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[Original.]

Trust in Jesus.

I will trust in my Saviour,
Who always is near,
His hand will uphold me,
I never need fear.
When storms are around me,
And waves breaking high,
I'll hear, in the tempest,
His voice—"It is I."

Though he bid me to walk
On the rough surging tide,
He has promised to save,
If I trust and confide.
While, doubting, I glance
From the waves to the sky,
His Spirit is pleading—
"Believe—It is I."

Believe! O that could I
More firmly believe,
And trust in his promise
All fears to relieve!
That even in darkness
I'd feel he was nigh,
And hear his voice speaking,
"Have faith—It is I."

He chastens in mercy,
To draw me away
From earth and its pleasures,
To heaven's bright day;
To fit me for praising,
With angels on high,
He afflicts, then he comforts,
And says, "It is I."

O for this my dear Saviour
I'll bear every loss,
And run where he bids me,
And carry my cross;
For sure is that promise
Which comes from the sky,
"I will lead you and save you,
Fear not—It is I."

A few stormy days,
And my trials are past;
No more shall disturb me,
The world's chilling blast;
But soaring to regions
Of rapture on high,
My Saviour will greet me,
And say, "It is I." J. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

Estimates of the Soul.

Matt. iv: 8, 9.—"Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

It is good to think of our Lord's temptation, as well as of his passion; but at this time our thoughts are turned to some estimates of the soul, and it is good to think of its value.

We wonder at Judas in betraying his Master. He must have been convinced that Jesus was the true Messiah. He had seen his mighty works; he had witnessed his holy life; he had seen his compassion toward the sick, the afflicted, and the suffering. He had heard his parables; he had listened to his Godlike instructions. He had witnessed his forbearance toward his enemies, and his patience under persecution. He must have noticed a remarkable fulfilment of prophecies in Jesus of Nazareth. In the full blaze of all the testimony in favor of Christ's Messiahship, he could not for a moment be in doubt. Yet notwithstanding all the light poured into his mind, and though convinced, as he must have been, and as his confession, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent," proves him to have been, that Jesus was the Christ, he delivered him into the hands of his enemies for thirty pieces of silver! He must have known the consequences. The Saviour, in his presence, had pronounced a woe on that man by whom the Son of man should be betrayed. Judas knew that Christ had said it were better he had not been born than to betray him. In view of all this he went out, with the woe sounding in his ears, and covenanted with the chief priests for thirty pieces of silver. For thirty pieces of silver he sold his Saviour; for thirty pieces of silver he ruined his soul; for thirty pieces of silver he sold himself to the devil! This was the price at which he valued the Lord of glory; this was the price at which he valued his own soul: for in selling his Saviour, he sold himself to the evil one. And we wonder at him.

But let us beware that we are not guilty of the same offence; let us beware that we barter not away our souls for even less than thirty pieces of silver!

Men barter their souls to the devil. He is extensively engaged in the traffic. He sets a high value on the soul. He is willing to give more for it than most men ask. Here is the price he offers: All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them—all these things will I give. Here is his estimate of the worth of the soul; in his view it equals in value the whole world. This he offers, and that is as high as he can go. He can give no more; and he can not give this, but he can promise it, and he can promise no more, unless it be exemption from future punishment, and endless happiness in heaven. But observe: this same devil is a liar and a cheat, and always has been. He promises fair, but never performs. This is the way he makes and can make so many contracts. He has been buying souls ever since he bought Adam and Eve with the promise of life, and wisdom, and has never paid one of his just debts. Beware how you deal with him. He will deceive and ruin you.

Look at the example. Our Lord would not listen to Satan's offer. He has said, What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? In his estimation, the world is nothing in comparison with the worth of the soul. Its capacities for knowledge are almost boundless; its capabilities for enjoyment or suffering are almost infinite; and its duration is endless. Who then can tell its worth? Our Saviour's estimate is seen in what he has done and suffered to redeem it—to re-purchase or buy it back from the possession of the Prince of Darkness. He gave himself for its ransom. Can you compute the worth of his everlasting righteousness? Can you estimate his obedience and sufferings; his agony in the garden and his groans upon the cross; his glorious person and his precious blood? Then, and not till then, can you tell the worth of the soul. It is infinite!

Yet how lightly men value their souls! The devil's estimate is seen in what he offers; Christ's estimate, in what he gave; man's estimate, in what he takes. Judas took thirty pieces of silver; and multitudes sell their souls for the world—not all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, but for the riches and honors, the vanities and pleasures of the world. How many pursue the world in its various forms, and neglect their eternal interests! How many sell their souls for the world! The young are often deceived by the wicked one, and bargain for this price. They forget their Creator, reject the Saviour, resist the Spirit, follow after vanity, die and are lost. Those of maturer years are also wedded to the world. They rise early and sit up late, they eat the bread of carefulness, they traverse the desert, they climb the mountains, they dig into the heart of the earth, they brave the dangers of the ocean, they visit every clime, that they may gather shining dust, build splendid houses, and roll in luxury. For gold they sell themselves and barter away their souls. Nor are men wiser when they grow old. Then, too, they are caught with the husks of this world. They are taken in their own net; they receive their price, and reap the reward of their doings.

Some sell their souls for honor and renown. They seek for glory, and honor, and immortality—not immortality in heaven, but on earth; immortal renown among men. They love the praise of man more than the praise of God; and to obtain it, they barter away their souls. Alas, that any should be so unwise! What if they could gain the world, with all its riches and honors; what if they could enjoy all the pleasures of earth; what if the universe were theirs, and they could call the stars their own, and they were all one solid diamond; and what if they could sit on the throne of unbounded dominion, and all men were their slaves, and angels their servants, and the cattle on a thousand hills their own, and palaces were their kitchens, and cities their storehouses, and villages their workshops; and yet they should lose their souls! What would it profit them? Nothing!

Let us estimate our souls according to their true value—by the price which has been paid for their redemption. Let us not be deceived by Satan nor the world, but let us trust in the Saviour of sinners, and commit our souls and our all to him. The devil's promises are false and deceitful; the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. In the hour of temptation, let us rest on God's promises, and say to the tempter, Get thee hence, Satan!

W. J. M.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lake Scenery Revisited—Sojourn at Hexham—The Abbey Church—Brotherly Concord and Religious Life—Church Rates out of the way—A Descendant of Bishop Ridley—Joseph Barker and Secularism—His Perverts—Their Restoration and his own—The Secularist, his Children, and "Bible Stories"—Professor Wilson, Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth—Their Familiar Haunts and Hills—Literary Inquirers and the Record Office—Captains Speke and Grant—Their New Revelations of an African "Interior"—Roebuck and Lindsey with the Emperor—Slidell and Breakfast—The Council and the Dispatch—Lord Palmerston at the Mansion House—Case of the Alexandra—Matters Miscellaneous.

June 25, 1863.

From Windermere, while Summer is at its noon—the sun flooding the forest trees, the limpid streams and "forces" (water-falls) of the hills and the mountains, with glory and beauty, I write. Windemere Lake, seen at sunset, is one living sheet of burnished gold; and the mountains beyond, with their bare scarps and their wood-clothed spires and sides, are suffused with a splendor of painting which could only come from the Creator's own hand. Amid such scenes as these, fragrant with the perfume of flowers, vocal with the the song of birds, health-restoring and invigorating—sweet peace benignant and smiling, fair villas nestling under grove or cliff, and the promise of plenty and harvest-gladness filling the plains, one may well exclaim:

"O God, O Good beyond compare,
If such thy meaner mercies are,
What must those glorious mansions be
Where saints and angels dwell with thee."

I came hither, after a sojourn at Hexham, in Northumberland, for three successive days. Repairing thither from Carlisle, "the Border City," sweeping along the banks of the Eden, which has been crossed, ere now, by the legions of Imperial Rome, and later by the Highland troops of Prince Charlie, as afterwards—before and after the final overthrow of the Stuart dynasty on Culloden's bloody field—by the army of the Duke of Cumberland in 1746; and passing by the seat of Mr. Howard, the representative of one of the oldest Romish families of rank in the kingdom, I emerged on a Saturday afternoon on the banks of another and nobler river—the Tyne—which, as it meanders onwards toward the German Ocean, laves the base of the Northumberland hills, and, met by the tide below Hexham, helps to make Newcastle, South and North Shields, and Teynmouth, flourishing and prosperous.

At Hexham is a noble relic of an ancient Abbey, of an order of architecture most imposing. It is truly a Cathedral in its dimensions and structure, although it is used only as a parish church. In this town there is a happy concord—the fruit of the Spirit of life and love between Churchmen and Dissenters. Once there was strife in connexion with the hated imposts of Church Rates. One merchant of the town, a descendant of, and bearing the name of, Bishop Ridley, the martyr of Queen Mary's days, allowed his furniture to be seized and sold for Church rates, rather than submit to injustice. At length his firmness rallied the townsmen; they refused a Rate at the Vestry meeting; now the Cummin bread, wine, and surplice-washing are all paid for by Churchmen themselves, and the result—coupled with Evangelical clergymen being in the Establishment and parish—is, that both they and the Nonconformists coöperate in good works, and sit down lovingly together to be entertained at the table of a worthy and catholic-hearted Nonconformist. This gentleman was my host also. His history, as to matters religious is remarkable. He had been led away captive to secularism and infidelity some years ago, by Joseph Barker, an ex-Primitive Methodist minister, who had apostatized, and been expelled by his own body. This man had most persuasive powers, was subtle in argument, and did an infinity of mischief. In Hexham he caused some of the most prominent young men to cast off first, Evangelical views; next they descended to Socinianism; and then to Secularism. The same was the result wide and far over the Northern counties. Well; nothing is too hard for the Lord. Some of the dupes of Barker have been rescued; among others, my host at Hexham; and a greater wonder still, Barker himself, at the funeral of a godly tradesman in a Yorkshire town, some ten days ago, addressed three thousand people, and publicly and openly confessed and deplored his wanderings; said he had been in Polar regions from Christ, and that now he renewed his vows, avowed his penitence, and declared for Christianity.

The children of skeptics have ere now rebuked, if not been the instruments of converting them. Mr. ———, of Hexham, told me that after he had imbibed the teachings of Barker, he gave up both family and private prayer, and ceased also attendance on any place of worship. He used to take his children into the woods and up among the hills on the Lord's day morning, and in the evening told them stories—moral in their tendency. But one Sabbath night, he told his children a story from the Bible, and from that night onward they would not listen to any but "Bible stories." Then came compunction, quickening, illumination. By-and-by the Spirit of revival visited the town. Foremost among the workers in this golden season of harvest-reaping was my host. He has had the joy of seeing three of his own children saved—one of them a beautiful girl, who, after attendance on these meetings in the town, came with burdened heart to her father and said, "What am I to do? They told me to believe in Christ. I never saw him. How can I believe on him? What am I to do?" How sweet for a father to have to deal with a soul in the throes of conviction and conversion such as these assuredly were! He told her how "blessed" were "they who have not seen, yet have believed," encouraged her to trust and not be afraid, in Him who is willing and waiting, and mighty to save, and kneeling down he prayed with her. She arose a new creature. That lovely girl, early ripe for heaven, not long after, returning from seeing London and the Exhibition of 1863, was seized with violent illness, and now her dust sleeps in the beautiful cemetery, and her spirit is with Christ.

The Lake Scenery is doubtless visited by very many American tourists, and it is impossible that with fine weather they can be disappointed. The lakes, hills, tarns, rocks, groves, and torrents are full of romantic interest in themselves; but to persons of literary culture and those who are familiar with the writings and history of Professor Wilson, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, and Hartley Coleridge, there is in visiting their homes and haunts, a double charm. I am writing at this moment, just under the shadow of the hill and park of "Elleray," long the residence of the late Professor Wilson, of Edinburgh, where he doubtless wrote some of his ablest papers for *Blackwood*, "Noctes Ambrosianæ" included, and where in vacant hours the tall, powerful, stalwart man, instinct with life and physical energy, was to leap on the grass in competition with the strongest of the peasantry, or thence descending to Bonness to ply the oar on the silver lake of Windermere.

As to Wordsworth, the main scenes of his "Excursion" are here. Here, too, he was in the proper atmosphere suited for his calm, philisophic, and refined poesy. Here doubtless he mused and burned too, till he seized the pen and traced quickly one and another of those sonnets, some of which, like that beginning, "Thou shouldst be living, Milton, at this hour," stir the soul as with the breath of a trumpet.

Coleridge and Wordsworth are buried in the same churchyard; both men of marvellous genius, but Coleridge at once transcendant, and it may be well added, transcendental also.

Amid these lovely scenes still lives the aged Harriet Martineau, a woman of masculine mind, and unamiable withal, and exciting first aversion and then pity, because that the shadows of evening are gathering over her, and eternity is near. May she even now, ere it be too late, bow at the feet of Emmanuel, and submit as a sinner to be saved through the faith of his name and the blood of his cross! And let all your Christian readers respond to this prayer, "Amen"—so thou Compassionate One let it be!

Literary Inquirers at the Library and Reading Room of the British Museum and also at the Record Repository in London of State papers, are increasingly numerous. The following is an authentic list of the subjects of research at the Record Repository in 1862. The consultations amounted in number to 2,448. The list is curious. It comprises:

"Life of Sir Philip Sidney; history of the Perrott family; to make tracings of certain ancient maps of Ireland; to inspect correspondence between England and the Low Countries in the 16th century; to collect materials for memoir of Jane Dormer, Duchess of Feria, wife of the Spanish Ambassador in London, Henry VIII. to Elizabeth, and to take impressions of seals; history of Anglesey and Beaumaris; to inspect the minutes of Council and Assembly and the laws of New-York, for the New-York Historical Society; history of Willesden, to inspect papers of commissioners for building churches, Anne; history of gunpowder and artillery; to search for the decrees and orders of Speaker Lenthall; history of the manners, &c., of the Welsh; lives of Archbishop Ussher and Bishop Bedell; researches respecting the Act of Uniformity, 1562; history of the town and priory of Royston; to transcribe papers relating to Hungary; history of the Nugent family; to see the grant of an almshouse at Layer Marner, by letters patent, 34, Elizabeth; German history; history of Essex; inquiries respecting the legal history of England; lives of the Lord Mayors; life of the Bishop of Exeter; history of the navy; history of Lincolnshire families; history of English Cathedrals; researches relating to the Rectory of Birmingham; literary purposes connected with social science; early history of Barbadoes; flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, and researches relating to the Roman Catholic Bishops of Ireland, Elizabeth and James I.; to take a pencil sketch of the seal attached to the surrender of Coggeshall Abbey; history of Cork; particulars relating to the river Humber and places on its banks; to collect materials for a history of the baronage; history of the militia; history of commerce and navigation at Bordeaux; literary purposes connected with the Isle of Man; history of the town of Ivry, in Normandy; researches relating to Shakespeare; new edition of White's Selbourne; history of the Channel Islands; researches illustrative of political economy; life of Sir James Graham; history of the Baptists; researches into military history; to examine letters of Bishop Hall; history of the office of Lord Great Chamberlain; history of the Long family; colonial history; to copy Irish papers of the reign of Henry VIII.; to inspect domestic papers, Charles II.; history of lace; history of Monmouthshire; internal defence and the Volunteer force; to copy Irish papers; parochial histories of Wilts. An office that can minister to so many wants must be well worth its salt."

Captains Speke and Grant, the returned African travellers, have been received with honor by the Mayor and Corporation of Southampton, the port of landing in England, and especially by the Royal Geographical Society of London, the Prince of Wales being present. Captain Speke gives information, very curious. The people in many places are docile. Of one race he says they are eminently "gentlemen." The countries were fertile in the highest degree. He has bestowed names familiar as household words on certain places. The Great Lake at the source of the Nile, is of course the Victoria Lake. One of its channels is named after the French Emperor. There is also a Murchison Creek, (in honor of Sir F. Murchison, the great *savan* and President of the Geographical Society;) a Windemere Lake, and a Rippon Falls. He also gives amusing information:

"If our explorers no longer bring us wonderful accounts of the Anthropophagi and men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders, their stories are still sufficient to excite our wonder, and sometimes, too, our laughter. To frighten a man by opening an umbrella, is an incident which is only seen in a pantomime with us; but Captain Speke managed to terrify a whole court with that very harmless weapon. The King of Uganda was disposed to be very haughty, but the gallant adventurer won his way to court favor by putting up his umbrella—a cheap way to royal patronage, which people in Europe will readily appreciate. This King of Uganda was very kind to the wanderers; as simple as a child, and as inquisitive, though with many of the notions of state and royalty. He asked about the sun and the moon, and was very anxious to know what became of the old suns and moons. He was astonished, too, to hear that the land was surrounded by water, and what is still more noticeable, he had heard of the extraordinary power of the white people, and asked if it was true that 'they could blow up Africa.' His Majesty was attracted, as all savages are, by the power of the gun, which, by the way, is as much a civilized as a savage trait, and he was never tired of seeing Captain Speke exercise his skill in shooting vultures or other birds. The King's initiation into the art of handling and using the weapon was marked by a peculiar royal feature. He used to practise on the cows in his court-yard, and, no doubt, his Majesty would be able to secure in this way a good bag any morning before breakfast. One European habit, the princes of this royal family appeared to have acquired readily, if indeed it was not an indigenous custom. Whenever Captain Speke made a good shot, they shook his hand with great fervor, and probably, in their own tongue, they said he was a good fellow. The people of Uganda are described as extremely tidy and cleanly in their habits, and their style of dress 'would not disgrace a native of London.'"

It appears also that this African "Majesty" has three hundred wives. The *Manchester Examiner*, having condensed the facts stated, concludes with reflections, somewhat satirical, but certainly suggestive and wholesome:

"Captain Speke tells us that ingratitude is considered a crime among this interesting people, and untidiness is punished with death, unless the offender is able to pay a heavy fine. Where they can have got these exalted notions it would be difficult to say, but they have other customs which show that their manners are not behind those of the 'dark places of the earth' in cruelty. On the occasion of the coronation of a king, all his numerous brothers and sisters, with the exception of two, are burnt. A court, much more near to the heart of civilization, still preserves a custom something similar to this, and perhaps we might trace follies as great as any which disfigure the royalty of Ugandy in different European circles. We judge of these things as custom has made them familiar to us. We reconcile ourselves to practices which good taste, and perhaps morality, would call in question, but which fashion and habit accept and imitate. If the King of Karagwe, who is said by Captain Speke to be as courteous, civil, and enlightened as a European, were to write a book of travels in England, no doubt it would entertain his people with descriptions of our singularities and barbarities. The belief in the evil eye, which is prevalent in the territories round the Victoria Nyanza, is not a whit more absurd than the convictions of certain European autocrats. The dead lizards, with which the Kings' wives in Africa are crowned, to ward off the influence of the ocular demon, are less baneful, if they are more ludicrous, than the means used to destroy similar objectionable spirits in Europe. We may smile at the superstitions of the African potentate, but we grow pale at the terrors of autocratic practices in Europe. Let us hope that civilization will not spoil the people to whom Captain Speke acts as master of the ceremonies. If we can carry to them the blessings of progress without introducing its disadvantages, we shall do more for the honor of our country than if we had acquired the whole territory of the Nile by conquest."

Amateur Diplomacy has, in the persons of two English M. P.'s, whom the Government *does not* endorse, been in close conference with the French Emperor. The fall of Puebla has greatly relieved his mind from anxiety, and he is ready for business in other quarters—may hap in marching his legions ere long on the Vistula for the Poles; or in case of a war, and that Prussia join Russia, gratifying the French by a slice, or the whole of the Provinces on the *West* bank of "Father Rhine." Last week he had Mr. Slidell, the Confederate Envoy, at breakfast, and the conference and *tete a tete* were very lengthened. Immediately after, he presided at a Cabinet meeting, and it was agreed that a dispatch be written to the British Government asking once more its coöperation with France in a friendly interposition in the direction of peace, and the cessation of bloodshed at Washington. It is said that if England refuses, Spain will be invited to join in professing "good offices." Messrs. Roebuck and Lindsay also had a long interview with the Emperor, and indicated his views and wishes, as already expressed.

The case of the *Alexandra*, seized by the Government as suspected to be fitting out for the Confederate service, came on for final adjudication this week. The Law Officers of the Crown prosecuted the builders of the ship, but the decision was adverse. The grounds of it were strictly legal, as indicated by the Lord Chief Baron in his charge to the jury.

Matters Miscellaneous indicate that a nobleman (just coming of age), the Marquis of Hastings, has been fined and exposed before a magistrate for cock-fighting (it was on the Sabbath, steel spurs were used, and five birds were killed); that Menghette and Ratazzi, Italian Premier and ex-Premier, have fought a duel almost bloodless; and shaken hands; that the King of the Belgians has, as arbiter, decided against England in her dispute with Brazil; that the Prince and Princess of Wales are soon going to Scotland; that Mr. Wilson, one of the Essayists, is appealing and also defending himself before the Privy Council, against the sentence passed on him by Dr. Lushington; and that Canon Stanley's pamphlet on "Subscription" and its "abolition," creates a stir, and gives an impetus to Negativism and Broad Church views. The *Daily News* is strong and able on this question.

Colonel Crawley, of the Bengal army, who thrust into prison Sergeant Lilley, causing his death, followed by that of his wife, is about to be brought to a Court Martial. Sir Hugh Rose had condoned Crawley. There has been strong indignation expressed in Parliament, and by the press. The Duke of Cambridge had previously sent out a dispatch blaming the Colonel, and yet continuing him "on trial", now the Court Martial is decided on, and may probably take place in England, where many of the necessary witnesses are.

India is flourishing as to revenue. Sir C. Trevellian remits one per cent. of income tax, reduces the beer duty to a minimum, and has money in abundance for public works. Kunacher, in Scinde, is becoming a great shipping port for cotton. The prolongation of the American war gives a mighty stimulus to the development of India. Side by side with material progress, Parsees and Brahmins are giving up their prejudices, while Christianity is advancing.

An absurd tale has been got up in the *Morning Post* about the Rev. "Dr." Ellis, the chief of the London Missionary Society's agents in Madagascar, being recommended by the Bishop of Capetown as the first bishop of his proposed new Mission. The *Patriot* says: "Dr. Gray having been foiled in the scheme to form a High Church mission in the island, *may* have conceived the idea of converting Mr. Ellis into an Anglican bishop. * * One thing we know, that Mr. Ellis has got a more honorable bishopric than any the Church of England has to offer him." J. W.

The Death of Dr. Johnson.

How solemn are the closing scenes of this dying man. He is styled the Moralist. Justice, truth, virtue, were the pillars of his character; at all times and in all places he was loyal to his convictions of duty, and reverent toward God. In the wide grasp of his clear, calm, comprehensive mind, he everywhere discerned a moral government, and recognized a righteous Governor; his conscience, unseared by passion, or self-indulgence, spoke solemnly, and was heard; the fear of God was upon him; but now, as the curtains of death close around his brave heart and unclouded intellect, he lies helpless, wrestling for hope, panting for peace, raising his eyes with a fearful looking for of judgment into the eternal world. "The approach of death is dreadful," he exclaims. "I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had; yet we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to day, may live to-morrow. No wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is going into a state of punishment. Nay, no wise man will be contented to die, if he thinks he is to fall into annihilation; for however unhappy any man's existence may be, yet he would rather have it than not exist at all. No; there is no rational principle by which a man can die contented, but a trust in the mercy of God through the merits of Jesus Christ."

And yet when one said to him in an hour of gloomy despondency, "You forget the merits of your Redeemer," he replied with deep solemnity, "I do not forget the merits of my Redeemer, but my Redeemer has said, '*He will set some on his right hand and some on his left.*'"

"What man," he asks, with mournful distrust, "can say that his obedience has been such as he could approve of in another, or that his repentance has not been such as to require being repented of?"

"Remember what you have done by your writings in defence of virtue and truth," urged his friends.

"Admitting all you say to be true," answered the dying hero, "how can I tell when '*I have done enough?*'"

At last he described the kind of clergyman whom he wished to see. Mr. Winstanley was named, and a note was dispatched requesting his attendance in the sick man's chamber. Through ill-health and nervous apprehension, the clergyman could reply only in writing. "Permit me, therefore," ran the note, "to write what I would wish to say, were I present. I can easily conceive what would be the subjects of your inquiry. I can conceive that the views of yourself have changed with your condition, and that on the near approach of death, what you considered mere peccadilloes, have risen into mountains of guilt, while your best actions have dwindled into nothing. On whichever side you look, you see only positive transgression, or defective obedience; and hence, in self-dispair, are eagerly asking, 'What shall I do to be saved?' I say to you in the language of the Baptist, 'Behold the Lamb of God.'"

"Does he say so?" exclaimed the anxious listener. "Read it again, Sir John." Upon the second reading, Dr. Johnson declared, "I must see that man, write again to him."

A second letter was the reply, enlarging upon and enforcing the subject of the first. "These, together with the conversation of a pious friend, Mr. Latrobe, appear to have been blessed of God," continues one in a letter to Hannah Moore, "in bringing this great man to a renunciation of self, and a simple reliance on Jesus as his Saviour; thus also communicating to him that peace which he had found the world could not give, and which, when the world was fading from his view, was to fill the void, and dissipate the gloom even of the valley of the shadow of death. The man whose intellectual powers had awed all around him, was in turn made to tremble when the period arrived when all knowledge is useless and vanishes away, except the knowledge of the true God, and of Jesus Christ whom he has sent. To attain this knowledge, this giant in knowledge must become a little child. The man looked up to as a prodigy of wisdom, must become a fool, that he might be wise."

"For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith and his trust in the merit and propitiation of Jesus Christ," testifies Dr. Brocklesby.

"My dear doctor, believe a dying man," exclaimed Johnson, "there is no salvation but in the Lamb of God."—*Life in Hall and Cottage.*

The Cold Shoulder in Church.

We know a man, well educated, polite, agreeable in all private intercourse, who did a very impolite thing the other day in church. When the sermon began, he half looked up, with no encouraging expression on his face, but with the air of a suspicious man, who "does not believe there is much in it," but is willing to wait a little and see. He was clearly prepared *not* to be interested. If all church attendants greeted their preacher thus, they would break him down at the outset. Our friend soon dropped his eyes, turned as far round as the seat would let him, and fairly gave the preacher the cold shoulder. He did not shut his eyes; that would have been less discouraging. The minister might have thought: "Poor man, he has been hard-worked in his business, and though the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak." He was provokingly wide-awake. But he looked down, straight and hard, as if he would look the floor through, and look out an underground passage by which to escape. There he sat, stern and rigid, seeming to feel sour, discontented and bored. His whole attitude said: "That sermon is not worth much—I wish I could hear something better than that." Well, the sermon might have been poor; we have a right to speak on that point. But it cost labor. Weary, though pleasant, hours were spent in thinking it out, in casting and re-casting it, in trying to make its central truth stand out prominent and impressive. And its truth was one of great moment. Even though, in the estimation of the unwilling hearer, poorly set forth, *it* deserved serious and respectful attention. But there sat the hearer, saying all the while by his manner: "I wish you were in Joppa!" In one place he did look up, as if about to show some interest, but he soon relapsed into the disgusted state. As a whole, it was a most decided case of the cold shoulder.

We are sorry he was so ill satisfied. We wish every man he hears were a star preacher, able to fascinate and entrance him. But as most preachers are not extraordinary men, we do not see how he is to get along. He is a church-member, and it would scarcely be reputable to stay away from church; and it may not be convenient to go every Sabbath where brilliant orators are to be heard. He must go to church; and he must hear some sermons which claim no more than to be plain, simple presentations of religious truth. Now we ask, is it polite for him to frown on a minister in the very house of worship? If he cannot be pleased, may not others be profited? And if the preacher has any right to preach at all, if it is best that he should preach, is it not best to show a decent interest in the services?

Perhaps we mistake our friend. Perhaps he is pretty well satisfied, but "that is his way." If so, it is a most unfortunate way. Gentlemen do not treat each other so in the parlor, or the counting-room; why should they in the church?

The thought will do to dwell on and carry out. Let all church-goers pay good and evident attention to the preacher, and they will encourage him more than they think of. And if they wish to get better sermons, that is just the way to bring it about. —*Pacific.*

Effect of One Wrong Act.

Have you ever considered the effect of one wrong act? The thing may not seem wrong in itself; soon done; and viewed alone, may appear of no importance. But you must trace its ramifications, and follow up, link by link, its results. That single insignificant act, done thoughtlessly, in an unguarded moment, must send forward an influence through your whole subsequent life.

The historian of British India, speaking of the voyage of Warren Hastings to that country, says, concerning a circumstance which occurred on that voyage:

"It is doubtful whether this act did not exercise an unfavorable influence over his whole moral nature, and over his career." Of how many persons might the same remark be made! One wrong act brings the murderer to his ignominious end. One wrong act stamps, with indellible stains of dishonor, a character hitherto above reproach. One wrong act in youth has thrown many a young person from under the controlling love of a kind Providence, and launched him on a sea of trouble and sorrow to a late old age.

Of how much peace, of how much spiritual prosperity and holy joy, has a single sin at the outset, robbed a true child of God? Of how much deep, unavailing sorrow and mortification has it been the inlet! It was an act, perhaps, as soon done as the turning of a key by the angel that opened the bottomless pit; but with a most distressing power for evil it has caused a darkness, as the smoke of a great furnace, to overcloud your prospects, and has let forth amid the wide-spread scenes of all your following years, memories and regrets with a keener power than scorpions, and leaving hardly a green thing in the waste of a life that opened with so much to animate and to cheer. It has drawn down on you the displeasure of God. It has arrayed his providence against you, and shut you off from the fulness of his love.

An unadvised expression from the lips of Moses shut him out from the green pastures and still waters beyond Jordan. Never till we reach heaven, and there have all our secret history unrolled to our view, shall we know from how many scenes of earthly and of spiritual happiness a single wrong act has excluded us; how many sore afflictions it has drawn around our weary pilgrimage; and from what degree of advancement it has shut us off even amid the glories and blessedness of heaven.

Old Age.

Let it always be respected. It has its dark side always; and its bright side when the life has been virtuous. But in all cases, let the young revere the aged, and honor the old men and aged women. Our heart always goes out to the children who are kind and respectful to the occupant of the old arm chair; who love to wait on the grand-mothers and grand-fathers.

Old age—we are always glad to see it in comfortable circumstances. When people have been industrious to bear the burdens of life in the heat of the day, it is a peculiarly pleasant sight to see them surrounded by a competency in old age. It is a bad policy that squanders in youth and in the vigor of manhood, instead of accumulating something against the time of old age. At that period the sprightliness of youth and the strength of mid-life have passed. The infirmities of age, the load of years, when "they that look out at the windows are darkened, when one starts at the sound of the bird, when fear is in the way,"—all these make it desirable that the aged be most kindly administered unto, by children, grand-children, and all other members of the household. And this care and respect of old age, the Bible enjoins as a filial and sacred duty upon the young.

Old age may be the lot of any of us; and we have said that it has its bright side. Sometimes it is contemplated with much pleasure. You and I love to see an old man, reverend in years, glorious in gray hairs, and in the ripe fruits of a long religious life. There is a patriarchal halo and brightness resting on the last years and acts of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses. There is a cheering record given us of Simeon in the temple, and Anna of "about fourscore and four years, who served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Fathers and mothers in Israel these, and thousands such there are among us now, who seem preserved by a gracious Providence as the salt of the earth, for the two-fold purpose of connecting the present with past generations, and of praying to God for the peace and prosperity of the Church of God.

Emphatically is it true that kindnesses done to them are the same as if done to Christ. And if the aged be poor, and if some of them have been vicious even in early portions of life's journey, still be kind to them. For if God has borne with such fourscore years, then our children and grand-children can a few days. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head."

But religion shall make old age a welcome, closing and ripening scene to a well-spent life. A glorious sunset is as pleasant to look upon as a sunrising. These wait for thy salvation, O Lord.—*Morning Star.*

"Your Duty is to Pick."

The late Rev. Dr. Bangs, the eminently useful Methodist minister, commenced his ministry in a very difficult circuit on the Canadian frontier. As he saw no fruit of his labors, he resolved to give up his license, and had mounted his horse to return home, when, arriving at Grand river, he found it impossible to cross, as the ice was so broken. Returning to his field desponding and confounded, he was encouraged by a remarkable dream. He dreamed that he was working with a pickaxe on the top of a basaltic rock, upon which, however, he could make no impression. At last he said to himself, "It is useless; I will pick no more;" when a stranger of dignified mien suddenly stood by his side, and said, "You will pick no more?" "No." "Were you not set to this task?" "Yes." "And why abandon it?" "My work is vain; I make no impression on the rock." He replied solemnly, "What is that to you? Your duty is to pick, whether the rock yields or not. Your work is in your own hands; the result is not. Go on." He resumed his task, and at his first blow, given with almost superhuman force, the rock flew into a thousand pieces. He awoke, and returning to his field with fresh zeal and energy, a revival followed, and from that day he was never tempted to give up his commission.

Think of It.

How idly and flippantly the word death is said. Who can tell what a day will bring forth? We are here to-day, and to-morrow numbered with the dead? Our fathers, where are they? To use a correct figure of speech, seventy grains of sand taken from the mighty ocean, represents the usual number of years allotted to man. But what mortal can compute eternity! the sands of the boundless deep, aye, and of countless worlds, is the immensity of space; all would be exhausted in computing annual periods and time, similar to this material world. Readers, pause! Every pulsation that beats in the inner man is a quick step toward eternity. Be therefore prepared for the spiritual world; and an endless eternity either for better or worse.

Dr. Thomas, when Bishop of Salisbury, used to tell the following story: "While I was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to the factory died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the pastor of the parish for leave to have him buried in his church-yard, but on being told that he was a Calvinist, he refused. 'No,' said he, 'there are none but Lutherans in my church-yard, and there shall be no other.' This being told me,' says Dr. Thomas, I resolved to go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was a curate in Thomas street. I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service, saying, 'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.' 'Prythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it.' The story had the desired effect, and the pastor permitted the bones of the Calvinist to be interred in his church-yard."