

when I received a summons to attend on deck. I therefore instantly ascended, and found the whole of the crew, dressed in their Sunday clothes, together with all the officers of the ship, and the male passengers, assembled. The men off duty were lining either side of the deck; the captain, surrounded by his officers, was standing immediately in front of the poop; and the body of the unfortunate victim lay stretched on a grating, over which the national flag of Denmark had been thrown, immediately in the centre. In an instant I saw that I had been summoned to be present at the funeral of the chief mate, and my heart beat high with grief as I uncovered my head and stepped on the quarter-deck.

It was nearly a dead calm: we had passed the trades, and were approaching the line. The sun had begun to decline, but still burnt with a fervent heat; the sails hung listlessly against the masts, and the mainsail was brailed up, in order to allow the breeze should any rise, to go forward. I had observed all the morning a still more sure indication of our approach to the torrid zone. Through the clear blue water I had remarked a couple of sharks following the vessel, accompanied by their usual companions—the pilot-fish. This the sailors had expected as a matter of course, as they superstitiously believe that these monsters of the deep always attach themselves to a ship in which a dead body lies, anxiously anticipating their dread meal. In their appearance however, I only saw the usual announcement of our vicinity to the line.

In such weather placed in a ship, which seems to represent the whole world—shut out from all save the little band that encircles us, with the wide and fathomless element around us—the ethereal throne from which God seems to look down upon us; at one moment our voice rising in solemn prayer for one we have loved and the next, the splash of the divided waters, as they receive in their bosom the creature He has made—all these, at such a moment, make the heart thrill with a deeper awe, a closer fellowship with its Creator than any resident on shore can know—a consciousness of the grandeur of God and the feebleness of man, which those alone can feel who go down in ships, and see the wonders of the deep.

I took my place with the other passengers. Not a word was spoken, for we all believed we were about to witness the last rites performed over our late friend and consequently stood in anxious silence; when suddenly a steady tramp was heard, and the larboard watch, with drawn cutlasses, slowly marched down the waist escorting the murderer, whom they conducted to the side of the corpse; then withdrew a few paces, and formed a line, which completed the hollow square.

We now began to exchange glances. Surely the assassin had not been brought here to witness the burial of his victim; and yet what else could it be for? Had it been for trial (as we had heard that the Danes often proceeded to instant investigation and summary punishment), we should probably have seen the tackle prepared for hanging the culprit at the yard-arm. This however, was not the case; and we all, therefore, felt puzzled as to the meaning of the scene.

We were not long kept in doubt. The second mate read from a paper which he held in his hand the full powers delegated to the captain to hold courts-martial, and carry their sentences into effect, the law in similar cases, &c. &c.; and called on the prisoner to know whether he would consent to be tried in the Danish language. To this he willingly assented, and the court was declared open.

The flag was suddenly withdrawn from the face of the corpse; and even the monster who had struck the blow shuddered as he beheld the calm, almost seraphic look of him whom he had stricken.

The trial now proceeded in the most solemn manner. Evidence of the crime was adduced, and the deed clearly brought home to the accused. I confess that my blood turned cold when I saw the knife produced which had been used as the instrument of the murder, and the demon-like smile of the prisoner as he beheld it, stained as it was with the blood of one who had been forced by his duty to punish him.

After a strict investigation, the captain appealed to all present, when the prisoner was unanimously declared guilty.

The officers put on their hats, and the captain proceeded to pass sentence. Great was my surprise [not understanding one word which the commander said] to see the culprit throw himself on his knees, and begin to sue for mercy. After the unfeeling and obdurate manner in which he had conducted himself, such an appeal was unaccountable for it was quite evident he did not fear death, or repeat the deed he had committed. What threatened torture could thus bend his hardened spirit I was at a loss to conjecture.

Four men approached and lifted up the corpse. A similar number seized the prisoner, while ten or twelve others approached with strong cords. In a moment, I understood the whole, and could not wonder at the struggles of the murderer, as I saw him lashed back to back, firmly, tightly, without the power to move, to the dead body of his victim. His cries were stopped by a sort of gag, and writhing as he was he, with the body was laid on the grating, and carried to the gang-way. The crew mounted on the nettings and set up the shrouds. A few prayers from the Danish burial-service were read by a chaplain on board, and the dead and the living, the murderer and his victim, were launched into eternity bound together.

As the dreadful burden separated the clear waters, a sudden flash darted through their

transparency, and a general shudder went round, as each one felt it was the expectant shark that rushed forward for his prey. I caught a glance of the living man's eye as he was falling: it haunts me even to this moment; there was more than agony in it.

We paused only for a few minutes, and imagined we saw some blood-stains rising to the surface. Not one amongst us could remain to see more. We turned away and sought to forget the stern and awe-inspiring punishment we had seen inflicted.

Of course strange sights were related as having appeared to the watches that night. For myself I can only say that I was glad when a sudden breeze drove us far away from the tragic scene.

GIE ME THY BLESSING MITHER.

BY GRETA.

Gie me thy blessing, mither,
For I must now away,
To meet my bonny Agnes, mither,
Upon her bridal day.
I've luv'd her lang and weel mither,
And thou my luv has known,
Then lay thy hand upon me, mither,
And bless thy kneeling son.

Ah! Willie, how my heart o'erflows
When thus I hear thee speak;
My tears are glistening on thy hair,
And dropping on thy cheek.
And oh how memory calls up now
The days of auld lang syne,
When I a winsome bride first called
Thy sainted father mine.

Ye look sae like him, Willie dear,
Ye look sae like him now;
Ye hae the same dark tender een,
The same broad noble brow.
And sic a smile was on his face
When he that morning came,
To bring awa' as ye maun do,
A lassie to his hame.

Pair child, her heart is beating now,
As it never beat before;
Pair child, I ken her hazel een
Wi' tears are running o'er.
She loves thee, Willie, but she feels
To wed's a solemn thing—
I weel remember how I felt,
When looking on the ring.

I weel remember, too the hour
When wi' a heavy sigh,
I turned a wife, sae young and sad,
To bid them a' good by.
The tears were gushing then I know,
For I luv'd my kindred weel,
And though my ain was by my side,
I could na' help but feel.

But then how kind he took my hand,
And gently whispered—'come,
The same soft star shines o'er my cot
That shines above thy home.'
And Willie, aften since he's dead,
I've watched that distant star,
And thought I saw his gentle face
Smiling on it from afar.

We luv'd ilk ither, Willie,
We luv'd ilk ither lang;
Ah me! how happy was the heart,
That thrilled the evening sang.
We luv'd ilk ither, Willie, right;
And may God grant it so
That ye maun love as we two luv'd,
In days lang, lang ago.

Oh! fondly cherish her, Willie,
She is sae young and fair;
She has not known a single cloud
Or felt a single care.
Then if a cauld world's storm should come,
Thy way to evercast—
Oh! ever stand (thou art a man)
Between her and the blast.

When first I knew a mither's pride,
'Twas when I gazed on thee,
And when my ither flowers died,
Thy smile was left to me.
And I can scarce believe it true,
So late thy life began,
The playst bairn I fondled then,
Stands now by me a man.

Then tell thy bonny bride, Willie,
She has my first born son;
I tak'd the darling from my arms,
And gie'd him to her own.
Oh! she will cherish thee; Willie,
For when I maun depart,
She, only she, will then be left
To fill thy lonely heart.

I dinna fear to die, Willie,—
I ever wish to gang;
The soft green mound in yon kirk yard
Has lanely been too lang.
And I would lay me there, Willie,
And a' Death's terrors brave,
Beside the heart sae leal and true,
It 's within the grave.

Then gang awa' my blessed bairn,
And bring thy g-nle dove,
And dinna frown if a' should greet
To part wi' her thy love,
But if a tear fills up her ee,
Then whisper, as they part,
'There's room for thee at mither's hearth
'There's room at mither's heart,

And may the God that reigns above,
And sees ye a' the while,

Look down upon your plighted troth,
And bless ye wi' His smile.
And may'st thou ne'er forget, Willie,
In a' thy future life,
To serve the power that gave to thee
Thy kind and guileless wife.

From Wilson's Lands of the Bible.
EGYPT.

THE 'land of ancient kings,' beheld from its proudest monuments, cannot but recall the memory of the mighty-dead. I am free to confess, however, or rather pleased to declare, that it was associated in my mind more with sacred than with civil writ. And why should it be otherwise? Of all the places foreign to Judea, Egypt holds the most conspicuous place in the volume of inspiration. Abraham, the patriarch of the faithful, and his comely and beloved spouse, flee to it, in order to escape the famine which raged in the land of Canaan. Joseph, in the wonderful providence of God, the precursor and saviour of his brethren and parent, enters it as a slave, and rises to the dignity of a prince, presiding over the counsels of its legal courts, and halls of judgment, and treasures of food and money. The family of Jacob, chosen for the conservation of true religion during the awful period of the general apostasy of the world from God, sojourns in it for upwards of two centuries, with an increase of its numbers so wonderful as to render it formidable to a tyrannical sovereign, who, in the devisings of his own wickedness, was induced to attempt its reduction, or extirpation, by the hand of violence and oppression. Moses, the 'goodly child,' and destined by God to be the deliverer of his kindred from cruel bondage, is found floating on its river in a bulrush cradle, by the daughter of Pharaoh, and reared and instructed by her in 'all the wisdom of Egypt.' The Lord brings on his people by a strong hand and an outstretched arm, from the house of bondage, amidst the terrors of his vengeance inflicted on that haughty ruler, of whom, with reference to his all-controlling sovereignty, he has said, 'Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I may show my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth.' When Jehovah interdicted the Jews from holding intercommunication with the ngodly Gentiles, Egypt had a partial exemption made in its favour—'Thou shalt not abhor an Egyptian, because thou wast a stranger in his land.' Solomon, the most powerful prince of Israel, is married to the daughter of an Egyptian sovereign. Shishak, the first king of Egypt who is mentioned in scripture by his personal name, carries his arms into Judea, takes Jerusalem, and carries off 'the treasures of the house of the Lord, and the treasures of the king's house,' in the reign of Rehoboam. Zerah, the Ethiopian, who with his army of 'a thousand thousand and three hundred chariots,' was smitten by the Lord before Asa and before Judah, is recognized chronologically and nominally in Osorthon or Osorkon I. The name of 'Tirhakah, king of Ethiopia,' mentioned in the second book of Kings and by Isaiah, is discovered on one of the Egyptian temples in the form of Tebrak. 'Necho, king of Egypt,' who by his archers overthrew Josiah in the valley of Megiddo, and put Jehoahaz in bonds at Riblah, is not overlooked by profane chronologists and historians. Several of the latter Pharaohs become the allies and confederates of the kings of Israel and Judah, as the last mentioned monarch, who set Jehoikim on the throne. Many Hebrews in the spirit of unbelief and cowardice, flee to Egypt, through fear of Nebuchadnezzar, and dwell at Migdol and at Taphenes, and at Noph, and in the country of Pathros, where they were visited by the divine indignation, where those who survived of their number saw the lord through the instrumentality of the king of Babylon, 'kindle fire in the house of the gods, and burn them,—break the images of Bethshemes, and confound their purpose to burn incense to the Queen of heaven.' The child Jesus himself is conducted to Egypt by Joseph and Mary, and finds a refuge there from the murderous hate of Herod, who sought to destroy him. Egypt is frequently the theme of prophetic discourse, and to the present day its political and natural changes, and lengthened depression and degradation, have most strictly accorded with the declarations of the inspired seers. The whole monumental wonders and antiquities of the land, seem to have been preserved as if for the express purpose of evincing the authenticity and illustrating the narratives of the bible, every single allusion of which, either to the circumstances of the country or of the people, is seen to have the minutest consistency with truth—so strikingly so, indeed, as to attract the attention of every Egyptian antiquary. Egypt will share in the blessings which are yet in store for all the nations of the earth. The Lord will send it a Saviour, and a great one, even greater than Alexander, who is generally supposed by critics to have been primarily before the evangelical prophet, when he announced its recovery from all its afflictions and its depressions. He that has smitten it will heal it. The Lord of hosts shall bless it, saying, blessed be Egypt my people, and the Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance.

From Daily Scripture Readings, by the late Dr Chalmers.

SABBATH EXERCISES.

What a damper to spirituality—what a rude extinguisher on all its feelings and contemplations is sin! An unseen gust of anger will put them all to flight; and the objective truth is lost in that disturbed and so darkened me-

dium by which the subjective mind is encompassed. There is no lesson, however, to be gathered from the connection which obtains between obedience and spiritual discernment on the one hand, between disobedience and spiritual dimness or obscurity on the other. A strict and conscientious perseverance in the walk of known duty may at length conduct to those manifestations after which we aspire—or, in other words, the humble doings of our every day obedience may prove a stepping stone to the higher experiences of the divine life. Certain it is, that to cast off this obedience is to cut away the first round of the ascending ladder; and so to make a commencement impossible.

Enlighten me, O God. Open the eyes of my understanding. Deliver me from the power of fantasies in religion. Let mine be a solid faith, exercised on those stable realities which are sought for and discovered only in the medium of thy word. I would learn of thy holy oracles. I would take the sayings of the Bible simply and purely as they are, and exercise myself on the truthness of these sayings.

In my aspirations after spiritual light, let me remember that it sufficeth not to look objectively at the truths which are without me—if subjectively I have nothing to look with but a dim or diseased organ of perception. It is not enough that there be steadfastness of gaze. There must be singleness of eye—inasmuch that on this last condition it turns that the whole body is full of light.

Many attempts have I made to obtain more adequate notions than I possess of the deity; but there is none in which I better succeed than when I aim at an intense recognition of the subject and filial relation in which I stand to him when simply regarded as my Maker. It is not on the strength of any remote or recondit contemplations that I expect to grow in fruitful acquaintance with him—but by the stepping stone of such thoughts as might be apprehended by babes—but still when neither babes nor philosophers will apprehend to any practical effect, till the spirit brings them home.

Let me apprehend the truths of Scripture simply—let me believe them surely; and the mind, when thus occupied, will be rightly set. I am restless and dissatisfied without God.

Let me conform myself more and more unto the mediatorial economy of the gospel. Let my fellowship be with the Son as well as with the Father.

I know no passage in scripture that gives a clearer and more decisive warrant to a simply objective faith, than Hebrews vi. 17—'the hope is grounded, nought on aught that is within, but on that which is independent of us, and external to us—the truth of God, the immutability of his counsel, the faithfulness of his promise, strengthened by this double guarantee that he has not only said it, but sworn to it. We do not steady a ship by fixing the anchor on aught that is within the vessel. The anchorage must be without the vessel; and so of the soul, when resting, not on what it sees in itself, but on what it sees in the character of God—the certainty of his truth, the impossibility of his falsehood. Thus may I cast the anchor of my hope on the foundation which God himself has laid in Zion—laying hold and taking refuge, not in the hope that I find to be in me, but in the hope that is set before me. I know that there is a legitimate hope, too, in the consciousness of a work of grace within me; but the primary hope, the beginning of our confidence, is of altogether an objective character, and respects God in Christ, reconciling the world, and not imputing unto them their trespasses. Simply and strengthen this confidence; and make it every day more sure and steadfast, O my God.

SCIENCE AND LABOUR.

There are many who suppose that scientific acquirements and a laborious occupation, are incompatible things. There never was a greater mistake. If there is a single fact more strong than another to strengthen our proposition, it is that of our great New England Blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, charming and riveting the attention of wandering listeners in the vast metropolis of the British empire. Working men, just reflect for a moment upon the career of our blacksmith hero. A short time ago we beheld him, the son of a widow, labouring at his anvil for his daily bread. Now we behold him standing before princes, the noblest prince of them all—a prince of good works, noble thoughts, and a prince in eloquence and knowledge. How did Elihu attain to his present eminence? By the employment of his spare moments from hard labour in acquiring useful knowledge. There are many mechanics and labouring men who may not have the advantages of Elihu Burritt, and many more have not his capacity, but there is not a single individual who makes the best use of all his privileges, a fact which too many have to regret when the circumstances of age or worldly cares place such opportunities forever out of their reach. We speak now to young artisans and mechanics. We would sincerely call your attention to the acquirement of what is useful when you are young. Remember that knowledge is never a burden to carry along with you wherever you go, but is rather a letter of introduction to the society of the sensible and the truly respectable in every land, while it is in a thousand ways serviceable in the pursuit of life. Farquharson who purchased Fontenwell Abbey, was indebted for his wealth to but a very slight knowledge of chemistry, acquired independent of his profession. Ignorance on the other hand, is continually placing barriers in the pathway of man's advancement.

We do not mean by 'knowledge' that it should be acquired for the purpose of making