

REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

We met the following singular narrative in a volume of a Canadian Missionary who has recently published certain reminiscences of his life and labors. The story is well told, and the incident which forms its subject, whether called accidental or providential, was certainly remarkable.

"About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M., a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out-settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone woman thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the village where I lived, and was now selling every thing off except a little furniture.

"After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state in that lonely house she could hardly enjoy. —'Oh, no,' she said, 'unprotected—far from it; you forget,' she continued, with a mournful smile, 'that I am now under the special protection of Him who careth for the fatherless and the widow, and I feel quite confident He will protect us.' And He did protect them, and that very night; too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and I may add, miraculous manner. The farmhouse was a solitary one—there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and her three young children, and a maid-servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully and shook the wooden house at every blast. This kept the poor mother awake, and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and musical noise seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again she was startled by the violent barking of a dog apparently in the front of the house, immediately beneath the bed-chamber.—This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own. She immediately arose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense black Newfoundland dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen, whence she thought that the noise she first heard had proceeded.

"She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation—when the dog rushed out, and he widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

"The noise of the contest however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M.—could hear only now and then a faint and distant bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog they would doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

"They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not however got down stairs the second time, before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his bushy tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep. The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have enjoyed—after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry and they never saw him afterward. They had never seen the dog before, nor did they ever know to whom he belonged. It was a very singular circumstance, and they could only suppose that he came with some stranger to the sale. The family moved the following day to their new cottage in the village—and when my wife and I called upon them,—Mrs. M.—reminded me that when I last saw her, she had told me they were not unprotected."

FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

To the acquisition of extensive knowledge, incessant application and industry are necessary. Nothing great or good has been achieved without them. Be willing then to labour; be not satisfied with superficial attainments, and accustom yourselves to habits of accurate and thorough investigation. Explore the foundations and first principles of every science. It is observed by Locke, that "there are fundamental truths that lie at the bottom—the basis upon which a great many others rest—and in which they have their consistency; there are teeming truths, rich in the stores with which they furnish the mind, and, like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful and interesting in themselves, but give light and evidence to other things, that without them could not

be seen or known." These are the truths with which we should endeavour to enrich our minds. Be select in your reading—become familiar with the writings of the great master spirits of the world, who will enrich your mind with profound, enlarged and exalted views; and who, while they form you to the habits of just and noble thinking, will also teach you to cherish pure and generous feelings. If you would make these thorough acquisitions, you must guard against immoderate indulgence of your passions, and the seductions of evil companions. A life of dissipation and pleasure is death to a superior excellence. A body invigorated by habits of temperance and self-denial, and a mind undisturbed by unholy passions, serene and cheerful in conscious rectitude, are most powerful auxiliaries in the pursuit of science.

It will be equally important in you to guard against self-sufficiency and vanity. This temper is an effectual barrier to high intellectual improvements. Frequently reflect upon the small extent and imperfection of your attainments on the vast regions of science that are yet unexplored by you; on the ten thousand books that you have never read or seen, or of which perhaps have not even heard. Remember to the lofty attainments that have been made by some profound scholars both of ancient and modern days.—I would recommend you to read in early life a few well selected biographies of men who were distinguished for their general knowledge. Read the lives of Demosthenes, of Newton, of Locke, of Hale, of Haller, of Doddridge, of Johnson, and other accomplished and illustrious scholars. Observe the attachment and intense industry with which they cultivated science, and the astonishing acquirements which they made—their high valuation of time and careful improvement of it; compare your habits and attainments with theirs—not to repose in sluggish despondency, but to rouse yourself from apathy and sloth, to a noble emulation of rising to an equality with them. It was by no secret magic that these mighty scholars attained to distinction and fame; it was by patient persevering, untiring industry. If the eloquence of Demosthenes shook its thunder the throne of Phillip, and ruled the fierce democracy of Athens; and if the vehement denunciations and powerful appeals of Cicero drove Cæsar from the senate house, and made Cæsar tremble, it was by the private studies and profound meditations of the closet—their minds having been invigorated, and expanded, and enriched, and ennobled with diversified knowledge, lofty sentiment and generous feeling. If Newton, with a flight more adventurous than the eagle's soared to the very boundary of creation; if he explained the laws that govern the universe, and let in a flood of light upon the world—it was ardent attachment to science—it was intense, patient, untiring industry that gave to the pinions of his mind that vigor which elevated and sustained him at so lofty a height. If Locke and Reid have dispelled the darkness that had for ages settled upon the human intellect, and have freed the sciences of the mind from the intricacies of the schools, it was not merely by their own genius, but by deep, patient, and often repeated meditation and study. If Burke charmed listening senators by the masculine strength and brilliancy of his thoughts—if Mansfield and Hamilton illuminated the bar by the splendor of their learning and eloquence—if Hall and Chalmers proclaimed from the pulpit immortal truths in their loftiest strains—it was not only because they ranked among the first scholars, but also among the most laborious men of the age. Contemplate the character of these illustrious men; imitate their industry, their eager love of learning, and the zeal with which they pursued it, and you may equal them.

DECAY AND DEATH.

BY C. D. STEWART.

Cannot ambition learn, and pride
How vain their struggles are?
Since all their trophies scattered wide,
Are swept by one resistless tide,
Like frost in summer air!

The haughtiest brows that wear the wreath,
Victors with branching palms,
Like bubbles on the sea, beneath
Are hurled at length, and take from death
Their common share of alms!

Imperial Rome, with short delay
Follow where Troys have gone;
Whelm'd in the desert lone and gray,
Pillars and domes, in full decay,
Sleep, as the tide rolls on!

Even the great marbles art has framed
To smile, defying age;
By their fool-founders Sphinx's named,
Or Pyramids, or Pantheons—shunned,
Mingle in ruin's page!

Glory is dust, nor fame can thrive,
Nation, nor age, nor clime,
Decay and death's grim ploughshares drive
O'er all—the GRAVES alone survive
Down to the latest time!

THE HAMMER.

The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are alike forged the sword of contention and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free and the shackle of the slave. The eloquence of the forum

has moved the armies of Greece and Rome to a thousand battle fields, but the eloquence of the hammer has covered those fields with victory or defeat. The inspiration of song has kindled up high hopes and noble aspiration in the bosom of brave knights and gentle dames, but the inspiration of the hammer has strewn the field with tattered helmet and shield, decided not only the fate of chivalric combat, but the thrones, crowns and kingdoms. The forging of a thunderbolt was ascribed by the Greeks as the highest act of Jove's omnipotence, and their mythology beautifully ascribes to one of their Gods the task of presiding at the labours of the forge. In ancient warfare the hammer was a powerful weapon, independent of the blade which it formed. Many a stout skull was broken through the cap and helmet by a blow of Vulcan's weapon—the armies of the Crescent would have subdued Europe to the sway of Mahomet, but on the plains of France their progress was arrested, and the brave and simple warriors who saved Christendom from the sway of the Mussulman, was named Martel—"the hammer,"—how simple, how appropriate, now grand, the hammer the saviour and bulwark of Christendom. The hammer is the wealth of nations, by it are forged the ponderous engine, and the tiny needle. It is an instrument of the savage and civilized. Its merry clink finds out the abode of industry—it is a domestic deity presiding over the grandeur of the most wealthy and ambitious as well as the most humble and impoverished. Not a stick is shaped, not a house is raised, a ship floats, a carriage rolls, a wheel spins, an engine moves, a press speaks a voice sings, a spade delves or a flag wavers without the hammer. Without the hammer civilization would be unknown and the human species only as defenceless brutes, but in skillful hands directed by wisdom, it is an instrument of power, of greatness and true glory.—*Scientific American.*

THE RELATIONSHIP OF SCIENCE.

In looking around upon the world and considering the condition of its inhabitants, we perceive that we are very far from being independent beings, for within ourselves we possess not the elements necessary for the support of life, we are dependant on the insignificant creatures around us for the means of existence—we cannot live upon the subtle air at the same time there are many other substances necessary, and to procure them in the most economical manner, experience has led to the founding of science, which is the arranged result of mental and physical exertion.

All the necessities and comforts of life are derived from the objects around us, but those in a state of nature are not generally got for our use; hence, although the elements which support our existence, are scattered abundantly within our reach, they require labor to fit them for us.

Look at the bread which we eat, and reflect for a moment upon the great amount of science and mechanical skill called into requisition in bringing it into such a light and easily digested substance. In the first place, there is the science of agriculture, which embraces the knowledge of soils, of plants and their nature, and the food or salts required for their growth, and the best manner of producing such splendid results. The earth is covered with trees of the forest, and man goes forth with his axe in his hand to cleave them to the dust and on their ruins make the golden corn to grow. But think for a moment upon the great amount of skill and science that are brought into requisition in making the simple axe. The mine has to be dug, the iron ore has to be roasted, and the iron boom has to pass through an intricate process, from the crude mass; there is the trip hammer to form it, the wheel or engine that drives, the skill of tempering, and the art of finishing; and then the simple helve is fastened in a machine, and man looks on and sees a rough stick chiselled out by an inanimate hand to fit the iron wedge that levels the trees of the forest, and makes a pathway for the smiling vineyard or the laughing wheat field.

Just reflect for a moment upon the study, and experience, the labour expended in acquiring a knowledge of the combination of science and mechanical art necessary to make a simple axe, and you will at once be more impressed with the value of science and readily perceive its close relationship to man.—*Scientific American.*

RIENZI.

About this period considerable interest was excited in Florence by the appearance of an embassy from the celebrated Nicola de Rienzi, Tribune of the Roman people, whose bold, rapid and somewhat theatrical career had become the wonder and admiration of Europe. The long protracted absence of a pontifical government had made Rome a scene of anarchy, no law, no justice, no civil protection; every man acted for himself, without reference to the safety or the right of others: the two senators, Orsini and Colonna, each with his own faction, were hereditary and deadly enemies, the public revenue was plundered, the Pope defrauded, the streets infested with assassins, the roads with robbers, and pilgrims no longer visited the sacred shrines, for none were safe from violence: the ancient temples everywhere rose into fortresses, and nothing but war and slaughter were seen in the eternal city. In the midst of this confusion appeared a certain Nicola, or Cola, son of one Lorenzo, or Rienzi, a petty innkeeper, and Madalena, a washerwoman at Rome. Cola di Rienzi's own exertions had already raised him to the rank of Notary; his naturally refined intellects was cultivated until he became a perfect scholar; he excelled in all literary ac-

quirements, and was gifted with powers of elocution far beyond the common standard. An enthusiastic admirer of ancient Rome, he existed only in her authors, revelled amidst her antiquities, decyphered her mouldering inscriptions, and lamented her fallen state; but while still musing over misfortunes, heroically resolved to accomplish her deliverance. His extraordinary abilities, displayed in an embassy to Avignon, where Petrarch is said to have been joined with him, so struck Pope Clement VI., that he immediately made him Notary to the apostolic chamber at Rome, although deaf to the eloquence that would fain have persuaded him to return there. In this distinguished post Cola gained universal respect by his integrity, and soon began to declaim openly against the oppressors of his country.

At a public meeting of the Capital he fearlessly reproached the leading factions with their crimes, but gained nothing except a blow from Andreozzo Colonna, and an indecent insult from an underling. His next feat was the exhibition of an allegorical picture on the walls of the capital, which told the melancholy story of Rome, and the fate of more ancient nations under the withering effects of justice; and when the people's attention was once excited, he suddenly poured forth one of those powerful strains of eloquence in which he so much excelled,—and which all the spirit of Gracchi, denounced the nobles and their disgraceful tyranny, even with more reason than those worthy and renowned citizens. On another occasion he produced a decree of the ancient senate which he had recently discovered, and showed it to the people as an act to, that body investing Vaspasian with the authority of the emperor. After this he again harangued them on the antique majesty of the Roman people, who made emperors their vicars, by clothing them with their own rights and power. "These princes said he, 'only existed by the will of your ancestors, and you have allowed the two eyes of Rome to be torn away; you have allowed both Pope and Emperor to abandon your walls, and be no longer dependant on your will.' The consequence of this, as he told them, was banished peace, exhausted strength, discord, the blood of numbers shed in private war; and that city, once the queen of nations, reduced so low as to be their scorn and mockery. 'Romans,' he continued, 'you have no peace, your lands lie uncultivated; the jubilee approaches; you have no provisions; and if those who come as pilgrims to Rome should find you unprovided, they will carry away in the fury of their hunger, and even the stones will not suffice for such a multitude.' The applauded and the nobles mocked him.

Like the first Brutus, they even invited him for amusement to their revels and made him harangue them like a mountebank, while they ridiculed his eloquent truths and fearless denunciations. Allegorical paintings were from time to time painted in various parts of the city, with corresponding labels, such as 'The hour of justice approaches—wait thou for her;' and 'Within a brief space the Romans will resume their ancient and good state.

But Rienzi was still ridiculed, and his proceedings considered as the mere visions of learned vanity. It was not with pictures and sententious matters, they said, that Rome could now be regenerated—something more was requisite. Cola was also of this opinion; and seeing that the public mind, whether in gravity or mockery, was now alive to the subject, immediately resolved on more vigorous action. Secretly assembling a considerable number of the most determined spirits from every class, except the very highest nobility, he addressed them on the Aventine Hill, and conjured them to assist him in the deliverance of their common country. He unfolded his plans, assured them of the Pope's acquiescence; developed the resources of Rome and the wholesome vigor of an honest popular Government; and then administering an oath to each, he dismissed the assembly.

On the 19th of May 1847, taking advantage of the potent Stephano Colonna's temporary absence, with most of his forces, Cola proceeded in solemn but unarmed procession to the capital, where he laid his whole enterprise open before the assembled people. Shouts of enthusiastic approbation rolled through the crowd, and Rienzi was instantly invested with sovereign authority. Old Stefano Colonna returned, and haughtily refused to quit Rome again at the command of the dictator, whose orders he treated with contempt on hearing this, Rienzi suddenly assembled the armed citizens, and, by a vigorous assault on the stronghold of Stefano, mastered all his forces, and compelled him to fly from the city with only a single domestic. The other batons succumbed; the town was guarded, fortified, and soon cleared of those ferocious bands of miscreants that had so long infested it under aristocratic license and protection. A Parliament then assembled, which sanctioned every act, and bestowed on Rienzi the high-sounding titles of Tribune of the People, and Liberator of Rome.

Thus was Roman liberty for a moment restored, by a single member of her humblest class of citizens. Such is the power of eloquence, "when tyranny prepares its way and honesty dictates its perils!" * * * With all this excellence there was yet a certain vanity about Rienzi that argued weakness and instability. He assumed the pompous titles of *Nicola the severe and Clement*, "Liberator of Rome," "The Zealous for the good of Italy," "The Lover of the World," and "The August Tribune." But upright Magistrates were created, many chiefs of factions who disturbed the country were executed, the noxious and nonjuring great were banished,