promise to lean upon: "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour."

Further, the severe trials which God inflicts are seldom of long duration; they are not only sent in wisdom and love, but they are abridged

by the same wisdom and the same love. Life itself is but short; and when the Lord on some emergency calls his child to step forward, to read the tenderest feelings of the heart, we see with what tenderness in his turn the Lord comes to his relief. He only allows him to bear as much as is necessary to evince the rectitude of his heart before God, for the instruction and example of those who love and serve him. Every trial here is preparatory for a state of glory hereafter. By it believers are led by the Spirit of God to a knowledge of their own character, and of the perfections of Jehovah. Their state hereafter will be connected with every discipline to which they were subjected here below, for there is no doubt but there will be different degrees of glory in heaven. Take, for instance, the Saviour himself in his human nature. The sufferings which he underwent when on earth enabled him to enter into the perfections of God to a degree in which they can never be known by any of his brethren. Who can explain what is meant by the words, "being made perfect by suffering?"—the perfection to which his humanity was carried when presenting to his Father a sacrifice for sinners. His bliss was proportionable to the depth of his suffering, and there may be found in this truth an analogy which may be applied to his brethren; as we read that "our light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." They are used as instruments in the hand of God, in teaching us truths which are absolutely necessary to enable us to drink deep draughts of glory above.

What encouragement have we then to approach the Lord continually, beseeching him to give us, not only a resignation and submission to his will, but also to make us see the hand of mercy and wisdom in every affliction with which he may be pleased to visit us. Thus, whatever may be the proportion of trial allotted us here, we may be enabled to say perpetually, "Thy will be done;" and thus glorifying him in our life, after death we may be glorified with him for ever.

THE VISIONS OF DANIEL.

THAT the kingdoms into which the Roman empire was divided were partly strong, even as iron, and partly and relatively weak, even as clay; and yet that they formed distinct and separate kingdoms; that some of them rank to this day among "the great powers," and others of them have no pretensions to the name; and yet that they were distinct kingdoms, which preserved their individuality from age to age,

are truths which were shown to the prophet, in the vision of the Image, even as in due season they were known to the world.

The other vision of Daniel speaks with the same voice; though it shows the division of the empire in another as significant and expressive form, and represents it too from the first as the fourth beast, which, like the rest, rose out of the sea, and "had ten horns." The division of the fourth kingdom is marked by the same symbol as that which denoted the division of the third; but each, according to the truth, by its own respective number of horns. Four horns came up for the one great horn of the rough goat; but the fourth beast had ten in his head. The Greek empire was divided into four kingdoms; the Latin into ten. Of the fourth beast it is expressly written that it had ten horns; and thrice again is the same number told of it: "The ten horns that were in his head;" "The ten horns out of this kingdom are ten kings that shall arise."

The feet and toes of the image, and the ten horns in the head of the beast, alike, in the interpretation given of both, set forth to view the divided kingdom, while that of the former alone makes known the truth that the kingdom was partly strong and partly broken. When the ten-horned beast is seen, the same interpretation as to the significancy of the horns is recorded, as when an angel of the Lord of the holy prophets told to the apostle John the mystery of the beast that finally goeth into perdition: "The ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings," etc. These give their kingdom to the beast; and thus it has ten horns at the last, till the words of God shall be fulfilled.

In both these visions there is manifestly a continuous history throughout, even from first to last, till the days and the dominion and the very life of wild beasts, as the representatives of kingdoms, is at an end, and the time be come when there shall be none of them to succeed each other any more. However afar off Abraham saw the day of Christ, yet he was glad. The Almighty had made with him an everlasting covenant, and he saw the day in which not all nations merely, but all the families of the earth, shall be blessed. Daniel, in a far later day than that of Abraham, saw one wild beast arise after another, the second of which devoured much flesh, the third had dominion given unto it, and the fourth brake the earth in pieces; and not till the utter destruction of its body, and the final extinction of them all, did he record the giving of the dominion over all the earth to the Son of man, when he saw him come with the clouds of heaven. He tells what his emotions were, and what he sought to know. The end, like the things which were

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Not more closely or clearly did the golden portion of the great image come in contact with the silver which was next to it, or the silver with the brass, or that again with the iron, than did the stone—that was cut out of the mountain—with the image which it smote, as no part of it had ever been smitten till then: "And the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth." This is the true interpretation: "The kingdom of the God of heaven shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." In these two visions the same truths are represented; and more than doubly but not doubtingly told. Not more surely did the second kingdom succeed the first, and the third the second, and the fourth the third, than the everlasting kingdom of the Son of man shall succeed the fourth kingdom upon the earth; when once the image shall be smitten on its feet, and the body of the fourth wild beast shall be destroyed. Of them and of their kind there shall then be no more for ever. "There was given him (the Son of man) dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed." *

HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.

NO. VI.

Among the contemporaries of the Wesleys, and connected with them either as followers or opponents, there were several who have attained celebrity as hymn-writers. One of these is EDWARD PERONNET, the son of Vincent Peronnet, vicar of Shoreham in Kent for more than fifty years, and who died in 1795, at the age of 92. Edward was for some time associated with the Wesleys, but disliking their Arminian tendencies, he was employed by Lady Huntingdon, and laboured at Canterbury, Norwich, and other places, with considerable success. But his hostility to the church of England so grieved Lady Huntingdon, that he left her connection and preached to a small congregation of Dissenters till his death. The hymn to which he owes the perpetuation of his name is the one which begins with, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and ends every verse with the words "And crown him Lord of all." As it has been inserted in almost every collection of

* "The History and Destiny of the World and the Church." By the Rev. Dr. Keith. Nelson and Sons. A new and important work on prophetic history.

hymns, and often greatly altered, perhaps our readers will be pleased to see it original and unaltered, as the author printed it in a book entitled, "Occasional Verses, Moral and Social," published in 1785:—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.
Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it, fall
Before his face, who tunes their choir.
And crown him Lord of all.
Crown him, ye morning stars of light
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now, hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God incarnate, man divine;
And crown him Lord of all.
Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout, in universal song,
THE CROWNED LORD OF ALL."

Some lines in this composition might certainly be improved, though in general, hymns should be printed according to the judgment of their authors, and not by the emendations of volunteer critics.

Mr. Wesley had long been desirous of hearing Edward Peronnet preach, but he studiously avoided every occasion that might lead to it. At length, Mr. Peronnet being in chapel one evening in London, when Mr. Wesley preached, the latter, without asking his consent, published that he would preach there the next morning at five o'clock; and as it was not the time or place to make any remonstrance, he appeared accordingly in the pulpit next morning. After singing and prayer, he informed the congregation that he appeared before them contrary to his own wish; that he had never been once asked, much less his consent gained, to preach; that he had done violence to his feelings out of respect to Mr. Wesley; and now that he had been compelled to occupy the place where he stood, though weak and inadequate for the work assigned him, he would pledge himself to furnish them with the best sermon that had ever been delivered. He then read the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which

he concluded without a single word of note or comment. Mr. Peronnet died at Canterbury, in January, 1792. His dying words were: "Glory to God in the height of his divinity; Glory to God in the depth of his humanity; Glory to God in his all-sufficiency! Into his hands, I commend my spirit."

JOHN CENICK was the author of some admirable and well-known hymns. Among the best are these:—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee;
No sound so charming as thy name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
O may we ever hear thy voice
In mercy to us speak,
And in our priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec."

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,
He whom I fix my hopes upon;
His path I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The king's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

* * * * *

Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God.

For Cennick many have claimed the authorship of the English version of the Moravian hymn, "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," and some of the stanzas are more in accordance with Cennick's view of the doctrine of "imputed righteousness" than with Wesley's view of that doctrine.

The two following stanzas are in Wesley's version, and not in the version as printed in the hymn-book used in the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels:—

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid
For all a full atonement made.
Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid."

The two following verses are in Lady Huntingdon's collection, and not in the Methodist hymn-book:—

"This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The grace of Christ is over new.
O let the dead now hear thy voice,
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice,
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
JESUS THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

Wesley in his version dwelt more on the extent of the atonement, Cennick on the nature of the righteousness of Christ.

This hymn, we may here remark, was a great favourite with Rowland Hill; and when the mortal remains of that noble itinerant and warm-hearted evangelist were being lowered into their final resting-place under his own pulpit, in the presence of thousands, bathed in tears, a stanza of this hymn, common to both versions, was sung in solemn tones:—

"When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

Cennick also was the author of this hymn:—

"Children of the heavenly king,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trode;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

* * * * *

Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.
Shout, ye little flock, and blest
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward."

Cennick's spiritual history is interesting. He was born at Reading, about the year 1717, and brought up in the church of England. From the age of fifteen, he was fond of card playing, novels, plays, and the like, till one day (to use his own words) "while walking hastily in Cheapside, the hand of the Lord touched me. I felt at once an uncommon fear and dejection. He had often been in bitterness through the strength of convictions and the fear of hell, but never before knew any weight like that. "The terrors of the Lord came about him, and the pains of hell took hold upon him." This state of mind continued for two years. He tried the usual legal methods for peace; he fasted long and often, was much in prayer, with deeds of mortification and self-denial, till he took home to his heart the words of Jesus, "I am thy salvation." He was filled with joy in the assurance that Christ loved him, and died for him. Some time after this, he became acquainted with Whitefield, his heart having been knit to him through reading one of his works. He preached among the Methodists; and when Wesley and Whitefield separated, he clave to Whitefield, whom he assisted in the erection of a new chapel at Kingswood, Bristol. In 1745, he joined the Moravians, and remained among them till his death, in July, 1755.

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How well qualified by his own experience
 Cennick was to be a useful guide to distressed
 souls, we have a pleasing instance recorded
 by Mr. La Trobe. A friend of his was riding
 along the high road, in an uninhabited part of
 Ireland, when he was overtaken by a traveller
 on horseback, who offered him his company.
 There was something in the features and gene-
 ral bearing of Mr. La Trobe's friend which
 made him often be mistaken for a Popish priest,
 and so it happened on this occasion. As he
 did not directly announce the contrary, the
 stranger said, “Will you, sir, accept my con-
 fession? I have travelled for many weeks up
 and down the country, and have never once
 confessed; and as I am conscious of many and
 great transgressions for which I desire absolu-
 tion, I am very unhappy without it.” He then
 enumerated many serious offences, expressing
 an earnest desire of forgiveness. The supposed
 priest gave no answer, but groaned heavily.
 The poor penitent was frightened; and repeat-
 ing his suit, professed his willingness to submit
 to any penance the priest might prescribe,
 however severe, that he might free his consci-
 ence from so intolerable a burden. After leav-
 ing him some time in suspense, and perceiving
 that he seemed truly in earnest, La Trobe's
 friend addressed him thus: “As we are here
 alone, and without danger of being betrayed, I
 may speak freely and honestly to you, as to a
 truly penitent sinner. Your sins are grievous,
 and the wounds inflicted on your conscience
 incurable by man's device.” He then entered
 into detail, and showed that in some of the sins
 confessed, there were many circumstances of
 aggravation. This alarmed the penitent ex-
 ceedingly; and the other proceeded. “You
 offer, sir, to submit to any penance which holy
 mother church prescribes; but as an honest
 man, I must inform you that I know no
 penance whatever, the merit of which will
 meet your case. But it appears to me to be
 with the soul as with the body. I have known
 sick persons, who had the advantage of the
 best advice and prescriptions of the most able
 physicians, and who had at last been pro-
 nounced incurable, completely restored by the
 nostrums of a quack doctor to whom they had
 been prevailed upon to apply. The same may
 happen in spiritual concerns. The clergy are
 the authorized prescribers of the means of
 spiritual relief, but these means may often fail,
 and will certainly fail in your case. Now
 there are spiritual quacks as well as medical
 ones, and I have known their advice taken and
 rendered available, when all regular means
 have failed to give comfort to a burdened mind.
 You may try what the priesthood can do for
 you, but if the penances prescribed fail of effect

(supposing you to be sincere in seeking re-
 lief), I can recommend you to one who is
 considered a very skilful quack, and of whom
 I have heard wonderful instances of his having
 afforded relief to many. His name is Cennick,
 and he is to be met with in Skinner's Alley,
 Dublin.”

Here the two travellers parted, and the peni-
 tent proceeded to Dublin, where he followed
 the advice given him, and, seeking Jesus as a
 heavy laden sinner, found rest for his soul.
 He connected himself with the Moravians, and
 some years afterwards, the assumed priest, hav-
 ing himself become truly converted, met his
 fellow traveller in Dublin, as members of the
 same church.

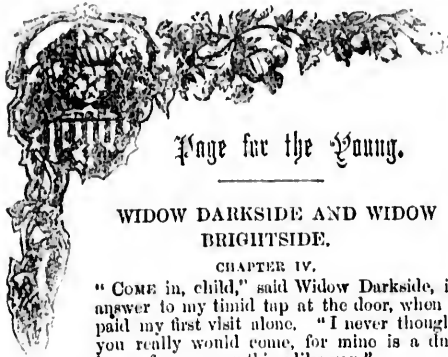
THOMAS OLIVERS, was the author of two very
 sublime hymns:—

“Lo! he comes, with clouds descending,
 Once for favoured sinners slain;
 Thousand, thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah! Jesus shall for ever reign.
 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rebed in dreadful majesty;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing, shall the true Messiah see.”

The tune to which these words are sung was
 also the composition of Olivers. Equally well
 known, and as deservedly admired, is the grand
 hymn thus commencing:—

“The God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthroned above;
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love,
 Jehovah! great I AM,
 By earth and heaven confessed;
 I bow and bless the sacred name,
 For ever blessed.” * * *

Thomas Olivers was a native of Tregonan, in
 Montgomeryshire. He was born in 1725, and
 originally a shoemaker, but of very profligate
 conduct. One night, he met a multitude of
 people, and found they had been to hear White-
 field. Two evenings afterwards, he also went
 to hear him, and the sermon was the means of
 stopping him in his downward course. He
 afterwards joined the Methodists, who appear
 to have held him in high estimation. Fletcher
 of Madeley says of him, “His talents as a
 writer, a logician, a poet, and a composer of
 sacred music, are known to those who have
 looked into his compositions;” and the Con-
 ference, after his death, paid him the tribute of
 saying: “In his younger days, he was a zeal-
 ous, able, and useful travelling preacher. He
 will be held in honour by the Christian world,
 almost solely for his two hymns, ‘Lo! he
 comes with clouds descending,’ and ‘The God
 of Abraham praise.’”



Page for the Young.

WIDOW DARKSIDE AND WIDOW BRIGHTSIDE.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come in, child," said Widow Darkside, in answer to my timid tap at the door, when I paid my first visit alone. "I never thought you really would come, for mine is a dull house for a young thing like you."

"I think these very pretty houses," said I, "though they are little."

"Ah, well, there is room enough for me, and this will last my time, I dare say."

She began to move one of the heavy, high-backed chairs for me to sit upon, and grumbled as she did it, because they were clumsy and old-fashioned.

"Oh, I always thought they were so pretty, too," I said; "and, do you know, our clergyman told mamma one day that he should like to buy some just like them, if he could; they are so comfortable and massive, and they have nice figures carved on the back, such as are not often seen now. And," I continued, quite anxious to put her in a good humour with her furniture, "Widow Brightside, who has come to live in the next house, says she loves the old furniture, because it puts her in mind of some that was in her grandmother's house when she was a little girl like me."

Widow Darkside shook her head, and seemed determined to be pleased with nothing in her little home.

I praised the ivy, which spread itself over the walls, and hung in wreaths from the roof and chimneys. She said it made the windows dark. I talked about the starlings and their song, and the chirping sparrows, and the way in which they might be taught to come for food. She said they were noisy things, and awoke her in the morning. Everything seemed to be full of faults in this poor old lady's eyes, and at last I was silent, for I hardly knew what to say or do. I was almost afraid to ask if I might read in the Bible to her; but at last I ventured, and she said, "You may if you like, but I dare say you would like a story-book better."

I could hardly keep in my tears, I felt so sorry; but I told her I liked to read the Bible, and asked where I was to begin.

"Oh, anywhere," she answered; "I do not mind."

I chose the fourteenth of St. John; for I thought if she were dissatisfied with her home here, it would comfort her to hear again about the many mansions in the house of her Father in heaven. I read on steadily, till I had nearly finished the chapter, and then I looked up. Widow Darkside was sitting in her great arm-chair, and was nodding her head forward at that moment. She was asleep! It was harder work than ever to keep from crying when I saw that.

All at once she awoke, and said, "Thank you, missy; you read very nicely. That will do for to-day."

But she shook hands with me before I left, and said, "I shall be glad to see you again; but this is a dull house for you."

Mamma was very kind when I got home and told her all about my visit, and she was not discouraged, though I was. I felt that almshouse a very dull house indeed.

"It was something gained for Widow Darkside too; she should be glad to see you again, Annie. She will perhaps learn to love you in time, and you must profit at you may help to make her happy in this her time of loneliness and widowhood."

I said to mamma that I never saw two people so unlike one another as Widow Darkside and Widow Brightside, and she answered, "Perhaps they will grow more alike after a time."

I put off going to Widow Darkside's for some days, but then mamma made a bargain that I should visit her just as often as I did my dear old friend, so I did not neglect her after that. Many times did I spend an hour with that gloomy-tempered old lady, and I always had the same tale to tell. I began to despair of doing her any good, and at last mamma said that, "unless I wish it, I should only pay her one more visit."

I was rather delighted at this, for I was tired of reading God's holy word to one who seemed neither to understand nor care about it; indeed, she took no comfort from it, but was always complaining, because she was not so rich as she once was. Before I started, mamma said, "You must tell Widow Darkside that you do not mean to visit her any more, Annie." I did not much like this, when I saw her leaning back and dozing in her great arm-chair, while I was reading out of my precious Bible. I did not feel very sorry. So, with a trembling voice, I said, when she roused herself up, "Widow Darkside, must say good-bye this afternoon, for I am not coming here again, I think."

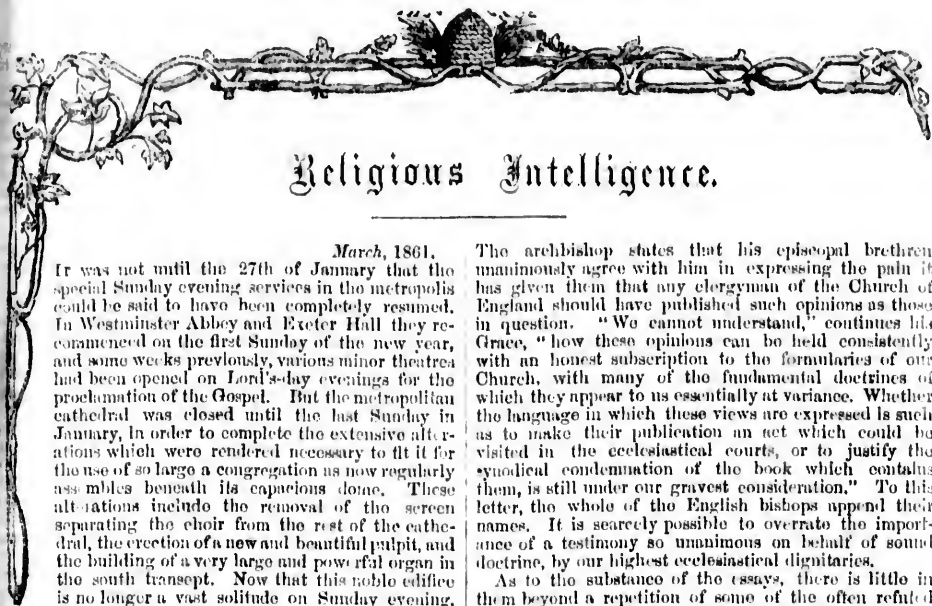
"What! you don't say so? Are you going away from Fomerby? Oh, dear, dear, what shall I do without you, little missy? Hero I have always been used to tell you my troubles, because you were so steady, and now I shall have nobody to talk to or care for me."

I never was so surprised as I was at sight of her sorrow, for the tears began to run down her face. She had really grown fond of me, though unfortunately she had found her comfort in having a little girl to talk to, instead of telling Jesus all her sorrow, and asking him to make her contented and happy. I burst into tears too, for I felt as though I was behaving unkindly to the poor, cross, old lady, and I told her all that was in my mind. How sorry I had been to see her dull and lonely, and how I had hoped to be a little comfort to her; but that at last I thought I was none, for she did not seem to be any happier, or to like to hear any beautiful words out of my dear Bible. And then I did what I never did before—I threw my arms round her neck and kissed her cheeks all wet with tears, and said, "Oh, do try and love me, O Saviour, and he will be sure to make you happy."

I knew that Widow Darkside had never seemed to like her neighbour much; but after that afternoon she let me talk about her and her ways, though I think she was only because she was my friend. And she never went to sleep after that when I was reading the Bible, which, mamma said, "was a great step gained."

I cannot tell you every little thing, but I must say that by degrees my other old friend learned not only to listen to the word of God, but to love it and find comfort in it, whenever she was inclined to be sad at thought of the riches she had lost. After a time, she and Widow Brightside became dear friends, and much more alike, and they always said it was through me, under God, they were brought to know each other, and worship the Lord together. As for me, I was very thankful that I should have been used in any way for good.

There is just one thing more I want to say, and that is, that in time Widow Darkside's house became just as bright as her neighbour's; and mamma said, "The reason of that, Annie, is that no house can be gloomy if the Sun of Righteousness is known, and shines therein, and its inmates possess that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding.'"



Religious Intelligence.

March, 1861.

It was not until the 27th of January that the special Sunday evening services in the metropolis could be said to have been completely resumed. In Westminster Abbey and Exeter Hall they recommenced on the first Sunday of the new year, and some weeks previously, various minor theatres had been opened on Lord's-day evenings for the proclamation of the Gospel. But the metropolitan cathedral was closed until the last Sunday in January, in order to complete the extensive alterations which were rendered necessary to fit it for the use of so large a congregation as now regularly assembles beneath its capacious dome. These alterations include the removal of the screen separating the choir from the rest of the cathedral, the erection of a new and beautiful pulpit, and the building of a very large and powerful organ in the south transept. Now that this noble edifice is no longer a vast solitude on Sunday evening, and that the glad tidings of salvation are published to assembled thousands on the spot where, three centuries ago, the champions of the Reformation hurled defiance at the Papal Antichrist, and proclaimed the principles of Protestantism, we seem to have, in some sort, in modern St. Paul's, a revival of the best features of Paul's Cross. The first sermon of the series was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his text 1 Pet. ii. 18, 19; "Ye were redeemed with the precious blood of Christ," &c. His lordship enunciated the doctrine of the atonement with the utmost emphasis and distinctness. The prominence given by him on this occasion to the central truth of the Christian system, the stress which he laid upon its being regarded as essential to a correct apprehension of the gospel, and the bold and unsparring manner in which he disposed of all alleged intellectual difficulties to its reception, were peculiarly appropriate under existing circumstances. His lordship's remarks were, in fact, at once interpreted as intentionally condemnatory of the "Essays and Reviews," lately published, the authorship of which is shared by seven members of the English Universities. This volume will assuredly achieve a notoriety not less than that of the famous "Tracts for the Times," if, indeed, that notoriety be not already obtained. The essays are of various degrees of demerit, but they all tend to one result—the rejection of the word of God as an unerring and Divine revelation, and of the distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith. The gravity of the crisis is fully appreciated by those whom it most concerns. The clergy of the archdeaconry of London have met, and agreed to present an address upon the subject to their bishop. Similar movements have taken place in various other parts of the country. The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Villiers), replying to an address from the archdeaconry of Lindisfarne, writes: "I am not surprised that the hearts of honest and faithful churchmen should burn with indignation at finding such a publication should have emanated from men professing to be ministers of our Church. . . . A more heterodox volume could scarcely have been produced." But the most important declaration is that elicited by a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury, from the diocese of Oxford.

The archbishop states that his episcopal brethren unanimously agree with him in expressing the pain it has given them that any clergyman of the Church of England should have published such opinions as those in question. "We cannot understand," continues his Grace, "how these opinions can be held consistently with an honest subscription to the formularies of our Church, with many of the fundamental doctrines of which they appear to us essentially at variance. Whether the language in which these views are expressed is such as to make their publication an act which could be visited in the ecclesiastical courts, or to justify the synodical condemnation of the book which contains them, is still under our gravest consideration." To this letter, the whole of the English bishops append their names. It is scarcely possible to overrate the importance of a testimony so unanimous on behalf of sound doctrine, by our highest ecclesiastical dignitaries.

As to the substance of the essays, there is little in them beyond a repetition of some of the often refuted arguments of the deists and infidels of former times. In ignorance of the solid literature of English theology, the writers have reproduced the crude speculations of the worst school of the modern German Rationalists. In some of the essays there is much obscurity and verbiage, but the main assertions will appear contemptible not only to the student of Paley and Butler, and other writers on the evidences of religion, but to every intelligent reader of the Bible. For example, it is asserted that the Old Testament prophecies are not divinely inspired predictions, but mere historical statements of local and national events. Even the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah is maintained to have no reference to the Messiah! The whole evidence of fulfilled prophecy in the history of the world is set aside. Of course also the authority of the New Testament (with its constant reference to the fulfilment of what the Scriptures had said), and the testimony of Christ himself to the same effect, must be set aside. And this merely because it is first assumed that the knowledge of future events is impossible. Thus *rationalism*, so called, argues; but *reason*, judging from the fulfilment of prophecy, argues that the knowledge of future events, impossible to man naturally, must therefore have been divinely inspired.

In other of the essays, the distinguishing doctrines of the Christian faith are attacked. The whole is a sad exhibition in our own day of what Cowper described:—

"The infidel has shot his bolts away,
Till his exhausted quiver yielding none,
He gleams the blunted shafts, that have recoiled,
And aims them at the shield of truth again.
The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
That hides divinity from mortal eyes;
And all the mysteries to faith proposed,
Insulted and traduced, are cast aside!"

Although, upon the whole, evangelical views are making progress among our French Protestant brethren, yet we hear occasionally of the bold avowal of theological sentiments among them also. As with ourselves, however, there are not wanting men who steadfastly oppose them. The Rev. Dr. Grandpierre, one of the leading pastors of the Reformed Church of France, has pub-

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lished in *L'Espérance* (the organ of the orthodox national Protestants), a sort of solemn declaration of the principles of himself and his brethren. It is decidedly evangelical, and in the absence of any means whatever for securing purity of doctrinal teaching, may be regarded as an encouraging sign.

Several societies, which have their head-quarters at Geneva, find their sphere of activity in France. At a meeting of one of these—the Society for Scattered Protestants—an interesting account was given by M. Marchand, a theological student, of a tour of evangelization in the High Alps. The district visited by him was that consecrated by the labours of Felix Neff. He found that the fervent exhortations of that devoted servant of God had not been forgotten by these simple mountaineers.

In the more populous districts of France, the evangelical societies are prosecuting their labours with their wonted vigour. The Central Protestant Society has seventy, the (Paris) Evangelical Society eighty, missionaries actively employed. The Evangelical Society of Geneva has also its labourers traversing those parts of France adjacent to Switzerland.

The discussions on the Papal question continue, and one pamphlet after another reveals the extent to which public opinion is alienated from the Romish Church. This must tell in favour of Protestantism; but it is not deemed likely that the project of a French patriarchate, as a means of withdrawing the Empire from the sway of the Papacy, will prove a reality. Meanwhile, the Pope does what he can to provoke the Emperor.

We learn that Pius ix. has expressed his conviction that all the misfortunes that have happened to him and his friends are the work of England. He is also reported as being far from pleased that the English Roman Catholics do not open their purses as he thinks they ought to do. In continuing to ally himself to the cause of absolutism, he daily renders the Papacy more distasteful to the thinking portion of the people of Italy. The Bible and Protestant literature thus obtain, to some extent, a prepared soil for their reception. In little more than a month, upwards of three thousand copies of the Scriptures have been sold in Naples alone. Strange to say, in Rome the Jews have been circulating the New Testament as a means of striking a deadly blow at the Pope's temporal power. The Rev. R. H. Hershell, who has lately returned from a visit to Italy, had the pleasure, when at Florence, of bringing all the leaders of the different sections of Italian Protestants together in a social gathering, at which they met in the most friendly way, and parted with mutual goodwill.

From Spain we have intelligence that Manuel Matamoros, the Protestant prisoner for conscience' sake, having been furnished with pecuniary aid from this country, had been able to secure a passage in a steamer from Barcelona to Malaga, and thus to avoid the long and toilsome journey, in chains, by land, which might have cost him his life. His constancy remains unshaken; and we learn from his letters that the converts continue to increase. Addressing Alonzo, the young priest whose conversion occasioned the persecution, he writes: "Rejoice, brother, for since the day of my imprisonment the enthusiasm in Malaga has increased. . . . Thirty-seven new converts have been added to the church, and the Spirit of grace is every day more comforting and more deeply rooted in the hearts of that Christian band. Many prayers ascend daily for the deliverance of our church, now so fiercely persecuted by these enemies of Christ. They are bringing an action against them and me in Malaga, at the present time, and notwithstanding, this only serves to increase our numbers, and to inspire us with new courage. Yes, dear brother, my physical forces are sinking rapidly; my weak flesh fails me, and the thread of life appears nearly spun out. The damp-

ness of these prisons is killing me; but, dear brother, every step I take towards the tomb enables me better to anticipate my last hour with rejoicing, and with a peace I was a perfect stranger to until I found Christ." In the strain he proceeds, and informs his friend that his rest is "a little focus of gospel light," that three of his fellow-prisoners have become converts to the faith, and that he holds their protests. Of Matamoros' fellow-sufferers, we learn that Alhama continues, like himself in custody, but that Romero, Vasquez, and Linciro, have been liberated on bail.

A letter from Constantinople states that the Bulgarians have been demanding from the Porte a full separation from the Greek patriarch, and a separate organization of their own, and that a very high degree of excitement now prevails among them because their request has been negatived. A few have gone over to the P. nish Church, but the majority stand firm, and are determined to gain their rights. Many large bodies of them, including ecclesiastics, declare that if their petition be not granted, they will become Protestants.

Amid the painful scenes which abound in Syria, the mind experiences a feeling of no little relief in contemplating the work being carried on by the German deaconesses. These devoted women have been dispatched thither by Dr. Fliedner, the director of the Deaconesses Institution at Kaiserwerth. They labour in concert with the missionaries and medical men, and prove most invaluable auxiliaries to both. Three asylums have been already established by them at Beyrout; one for orphans, another for destitute girls above fourteen, whose position, perilous at any time, is rendered still more so at this moment by the presence of an immoral soldiery, and a third for widows. Besides the management of these institutions, they steadily pursue their hospital work at Beyrout and other parts of Syria. At Sidon a suitable house has been taken for a hospital, where some of the ten deaconesses there stationed will be thus wholly engaged. The Roman Catholic sisters of mercy are also displaying great activity. Three orphan asylums are about to be erected in Beyrout by the Romanists. The Protestant Deaconesses' Orphanage, at present occupying temporary premises, is to be located in an edifice built for the purpose.

The accounts from all parts of India exhibit cheering prospects of usefulness. In the northern provinces, especially afflicted by the recent war, the change in relation to Christianity is most marked. Gopeo Nath Nundy, the native teacher, a narrative of whose trying ordeal in the mutiny appeared at the time of its occurrence in the "Sunday at Home," reports successful labours. In Tinnevely there are indications of zeal for the conversion of the surrounding heathen, combined with the adoption of plans of practical usefulness, which resemble what is occurring in England rather than what we should expect in India.

Several important outposts have been secured for missionary work in China, of the operations from which we hope to give favourable report before long.

From Western Africa we hear that the vessels intended to form the missionary expedition up the Niger had been waiting for three months for the promised gunboat which was to accompany them, conveying a British consul to negotiate with the native tribes. The gunboat, however, had not arrived; the fall of the river had set in, and the ascent was now dangerous. The consequent delay of a year had sadly disappointed the several emigrant natives from Sierra Leone, who had sold their houses and property there, in order to settle on the Niger. The Rev. Samuel Crowther, who communicates this information to the Church Missionary Society, proposes the establishment of a profatory mission at the Nun (one of the mouths of the Niger), for which he had sought and found a healthy place.

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SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE.

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

v.

AGAIN the "Investigator" was roofed in and snow-walled, the school was recommenced, and everything arranged as in the previous winter. At first, appearances were favourable, only two men were on the sick-list, suffering from rheumatism, but an examination of the ship's stores in October resulted in the reduction of the rations to two-thirds of the usual quantity.

On December the 6th, the captain announced to the crew that he should now give up everything but the endeavour to reach England

by the most direct way; the search for the lost Franklin expedition must be abandoned on account of the want of provisions; besides it was impossible that Franklin and his companions, provisioned for only three years, could have subsisted in the ice for six. To this was added that, in consequence of so much more of the preserved meat being spoiled, it was necessary to reduce the rations to half. The latter piece of intelligence was as depressing as the former was cheering.

The winter was very severe, and far more dreary than the previous one. "As our stock of candles," says Mr. Miertsching, "is very

small, that also must be economized, and we therefore pass a great part of our time in darkness. Our principal occupations are walking and sleeping; reading and writing are out of the question, as we have hardly light enough for the most necessary duties. Wolves howl round the ship, and their howlings make the dark, cold, dead night yet more doleful. White foxes, driven by hunger, venture even on deck, where several have been caught."

Thus ended the year 1851. The first two months of the next year were no brighter. With such an insufficient supply of food, the constant hunger became absolutely painful. Three poor fellows were punished for having stolen the dogs' food. In March the weather became fair, and favourable for the chase, but the unskilled sportsmen often only frightened away instead of killing the reindeer, and but few of those animals were met with. Fogs now became frequent, and several instances are mentioned of individuals losing their way for many hours. In one case, two sailors were sought for all night in vain by three companions; by others a great part of the next day. Just as the captain had determined on sending out the whole ship's company in different directions, the wanderers were seen staggering along. A sledge was sent to fetch them, they were brought on board helpless and unconscious, and it was some days before they could give any account of themselves.

On May the 9th, Captain McClure returned from Melville Island after nearly a month's absence, having gone with Mr. Court and six sailors to Winter Harbour, where he hoped to find a depôt of provisions, if not a ship from England. Neither was to be found. Still they were not quite without news in their isolation from the rest of the world; the captain found a box containing the information that in 1850, seven English and two American ships had sailed through Lancaster Sound; that Captain Austin, with his four ships, "Resolute," "Intrepid," "Assistance," and "Pioneer," had been frozen in by Griffith's Islands. In the spring of 1851, a sledge party from the "Resolute" had visited Winter Harbour and left this intelligence. Whether these ships returned to England, or were still fixed in the ice, was unknown. All hope of aid from the east now vanished.

Hitherto the general health had been good, though all were growing weaker, and insufficient food, damp, cold weather, and the gloomy prospect of the future, began to tell upon all. Even the bright sunshine at the beginning of June caused no improvement. The fogs soon returned, and all were forbidden to go hunting, partly on account of the danger

of being lost, and partly because the game had almost all disappeared.

Still the "Investigators" did not despair. They had discovered a second north-west passage, and hoped to sail through it that year. Summer was coming. When the sun shone, black hairy caterpillars were seen crawling on the moss, and as soon as the ground was free from snow, little white and yellow flowers appeared in full bloom, coming before their leaves; a rivulet enlivened the dreary silted landscape with the splashing of its little waterfalls; and one day several coloured butterflies were caught. But the sea showed no change. Day after day, anxious eyes gazed over the frozen surface from the summit of the nearest hill, and every day the watchers returned to the ship with the same intelligence—"No movement in the ice!" One alleviating circumstance must not be omitted.

Mr. Miersenig, in his lonely wanderings, found a small plant which he recognised as a species of sorrel, and which the doctors pronounced an excellent remedy for the scurvy, and a valuable preservative for those not yet affected by that disease. Several men were therefore sent out every day to collect it, and in a few weeks its beneficial effects were evident.

"September 9th. To-day the captain summoned the crew on deck, and told them he was now convinced that the ice would not break up this year; we must therefore pass another winter here. He charged them not to let their spirits sink, but with firm confidence to trust in God, under whose protection we were; and to behave themselves as British seamen, who were never found wanting in courage and endurance. He added that we had now for a year subsisted on less than our usual rations, and yet, by God's goodness, had been preserved in tolerable health. In order to make the slender store last till next summer, it would be necessary now to reduce the allowance a little more, but that would suffice for the period of total inactivity. In the spring he would send away forty men in two companies, one to the Mackenzie River, and the other to Port Leopold, where a house would be found and abundance of food and clothing. One could see many dismal faces, but there was nothing to be done but to yield to necessity."

The doctors feared much for the consequences of this reduction, all being already so much enfeebled. Two had lost their reason, and these unhappy ones added to the distress of their companions by raving night and day. There were evident signs of discontent among the sailors, and after about six weeks they assembled on deck one day, and desired through

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the officer of the watch to speak to the captain. When he came, four of them advanced and begged he would forgive them for assembling without his leave, but they had resolved to unite in entreating him to make some addition to their rations; they could not live on the present allowance, and they could not sleep for hunger. The captain reasoned with them, and represented the absolute necessity for economy, but ended by promising them a little more. The poor fellows enjoyed a good dinner, October 26th, the second anniversary of their discovery of a north-west passage. A spirit of cheerfulness showed itself throughout the ship. "Every one had for once had enough to eat. I have often in Labrador had the opportunity of seeing hungry people, but never till now myself experienced what it was to be always hungry."

This winter there was no school, but when the light was sufficient the sailors occupied themselves in reading, and all officers included, had learned knitting or crochet to beguile the weary hours. Christmas-day was anticipated with great joy, for "then we shall again have enough to eat!" When the day arrived, it was celebrated with as much if not more gaiety than before. The steward had contrived to reserve a quarter of musk ox shot in July; this he now produced as roast-beef, which was greeted with unbounded delight. The sailors adorned the lower deck with flags, and pictures drawn and painted by themselves, representing their various adventures by land and sea; even the plum-puddings were decorated with little silk flags. The captain and officers were invited as usual to see all this grandeur, and a sailor in a fanciful costume addressed a long speech to the captain, thanking him for giving them such a pleasant day.

"Dec. 31. To-day another long and trying year is ended. O could we only feel grateful as we ought for the gracious and wondrous help of the Lord! It has been a long and heavy year for us, but God has preserved our health, mine especially, and even in the most troublous times given me many blessed hours of his grace and presence. He has turned the hearts of my shipmates, so that they lend a willing ear to my feeble words, spoken for the good of their souls, and they testify by their conduct that they know and acknowledge something higher and better than the changing, troubled life of earth. I know that it is of the Lord's will, not mine, that I am here; this consciousness has sustained my often sinking courage. May it give me strength to meet the future confidently, whatever toils and dangers it may bring."

The month of January was intensely cold.

During many days no one could leave the ship, and even under the canvas-roofed deck, wrapped in the warmest clothing and running to and fro, it was impossible to remain more than half an hour at a time. Mr. Miertsching suffered more than a fortnight with violent tooth-ache, and a sailor coming in stiff with cold fell down the staircase and broke his arm. The poor lunatics still raved almost incessantly, and the reports of the general health became more and more unfavourable.

In February we read: "The sun has returned, but the state of the crew is still more sad. How heavily must all this adversity press upon our worthy captain! May the Lord give him enduring courage!" The industrious Moravian seems to have been prepared to take up any handiwork that came in his way. "The armourer is ill, and though I have never before taken his place, I have done so now, and am making tin drinking vessels for those of us who are to depart in the spring. The monthly examination of the crew proves that not one of them is any longer fit for hard work. It is a gloomy prospect for us who in six weeks, with the feeblest of them, must yoke ourselves to the heavily laden sledges and drag them hundreds of miles over ice and snow. But it is best to take courage and trust in the Lord. I will rather rejoice in my long journey than look forward with anxiety and fear."

On the 3rd of March the captain made known his intentions. The stock of provisions for all could only last till November; he would therefore send away so many that those who remained might have enough till the spring, in case the ship could not get out of the ice this year. Lieut. Cresswell, Mr. Miertsching, and six sailors, were to go to Princess Royal Island, where a depot and a boat were left in 1851; to live there three months in a tent, and when the ice broke up, put to sea in the boat, endeavour to reach the shores of the continent and ascend the Mackenzie River to Fort Good Hope, and from thence, with the help of the Indians, to reach Montreal and Quebec. Should the St. Lawrence be already frozen, they were to proceed to New York, and take the first steam-packet for England; in order that ships might be prepared and sent out to meet the "Investigator" next spring. The other company, consisting of four officers, including the assistant surgeon, and twenty-six sailors, was to go to Port Leopold, five hundred miles distant, where a house had been built in 1848, stored with everything they could require, and where they would find a small steam-boat. From thence they were to endeavour to reach England by the aid of the whale fishers. Captain McClure, Dr. Armstrong, Mr. Paino, and Mr. Court,

with the strongest sailors, would remain; and if obliged to abandon the ship, they too would seek Port Leopold. The 15th of April was named as the day of departure, and for a month previously they were to receive full rations. "This intelligence caused great depression. Those who are to remain envy their other shipmates, while the latter have little hope of accomplishing such a long journey. Yet there are many who, mindful of the already experienced wonders of the Lord, have firm confidence in his help. I am sure that we shall be able to sing on the way the verse we have often sung together here—

'Thou, our Light, our Leading-star,' etc."

The preparations for the journeys were actively carried on, and by the commencement of April all was completed. The new sledges had been packed and tried, when an unexpected event changed the face of affairs.

"April 7th. Stormy weather and snow prevented us from hunting this morning. The captain occupied himself in writing letters and despatches for the Admiralty, which we were to take with us. About twelve, the wind fell, but it was too late for the chase, therefore the unemployed crew walked up and down on the ice and the strand. I was also walking with the captain near the ship, and we were conversing together upon the journey that lay before me, and upon the melancholy situation of our good ship the 'Investigator.' We were interrupted by a sailor, who announced that yonder in the heavy ice a black moving object could be seen, most likely a musk ox crossing over from Point Back. We looked in the direction indicated, and saw distinctly something moving, but could not decide what it was. Another sailor now came running from the shore, exclaiming, 'They are men.' First one man, and then a sledge with men! The captain and I looked at each other without speaking, and hastened to meet the distant figures. New hopes of life arose in my breast, for, taking the people for Esquimaux, I thought, Wherever these came, we can go. It was twenty-one long months since we had seen any men but ourselves, and as we approached the strangers our hearts throbbled violently. I could not utter a word. Then an English voice called to us: 'I am Lieut. Pym, of the ship "Resolute," Captain Kellet, in Winter Harbour! What tidings! I thought I was dreaming; the joy, the rapture almost stupified me. But it was no dream. The aid, the rescue is reality."

On board the ship this unhopd-for deliverance caused no less joy. The sick, forgetting their sufferings, sprang from their beds, and

in a few minutes all were assembled on deck. "We learned from Lieut. Pym that in 1852 five ships were sent out under the command of Sir Edward Belcher. The 'Assistance' and 'Pioneer' were commanded by Sir Edward in person, the 'Resolute' and 'Intrepid' by Captain Kellet, the same whom we had met in Behring's Strait. The fifth ship, the 'North Star,' was anchored at Cape Riley, to remain as a depot ship for the others. At Cape Riley the ships parted company, Sir Edward Belcher sailing up Wellington Channel, in search of Sir John Franklin, and Captain Kellet towards Melville Island, where he took up his first winter quarters by Dealy Island. The same autumn he sent out several companions to explore the coast and deposit stores of provision in readiness for others who were to be sent far north and west in the spring. One of these parties found the intelligence left by our captain on Melville Island, and returned with it immediately. The winter was too near to send to the Bay of Mercy there, but on the 10th of March, 1853, Captain Kellet despatched Lieut. Pym with a chosen party of men to seek the 'Investigator'; and after a cold and toilsome journey of twenty-eight days, he had found us and made us glad. Many and heartfelt were the thanksgivings that ascended to the throne of grace."

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

"Aye, call it holy ground
The soil where first they trod:
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!"

MRS. HEMANS.

IN America the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers is kept ever fresh. Year by year there are festivals, in celebration of the landing of the emigrants from the "Mayflower," in search of the freedom of worship which they were denied in the Old World. The monumental memorial at New Plymouth is said to require 40,000*l.* for its completion. Some years ago it was proposed that an English memorial of the same event, on a much humbler scale, should be erected in Southwark, many of the ministers and people of which were early confessors and martyrs in the cause of religious toleration. The American minister, the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, warmly entered into the proposal, and bore a noble testimony to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

"In common with most of my countrymen, I entertain the most profound and sincere reverence for the memory of the band of heroic Christians, who, in the face, in the Old World, of neglect and oppression, and in the New, of

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terrible trials, of countless dangers, of death from cold, from starvation, and from a treacherous foe, founded a Christian colony, which has now grown into one of the great nations of the earth. It seems superfluous to speak of this little community of men and women (and noble women, too), which has now become one of the admirations of the world, and which gathered within its ranks as great, I believe, if not greater, an amount of Christian faith, fortitude, endurance, and hope, than was ever found in a body of equal numbers on earth. The 'Rock of Plymouth,' where they finally made their home, has become our Mecca, to which we annually, on the wintry anniversary of their landing, make a pilgrimage, to renew our vows of fidelity to the principles of our forefathers, and offer up our thankful devotions to their and our God for the civil and religious liberty he has permitted us to inherit from them. Long may that rock remain—a monument to teach my countrymen so to conduct the affairs of the present, that the future may not be unworthy of the past we have received.*

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

XII.

MOUNT ZION AND THE VIA DOLOROSA.

THE CHURCH OF THE APOSTLES—THE COLUMN OF THE SCOURGING—FRANCISCAN CONVENT—THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS—HOVELS OF THE LEPERS—THE GREAT ARMENIAN CONVENT—THE POOL OF BATHSHEBA—ZION THE PARENT OF JERUSALEM—A NATURAL FORTRESS—ZION TYPICAL OF THE CHURCH—THE VIA DOLOROSA—TURKISH INVENTIONS—THE ARCH OF THE ECCE HOMO, AND OTHER LEGENDARY SITES.

THE "large upper room" mentioned in our last paper—the "Cænaculum," as it is called—stands upon the site and probably is the same building mentioned by Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem in the fourth century, as the church of the apostles, where they were said to be assembled on the day of Pentecost. Epiphanius speaks of it about the same time under the same name, and he relates that this building, with a few others in its vicinity, escaped destruction by Titus, and that this chamber was the church of the faithful after their return from Pella. We have already noticed that the western wall of Zion was said by Josephus to have been spared by Titus, and it is not impossible that the buildings mentioned by Epiphanius were left standing as barracks for his soldiers. In 697 the building is mentioned by Adamnanus, in Arculf's Travels, and

was held to be the Cænaculum, and to contain the column to which Christ was bound when scourged. Jerome, writing in the fourth century, describes this column as sustaining the portico of a church on Mount Zion. The Jerusalem itinerary (A.D. 333) also mentions the column. We cannot look upon a spot distinguished by early tradition as the scene of events so momentous, without deep feelings of awe. There are strong probabilities that these early writers handed down a tale that had been transmitted to them from apostolic days. Their testimony takes a belief in the authenticity of this site quite out of the domain of credulity.

Other legends, less ancient and trustworthy, soon grouped themselves around this hallowed spot. Arculf (A.D. 700) found that within the area covered by this building, the Virgin Mary died and St. Stephen was martyred; and yet later the monks added other occurrences of interest to the long list of events connected with our Saviour's earthly career, supposed to have taken place here. The building adjoining the Cænaculum was erected by Sancia, queen of Robert of Sicily, as a convent for the Franciscans, and it was their chief seat from A.D. 1313 till 1561. They were then expelled by the Moslems under these circumstances: a rich and influential Jew from Constantinople visiting the holy city, begged permission from the monks to pray at the tomb of David, but his request was indignantly refused. He threatened vengeance; and on his return to Constantinople he rebuked the grand vizier for neglecting the tomb of one of Islam's great prophets, and suffering it to remain in the hands of the infidel Nazarenes. He was not sparing in bribes to give additional force to his representations. He was successful, and the Franciscan brotherhood was driven from the convent. They are still permitted on Mandy Thursday to enter the Cænaculum, and here on that day they wash the feet of pilgrims in commemoration of the example of humility set by Christ upon this spot.

From the "large upper room," the church of the apostles standing over David's tomb, we went to a singular, tall, ugly block of buildings, also without the walls. This belongs to the Armenians, who obtained possession of it soon after the Crusades, and it has no external opening whatever except a small postern with an iron door. This is the reputed palace of Caiaphas, and the authority for its being so dignified is of great antiquity, but of very doubtful character.

Entering the Zion gate, "the gate of the prophet David," as the Moslems call it, we passed the wretched hovels of a wretched race

* This extract is from a little volume, "Lays of the Pilgrim Fathers," edited by Benjamin Scott, F.R.S., Chamberlain of London, Published by Longman & Co., in aid of the Southwark Memorial Fund.

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of people, the lepers, outcasts from their kind, condemned to live apart and intermarry only amongst themselves. In childhood and early youth their progeny show no symptoms of the disease; but at last—sooner or later, for the age at which it appears is uncertain—it is sure to break out. At first it attacks a finger, or the nose, or a foot, and then slowly and steadily the plague-spot spreads and pursues its course unchecked as long as its victim lives. Some of these miserable creatures live to the age of forty or fifty, but the majority die younger. No one knows whether this horrible complaint is the leprosy mentioned in Scripture or not.

The most comfortable residence in Jerusalem is unquestionably the great Armenian convent, which with its buildings and gardens covers a large proportion of that part of the summit of Mount Zion which is inclosed within the city wall. It is a noble and vast institution, and can afford accommodation to three thousand pilgrims. It was founded in the eleventh century by the Georgians, who, finding their revenues unequal to the expense required for the establishment, and for the heavy tribute exacted by the Turks for permission to occupy the edifice, sold the whole property to the Armenians early in the fifteenth century, reserving a right of redemption, which has never been exercised. The church, built on the traditional site of the martyrdom of St. James, is dedicated to that apostle, and in size is second only to that of the holy sepulchre. In decoration, vestments, etc., it is by far the richest church in Jerusalem, but its style of ornament is tawdry and barbarous. One of the reasons of the wealth of the Armenian convent here is said to be that the Armenians in other lands make three collections during their Sunday services, one of which is for Jerusalem; and the whole sect having a warm interest in everything connected with the holy city, they contribute liberally to the support of their institutions there. Among their treasures, they claim to possess the chair of St. James; but the authenticity, not only of this relic, but of the site upon which the church is built, is doubtful. It is not probable that the apostle would have been executed within the walls, for this would have been contrary to the customs of the ancients, and this spot must have been within the walls at that epoch.

Close to the Jaffa gate is a small ancient tank, called the pool of Bathsheba. Tradition asserts that David lived in the tower of Hippicus, and from its summit saw the ill-fated Uriah's fair wife bathing in this pool. Another ancient pool in the bottom of the valley outside

the walls also lays claim to having been the scene of this melancholy adventure.

These are the sites upon Mount Zion more distinguished by their past associations. Some of them are doubtless authentic; some have probability and others have possibility in their favour; and the remainder, with a long list which we have omitted to mention, have been the suggestions of knaves or enthusiasts. A few words more upon time-honoured Zion, and then we will enter the later-built city.

This "stronghold of Zion," the hill fort of the Jebusites, was the parent of Jerusalem—the original nucleus of the city which Titus destroyed. Probably Salem, the royal city of Melchizedek, stood here, and no doubt it was the first spot occupied by buildings in the area of what was afterwards Jerusalem. It saw the last struggle between the Jew and the Roman, when the rest of Jerusalem was in ruins, and the soldiers of Titus filled, the blood-stained courts of God's desecrated temple. From the walls of Zion, Israel's children refused the quarter offered by the Gentile, and perished sword in hand in the splendid palace and luxurious gardens of their kings.

The mount of Zion was remarkably adapted by nature for a fenced city. The almost level platform on its summit gave ample space for habitations, and was bounded on three sides by craggy declivities falling into deep ravines. From the earliest times, the resources of art had added to nature's defences, and we have seen how its ancient possessors defied David and David's God. He took the hill fortress, enlarged, adorned, and strengthened it, till he made it worthy to be Israel's capital; and then in many a passage we read how dear to the warrior-king were those mighty ramparts whose protection he could, from his own personal experience, so keenly appreciate, and how enthusiastic was his admiration of its majesty and beauty.

"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, in the mountain of his holiness. Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great king; God is known in her palaces for a refuge." "Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof. Mark well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following." "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever." As David looked from the surrounding hills or ravines to his strong city, begirt with lofty walls and towers on Zion's brow, his heart swelled with pride, but at the same time

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it glowed with thankfulness to the Almighty for such a good gift, and he gave glory to God who had guided and guarded his brave spirit and his guiding hand in their successful course. But whilst he poured forth his triumphant strains, the breath of Divine inspiration gave a wider meaning to his song, and all that was great and glorious in his mountain-enthroned capital was typical of a spiritual city. The earthly Zion was strong: the heavenly Zion is impregnable: Man's violence was to prostrate and time was to crumble the bulwarks of the earthly Zion; but neither Satan can dislodge nor eternity decay one stone of the walls and battlements of the spiritual Zion—"the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem," founded upon the rock Christ Jesus.

For some centuries a narrow street, which zigzags through the modern Jerusalem from the church of the holy sepulchre to the palace of the governor, has been called the "Via Dolorosa." Into this street tradition has brought together the scenes of all the events, historical or legendary, connected with the crucifixion. The legendary sites begin at the palace of Pontius Pilate, now the governor's palace, with two old built-up arches in the wall which mark the threshold of the "Scala Santa"—the holy staircase—down which our Saviour descended from the judgment hall, and which was transported by Constantine to the basilica of St. John Lateran at Rome, where, on days of high festival, crowds may be seen wearily toiling up step by step on their knees. On the opposite side of the street is the church of the Flagellation, being the spot where, according to tradition, our Saviour was scourged. This church has been recently rebuilt; but two pillars, one on each side, remain in their original position. The ancient capitals of others have been placed upon ill-assorted fragments of columns; and inserted in the square pillars of the modern building. Next, "the Arch of the Bece Homo" spans the street. This is the subject of the engraving in the present number. From the window in the centre of the arch, Pilate is said to have exhibited Jesus to the multitude with the exclamation, "Behold the Man!" The woman and child represented in the foreground very opportunely came down the street towards us as we sketched, and were transferred to our paper as they leisurely approached. The veils worn by women at Jerusalem are commonly of cotton, and of a dull greenish or orange hue. They cover the whole face, and are so thick that the form of a feature cannot even be guessed at, and in warm weather the wearer must be half stifled.

Continuing our course, we are shown the spot where the Saviour, fainting under the cross,

leaned against the wall of a house, and is said to have left a deep impression upon the stone. Then, there is the spot where, meeting his mother, he said, "Salve Mater!" We saw the reputed house of Dives, and the stone in front of it on which Lazarus sat! Then there is the place where our Saviour fell with the cross, and, close by, the house of St. Veronica, whose identical handkerchief, tripled by some Romish miracle not recorded, is exhibited at Rome and at two other Italian cities at one and the same time! The street now ascends towards the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is very picturesque, and here we took the sketch engraved in a former number. The pavement is rugged, and the houses rather prison-like. Their entrance doors are low, and the windows grated or covered with cupboard-like projections, pierced with small holes or latticed, to enable their inhabitants to look up and down the street. These projecting windows, when they occur, break the monotony of the otherwise blank walls. The street often dives under low archways and is almost dark; and here are more "stations," among which is the spot where the soldiers compelled Simon to carry the cross, and the place where Christ said to the weeping women, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me."

Now it is childish to suppose that this narrow street, with its sharp turns and twists, precisely followed the course of one of the great thoroughfares of the ancient city, after its almost total destruction, and the lapse of many centuries; and even if such an absurdity could be credited, it would but little assist in the identification of the sites enumerated. Still, these houses and walls and arches and stones are implicitly believed by pilgrims to mark the actual spots where the scenes we have referred to really took place, and a small knot of strangers, devout and believing, may often be seen gazing reverently on the spots hallowed by such associations. Though we reject the legendary sites, yet it is impossible to tread the "Via Dolorosa" without a solemn feeling, for it was in Jerusalem that those awful and touching incidents took place, and we are in Jerusalem.

Our two views of this "Via Dolorosa" give a good idea of the street architecture of modern Jerusalem, and no better specimens could be found than those which occur at intervals throughout its windings. Its name is mentioned by none of the early writers we have occasionally quoted; the first allusion to it being in Marinus Sanutus, who wrote in the fourteenth century. We may therefore presume that its name and its "stations" are inventions of ecclesiastics.



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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Eccles. xi. 1.*



ARE you going at the right season to Mysore or China, you would see thousands of people planting the corn of those countries. They sow it in the mud or on the dry soil, and then immediately they turn on a flood of water, so that the whole field becomes a shallow pond. You would think the seed was drowned. But wait a few weeks, and then go and view one of these artificial lakes, and from all its surface you will see green points rising, and day by day that grass shoots taller, till at last the water is no more seen, and till eventually the standing pool has ripened into a field of rich and rustling grain. So that in its literal sense the farmers of these lands are every year fulfilling the maxim of the text. For should the spring come on them, and find their supply of rice corn scanty, instead of devouring it all, they will rather stint themselves. They will rather go hungry for weeks together, and live on a pinched supply; for the bread which they cast on the waters this spring, creates the crop on which they are to subsist next autumn and winter; and they are content to cast it on the waters now, for they are sure to find it after many days.

Or suppose that you are in the South Sea Isles, where the bread-fruit grows, and that by chance or on purpose, you scatter some of its precious bunches on the sea. At the moment you may feel that they are lost; but should the winds and waters waft them to one of those reef islands with which such seas are thickly studded, the wandering seeds may get washed ashore, and beneath those brilliant suns may quickly grow to a bread-fruit forest. And should some disaster long years after wreck you on that reef, when these trees are grown and their clusters ripe, you may owe your sustenance to the bread which you cast on the waters long ago.

Such is God's husbandry. Do the right deed. Do it in faith, and in prayer commend it to the care of God. And though the waves of circumstance may soon waft it beyond your ken, they only carry it to the place prepared by him. And whether on an earthly or a heavenly shore, the result will be found, and the reaper will rejoice that he once was a sower.

Dr. Dwight of America tells how, when the country near Albany was newly settled, an Indian came to the inn at Litchfield, and asked for a night's shelter—at the same time confessing that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay. The hostess drove him away with reproachful epithets; and as the Indian was retiring sorrowfully—there being no other inn for many a weary mile—a man who was sitting by directed the hostess to supply his wants and promised to pay her. As soon as his supper was ended, the Indian thanked his benefactor, and said he would some day repay him. Several years thereafter the settler was taken a prisoner by a hostile tribe, and carried off to Canada. However, his life was spared, though he himself was detained in slavery. But one day an Indian came to him, and giving him a musket, bade the white man follow him. The Indian never told where they were going, nor what was his object; but day after day the captive followed his mysterious guide, till one afternoon they came suddenly on a beautiful expanse of cultivated fields, with many houses rising amongst them. "Do you know that place?" asked the Indian. "Ah, yes—it is Litchfield;" and whilst the astonished exile had not recovered from his first start of amazement, the Indian exclaimed, "And I am the starving Indian on whom at this very place you took pity. And now that I have paid for my supper, I pray you go home."

And it is to such humanities that the text has primary reference; for the context runs, "Give a portion to seven and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth." That is, miss no opportunity of performing kind actions. Though you should have bestowed your bounty on seven—on a number which you might deem sufficient—should an eighth present himself, do something for him also; for you know not what evil shall be upon earth. You know not in this world of mutation how soon you may be the pensioner instead of the almoner. You know not how soon you may be glad of a crust from those who are at present thankful for your crumbs. Beneficence is the best insurance.

Although so often exemplified in cases of common humanity and kind-heartedness, the maxim of our text is especially applicable to the efforts of Christian philanthropy. These are pre-eminently aramantine. There are seeds which, after being borne on the current for a few days or weeks, lose their vitality; they rot and sink and disappear. So is it with much of human effort. So is it with many a worldly scheme, many a plausible suggestion, many a patriotic enterprise. It finds little

favour in its day: it cannot get deposited in a sufficient number of appropriate minds; and thus, ere long, it becomes old and obsolete: the thought perishes, the seed dissolves and vanishes. But not so with pious effort. It is more than the lucky thought of fallible and short-sighted man; it is more than the well-meaning purpose of a feeble and sinful worm. It is a thought suggested by God's own Spirit; it is a purpose sustained and animated by One whose wisdom is infinite and who is alive for evermore. And though the mind in which that wish or effort first originated may long since have passed from these scenes of mortality; though, forgetful of its ennobling, the hand which first launched on the tide of human thought that project or that principle, may long since be crumbling in the clay; a heavenly life is at its core, and, as it journeys on its buoyant path, a covenant-keeping God will preserve its little ark till it reach the predestined creek, and after many days be drawn forth from the waters—a Moses of the mind.

So was it with the first Reformers. Searching in their Bibles, they found truths of God which had vanished from the memories of men—great truths and glorious, no longer current in the vernacular of Christendom. But after their own understandings and hearts had been filled and expanded by them, they gave them utterance. That it is through the justified Surety that a sinner is just with God; that betwixt that sinner and that Surety nothing mediates nor intervenes, neither Mary in heaven nor mother Church on earth, neither the sainted mediator of the calendar nor the sacerdotal mediator of the confessional; but that to his great High Priest, the God-Man, Immanuel, the sinner may come boldly and may come direct; that in order to receive the atonement and rejoice in Christ Jesus, no preliminaries of penance, or pilgrimages, are requisite, but that for this great salvation conscious sin is sufficient fitness, and the word and will of God sufficient warrant: these and other golden truths, fresh gleaned from the Bible, they published—some preaching them from pulpits, some proclaiming with their pens. And the hosts of darkness took alarm. Wickliff went to the dungeon; Huss and Jerome to the flaming pile. But, though the witness perished, the word of God could not be bound: the truth of God was neither burned nor buried; but over the troubled deep of a dark and stormy century this bread of life, these seeds of saving knowledge, floated on, till God the Spirit lauded them and planted them in minds prepared, and from these rescued waifs there sprang the glorious Reformation.

The principle admits of boundless application; and it should be very cheering to all who are engaged in labours of Christian love. For instance, if you are engaged in teaching your own children, or the children of other people, and your great anxiety is to see some good thing towards the Lord—some dawn of pious feeling, some development of personal earnestness; but, notwithstanding all the discouragement which you throw into your work and all the prayer with which you follow your instructions, you dare hardly say that you perceive any hopeful sign; be not discouraged. It is God's own truth, and if all your heart is in it, it is living truth, and will blossom on some day. It may be in that soul's salvation out and out. It may be in restraining it from much sin, or in urging it to duties which it would otherwise have never thought of doing. And it may be after many days. It may be after your own day altogether. It may be on the shores of another continent. It may be on the shores of another world. But still, God's word shall not go forth a living power, and come back a vacant nullity. That word shall never go forth without returning, and when it returns it shall never be void. "In the morning, then, sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." Sow thy seed. Sow tracts and Bibles, and good books. Sow friendly hints and words in season. Sow cordial looks and substantial services. And sow beside all waters. Cast thy bread not only on Jordan's flood, but on the streams of Babylon. Cast it on the Thames and the Ganges. And whilst remembering that "the field is the world," forget not thine own family.

"OLD HOPEFUL." ✓

FIFTEEN months ago I was visiting a grocer's wife in one of the most picturesque parts of "Auld Reekie," when she said to me: "I wish ma'am, you'd just go up the stair; there's a pair auld body wi' naebody to care for her, and she's just a fine old creature; we call her 'Old Hopeful;' pitiful as she is, she never complains."

I went up the street, and found one of those narrow outside stone staircases, which those who are familiar with Old Edinburgh must often long to explore. This took me to a small, dark, decayed landing, with a grated unglazed window, and after groping about very dubiously, and disturbing a large "collie," who growled at the intrusion, and followed me closely to watch my proceedings, I came to a dark and nearly perpendicular wooden stair, which felt

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remarkably insecure, leading to a landing, which I found by feeling round it was about five feet by three with a door on each side. The dog evidently suspected my intentions, for he pulled my cloak and snarled and growled so loudly as to make himself audible to the inhabitants of one of these rooms, who were thus interrupted in the middle of a strife, in which I judged from the sounds that words had come to blows. While I was inwardly hoping that this room did not contain the object of my search, the door was violently opened by a ragged, tipsy-looking man, who, with a volley of execrations, kicked the faithful dog into the room, producing a loud yell by the act, and a fresh tornado of wrath from his "helmet."

I rapped at the other door; and on its being opened, introduced myself, and was received with a courtesy at once reserved and kindly on my mentioning the name of the friendly grocer. A simple glance took the inventory of the contents of the room. It was a very small garret, at the top of one of those wonderful many-storeyed houses, feebly lighted by a tiny window which looked out upon the massive castle rock and across the deep ravine of the reclaimed Nor'loch to the unapproachable splendours of the New Town. A poor-looking bed occupied a recess, and a small worm-eaten deal table, a "kist" or wooden trunk, an old arm-chair with brass nails on the arms, an old high-back chair, a wooden stool, a curiously fashioned screen, an iron pot, a kettle, a tea-pot, two tea-cups, three plates and a cracked hand mirror, constituted the sole furniture—fit accompaniments to the central object, "Old Hopeful" herself, who having received me, sat down by the fire in the brass-nailed arm-chair. She was aged, and time and care had graven deep lines on her face, but had failed to destroy a settled expression of contentment. She wore a clean white cambric cap, bound round with a black handkerchief, the token of widowhood, a small brown shawl and a blue frieze petticoat, the parish gift. It was a day on which the rich were shivering in their curtained rooms, and comfortless enough she looked crouching by her little fire, vainly trying to warm the stiffening limbs of four-score and six. I did not like to pry into her circumstances; she said she was comfortable and contented, and that her daughter, who was in service, paid her rent; and this was all I learned. She was as reserved about her spiritual state; but from her peaceful look and the open Bible on the table, over which she had thrown a handkerchief at my entrance, I judged that she had learned from the inspired page "the godliness which hath the promise of the life that now is."

I visited her very often after this, and "as the

snow wreaths in thaw," her reserve melted away, and many talks and prayers we had in the old garret, where a warm welcome and a fervent blessing ever awaited me. But it was not from herself that I learned that she only had *six shillings a month* to live upon; that regularly as this pittance was paid to her by the parish officer, she paid it intact to the grocer below, and that with all her contentment and cheerfulness, she could barely obtain enough of necessary food. Through the grocer's wife, a friend managed to convey to her what made her more comfortable, and she was not too independent to be grateful. I left her with regret after a two months' acquaintance, scarcely expecting to see her again on earth.

On returning to Edinburgh three months ago, almost my first expedition was in search of "Old Hopeful," with the dread of seeing an unfamiliar face at the garret door. The old "collie," looking more grizzled and less fierce than the year before, was lying at the threshold; and on my getting no reply to my rap, he quietly let me step over him and open the door. I was prepared for a strange face, but not for the alteration which had come over my old friend. Would that the rich would enter the haunts where blameless poverty hides itself away to die, hearing in mind the verse, "God hath made of one blood all the nations that are on the face of the earth." A gaunt, spectral figure, worn by disease and want, and clad in uncleanly rags, feebly rose as I entered, and fixed its faded hollow eyes on me almost vacantly, but sank down again from weakness. But in the look of intelligence which flashed into those poor eyes, in both hands held out to grasp mine, and in the exclamation, "Oh, is't ye that are back again? I've been wearying to see ye for lang lang syne," I sadly recognised the wreck of "Old Hopeful." She was cowering over a wretched fire, with a threadbare blanket over her head and shoulders; the lines on her face had deepened, and it wore a suffering expression, very painful to see. The room was extremely wretched, and positively so filthy that a neighbour who had been very kind had been made ill by spending an hour in it. A half-starved cat, which had suffered considerably from the attacks of the collic, was growling on the floor over the tail of a herring; a tub of clothes which the old woman had been attempting to wash, was by the window; and a line, from which some half-washed ragged garments were hanging, stretched across the room. The window was broken and stuffed with rags, the bed was a heap of rags, and a small heap of the poorest kind of coal was placed by Old Hopeful's chair so as to be within reach.

There was no difficulty now in getting her confidence; she told me that she had been ill all the summer, and had a bad wound in her back; but with an indestructible hopefulness, she said she should get better when the warm weather came, and that the neighbours, especially the Romanist who owned the collie, were very kind. I thought she would soon be better in the land where the winter comes not, when the burden of her mortality was thrown aside. As I went down-stairs, a neighbour told me of her terrible state of want and suffering, and that she would not let her daughter know of it lest she should give up her place in order to nurse her. The room became worse and worse, and its occupant more and more feeble. I often found her in bed, or huddled up in a blanket by the fire, but she always said she was "better" and "very comfortable," and indignantly refused to be moved to the Union hospital. The last time that I saw her in possession of her faculties, I asked her if her sole dependence was on Jesus Christ? It was the first time that I had ventured to put the question directly. Claspings her shrivelled hands together, while her faded eye beamed through a gathering mist, she said with deep feeling, "Oh yes, I believe he just took away all my sins when he died. I ken him well, and oh I'm wearying to go to him."

During that night she had a paralytic seizure, and never recovered consciousness. On my next visit, I found her daughter, a single woman, about sixty years old, who out of small wages had long paid the rent of her mother's room, and had now left her place to nurse a parent whom she loved with an uncommon tenderness. During the week in which her mother lingered, this faithful creature rarely left her side, and at night slept on the bare boards of the floor. She spent her small savings in procuring comforts for her, declining assistance in this; and after her mother's death, sold her best clothes to prevent her from being buried in a pauper's coffin. A benevolent society which had aided her for two weeks, sent three shillings the night after her death, and the daughter returned it, thinking it unjust to keep it. It was not till she had done all for the living and the dead, that she consented to accept the aid which her penniless state rendered necessary. These few touches describe one of the noblest characters I ever met.

It was but little that could be done, and after a hard struggle, Old Hopeful's spirit passed away. I went up the familiar stair the day after her death, and thinking that the corpse was alone in the room, I opened the door gently without rapping, and saw what would have

made a perfect picture of sorrow. The corpse lay on the bed, and the daughter was kneeling on the floor beside it, with one arm round it and her head resting upon it, sobbing bitterly at the loss of her last earthly friend; while the light of the sun, then setting in a flood of crimson and gold, streamed through the small window and flamed like a glory over the heads of the living and the dead. As I looked upon the calm still face, from which death's kindly touch had already effaced the deep lines which sorrow and time had graven there, and on the pale shrivelled hands crossed in their endless rest, I found it easy to realize that the last battle had been won; that the pilgrim had reached the city of habitation; that the liberated spirit was already resting where the evil comes not; and that another voice was joining in that strange new song which sweeps in eternal harmonies round the throne of God and of the Lamb.

THE POET AND THE APOSTLE.

At the time when Cicero was proconsul of Cilicia, it was the boast of the province to have numbered the poet Aratus among its natives. As an evidence of his popularity, silver coins were struck, bearing his head on one side, with a lyre on the reverse, of which a specimen is still in existence. But shortly after the great Roman orator retired from the district, it gave birth to the apostle Paul, who, while "less than the least of all saints" in his own esteem, was one of the noblest of mankind, if true nobility consists in the power of benefiting the human race, and in the exercise of it to the greatest possible extent by a life of self-denying labour. The poet was a Greek, born at Soli, afterwards Pompeiopolis, at no great distance from Tarsus, the capital. The apostle was a Jew, born in the capital itself, "a citizen of no mean city," for it had risen to be a distinguished school of philosophy and learning. The relatives of Aratus were persons of some consideration. His father had acquired fame as a soldier, and one of his brothers was known as a classical scholar. He lived about the time of the first Punic war, B. C. 250, was the contemporary of Euclid, and adopted medicine for a profession. He completed his education at Athens, and spent the latter part of his days attached to the court of Antigonus II, king of Macedonia, under whose patronage he produced a still extant astronomical poem with the title of *Phenomena*. Why couple his name with that of the great apostle of the Gentiles? They were not only natives of the same province, but both became known at Athens; and while there, Paul undoubtedly had special reference

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to Aratus, in his noble address to the Athenians, when he observed:—"In him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring."

The sentiment quoted with verbal exactness occurs at the commencement of the poem, of course with a heathen application.

"Jove fills the heavens, the earth, the sea, the air;
We feel his spirit moving here and everywhere;
And see his offspring arc. He, ever good,
Daily provides for man his daily food;
Ordains the seasons by his signs on high,
Studding with gems of light the azure canopy.
What time with plough and spade to break the soil,
That plenteous stores may bless the reaper's toil;
What time to plant and prune the vine he shows,
And hangs the purple cluster on its boughs,
To him—the first, the last, all homage yield,
Our Father wonderful, our help, our shield."

The apostle, as appears from his epistles, was conversant with the literature of the Greeks, as well as with the peculiar learning of the Jews. The idea expressed above may be found with slight variations in other ancient writers, as Hesiod, Pindar, Lucretius, and Cleanthes. The latter, in a hymn to Jupiter, has the passage:—

"Majestic Jove, all hail! to thee belong
The suppliant prayer, the tributary song;
To thee, from all thy mortal offspring due,
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine."

But it may be safely assumed that allusion is specially made to the *Phenomena*, both as written by a native Cilician, and as then an extremely popular production throughout both the Greek and Roman world. How much it was admired appears from the fact that three Latin translations were made of it, parts of which have been preserved. One was by Cicero himself when very young; a second by Cæsar Germanicus, the grandson of Augustus; a third by Festus Avienus, in the fourth century of the Christian era. It is therefore a warrantable conclusion that the apostle had the work of Aratus particularly in view; and his acquaintance with it, quotation from it, with the enrolment of the sentence in the sacred volume, are circumstances which invest the poem with great interest. A brief notice of it may be given.

The poem of Aratus is not an original composition, but a metrical version of an astronomical treatise, now lost, written by a Greek of the Alexandrian school. It contains upwards of eleven hundred verses; and was designed to be a popular guide-book to a knowledge of the heavens, while prognostics of the weather are introduced drawn from the position of the stars. The names and configurations of all the con-

stellations then in use are given, as the Bears, Draco, Cepheus, and Orion, with their relative times of rising and setting. Forty-five are mentioned, namely, the twelve zodiacal, with twenty in the northern hemisphere, and thirteen in the southern.

"These heavenly signs some wise and ancient man,
Skillful and apt the realms of night to scan,
Devised and figured: each arrang'd with care—
Decking with various forms the concave sphere."

The path of the sun in the zodiac is described. The Milky Way is referred to as one of the great circles in the heavens. But nothing is said of the moon's orbit; and while the planets are noticed as bodies having a motion of their own, no attempt is made to define their periods.

"Five other stars remain of various size,
That lawless seem to wander through the skies;
Hence planets called; yet still they ever run
Through the twelve signs, the circuit of the sun.
Thousands of ages come—thousands depart—
Ere all return and meet where once they start."

That view of the universe afterwards known as the Ptolemaic is maintained, which regarded the earth as an immoveable centre, around which the whole firmament daily revolved.

The speaker to the scholarly assembly, citing the poem, had become a very different man from what he was when, as Saul of Tarsus, he first read it, in his native city, and looked up to the stars from the banks of the Cydnus. His native blindness, prejudice, and bigotry, had been dispelled by the glorious light and sanctifying influence of the doctrine of Christ. He had been brought to know him as "God manifest in the flesh, seen of angels, received up into glory"—seen also by himself, in his glorified humanity—heard likewise rebuking a persecuting mission, and calling him to the championship of his cause; and it had become the grand aim of his life to make known the adorable mystery of His incarnation, passion, and death, by whom the worlds were made. All his naturally great endowments were now consecrated to one object, and all his acquired secular knowledge was carefully husbanded to promote it—that of putting down the idolatry of the nations, illustrating the truth as it is in Jesus, and turning men from the error of their ways. Still he looked up with admiration to the spacious firmament which canopies man with material magnificence. Still he marked its diversified luminaries—one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, one star differing from another star in glory; and this varied splendour is referred to in one of his epistles as an image of the distinctive differences which will mark the allotments of the righteous in the great future, according as gifts and opportunities are used with negligence or improved with fidelity.

The truth recognised in the poem was now rescued from a profane association, and legitimately appropriated. "Forasmuch then," he went on to say, "as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, gra on by art and man's device." This was treading on dangerous ground, but with calm intrepidity he embraced a perilous position. He stood on Mars' Hill, in the very heart of Athens, now an insulated precipitous rock, broken towards the south, and sloping gently down on the northern side. From the elevated position he occupied, beneath the canopy of heaven, the eye overlooked a magnificent panorama. In the foreground were marble temples, statues, and other monuments of pagan pomp, with the blue sea and the mountain landscape beyond. From its pedestal on the rock of the Acropolis, the bronze colossal statue of Minerva, armed with spear, shield, and helmet, towered over the city as its tutelal goddess and champion; and almost within its shadow the statue it was made, that neither to that, the work of Phidias, nor to any object of human art, the Deity was like. There was the temple of Mars, with that of the Eumenides and the stately Parthenon, so nigh at hand as to be almost within reach of the voice which declared that "the Lord of heaven and earth dwelleth not in temples made with hands," but is "not far from every one of us."

However novel these views to the polished assembly to whom they were addressed, we are very familiar with them, as verities of which we have heard from the days of childhood. Nor can it be doubted that familiarity tends to dull the mind to the due senso of their importance, but solitary reflection may supply the proper corrective. They can never be thought of with too much seriousness and frequency. God near to every one of us is the grandest and most solemn of all truths, revealed with the clearness of a sunbeam, sublimely illustrated, and earnestly enforced on the page of inspiration.

"Oh tell me, mighty mind, where art thou?
Shall I dive into the deep? call to the sun,
Or ask the roaring sea of their Creator?
Shall I question loud the thunder,
If in that the Almighty dwells;
Or holds t. o furious storms in straitened reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions? trembling, I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the present God."

He is near at all times and in all places; in direct contact with all existence, the vast and the minute, the distant and the present; and near in all the glorious personality of his nature, so vitally that "in him we live and move and have our being." We cannot solve the problem of omnipresence, or compass in the

least the transcendent truth, but it behoves us to keep it constantly in mind; and if governed by its practical influence, it then becomes a doctrine as delightful as it is solemn and mysterious. In every wandering, peril, and sorrow, we know that a friend is with us as an efficient helper and faithful guardian; and we may find unspeakable refreshment in the thought, as our Lord did when anticipating human desertion, "Ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

EXTRACTS FROM OLD DIVINES.

AM I IN THE RIGHT WAY?—Were he not a foolish traveller that would hold on his way when he doth not know whether it be right or wrong, and say, I hoped am right; I will not doubt of it; I will go on, and trust God? Art not thou guilty of this folly in thy travels to eternity?—*Richard Baxter.*

OUR PRAYERS.—God respecteth not the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor the rhetoric of our prayers, how neat they are; nor the geometry of our prayers, how long they are; nor the music of our prayers, how melodious they are; nor the logic of our prayers, how methodical they are; but the divinity of our prayers, how heart-sprung they are. Not gifts, but graces, prevail in prayer.—*Trapp.*

PAINTED FIRE needs no fuel; a dead, formal profession is easily kept up.—*Manton.*

CREEDS AND CONFESSIONS.—Order is a help to memory. Hends of doctrine are as cells wherein to bestow all the things that are heard from the word. He that is well instructed in the principles of religion will most easily and firmly remember divine truths.—*Manton.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF REPROOF.—We have many reprovers, but the manner shows too plainly that they are few sincere. Pride bids men reprove others, to manifest a high estimation of themselves; and they obey, and proudly, censoriously, and contemptuously, they do it. Passion bids them reprove, and passionately they do it. But it is those that do it in compassion and tender love to men's souls, who do it in obedience to Christ, the most tender compassionate lover of souls, and who baptize him in their measure and place, who come to seek and to save that which was lost.—*Richard Baxter.*

CARE FOR THE BODY.—Learn how to carry thyself with prudence to thy body. It is a useful servant if thou give it its due, and but its due; it is a most devouring tyrant if thou give it the mastery, or suffer it to have what it unreasonably desireth; and it is as a blunted knife, as a horse that is lame, as the ox that is finished, if thou injuriously deny it what is necessary to its support. When we consider how frequently men offend in both extremes, and how few use their bodies aright, we cannot wonder if they be much hindered in their heavenly conversing.—*Richard Baxter.*

SMALL BEGINNINGS.—The considerable actions in the world have usually very small beginnings. Of a few letters how many thousand words are made, of ten figures how many thousand numbers! A point is the beginning of all geometry. A little stone flung into a pond makes a little circle, then a greater, till it enlargeth itself to both the sides. So from small beginnings, God doth cause an efflux through the whole world.—*Charnock.*

Bible Notes and Queries.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PROPHECIES OF JEREMIAH.—Jeremiah was the son of Hilkiah, a priest of Anathoth, in Benjamin. He was called to the prophetic office about seventy years after the death of Isaiah, in the thirteenth year of king Josiah, whilst he was very young (l. 6) and still living at Anathoth. It would seem that he remained in his native place for several years; but at length, probably in consequence of the persecution of his fellow-townsmen, and even of his own family (xi. 21; xii. 6), as well as, under the Divine direction, to have a wider field for his labours, he left Anathoth, and came to Jerusalem. He also visited the cities of Judah, and prophesied altogether upwards of forty years (xi. 6).

The prophecies of this book do not appear to stand in respect to time as they were delivered. Why they are not so arranged, and how they are to be reduced to chronological order, it is not easy to say. *Blayney* proposes the following arrangement: the prophecies delivered (1), in the reign of Josiah, comprising i.—xii.; (2), in the reign of Jehoiakim, xiii.—xx.; xxii.; xxiii.; xxv.; xxvi.; xxxv.; xxxvi.; xlv.—xlvi.; xlix. 1—33; 3, in the time of Zedekiah, xxi.; xxiv.; xxvii.—xxxiv.; xxxvii.—xxxix.; xlix. 34—39; l.—lii.; (4), during the administration of Gedaliah, and in Egypt, xl.—xlv. Chap. lii. seems made up from the later chapters of Kings (see xxiv. 18—25; xxv., and repeats part of chaps. xxxix. and xl. From chap. li. 34, and the later date of some of the facts, the whole chapter may be regarded as the work of a later writer, and probably of Ezra.

MATT. v. 16.—"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. vi. 3. "But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

In the first of these passages, our Lord gives directions that good works may be seen, and in the second, that certain others may be quite secret. But the two precepts are very easily reconciled. The first is addressed to the true disciples of Christ, and contains the fact which the pride of this world is unwilling to allow, that they alone are possessed of the true light or knowledge which is necessary for man. Taught by the Spirit and the word of God, they are careful to maintain good works, to follow after the things which are lovely and of good report, and to exhibit, without vanity or self-seeking, an example of good conduct, which all who know them may see, admire, and imitate, while honour is given not to them, but to their Father in heaven, the power of whose grace has made them what they are. Such good works may be shown not only by those who are conspicuous in their worldly station, or remarkable for their gifts and abilities; but even by those whose outward circumstances are very unfavourable to a noble behaviour. Yet it is to slaves or servants in particular that the apostle (Titus ii. 10) pointed his exhortation to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." The second passage is addressed to, or concerns those who performed certain deeds good in themselves, in a wrong or ostentatious manner, giving alms after they had sounded a trumpet on pretence of calling the needy to receive them; or praying, while they were standing in the synagogues or at the corners of the streets to be seen of men. He who knew man, and what evil is in the heart, alone had a title to charge such acts with hypocrisy or bad motives; and in this whole discourse, he does it as one having authority. The first passage supposes even the unconverted world to be capable of appreciating correct and holy conduct; "Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that whereas they speak against you as

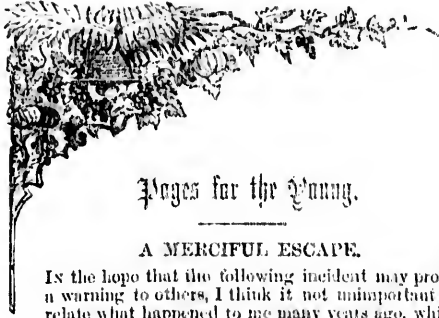
evil doers, they may, by your good works which they shall behold, glorify God in the day of visitation (1 Pet. ii. 12). The second tells professors that they may be seen of men, and have their reward such as it is from men, but that they have no reward from their Father who is in heaven.

PSA. xxxvii. 11.—"Such as be of upright conversation." **PSA. i. 23.**—"To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation of God." **Eph. i. 27.**—"Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ." **Eph. iii. 20.**—"For our conversation is in heaven." **2 Cor. i. 12.**—"In simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world." **2 Pet. iii. 2.**—"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

In all these passages the word *conversation* occurs; but in not one of them does it signify what we now express by it, viz., an interchange of sentiments with one or more persons by means of speech. This meaning has been put upon the word since the English translation was completed. In the two verses from the Psalms, the word in the original signifies *way*; such as are upright in their way; to him that ordereth his way. In the passages from Ephesians, conversation signifies to live in a society according to its laws and customs, to be a citizen; Let your manner of living be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: Our citizenship is in heaven; we behave as if we considered ourselves fellow citizens of those in heaven. In the other verses, and many other places where the same word is in the original, *anastrophe*, it means the general bearing or mode of conduct practised by any individual or set of men. "Whose faith follow, considering or contemplating the end or event of their conversation, of their general manner of behaving themselves."

MYSTERY.—**Eph. iii. 3.** "How that, by revelation, he made known unto me the mystery (ver. 5) which, in other ages, was not made known unto the sons of men, as it is now revealed unto his holy apostles and prophets by the Spirit (ver. 6), that the Gentiles should be fellow heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel." **Colos. iv. 3.** "Praying that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ." **Rev. i. 20.** "The mystery of the seven stars . . . The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches."

The meaning commonly attached to the word *mystery* denotes something either unintelligible or inexplicable. But the more exact meaning which it will always be found to bear in the numerous passages of Scripture where it is used, is something in the purposes of God's will, or some doctrine or future event not to be revealed clearly at the time of its first announcement, or it signifies an allegorical description of some person or thing, as when the church is compared to a spouse, or the seven candlesticks to the seven churches. It would be no unprofitable exercise to take a concordance, and compare the various places where the word *mystery* is found; and see how plain and easy to be understood many things now are to us, which to prophets and apostles seemed improbable or even impossible. With what wonder did the first Christians exclaim, "Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life!" And in what a mystery are we all to be concerned: "Behold, I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal put on immortality."



Pages for the Young.

A MERCIFUL ESCAPE.

IN the hope that the following incident may prove a warning to others, I think it not unimportant to relate what happened to me many years ago, while I was yet a youth. One fine summer afternoon, allured by the freshness of the weather, and relieved from the restraint of the village school, I, in company with several others, resolved to have one half day's freedom from the imaginary slavery under which we lay; or, in plain words, we became truants.

Accordingly, after meeting together at a time and place appointed, a council was held as to the means of spending our time to the best advantage. Some would have us go among the fields to look for nests, while others argued that we could not do better than proceed to a certain place which they mentioned, where we should be sure to find some choice things to gratify our palate; but the majority, of whom I was one, thought that since we had had a nice afternoon all to ourselves, we ought to make the most of it, and in order to accomplish this object, nothing seemed more desirable than bathing. It was not difficult to impress this notion on the minds of the others, and all cordially acquiesced.

Full of high anticipations, we bent our footsteps towards the usual bathing-place, gaily singing the wild songs of childhood; and surely no poor negro slave just landed on the free confines of Canada, ever felt happier than we did, released from the fancied tyranny of our schoolmaster. I cannot withhold a description of the locality which to me is of such deep interest. Whenever I happen to stroll to the spot, thoughts of bygone scenes are conjured up in my mind, and invariably induce me to offer up to heaven a fervent ejaculation for my marvellous escape from the very gates of death.

Many of my readers have visited at some part of their lives the beautiful shores of the Merai, skirting on both sides by stately woods, with here and there a tall mansion, looking grandly down on the lovely waters below. About the middle of this Strait, on the Carnarvonshire side, there is a spot extremely picturesque, and peculiarly adapted from its sheltered position to afford convenience for bathing. Immediately behind, in both directions, the shore is covered with woods, rising precipitously to a great height, while before us lies the broad expanse of waters, with not a ripple to disturb its placid surface; and in the distance, the opposite shore of Anglesey, in all its varied beauty, bursts upon our view. This is the spot which forms the scene of the incident I am about to narrate.

Having arrived on this spot, it was not long before we were in the water, dashing it into foam in the height of our glee. Like most boys, I was most anxious to cultivate the art of swimming, and on this occasion I was conscious that I had made some progress. Encouraged by this success, and, moreover, wishing to outstrip my companions, I became more daring. I ventured into deeper water, and with my face towards the sea, gave two or three strong sweeps, which brought me "out of depth," as they say. No sooner did I find myself unable to touch the ground, than all my self-possession forsook

me. For a long time I struggled hard to keep myself above water, but my efforts were vain, for I continually sunk, and had already swallowed a great quantity of water. The thoughts which flitted across my brain at this eventful moment were those of a guilty mortal, conscious of the approach of death, and totally unprepared for such an awful event. For was I not at that very moment committing a sin? All the past scenes of my previous life were outspread before my view in a kind of panorama, and it was wonderful to me how vividly each minute fact flashed across my mind. The numerous instances of disobedience to my parents were all distinctly remembered. I pictured to myself the grief of my poor father and mother, who they should learn the sad fate of their son. I thought of my dear brothers and sisters at home, and the happy evenings we used to spend around the snug fire-side, which never were more to be. Oh, never shall I forget the anguish which pierced my very soul in those terrible moments. It was then that I could truly estimate the precept which my poor mother had early instilled into my youthful mind; but, alas, too late! Long, long, I struggled for life, but still no help was at hand. At last I remembered that cheering lesson, "Look up to God in thy danger;" and acquiring fresh courage from this thought, I made one last effort, and succeeded. The joy which I felt at my deliverance is beyond the power of my humble pen to depict. My readers will naturally conclude what followed. I immediately lifted up my eyes to heaven as the place from whence help had come, and vowed that I would, God helping me, ever afterwards abstain from committing a like offence.

Let those who are accustomed to despise the advice given by their parents, take a lesson from this narrative; by so doing, they will not have to deplore the bitter consequences of their neglect, when death shall be at their door; and let them always bear in mind that "in the midst of life they are in death."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

29. What queen, actuated by the love of wisdom, left her home to visit a distant land, and in what passage of the New Testament is this referred to?

30. In what passage of the Old Testament is the church of Christ spoken of under the figurative title of "queen?"

31. What queen was deprived by her son of her regal dignity for following idolatrous practices?

32. What queen mentioned in Scripture was the means of delivering her people from great peril?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

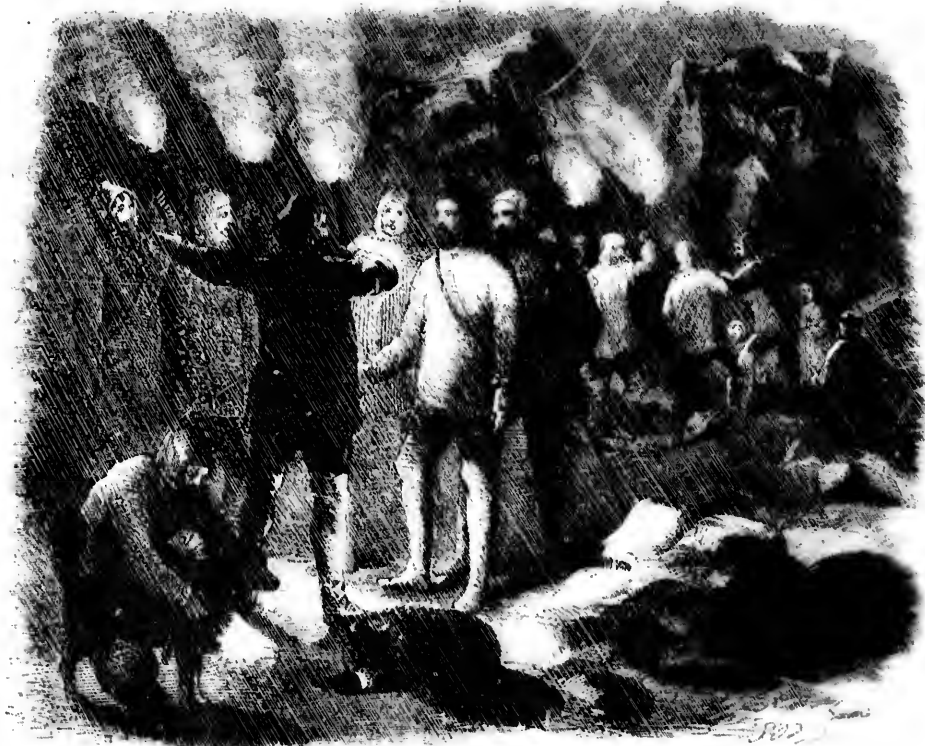
NO. V.

LEARN TO DO WELL.—Isa. i. 17.

E-laban	Gen. xxix. 21, etc.
E-benezer	1 Sam. iv. 1, 2.
A-buer	2 Sam. iii. 27.
E-choboam	2 Chron. xii. 2.
N-chemiah	Neh. ii. 2—6.
T-ertullus	Acts xxiv. 1, 2.
O-reb	Judges vii. 25.
D-inah	Gen. xxxiv.
O-phel	Nel. iii. 26.
W-idow's mite	Mark xii. 42.
E-leazar	Num. xx. 28.
L-ion	Judges xiv. 5, 6.
L-eshem	Josh. xix. 47.

THE
SUNDAY AT HOME:

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



STARTING IN SEARCH OF MISSING COMPANIONS

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

VI.

IN the evening of the day on which Lieutenant Pym arrived, the first death occurred since the "Investigator" left England. It was that of a gunner named Kerr. He had suffered so much from weakness and scurvy, that for the last two months he had been unable to move a limb. "I visited him often," says the worthy Moravian interpreter, "during the latter part of the time, and always found him full of submission to the will of God, and trusting alone to the

merits of Jesus Christ, whom he acknowledged as his Saviour and Redeemer."

Captain McClure determined to return with Lieutenant Pym, and consult with Captain Kellet on the situation of the "Investigator." Writing on the 9th of April, the interpreter says: "This morning the captain departed, leaving commands for Lieutenants Cresswell and Wynniatt, Mr. Piers, and me, with twenty-four sailors, to follow him on the 15th. We are to leave all our possessions behind, and only seek to bring our feeble, scurvy-stricken men alive to Dealy Island. The distance is about four hundred miles."

Two more deaths took place unexpectedly on the 13th and 14th, which was very dispiriting to those who were to remain. The others were very cheerful at the thought of quitting what they termed the "hunger-ship." The morning of the 15th was stormy, nevertheless the sledges were packed and all made ready. "At two o'clock I held a meeting, and offered a parting prayer, which seemed to make a deep impression upon many, and I trust was not without a blessing. Even in the last half-hour, many of them came to me in my cabin, and took leave of me with thanks for my friendship. A young sailor, who at first was very rough and wild, but afterwards became much attached to me, had learned to read and write in the winter months, and then began to write poetry. He gave me sixteen of his compositions as a keepsake; and when I came on deck, my friend and poet Nelson stood there with his shipmates, and sang the following parting song of his own composing:—

"At last, my lads, we're about to part,
Some for our native shore,
And after changing years, perhaps
We part to meet no more.
But! whatever climes ye roam,
And wherever ye may be,
Oh think of Him that sits aloft,
Protecting you and me.

"Remember you that fearful night—
Ah! 'tis a time to mark,
When icy mountains threatened near
To crush our little bark?
We had done all that men could do,
No other hope had we,
And who but He that sits aloft
Protected you and me?

"Of have the thick and darkening clouds
Obscured the unmarked way,
And murky haze rolled heavily on
And hid the face of day,
Yet we have braved these dangers great,
And many escapes had we;
For He that always sits aloft
Protected you and me.

"When you depart, dangers may oft
Beset your chequered way,
And troubles oftentimes arise;
Remember this, and say,
'I'll put my trust in Him above,
Who calms the troubled sea;
And that bright eye that's up aloft
Will still watch over me.

The journey was very toilsome. Six men were unable to aid in drawing the sledges from the first, and others were soon disabled. The way over the frozen sea was rugged; often they had to crawl on their hands and knees for a long distance, dragging the sledges after them over irregular blocks of ice. There were several days of snow and fog; and, as the compass could not be depended upon, owing to the nearness of the magnetic poles, they were often in doubt as to the direction they should take.

But all these difficulties were happily surmounted, and on the 2nd of May they were kindly welcomed on board the "Resolute." The "Intrepid" was fitted up as an hospital ship, and twenty-two of the party were transferred to that vessel. With respect to the "Investigator," it was decided that Captain McClure should return, accompanied by Dr. Domville of the "Resolute." "The latter," says our diarist, "in conjunction with Dr. Armstrong, will examine the crew; and should they be thought strong enough to endure another arctic winter, Captain McClure will remain, if twenty men are willing to stay with him. Captain Kellet has determined to send Lieutenants Cresswell and Wynniatt, with fourteen sick sailors, to the 'North Star.' Oh! how gladly would I also go. But the captain intends this summer to visit the coasts of Baffin's Bay, and will require my services as interpreter."

"June 10th. Dr. Domville returned to-day, bringing the intelligence that Captain McClure must abandon his ship, only three men having the courage to face another winter in the Bay of Mercy. Thus our good ship 'Investigator' remains in the ice." A week later, the rest of her crew arrived at Dealy Island. "We saw them approaching at eight in the morning; but the caravan moved so slowly, that at twelve they were still three miles off. It was impossible to send them any assistance; we had none but sick men, all those in health being absent. I went with Captain Kellet to meet them. It was a mournful sight, such as I shall never forget. On each of the four sledges lay two sick men, others were led by their somewhat stronger companions, others held by the sledges. Those drawing the latter were some of them so weak that they fell down powerless almost every five minutes, and had to be set on their feet again by the captain and their companions. It was a picture of unspeakable misery. If the Lord had not interposed, and sent us help at the right time, how could we ever have accomplished our projected journeys to Fort Good Hope and Port Leopold! We must all have perished. It was four o'clock before the weary wanderers reached the ships, where they were cared for in the best manner possible. The captain could not bring my journal, as he had promised, for although that alone would not have been very heavy, he must also have brought the papers and journals of all the other officers, which would have been too much. Sorry as I was for this, one glance at the debilitated crew satisfied me. They had enough to do to save their lives. My worthy captain offered me his own journal, that with that and the help of my memory and my notes, which I

had taken care to bring, I might reproduce my journal as accurately as possible. This kind offer I gratefully accepted." Thus the journal, up to the time of quitting the "Investigator," is a reproduction—a circumstance which all its readers must have regretted. Game was more plentiful on Melville Island; and the invalids, being supplied with fresh meat, soon grew better, and in a month's time some of them were very busily at work, getting the ships in sailing order.

Under date of July 18th, a now well known name is mentioned. "Commander McIntock of the 'Intrepid' returned to day from his expedition with all his party in good health. He was absent one hundred and five days, and had journeyed over more than twelve hundred miles of hitherto untrodden coast-land. On the return, three days' journey from the ship, they were obliged on account of the wet weather and the want of provisions to leave the tent and sledge, and, with the little food they had, to travel as quickly as possible. In these three days they had only eaten twice, and once slept buried in the snow."

Now came the days of anxious watching and longing for the ice to break up. This began in August, and the ships were carried many miles from Dealy Island, but only drifting with the pack hither and thither, sometimes very near the shore. A herd of musk oxen being seen near Point Griffith, Mr. Miertsching and two other officers were sent in chase of them. After rambling about for three hours, they came in sight of the herd, consisting of seventeen, of which they succeeded in killing thirteen.

On the morning of September 10th no ice was visible eastwards. The "Intrepid" steamed twenty-five miles; and then, as no heavy ice was met with, returned and took the "Resolute" in tow, and with full sail and steam power kept on till it was quite dark. Then they lay to, not daring to risk running on a sandbank, mentioned by Sir Edward Parry, but intending to continue their course at daybreak. To their utter dismay, as soon as it was light, the sea appeared covered with ice in every direction, as far as the eye could reach from the masthead. Attempts were made at least to reach Cape Cockburn, but in vain; it was impossible to get the vessels ten feet further. There was only one hope, that a storm might break up the new ice, but it was becoming thicker every hour, and on the 13th the entry in the Diary is, "No wind and continued cold. Our longing desire to reach Europe this year is frustrated. The feelings that overpower every one can better be imagined than described."

The disappointment was indeed great, and

especially bitter for the poor "Investigators." Five of them are mentioned as being very ill soon after, and a young officer who had been suffering for a long time, died in November. "He had been one of my companions ever since we left England, and in that time we had learned to know and love each other. Mr. Piers and I visited him daily, and latterly watched many nights with him. We read from the Bible and from Christian books, which appeared to make a deep impression upon him. In his last days, he was especially desirous of comfort from the word of God, and sought to grasp the promises with the hand of faith as a rod and staff to guide him through the dark valley of death. The day before his end, he desired the captain and officer to be called, and took leave of them singly, begging them to forgive him if he had ever given them cause of offence. To-morrow his corpse will be lowered through the ice into the sea, with the usual solemnities."

In some respects the "Investigators" fared better this winter than the two preceding; they were satisfied with their rations, though reduced to two-thirds; they had light enough, and the interchange of visits between the two ships furnished entertainment; but their outer clothing was worn thin, and no longer warm enough, and their cabins, being only intended for the summer months, were partitioned with sailcloth and consequently very cold. Among the men, too, there were many vexations; the kindness and sympathy with which the "Investigator's" crew were at first received grew cool in time, and the unavoidable inconveniences were sometimes not submitted to very patiently. Captain Kellet endeavoured to amuse the men by engaging them in a theatrical performance, but the experiment was not very successful, and the officers tried that of reading aloud. The proposal was received with great applause, and the readings were numerously attended. "Those readings or 'Time shortenings,' as they are called, included theoretical and practical instruction in astronomy, chemistry, geography, mechanics, etc., and the conversation of the sailors during their walks on the ice has become quite learned."

The ships were only five hundred paces apart, but stormy weather and snow often hindered the exchange of visits. To meet this difficulty, a communication was established by electric telegraph, which furnished much amusement. But many were too ill to share in these diversions, and before the sun returned, two of the "Intrepid's" men died. One of them, a sailor named Wilkie, had left a wife and three children in England. "Perfectly resigned to the will of the Lord, and depending only on his grace,

he bore his sufferings with great patience. I often heard him praying for a speedy release. His shipmates visited him frequently, and he many times urged them with tears to quit their indifferent way of life, directing them to the Bible as the only guide, by the aid of which they might lead lives well-pleasing to God. The last two days he could neither speak nor hear, but appeared to pray much, as his heaven-directed look testified."

In March, sledge parties were sent out; two to seek for traces of the "Enterprise;" one, a dog-sledge, to Wellington Channel, with letters for Sir Edward Belcher; and one to the "North Star," to announce the coming of much larger parties in the next two months, Captain Kellet having determined to send away fifty of his own men as well as the "Investigators." Mr. Hamilton returned from Cape Riley, April 10th, bringing commands from Sir E. Belcher that the "Resolute" and "Intrepid" should be abandoned, that the crews should proceed to the "North Star," and return in that vessel to England in the summer. Two parties were sent off in the next two days, and on the 14th the last of the "Investigators" took their leave.

"We have three sledges, conducted by Captain McClure, Mr. Piers, and me. It was not a grief to quit these ships, for every step brings us nearer home; and when we have once reached the 'North Star,' ice will no longer bar our way to England. We therefore set out on our journey cheerfully, and hope to leave the two hundred miles behind us in less than twenty days. It is happy for us all that we can part in friendship from the men of these ships. Some collisions were unavoidable in the time we have lived so crowded together, and the 'Methodistical Investigators' have had some mockery to endure. But our sailors have proved that the experience of the last few years has not been lost upon them; they have avoided every occasion of strife, and have had sufficient command over themselves to bear ridicule silently; they even asked the pardon of their companions on taking leave, if they had in any way offended them. And I also cannot be grateful enough to the Lord who sways the hearts of men, for the respect and affection shown to me by captains, officers, and crew. Before we quitted the ship, Captain Kellet assembled all the men on deck and publicly thanked the crew of the 'Investigator' for their services, and for their extraordinarily good conduct down to the last hour; and delivered to our captain a letter to the Admiralty, in which he gave them such a testimony as is not often met with."

In explanation of this apparently unnecessary

leave-taking between men who were to meet again so soon, it ought to be added that Captain Kellet was most reluctant to abandon his ships. After they were caught in the ice in September, it carried them sixty-four miles further south-east; there appeared little doubt but they might reach home in the ensuing summer, and Captain McClintock had started immediately for Wellington Channel, in the hope of inducing the commander to revoke his decision.

THE BLACK SHIP-STEWARD.

THE Rev. T. H. Davies, lately archdeacon of Melbourne, at a Bible meeting, some years since, told the following narrative of a negro steward and his captain, who threatened "to build a steeple over the ship's pantry." The incident was mentioned in order to show how influential the humblest believer may sometimes be for good, when acting faithfully to his Christian principles.

He (Mr. Davies) was a passenger, at the time to which he referred, on board a vessel, on his return to his native country. He soon found that neither the captain nor his fellow-passengers would afford him assistance in his Christian walk, which the feebleness of his infant steps at that time so much required. The first few days of the voyage were more than irksome, and he was often, with sadness, reminded of his late neglected privileges of Christian worship and Christian communion. One day, however, he overheard the captain speaking in terms of the highest commendation of his black steward; but adding, that he was so addicted to praying and singing psalms, that he had often threatened to build a steeple over his steward's pantry or cabin. After what he had heard, he speedily made himself known to the steward as one who was under the same guidance, and he hoped travelling the same road as himself; and many were the happy hours he spent, many the pure lessons of gospel wisdom he received in that little spot, which the captain had lightly described as worthy of a steeple. But the benefit he derived from his negro brother did not stop here. He could well remember the steward, as he waited at table, casting upon him the pitying and sorrowful eye, when he found him ashamed of his Master's cause, and too timid to reprove a profane expression. He would afterwards seize the first opportunity afforded him of speaking, and would say, "Ah, massa no get peace dat way. Massa no get peace by being ashamed of Jesus." One could not be displeased with the reproof, however troublesome so faithful a monitor might at some times appear, his

manner being so very respectful, and at the same time his affectionate interest so apparent. But he found he was not the only object of this poor fellow's Christian labours on board the vessel: his master (the captain), the other passengers, and every member of the ship's company, heard from the lips of Peter, at one time or another, the words of eternal life. His consistency, and open confession of the truth, caused his exhortations to be received without offence, and to be listened to with attention. All respected pious Peter. Mr. Davies one day expressed his surprise that he should choose such an occupation as his present one, being continually in close contact with persons around him addicted to blasphemous and evil conversation, and utterly deprived of the benefit of the ordinances of God's house, except while the vessel was in port. Asking him how he came to be so situated, his answer was, "I don't know, massa; God call me to dis place." "I wonder you remain in it," was the response; "surely you might serve God with more comfort in any other sphere; what causes you to continue as a ship's steward?" "Why, massa, don't you know," said the steward, "every voyage we have fresh passengers, fresh crew; so you see, massa, every voyage we have a new congregation: I preach to new people."

TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

XIII.

GETHESEMANE.

"THE AGONY" IN GETHESEMANE—ANCIENT TRADITION IN FAVOUR OF THE AUTHENTICITY OF SITE OF THE LATIN ENCLOSURE—THE GARDEN A PROFITABLE POSSESSION TO THE MONKS—MONKISH TRADITIONS—IRREVERENCE OF PILGRIMS—THE AGED OLIVES IN THE GARDEN—THE CHAPEL AND TOMB OF THE VIRGIN—ABSURDITY OF THE MONKISH LEGEND OF THE ASSUMPTION—THE VIRGIN BURIED AT EPHESUS—JOACHIM AND ST. ANNE ALSO HAD OTHER TOMBS—STONE ON WHICH THE VIRGIN LET FALL HER GIRDLE TO CONVINCe ST. THOMAS.

The even was come, and Christ sat down with his twelve chosen followers, in the large upper room near the grave of his forefather in the flesh, to that repast, in perpetual remembrance of which Christian churches of all creeds have instituted a sacramental rite. The eventful meal was ended; "and when they had sung an hymn, they went out unto the Mount of Olives." "And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and he saith to his disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall pray. And he taketh with him Peter, and James, and John, and began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy; and saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful unto death: tarry ye here and watch. And he went forward a little, and fell on the

ground, and prayed that, if it were possible, the hour might pass from him."

It was night, and the wearied apostles slumbered, while the dire struggle that was to work out their salvation was inaugurated; and upon the frail humanity of even those favoured three, who were specially chosen to give their Master companionship in his dread hour of sorrow, Jesus could not rely for one hour of wakeful sympathy. There, beneath the grey olive boughs, silvered by the pure rays of the clear moon, he who had put on mortality, strove against mortal terror at the approaching hour of death. There, alone among the olive trees, he prayed, "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done." And then "there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him; and being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

Hither, through the shadowy olive groves, came Judas with a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, and with one kiss betrayed at once his Master's life and his own soul. Here, among the grey old trees, Peter, the loving, the hasty, the zealous, the unstable, smote the high priest's servant with the sword, and gave the mighty spiritual Physician an opportunity of working for the last time on earth a miracle of healing upon a mortal's ailing frame. He, who could command the help of legions of angels—He, at whose simple word the great multitude, with their lanterns and torches and weapons, went backwards and fell to the ground—wanted not the aid of a man's feeble sword, but of his own will took the cup his Father gave him, and drank it to the dregs, that so the Scripture might be fulfilled. Here, amidst the shadows of the pale groves, with calm resolute purpose, and unalterable determination of heart, he stood forth boldly as the Captain of our salvation, to be made "perfect through suffering."

We descended the Via Dolorosa, up which it is reported Christ bore his cross; and probably—though there is not a vestige of evidence in favour of the authenticity of any one of the monk-invented stations along its course—the general direction of that weary journey may have been the same as that now followed by the modern street. We then went forth by St. Stephen's gate, and down a steep hill into the depths of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, crossed a bridge over the almost dry water-course of the brook Kedron, and came to a group of aged olive trees, surrounded by a high white wall. This enclosure is at the very foot of the Mount of Olives, and here er

heroabants was that garden over the brook Kedron, whither Jesus was wont to go forth with his disciples. "And Judas also which betrayed him knew the place, for Jesus oft-times resorted thither with his disciples." That garden was Gethsemane.

More than fifteen centuries ago, tradition pointed out the space encompassed by the wall as the real spot where the dread scene of "the agony" took place; and, doubtless, the ancient trees which that wall hedges in, stand within or upon the verge of the garden of Gethsemane. Here, under just such aged olive trees as these, perhaps beneath trees that sprang from the self-same roots which now supply these with sap, the disciples may have slumbered. A little further on, Peter, James, and John, out-wearied with their sorrow, may have slept; whilst their Lord, seeking a more secluded spot, went onward along the base of the hill, and "was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed."

Perhaps on this very spot all the events recounted occurred, or possibly the absolute site may have been one or two hundred yards further along the foot of Olivet. At any rate, we may feel confident, if we wander for two or three hundred yards through these scattered olives, that our feet have pressed the sacred soil of Gethsemane's garden. The trees that stood of yore within the high white wall heard our Saviour's words on that memorable night. Their pale boughs flashed red in the blaze of the torches, as the noisy rabble profaned the quiet dark seclusion of their shades. They saw the disciples, just roused from slumber, forsake their Lord and fly. Through them, to the bridge of Kedron, the captors led their prize to the high priest's house: and past them, alone and afar, Peter, somewhat bolder than his brethren, followed the armed throng. As in the nineteenth century of Christ's era we slowly walk among the scattered trees around, and remember all that undoubtedly happened in this very place, a feeling of reverence, awful in its solemnity, creeps over us, mingled with gratitude to him who endured such sufferings that he might bring us to God.

The Latin ecclesiastics, not long ago, got exclusive possession of the plot of ground mentioned above, and built the wall round it. Not, however, for the sake of protecting the trees, but to enable them to levy toll upon all those strangers and pilgrims who would naturally visit the sacred garden. Though the space within the wall is only about eighty yards square, it yields a better revenue than many and many an acre of corn-land and olive-yard would render, and all toil of cultivation

is saved. To stimulate the liberality of the ignorant and blindly credulous pilgrims, a number of holy places are exhibited by the monks within this narrow space. They show a rocky bank where the disciples slept whilst their Lord prayed, and point out the impressions left by their bodies upon the hard stone. Then they take the pilgrim to the "Grotto of the Agony," a cave in which they say our Saviour's prayers were offered up; and then they point out the exact spot where Judas stood, when he betrayed his Master with a kiss. This Latin speculation has paid so well, that the Greeks have enclosed a similar space close by, and stand up for their plot of garden ground as the genuine Gethsemane. The Armenians are about to follow their example. The Greeks have not been so fortunate in the trees surrounded by the wall they have lately built, as their Latin brethren, for the trees encompassed by it are wanting in antiquity; and as they do not now exhibit their garden to the strangers of western and southern Europe, rumour says that they want to wait a few years till the trees grow a little. Thus do those who profess Christ's religion dishonour his name by their avarice and greed of gain, and profane this most sacred of all the places connected with his mortal career, whose situation we are able with certainty to identify. Gethsemane's garden is not the place for pilgrims and sight-seers in crowds, marshalled by garrulous showmen, but for quiet musings, solemn thoughts, and fervent prayers. The pilgrims usually seem especially careless and irreverent, and their pilgrimage seems to be viewed chiefly as a pleasant social holiday time. In Gethsemane, Christian women laugh and chatter, and swing on the branches of the olives, as if they were engaged in some mere party of pleasure, and no serious thought could be expected for a moment to calm their mirth into sobriety.

The Latins, of course, assert that the old trees within their garden are the very trees which saw the Jews lay violent hands upon their King and their God, who walked among them in human seeming and humble guise. This is the only assertion they make respecting this place which has even plausibility to support it. The trees, unquestionably, are of great age; and, possibly, they may be as old as the Christian dispensation. Those who will not allow that these trees are possibly of such high antiquity, found their opinion on the idea that Titus cut down all the trees round Jerusalem. Josephus, however, does not say this. On the north of the city the trees were all cut down by the besiegers, and used in the construction of mounds against the walls, and of warlike engines, and the suburbs were stripped

completely naked, and all the trees that were about the city, within the distance of a hundred furlongs, had their branches cut off. Now, this being Josephus's account, it seems by no means certain that all the trees on the opposite side of Kedron's brook, which were quite clear of any of the city suburbs, were cut down. Travellers have remarked also upon the disproportion between the huge trunks of the old olives, and their small heads and scanty foliage, which give them the appearance of having been pollarded. This characteristic may be observed to a considerable extent in the group in our illustration; but many of the oldest trees, both within and scattered around the enclosure, have this feature even more strongly marked. Now the olive is a long-lived tree, and though we may not think it probable that the now existing trees in the garden of Gethsemane were living when our Saviour was wont oftentimes to resort thither with his disciples, yet we will not deny the possibility of this having been the case. At all events, if Titus did cut down all the trees themselves, the present may have been their successors, and shot up from the old stock. The trees, when we saw them, were covered with flower-buds, and gave promise of an abundant crop of olives.

In approaching Gethsemane from the bridge over the Kedron, we passed the Chapel of the Virgin, containing, according to tradition, her tomb. This stands at the northern end of a sunken court, into which a flight of steps descends at the opposite extremity. The façade of the chapel consists of two pointed Gothic arches, one inside the other, the outer one resting on small pillars, and reaching to the top of the building. Inside the inner arch is the doorway, whence a long flight of steps leads downward to the chapel. This is excavated in the rock, and was an ancient tomb. On the right hand are shown the tombs of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin, and on the left that of Joseph, the carpenter of Nazareth, the Virgin's husband. At the extremity of the grove is a small dark chapel, containing the venerated tomb where once the Virgin's corpse was laid before it was taken up into heaven. It is profusely decorated with pictures and flowers, and from the vault hang numbers of silver lamps and ornamented ostrich eggs. The front of the chapel, and its situation in the excavated court, are curious and picturesque. It is ancient and venerable in appearance, but its history is comparatively recent, for the first mention of it is by Arculfus, a French bishop, in the beginning of the eighth century. His testimony with respect to it has an additional interest, for it proves that the pretty legend of the Assumption of the

Virgin had not been invented when he wrote: for he, as well as John the presbyter, of Damascus, who was afterwards canonized, and who wrote a few years after Arculfus, speak of the Virgin's body. The tradition which calls this cave the Virgin's tomb, and the doctrine of the Assumption, are both directly opposed to a decree of the general council held at Ephesus, A.D. 431, in which it was asserted that the blessed Virgin and the favourite disciple St. John, to whose care she was committed by her divine Son, were buried in Ephesus, in the very church in which the council was then assembled. Notwithstanding this decree of a general council, and in spite of the evidence given by a bishop and by a saint, the churches both of Rome and the East have for centuries believed that the Virgin was laid in this tomb, and then that the miracle of the Assumption took place, and they venerate this site accordingly. They are singularly unfortunate in the holy places of this underground shrine, for both Joachim and St. Anne have other tombs beneath the ancient church of St. Anne. To this church, in crusading times, was added a Benedictine nunnery, which was richly endowed by Baldwin the First, who forced his Armenian wife to take the veil in it. The empress Helena is said to have taken the bones of St. Anne to Constantinople, but those of Joachim were left undisturbed.

Monks will uphold their preposterous inventions in the face of all evidence and authority, however conclusive; and in this case one of the fraternity defended these false sepulchres on the ground that there was no reason why a person should not have two or three tombs as well as two or three houses. The traditions respecting the Assumption tell us, that as the Virgin Mary mounted upwards to the sky in the presence of the disciples, St. Thomas, the incredulous, again evinced unbelief in the palpable miracle which took place before his eyes; and that, to convince him of its reality, the Virgin, as she ascended, dropped her girdle at his feet. The rock on which it fell is still supposed to retain a winding indentation, said to be the impression of the girdle miraculously made, and preserved "for the conviction of all such as shall suspect the truth of the story of the Assumption."

In the chapel of the Virgin are altars belonging to various sects; and the unseemly squabbles of modern Christians of different denominations desecrate the sacred neighbourhood of Gethsemane—the influence of whose solemn associations is powerless to check their rivalries and animosities, or to infuse some little Christian charity into their hearts.



THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE, AS IT IS.

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THE PULPIT IN THE FAMILY.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"—*Psaln* ii. 7.

WHAT is whiter than snow? White, and very fair, and beautiful as it is, yet it comes out of a dense black cloud, not from the clear blue sky. It does not come from the white, snow-looking clouds that wreath and float and bask in a winter's sun. It is when the heavens are black, and from out of the murky bosom of the very blackest cloud on which your eye rests, that the white snow comes.

What could be blacker than David was as he lay in his sins? His soul was stained with the most repulsive sins. Yet he seeks to be washed, and knows that when washed, he will be clean, whiter than the driven snow. Ah, that virgin flake is very white, as it spreads its delicate network on the withered leaf; but there is one thing whiter still. Who are these in white robes, and whence came they? These are they that came out of great tribulation; out of dark pits of sin and death. Some were thieves, and some were murderers; and some were adulterers and murderers combined, as David was. Manassch is there, who filled the streets of Jerusalem with innocent blood; and Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils; and thousands more, once vile as they: but now there is not a stain on their garments; they have all been washed in the blood of the Lamb, and they are all whiter than snow, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

The man who sees sin best, who sees that it is black and soul-polluting, sees also best how pure and perfect he may become. David speaks of himself as the vilest of sinners, yet he says, "I shall be whiter than snow." He knows what God can do: he knows the power of that peace-speaking blood: it cleanseth us from all sin. Paul speaks of himself as the very chief of sinners; and yet, almost in the same breath, he speaks of the glorious gospel of the blessed God as committed to his trust; of his obtaining mercy, and of the crown of righteousness that awaited him. But God must do it. The washing can be done by no priest. The pardon can come through no human source. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned:" from Thee, Thee only, can I obtain mercy.

This cleansing is within reach of the guiltiest. This door of hope stands wide open to every man, anywhere, on the face of the earth. Murder, adultery, and lies, do not shut it. The

greater the sin, the greater the need of mercy. It is ever the policy of the devil to make the man who is troubled for sin feel that his case is, somehow, an exception. But there are no exceptions; and the men who are disposed to make exceptions of themselves, should be told that the very fact that they would make out their sins to be so great as to constitute theirs an exceptional case, is the strongest evidence possible that theirs is the very case that God accepts. It is sinners, emphatically, that Jesus is come to seek and to save. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." These are the thoughts of the great Physician of souls.

This blood alone can cleanse us. Had there been anything else within the reach of man that could cleanse, David could have got it. There never was a priesthood like that among the people over which he was king. All that wealth could do, all that power could bring, all that favoured circumstances with both God and man could either give him or get for him, he had; but he has to come here to this blood which is shed for him, and for you and for me. If anything else could have brought about this end, it would have been substituted by God. It was only "last of all" that he sent his Son. It was because no other hand could help and no other eye pity, that God interposed, and finally sent forth his Son, saying, "They will reverence my Son." All other remedies have been tried by God and man, and they have all failed. Come here; wash, and be clean.

This remedy of God's providing is amply sufficient. This blood cleanseth us from all sin. The very blackest may be made whiter than snow. Each man fancies that his sin is greater than his brother's, when he is thoroughly awakened to its being sin against God. It may be so; but it is not greater than the power of Christ's blood. Few sins could be greater than the combined sins of David. Take them all in all; sum up the aggravations: remember his position, and the great things that God had done for him: think of the peculiarly horrible way in which the husband of the ruined wife was foully done to death, and you will probably be of opinion that greater sins never were committed. Grosser barbarities have been perpetrated; but they have been done by barbarians. Cruelties, refined and exquisite, have distinguished thousands in the dread annals of crime; but they have been committed by men whose hearts were hardened by a cruel trade, or by a hard and merciless superstition, misnamed religion. But this man had known the grace, and beheld the glory, of the Lord. He had both tasted and seen that God is gracious. The

Lord had instructed him in his way, and had made him know wisdom in the hidden man of the heart; and yet he sinned, and sinned thus: and yet God freely pardoned him, washed him from all this foul guilt, and made him whiter than snow. Will not you, then, come to this God, and take up this man's prayer; seek, and find, mercy and grace; and so find cleansing and rest for your soul?*

HYMNS AND HYMN-WRITERS.

NO. VII.

AFTER Dr. Watts, the most generally known, admired, and beloved among the dissenting ministers, was PHILIP DODDRIDGE. He was born in London in the year 1702. His father died when he was young; and Philip was greatly indebted to the generous care of Mr. Clark, a dissenting minister of St. Alban's, to which place he removed to attend a private school. After having been some time under the care of Mr. Jennings, who kept an academy at Kibworth, Doddridge entered on his ministry in 1722. He removed to Northampton in 1729, where he was pastor of a congregation, and taught an academy for dissenting students. In December, 1750, he went to St. Alban's, to preach the funeral sermon of his old friend and benefactor, Mr. Clark. In that journey, he caught a cold, which did not leave him throughout the winter. In the spring of 1751, it considerably abated; but returning again with great violence in the summer, he had to give up preaching, and removed to Bristol, to try the waters there; but he was evidently declining rapidly. When his friends reminded him of his fidelity, diligence, and zeal in his Master's service, he used to reply, "I am nothing; all is to be ascribed to the free grace of God." He was advised to try the warm climate of the south of Europe, and sailed for Lisbon in September; but it was too late; for he arrived there on the 13th of October, and died on the 26th.

Dr. Doddridge was the author of many useful and pious works. Among others may be mentioned "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," a "Family Expositor of the New Testament," and the Life of his friend Colonel Gardiner, who, at the battle of Preston Pans, in 1745, being basely deserted by his regiment of cavalry, died the death of a Christian soldier and patriot.

But it is with Doddridge as a hymn-writer

* "The Penitent's Prayer: a Practical Exposition of the Fifty-first Psalm." By the Rev. T. Alexander. Nisbet & Co..

that we have to do here. His hymns are numerous, amounting to 375. They were not published in his life-time, but after his death, by his friend and biographer Job Orton, who transcribed them from his manuscripts, and who gives the following account of the design of their composition:—"They were meant to be sung after the author had been preaching on the texts prefixed to them; it was therefore his design that they should bring over again the leading thoughts in the sermon, and naturally express and warmly enforce those devout sentiments which he hoped were then rising in the minds of his hearers, and help to fix them on the memory and heart." This plan, if well carried out, is an excellent one, for it gives the substance of hundreds of sermons to be recalled to the memory by the help of verse, or to be expressed in resolutions, prayers, or praises, when considered and inwardly digested.

There is a hymn universally known and admired, beginning:—

"Oh, God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led,
Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race."

As found in most hymn-books, this piece is generally ascribed to Logan, but it is in reality merely altered from Doddridge; and if we read it as Orton printed it from his manuscript, it is very doubtful whether Logan has improved it. The ode and title as in Doddridge are here given:—

"Oh, God of Jacob! by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;

To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayer;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide;
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment fit provide;

If thou wilt spread thy shield around
Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace;

To thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign;
And count that, not our tent alone,
But all we have is thine."

The turn of the last two lines reminds us of the noble epigram made by Doddridge, when translating his family motto, "Dum vivimus vivamus"—"While we live, let us live":—

"Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies;
Lose, in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee."

A well-known hymn of Doddridge is the following:—

"SALVATION BY GRACE."—Ephesians ii. 5.

"Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to my ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days
That lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

The hymn entitled, "Christ's Message, Luke iv. 18, 19," was a great favourite with Doddridge's friend, Colonel Gardiner:—

"Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long,
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name."

Most of the hymns in the original volume as published, have the texts prefixed in connection with which they were first used in the service of the sanctuary; as in the following examples:—

"I will sing praises to my God while I have any being."—
Psalm cxlvi. 2.

"God of my life, through all its days,
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
My tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh."

"Those that seek me early shall find me."—Prov. viii. 17.

"Ye hearts with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue."

"And ye, my flock, the flock of my pasture, are men, and I am your God, saith the Lord God."—Ezekiel xxxiv. 31.

And will the Majesty of heaven
Accept us for his sheep?
And with a shepherd's tender care
Such worthless creatures keep?

And will He spread his guardian arms
Round our defenceless head?
And censure us gently to lie down
In his refreshing shade?"

A few of the hymns are connected with special events, such as public fasts and particular seasons. The following was written on occasion of a dreadful fire:—

"Eternal God, our humble souls
Before thy presence bow;
With all thy magazines of wrath,
How terrible art thou!

Fanned by thy breath, whole sheets of flame
Do like a deluge pour;
And all our confidence of wealth
Lies mouldered in an hour.

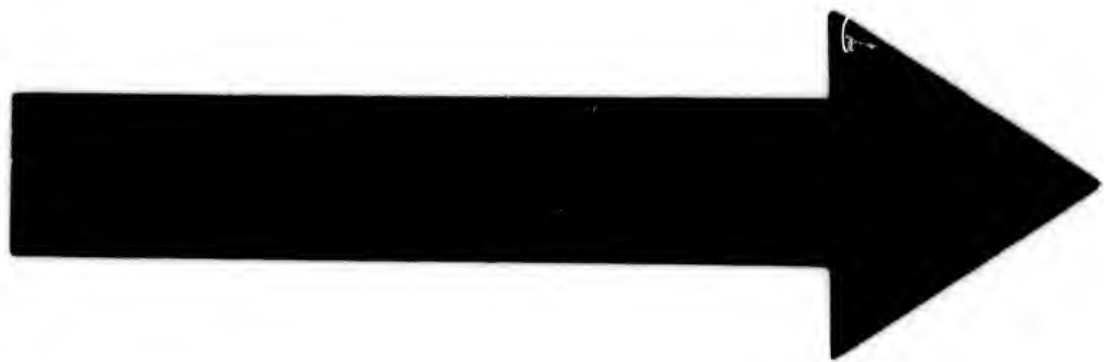
Lord, in the dust we lay us down
And mourn thy righteous ire;
Yet bless the band of guardian love,
That snatched us from the fire."

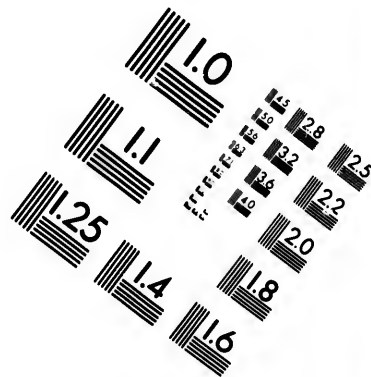
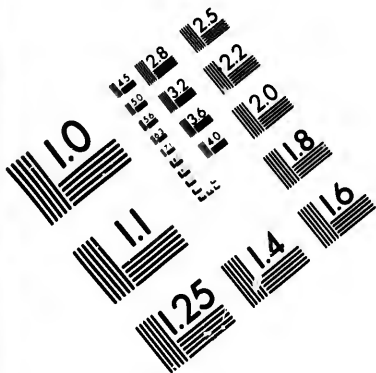
The peaceful, pious tenour of the worthy doctor's life is expressed in his hymn on the Eternal Sabbath:—

"Lord of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.
Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire."

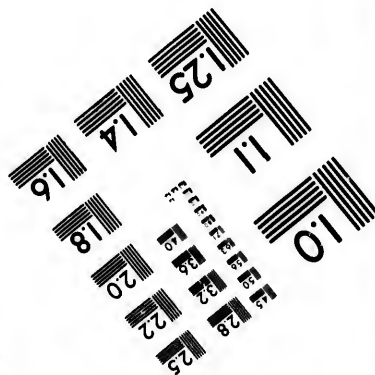
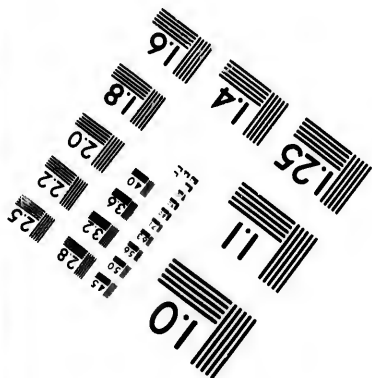
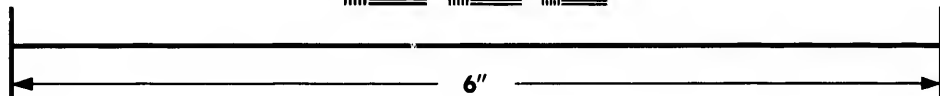
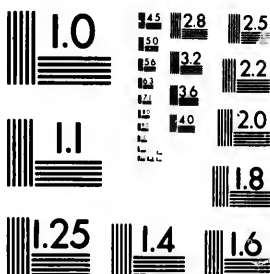
These specimens are sufficient to show the merits of Doddridge as a hymn-writer. Many of his pieces have been adopted into other collections, without the notice they deserve. Job Orton, who wrote the life of Doddridge, and published his hymns, seems to have had a very low opinion of the intellect of those who were to use his master's productions in private or public worship; for he gives explanations of words which in our day would occasion no difficulty even to very young disciples, as when he has a note to tell that *reptiles* mean creeping things; *eviles*, banished persons; *elate*, lifted up; *braves*, defies; *source*, fountain; *fabric*, building; *adieu*, farewell; and other equally considerate elucidations!

The closing scenes of Doddridge's life were quite in keeping with his character. At Lisbon, he and Mrs. Doddridge, who attended him on the melancholy voyage, were kindly received and entertained in the house of Mr. David King, an English merchant. Here he met with Dr. Watts's Treatise on the Happiness of Separate Spirits, and told his wife with the





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greatest joy that he had unexpectedly found that blessed book; and in reading it, and Watts's Hymns, and especially the Sacred Volume, he used to employ himself as much as his strength would admit. He was interred in the burying-ground belonging to the British factory at Lisbon. A handsome monument was erected to his memory in his meeting-house at Northampton, at the expense of the congregation; with an inscription drawn up by his esteemed friend, Gilbert West, esq., the translator of Pindar, and author of the admirable Observations on our Saviour's Resurrection, in which he makes mention, among other merits of Doddridge, of "his many excellent writings, by which his pious, benevolent, and indefatigable zeal to make men wise, good, and happy, will far better be made known, and perpetuated much longer, than by this obscure and perishable marble."

HOW CROOKED THINGS WERE MADE STRAIGHT.

THE late Mr. C. I. Latrobe, secretary of the Moravian missions, has narrated the following singular instance of Divine help in circumstances of annoyance and difficulty. In what appear the most secular and external matters connected with the cause of Christ, the overruling hand of Providence may be here seen at work in response to the prayer of faith.

In the year 1800, two companies of missionaries were in London, waiting to proceed to Portsmouth, there to join their ships; for at that time, the convoys assembled at that port, and no captain would take his passengers on board in the river. They were Brother Hoffman and his wife, and Brother Mack going to Antigua; also Brother Lange and his wife, with the unmarried brethren Schwartz and Schultz, destined for Surinam. They had passed through all the necessary forms, and nothing more was required than that, as soon as they were summoned to Portsmouth by a letter from the captain, they should apply to the Alien-office for passports, permitting them to quit the country, and proceed to the West Indies. These had hitherto been always obtained without difficulty.

On going with them to the office, I was to my astonishment informed that an order had been sent from the Privy Council to prevent all foreigners proceeding to the colonies, or conquered countries, by the fleet then sailing. I represented to the principal clerk, from whom I received this intelligence, that all the baggage being on board, and their passage paid, the loss to the parties would be as great

as their disappointment in not being able to proceed. Of course, he could give me no relief, and observed with half a sneer, that if I possessed sufficient power to make the Council revoke its order in my behalf, I might obtain my wish. As nothing more was to be done at the office, I called the missionaries out of the waiting-room, and went before them into the Park, they following me with enquiries as to my success, which I really felt too much overwhelmed immediately to answer. But in the Park, I informed them of what I had just heard. Poor Brother Hoffman, who was eager to return to his post, but had declined going with a ship from Liverpool a month or two before, that he might bring his wife with him to London, burst into tears, and accused himself of being the cause of this misfortune, at least, as far as related to himself. Having brought my party home, I went and made our treasurer acquainted with the dismal tidings, by which he was not a little alarmed, and calculated the loss to the Mission to be not much below 500*l.* if these two companies were detained in England.

I now returned to Westminster to try what I could effect in endeavouring to procure an exemption in favour of our missionaries, though it appeared a lost case. But I cried to the Lord, with whom nothing is impossible, that he would grant me success, and had a faint hope that I should not plead with government in vain. That excellent man, Mr. Serle, (author of the "Christian Remembrancer," "Horæ Solitariae," and other well-known books,) one of the commissioners of the Transport Office, had, on a former occasion, recommended me to Mr. King, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. To Whitehall therefore I posted, and was soon admitted to Mr. King. He received me with his usual politeness, and after hearing what I had to allege in favour of my petition, desired me to go to the Alien-office, and to tell Mr. F——, then Superintendent of Aliens, that the missionaries destined for Antigua had leave to proceed, and might be furnished with passports. I was just adding my request that he would favour me with an order in writing, when the Duke of Portland entered, and I was obliged to be satisfied with a verbal message. Yet I put in a word for the company going to Surinam, and was invited to state their case the next day before eleven in the morning.

Mr. F—— received me with the greatest coolness, and, as I had expected, demanded a written order. He observed, in a manner rather insulting, that he saw no necessity for missionaries to teach the negroes, who were very happy in their way and belief, without

our forcing upon them our religion, and he thought therefore that they were properly prevented. I must confess that my spirit rose within me on hearing such language from a man who, at least, had the name of Christian. But he was a man in power, and I could do nothing. However, as I happened to have a letter in my pocket from the Bishop of London, Dr. Porteus, in which, by commission of the Privy Council, he expresses the approbation of our missions by Government, more particularly of those in the West Indies, I replied "that *his* opinion was not that of men more qualified to judge of these matters," and showed him the letter. This rather silenced him. But when I returned to Whitehall, to report to Mr. King my bad success, I found the Duke still there, and was obliged to leave my business unfinished. I also saw Mr. F—— enter, which I considered as a bad omen, fearing he might influence the Secretary of State against me. After dining with a friend in the neighbourhood, I wrote to Mr. King, begged a written order for the passport for Antigua, and stated the case of the Surinam missionaries, adding that I should come on the following morning to receive his commands. I spent a sleepless night in great uneasiness and uncertainty, and in frequent earnest prayer to the Lord that he would help me in this trying situation. The Surinam party was full of faith and confidence, and believed that they should certainly be allowed to proceed, though they knew nothing of the detail of the business; but the Antigua missionaries were greatly disheartened, and Brother Hoffman could not recover his spirits.

In the morning, about ten o'clock, I set out for Whitehall, and, passing by the Admiralty, as I was too early for Mr. King, I went and sat half-an-hour with Admiral (afterwards Lord) Gambier, who was at that time a member of the Board. I told him my case, on which he immediately asked whether he could be of any service to me, as he was well acquainted with Mr. King. I willingly accepted his offer to accompany me. He decided that he would go in first and speak with Mr. King on the subject, and that I in a while should follow. He did so, but soon returned and told me that I need not trouble Mr. King, for he had already sent a written order to Mr. F——, to make out a passport for the Antigua missionaries, but that, as to those going to Surinam, application must be made to the Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, in Downing Street. Thither, therefore, we went, but did not find the Under-Secretary, Mr. Huskisson, at home. We therefore gave our cards, and returned to the Admiralty, where Admiral

Gambier left me in his room, having to attend the Board, promising to be at my service again in an hour's time. I wrote meanwhile to Mr. Huskisson, and stated the case of the Surinam missionaries to him. But when I had waited a long time for my friend the Admiral's return, whose business at the Board detained him much longer than he expected, as I walked up and down the room, I was tormented in my mind by the consideration that I had, in a manner, locked myself up at the Admiralty, and after so earnestly committing the case to the Lord in prayer, had now put my trust, in some degree, in the help of man. My faith almost failed me. But I was mistaken. My application to Admiral Gambier was of singular use to me in obtaining a most favourable hearing from Mr. Huskisson, to whom he gave me a note to accompany my letter. I now returned to the office in Downing Street without him, and sent in my paper to Mr. Huskisson. When I was admitted, he was reading it, and immediately addressed me with—"Yes, Mr. La Trobe, your missionaries shall go. They do good, wherever they are, and there is no reason for detaining *them* on suspicion." I requested a written order to Mr. F——, and that they might have passports this day, and be ready to proceed on the morrow, as the signal for the fleet's sailing had already been made. He wrote the order accordingly, which I carried to the Alien-office. Here I also found the order for the Antigua passport, and got both executed; the clerks kindly permitting the missionaries to come and make their signatures, though beyond the usual hour. Mr. F——, meeting me in the passage, expressed his surprise at my success, and added that all should be ready for me.

You may imagine with what feelings I posted home to announce to our dear friends the welcome intelligence, and give them their passports. Tears of joy and thankfulness for the help so richly experienced filled my eyes, as I hastened along. I met them assembled at our treasurer's, where they were to dine. On my entering the room, they eagerly rose to meet me. I put on a serious face, and asked what they expected to hear. "We shall certainly go," replied the Surinam party: "I don't believe it," exclaimed poor disconsolate Hoffman. I then gave them their passports, to their great joy, and after dinner accompanied them to the Alien-office, where they signed the books.

As there was some business to transact at Portsmouth, our treasurer resolved to accompany the Surinam party, and I went with Brother Hoffman and his company, by his particular desire. We travelled by Gosport, and then straight to Portsmouth, where we

met the day after. Though I was troubled with a violent fit of the headache, I went immediately on our arrival at Gosport across the water, to inquire for the ship bound for Surinam, but to my sorrow learnt that it had not yet arrived from the Downs. But as the sailing of the convoy was put off for a few days, it did not then give us much uneasiness.

In the morning, Wollin and I went out to look for a suitable lodging, and found one in Gosport churchyard, in which his party found decent and cheap accommodation; and the Surinam captain, Mr. Jenkins, coming down, took up his abode in the same house. The captain of the Antigna ship, whose name was Strannock, being a friend of Wollin's, invited him to accompany the missionaries on board and spend a few days with him at the Motherbank. After he had finished his visit, he returned, and I prepared to fulfil my promise to do the same. Meanwhile, a gentleman going passenger with Mr. Jenkins had arrived, and also taken lodgings in the same house, and as he could speak both German and English, I got him to be interpreter between the captain and the missionaries, and set out for the Motherbank. The weather was remarkably fine, though so late in the season as December 8th. and I proceeded with a passenger-boat going to Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, where I intended to hire a boat to carry me on board the "Patriot," captain Strannock's ship. But the wind turning against us, it was not till after sunset that we landed at Ryde.

Not a boat was to be had, nor a lodging at any of the inns, which were all filled with persons belonging to the fleet. I walked like a forlorn creature up and down the beach, looking for some chance conveyance. The moon shone bright, and I hoped, if I could but meet with a boat, to reach the ship in safety. At length I perceived a wooden-legged sailor, standing at the landing-place, eagerly talking to a woman, and overheard him promising to take her to Portsmouth for a certain price. I asked him whether he would take me for the same, for I now saw no better prospect before me, but that of getting back to my own bed. He agreed, and promised to fetch me from a certain inn, into which I went to get some refreshment. As he did not arrive at the time appointed, I returned to the spot where I first saw him, and now found him, the woman, and a gentleman in earnest conversation. The said gentleman having hired the boat, seemed much displeased with the man for taking additional passengers. However, as he agreed to the woman's going, I, with some trouble, prevailed upon him to take me too. We set out, and I had no other idea

than that of returning to Gosport. I related my adventure to my companion, who appeared to me very ill-tempered. When we got fairly out to sea, the boatman, with his assistant, wanted to hoist a new topsail, or a jib they had brought with them. While they were doing it, a strong current from the east set the boat a-driving towards the Motherbank. This circumstance suggested to me the idea that I might perhaps yet get on board the "Patriot." However, the jib being set, the men pulled away in the proper course, and my hopes vanished. But, in a short time, down came the jib tumbling into the boat. My companion scolded and raved at their awkwardness; but they would have another trial, during which the boat was carried on still further by the current, even to the easternmost ships on the banks. I now addressed my countryman, and observed to him that, as we were by good fortune brought so near the ships, he would exceedingly oblige me by suffering me to hail any vessels we might pass, without going out of our course, and if by chance she should prove to be the "Patriot," he would let his men put me on board. He protested that he never heard anything so wild; that as I did not know the marks of the ship, I might as well expect the 20,000*l* prize in the lottery, and he wondered I should make such a demand. I granted the improbability of the success of my attempt, but persisted in directing the men to hail the ships we might pass. The first was a brig. I asked whether they knew where the "Patriot" lay, and was answered in the negative. The next was a ship. My wooden-legged tar, with a stentorian voice, hailed "Patriot, ahoy," when, to my great gratification, the answer returned was "yes." My companion declared that I must be a wizard, but I soon found myself comfortably seated in the cabin, at a refreshing cup of tea. I spent the next day most pleasantly with the party. The following morning early, the Commodore fired a signal-gun for the fleet to get under weigh. One ship after the other set sail, and Captain Strannock put me on shore at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. Here I was as much at a loss as ever, not a boat being to be had to go to Portsmouth; and my mind was greatly harassed with the thought that, unless Captain Jenkins' ship had arrived, the Surinam party would be left behind. About twenty or more people of various descriptions, were met at the inn, and all in the same unpleasant predicament, disappointed in their hopes to get across to Portsmouth. At last the inn-keeper spoke to a man who had a leaky hoy lying upon the mud, which was bound to Gosport for repairs, but would not swim. They agreed that if all hands would

buckle to, she might be kept afloat by incessant pumping, and those present declared they would venture. I was among them, and we got safe, running right before the wind, and upon the mud at Gosport.

I suppose there were not less than 300 or 400 ships, of various sizes, sailing at once towards St. Helen's, belonging to four different convoys, bound to the East Indies, the Mediterranean, West Indies, Surinam, and North America. The sight was magnificent, and the weather incomparably beautiful. But my mind was wrapt up in gloomy apprehensions respecting the fate of the Surinam party. I hastened to their lodgings and found them quietly sitting round the fire, apparently unconscious of the sailing of the fleet. Captain Jenkins was at Portsmouth, hurrying on from one place to another to gain intelligence of his vessel. But the missionaries' faith did not fail them. They kept to their old saying, "We shall not be left behind." I had taken up my abode with my friend Mr. C. Dods, surgeon of Haslar hospital,* and the wind failing, I saw from my windows late in the evening that the fleet had not reached St. Helen's. This revived my hopes, and I rose early in the morning to observe them. Most of them had by this time returned to the Motherbank. Being Sunday, I had agreed to go to Gosport and spend it with the missionaries. I arrived before breakfast, and found Captain Jenkins sitting alone in the parlour. When he saw me, he exclaimed: "O my dear sir, I hope God Almighty has heard my prayers! I said so this morning at two o'clock, after a most tormenting night; when I rose and looked at the church-vane, I saw that the wind was right in their teeth, and that they could not proceed." I asked him where he had been yesterday. "O, sir," said he, "I ran all about Portsmouth like a man out of his senses, for my ship has not yet arrived, and I shall be ruined if I do not sail with the convoy. But, only think, sir, what has happened. As I was passing by the Blue Posts (an inn so called), the London coach came in, and a lady of my acquaintance stepped out, all in tears. We were surprised to see each other, and agreed to breakfast together in a separate room. She had come down once more to see her husband, the mate of an East Indiaman, and was quite disconsolate to hear that the ship had sailed!

* It is pleasant to reflect that this important and interesting institution, which formerly enjoyed the services of a truly pious surgeon like Mr. Dods, has been under the superintendence of Sir Edward Parry, and Sir John Richardson, officers alike distinguished for their eminent professional services and their truly Christian character.

"Now you must know, sir, that she is one of those people called Methodishes, and after breakfast she addressed me: 'Captain Jenkins, I have always perceived that when the mind is grievously oppressed, nothing can comfort it like going to prayer. You and I are in that state; have you any objection to go to prayer with me.' Now, sir, I never did such a thing in my life, but you know I could not refuse a lady, so we knelt down, and I hoped she would pray; but she again called upon me to do it. Sir, I hope I have done nothing amiss; if I have, God forgive me, I was obliged to say something, so says I: 'O Lord, thou knowest that this lady and I are in great distress; O grant a shift of wind, and stop the convoy; that my brig may come round from the Downs, and this lady may see her husband once more, for thou knowest if my brig does not come, I am a ruined man. Grant us therefore a shift of wind.' What could I say more? Luckily, I remembered the Lord's prayer, which I repeated at the close. I hope, sir, I did not do wrong. However, this morning, when I looked at the vane, I thought God Almighty had surely heard my prayers, for the convoy is stopped." It happened that the maid in the house belonged to the sect formed by the so-called coal-heaver Huntington, and was one of his most devoted followers. She was in the room cleaning the hearth and preparing for breakfast, and, hearing this artless account given by the captain, jumped up, and in a voice trembling with anger, exclaimed: "God Almighty hears no such prayers; and I wonder, Captain Jenkins, that such a wicked man as you can be so presumptuous as to think so." "Heyday, what now," cried the captain; "you impudent wench, what reason have you to object to my prayers? Tumble up; mind your own business, and let us have our breakfast." I interfered, and sharply reproved the maid for her impertinence, declaring that, for my part, I believed a prayer proceeding from the heart, and a real feeling of want, of whatever kind, was more acceptable in the ears of the merciful Father and Disposer of all events, than the most correct and eloquent display of gifts in a prayer offered up without a due sense of need and helplessness.

When the servant was gone, I began to explain to the captain more fully what I meant, and observed that it was only a pity that our outward welfare lay so much nearer our hearts than that of our souls. He confessed that such had been his case hitherto. I did not see him again, being obliged next day to return to London. I left my dear friends fully assured they would proceed by the fleet, which actually happened according to their faith.

Page for the Young.



APRIL.

VOICES OF THE SPRING FLOWERS.

The spring has come, and the fields are starred with its lovely blossoms. Let us try, while we lightly tread this daisied grass, and breathe this perfumed air, to "consider" the flowers which adorn the opening year.

What do they not teach, these frail yet sublime productions of our Creator, when, by the light of the Bible, we study them? They teach that God is all-powerful, all-wise, and present everywhere; above all, that he is full of love. This is what they always say to us when we go forth amongst them with prayerful hearts, and listen:—

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all he tries,
Could rear the daisy's crimson bud?—

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?—

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
In every step the stamp of God?"

DR. MASON GOODE.

Do you hear these voices of the flowers? Does every daisy say to you to-day, "God clothed me?" Does every lily breathe into your ear the praises of its Maker? Is all the air filled with music in his honour, as by the light of his sun you behold the fair adorning with which our Father has beautified the world?

It is a pleasant thought that in listening to the lessons of these flowers, we are simply obeying the Saviour, who told his disciples to "consider the lilies." If the flowers of the field are not too small for God to clothe, they cannot be too small for us to study. It is pride, and not common sense, that would teach us to despise "the lilies."

Examine this daisy, and mark the beauty of its structure. God has fashioned it of two kinds of tiny flowers; the yellow ones in the middle are in shape something

like a funnel, with five points at the brim; the white ones on the outside possess a long wing-like petal, marked with three teeth at the end, and tipped with a lovely crimson. "Consider" it well; remember that similar gems are found in almost every habitable quarter of our globe, and tell me whether its lesson is not this. "Our Maker is great and good, a God of infinite wisdom and majesty." Let us study this group of hedge-side primroses. How charming their colouring, so perfect in its purity; how delicate the green of calyx, stem, and leaf; how fresh the perfumed air that hovers above their dwelling! What wonder if the village children love to linger round the spot in which the first primrose blooms, and cherish the pale flower which He who created the stars has formed for them. What wonder that

"The schoolboy roams enchanted along,
Plucking the fairest with a rude delight;
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
Orjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring."

You are not tired, you tell me—and I believe it, for all the children I know are fond of flowers, and love to think about them. We will give a few words, then, to the violets. The Creator's care has brought these tiny blossoms to perfection; by his arrangement they are sheltered thus beneath a wealth of foliage; the slender stalk is slender because He wills it; the fragile petals curve at his behest; the perfume is thus sweet by his contriving. This rich blue-purple hue is the garment which God bestows upon the violets. They toil not, neither do they spin, yet how sweetly and beautifully arrayed. From this warm bank, modest and humble, they seem to breathe their thanks, as you do, children, when you gratefully remember in what calm, sheltered homes He has graciously planted you. It is a pleasant thing to dwell upon this care of the Creator for all his works. It makes us feel sure that if He cares for those flowers, how much more will he care for the children who trust in him.

You ask me to tell you more. I cannot now; but in some future walk I may be able to talk to you of other flowers: the daffodils, of an exquisite straw colour, which gem the sloping bank behind the village; the wood-anemones, white-blossomed and purple-stalked, that hide themselves in the valley beyond the copse; the scented cowslips in the pastures by the river; for all these also speak of God. Believing, as I do, that Jesus when He bids us "consider the lilies," directs our attention to every flower that grows, I cannot but delight to learn with you the lessons of the spring-flowers, and to exhort you to love and praise with me our Father who is in heaven.

And if the wisdom and goodness of God are worthy of regard in those works of creation, how much more should we study the infinite display of all the Divine attributes in the word of his grace.

"God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known:
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-redeeming power displays:
He brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through."

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

33. At what prophet's prayer was rain first withheld and afterwards granted?

34. Who is compared in the Scripture to "a sweeping rain that leaves no food?"

35. When did God send rain as a sign of His displeasure against Israel?

THE
SUNDAY AT HOME

A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading.



AT HOME AGAIN.

NOTES FROM AN ARCTIC DIARY.

VII.

The cheerfulness with which the travellers set forth did not desert them by the way, which proved smoother than they expected, except that in a few places the ice was thrown up in masses more than forty feet high. Nevertheless, the travelling was very fatiguing, even over the level ice, the foot at every step sinking six or eight inches in soft dry snow. Some adventures that might have been serious occasioned more amusement than alarm.

“In Mr. Ommaney’s tent one evening, after

all were in their sleeping sacks, a white bear put his head through the opening, which they had neglected to secure properly. The officer, the only person who saw it, seized his gun, which stood in a corner of the tent, and was about to fire on the intruder, when the gun went off, and the ball striking the tent rope, it immediately fell, covering the inmates, and partly the bear. Those in the other tents, on hearing the shot and the outcry, came to their assistance, and the bear was soon despatched. A similar adventure happened to us a few days before. We were lying close together, enveloped over our heads in our sleeping sacks,

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

when we heard footsteps outside; but thinking it was some one from one of the other tents, we did not disturb ourselves. Presently we heard a strange loud breathing, and looking out, saw the head of a bear, who was stretching his long neck over us through the opening of the tent. What was to be done? Pressed closely together as we were, and in our sacks, we could not move. At last a sailor succeeded in getting his large knife, and putting his arm out of his sack, cut an opening in the side of the tent, through which we rolled hastily out. Our guns lay ready loaded on the sledge, and in a few moments the unwelcome visitor lay dead at our feet."

Near Cape Hotham they met Captain M'Clintock, on his return from Wellington Channel, bringing only the renowned command of Sir E. Belcher that the ships should be abandoned. On April the 28th the party reached the "North Star." Captain Pullen and his officers welcomed them kindly, but they could not be received on board until the carpenters had fitted up the lower deck for their accommodation. For some days longer they were obliged to sleep in tents on the ice. Of this Mr. Miertsching was tired; as soon therefore as his cabin was finished, he borrowed tools and made the requisite furniture himself. Captain Kellet and his men arrived a month afterwards. Until that time they had been very comfortable on board the "North Star;" but when the crews of four ships were crowded into one, they could only make the best of it, and hope that it would be but for a few months.

They were not yet all together, however, for the two sledge parties sent westward had not returned. Before quitting his ships, Captain Kellet sent Mr. Hamilton with a dog-sledge to Dealy Island, to leave instructions for them to come direct to Cape Riley. They all arrived safely in June; Lieutenant Meham had visited the depôt left on Princess Royal Island, and found that it had been visited also by the officers of the "Enterprise," who had left an account of their proceedings. The "Enterprise" reached Behring's Strait fourteen days after the "Investigator." Being informed by Captain Moore that the latter vessel had entered the ice, Captain Collinson made many fruitless attempts to follow. Finding this impossible, he sailed for China, and wintered at Hongkong. Returning the following year, he was more successful; but before reaching the Mackenzie River, a lieutenant and one of the sailors were murdered by the Esquimaux. Having learned from the people of Cape Bathurst the direction in which the "Investigator" had sailed the preceding year, he took the same course, and found their cairns on Lord Nelson's

Head and Princess Royal Island, beyond which the ice would not allow him to go. Lieutenant Crabbe had visited the "Investigator," and found her just as she was left, the ice having apparently not broken up the summer before. He brought several things from the ship with him, but unfortunately not the journals, being unable to find them.

The ice began to break at the commencement of August, and in order to get into open water as soon as possible, a canal 900 paces long and 20 wide was cut through ice from 15 to 25 feet thick. This was accomplished partly by blasting and partly by sawing. After three weeks of excessive toil, the canal was completed, and the ship towed through. They hoped by this time to find a vessel from England, sent to fetch the shipless men; but none appeared, and they resigned themselves to their fate. "Our old frigate, 'North Star,'" they remarked, "must carry us all home." But the capabilities of the old frigate were not yet ascertained. Sir Edward Belcher arrived, announcing that his ships must also be abandoned, and room must be found for their crews. There was thus no alternative, and the "North Star" set sail with 278 men on board; but before rounding Cape Riley, the cry was heard from the crew's nest, "Two sails right ahead!" These proved to be the "Phoenix" and the "Talbot," under Captain Inglefield, the former being a steam-vessel. They were greeted with unbounded delight. "We returned with them to our anchoring ground," says our diarist; "the letter-bags were opened, and now also for me, who had not heard from home for so long, letters were produced. That day will never be forgotten while I live. How humbled did I feel at these proofs of the sympathy and remembrance of the brethren in our German and English congregations! The Lord has heard their faithful prayers. To his name be praise and thanksgiving for his infinite mercy."

Letters had twice before reached the "North Star," but not one for Mr. Miertsching. He had of course not heard since leaving the Sandwich Islands, and it cannot be wondered at that he thought himself almost forgotten. The carpenters had built a house on Beechy Island, which was stored with provisions and coals for Sir John Franklin or Captain Collinson. Captain Inglefield had brought some addition to the stores, and as soon as this was disposed of, the passengers were equally distributed, the "Investigators" remaining in the "North Star," and the captains going on board the "Phoenix." Then they set sail, but anchored for two days in Navyboard Inlet, to examine a depôt of provisions left there in 1850, which was found totally destroyed, every cask and

case broken open, and the contents strewed on the ground. Here they encountered a fearful storm, in which the "North Star" lost her largest anchor and 60 fathoms of chain-cable, and was only kept from being stranded by the aid of the "Phoenix."

Crossing Baffin's Bay to Disco Island, the vessels anchored in the harbour of the Danish settlement of Godhavn. Mr. Miertsching went on shore, and visited some of the Greenlanders, but found a difficulty in understanding them, their language appearing to be a mixture of Greenlandish and Danish. At last he met with a young woman who in her childhood had been several years in Copenhagen, and afterwards in Scotland, and who spoke English fluently. With her help he gave the people some account of the men of their race in Labrador and the far west, which seemed to interest them very much. This was the last delay; the last morsel of floating ice disappeared on quitting Disco Island, and the homeward voyage seemed to these men, so inured to danger, only like a pleasure sail. But after passing Cape Farewell, they found the heat and the rolling of the ship, to which they had been so long unaccustomed, very distressing, causing violent head-aches.

On the morning of October 6th, the "North Star" anchored off Gravesend, and Captain Pullen hired a steamer to tow his ship to Woolwich. "As I knew that the 'Harmony' usually returned from Labrador in September or October, I had been looking at every vessel that passed since we left Cape Farewell in the hope of recognising our little Mission brig, but hitherto in vain. Captain Pullen and the officers, who had aided my observations, now gave it up, and maintained that I should not be able to distinguish that ship among such a number of others. To-day after dinner I went on deck, and was looking at the ships as usual, when I saw a neat brig with two white stripes and seven blind port-holes, and looking through a telescope, found that it was the 'Harmony.' The captain and officers were convinced of the fact when they read the name on the prow and saw the white bears and reindeer painted on the stern. On the deck stood three passengers, two gentlemen in sealskins and a lady in European clothing. I mounted the taffrail and waved my hat, which was seen and returned by the two Brethren. The steamer towed us eight miles an hour, and the 'Harmony,' sailing with a light wind, was soon left far behind. In the evening we came to anchor at Gravesend. As soon as it was daylight, and the tide permitted, the steamer towed us up the Thames. That day, favoured by the most glorious weather, will long dwell in my memory. The

shores adorned with trees and houses, the meadows in which, not wild musk-oxen and reindeer, but gentle domestic cattle pastured, were to us indescribably lovely. There we saw men hastily walking, here railway trains rushing along a fertile cultivated land, full of life and activity; appearing to us, after the desolate regions from which we had come, almost a Paradise. Since July 4th, 1850, we had not seen a tree, or even a bush. It is impossible to describe the feelings of delight that overpowered every one; these changing multiplied impressions seemed almost too much for us, so long accustomed to desert loneliness; we forgot to eat and drink, but stood on deck astonished at the unwonted life, and rejoicing like children over everything new and beautiful. Thus we came, before we thought of it, to Woolwich. In order that I might reach London as quickly as possible, Captain Pullen took me in his boat, and showed me the way through the dock-yard to the railway station. As we passed the Admiral's house, we were called back. We must return to the ship, because we ought not to have come in here, but at Sheerness. This was a most unwelcome message, but we were obliged to obey. The little war-steamer 'Monkey' towed us down the river again. The beautiful shores were the same, but I could not again rejoice in their beauty, for my design of being in London that afternoon was frustrated.

"The reason of this apparently rather unreasonable proceeding was learned afterwards; the arrival of the 'North Star' had been telegraphed from Ramsgate, and an advertisement from the Admiralty had announced in the newspapers that the vessel would come to Sheerness. Wives and children had therefore hastened thither to welcome the long-absent beloved ones. Unhappily, amidst this glad meeting there were some painful scenes. Several mothers with their children, who came in joyful expectation of seeing once more the long-lost husband and father, received from the captain the mournful intelligence that they were not there—that high in the north they lay in their lonely icy graves. With deep compassion I saw these weeping widows and orphans depart from the ship."

The "Investigators" were transferred to the "Waterloo," there to await further orders. Mr. Miertsching wrote to the Admiral, representing that he did not belong to the ship's company, and received leave of absence for four days. "In a few minutes I was in a boat and landed at the wharf; I went into a large shop in my patched and worn-out seaman's garb, and came out in a short time completely new-clad; went with Captain Pullen in a steam-boat to

Strond, and thence by railway to London. At six in the evening I reached the house of brother Mallalieu, where I met with a cordial welcome from sister Mallalieu and the two brethren from Labrador. Brother Mallalieu soon came in, and welcomed me to his house with paternal affection. After tea I went with them to the evening service. When I again, after such a long absence, entered the house of God; when I found myself in the midst of the brethren and sisters who had accompanied me on my travels with their prayers; when I heard the organ-tones and the singing, oh, these things stirred feelings which I never can express!

"After I had become in some measure accustomed to my new life, I visited my dear Captain McClure and Captain Kellet, who were in London; and having on application to the Admiralty received my dismissal, I went down to Sheerness to take leave of my old shipmates on board the 'Waterloo.' I passed there some very pleasant hours, and when the time came for my departure, they all accompanied me to the steamboat. Our parting was very sorrowful; and many of these storm and danger-hardened mariners were not ashamed to shed tears. We had lived four years eight months and nineteen days together; had shared the greatest perils in water, fire,³ and ice; had hungered, been frozen, and lamented together; but had also comforted and supported one another. We learned in those times of need to call upon the Lord and have experienced his wondrous help in every way; we have seen that human strength and skill are often powerless to remove even apparently trifling obstacles out of the way, and have on the other hand richly experienced that there is a God of salvation to whom belong the issues from death. When I look back upon the time of my sea-life, I can only cry with deep humility, 'Lord, I am not worthy of all the grace and mercy thou hast bestowed upon me!' Although the first year of my life at sea brought with it many things that were not pleasant, yet from the commencement I enjoyed much friendship and esteem from the crew, as well as from Captain McClure and the officers, who will ever remain in my affectionate remembrance. That I had so little opportunity of becoming acquainted with the heathen Esquimaux grieved me very much, and I could not for a long time feel reconciled to it; but in this also the Lord's thoughts are high above our thoughts, as the heavens are high above the earth.

"The American coast from Behring's Strait to the Coppermine River, if not even to Wollaston

Land, is numerously peopled. Here is a wide field of labour for missionaries. If the Hudson's Bay Company would favour the diffusion of the gospel in conjunction with their traffic, they have the best opportunity, not only among the Esquimaux, but also among the many Indians dwelling more inland. But to the Lord, under whose command all things are, ways and means will not be wanting when the time is come for sending to these poor heathen the blessed gospel. And the same Lord who has had mercy upon me and permitted me to return to my fatherland in safety, will yet further prepare a way for my feet. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

Thus concludes the journal which has furnished the materials for these papers. Some of our readers, it is hoped, have felt sufficient interest in the excellent author to hear with pleasure that he is now happily married, and labouring acceptably at the Moravian settlement of Elim, South Africa.

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* The "Investigator" was twice on fire.

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