

say that in a little while he was to have wages, which would enable him to contribute to his mother's support; she must come to him, he was sure she and Lucy would find work enough in the village to maintain them.

These pleasant thoughts, and the constant anxiety on Annie's account, blinded Mrs. Hantham to Lucy's growing weakness; she only perceived that both her children were pale and delicate, but the country air would restore them, she thought. But Lucy was now beyond the reach of medicine, and she herself felt it, though not even the watchful Owen guessed the truth. She still sat working all day, but her amount of work was far less; and she never could be persuaded to walk out. In reality she felt unable, but she strove to conceal her debility, and succeeded, for she was cheerful as ever.

One evening, autumn was now advanced, Owen was in the room, and all were talking of their future residence in the country, Charlie enthusiastically calling to mind the various pleasures he had enjoyed there—'Do you remember, mother,' he cried, 'the flowers I used to find in the wood—the lilies above all? I hope there will be some where brother lives; when running to a little box containing his own peculiar treasures, he produced a folded paper, rather dirty from age and wear, and opening it, displayed the faded relics of one of the flowers he had mentioned. 'Here is a lily of the field from our own wood, Mr. Owen,' he said; 'I gathered it before we came away, and Lucy pressed it.' Lucy took the flower and fixed her eyes steadfastly upon it, bending her head over it so as to conceal her face. The others continued the conversation, but she was lost in a sad reverie; and gradually her tears fell thick and fast on the paper, and the pulsations of her heart increased to absolute suffering, while a burning lump rose in her throat.

'What is the matter, Lucy dear? Lucy, why are you crying?' asked Charlie, anxiously, suddenly observing his sister's tears.

'I shall never see the lilies again!' she exclaimed, with a violent effort, and throwing her arms across the table, she leaned her head on them, while her whole frame was convulsed by violent hysterical sobs. In great alarm her mother started up—and all that could be done, was done to calm her; but it was long before the fit was passed—and then she lay on the bed utterly exhausted, in a half-fainting state.

The mother's eyes were opened—but it was too late! Lucy never rallied. Her feeble strength had long been tasked beyond its ability, and now had come the reaction. Her case became known, and kind friends were found who removed her with her mother and brother to the parre air beyond the city. But it was too late. She sank, and sank, 'in perfect peace,' and, despite all that love and skill can do, with the last fading leaves she passed away, leaving a void which nothing on earth could fill.

Young Hantham welcomed his mother to a country home; and Owen Langton came to seek his fortune with them. The mother looked on her manly boy, and on her little children's faces bright again with health, but she ever felt that one was not—and Owen died single for her sake.

From Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE SABBATH.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

SKETCH SECOND.

The little quiet village of Camden stands under the brow of a rugged hill, in one of the most picturesque parts of New England, and its regular, honest, and industrious villagers were not a little surprised and pleased that Mr. James, a rich man, and pleasant spoken withal, had concluded to take up his residence among them. He brought with him a pretty, genteel wife, and a group of rosy, romping, amiable children; and there was so much of good-nature and kindness about the manners of every member of the family, that the whole neighbourhood were prepossessed in their favour. Mr. James was a man of a somewhat visionary and theoretical turn of mind, and very much in the habit of following out his own ideas of right and wrong, without troubling himself particularly as to the appearance his course might make in the eyes of others. He was a supporter of the ordinances of religion, and always ready to give both time and money to promote any benevolent object; and though he had never made any public profession of religion, nor connected himself with any particular sect of Christians, still he seemed to possess great reverence for God, and to worship him in spirit and in truth, and he professed to make the Bible the guide of his life. Mr. James had been brought up under a system of injudicious restraint. He had determined, in educating his children, to adopt an exactly opposite course, and to make religion and all its institutions sources of enjoyment. His aim, doubtless, was an appropriate one, but his method of carrying it out, to say the least, was one which was not a safe model for general imitation. In regard to the Sabbath, for example, he considered that, although the plan of going to church twice a-day, and keeping all the family quiet within doors the rest of the time, was good, other methods would be much better. Accordingly, after the morning service, which he and his whole family regularly attended, he would spend the rest of the day with his children. In bad weather he would instruct them in natural history, show them pictures, and read them various accounts of the

works of God, combining all with such religious instruction and influence as a devotional mind might furnish. When the weather permitted, he would range with them through the fields, collecting minerals and plants, or sail with them on the lake, meanwhile directing the thoughts of his young listeners upward to God, by the many beautiful traces of his presence and agency, which superior knowledge and observation enabled him to discover and point out. These Sunday strolls were seasons of most delightful enjoyment to the children. Though it was with some difficulty that their father could restrain them from loud and noisy demonstrations of delight, he saw, with some regret, that the mere animal excitement of the stroll seemed to draw the attention too much from religious considerations, and, in particular, to make the exercises of the morning seem like a preparatory penance to the enjoyments of the afternoon. Nevertheless, when Mr. James looked back to his own boyhood, and remembered the frigid restraint, the entire want of any kind of mental or bodily excitement, which had made the Sabbath so much a weariness to him, he could not but congratulate himself when he perceived his children looking forward to Sunday as a day of delight, and found himself on that day continually surrounded by a circle of smiling and cheerful faces. His talent of imparting religious instruction in a simple and interesting form, was remarkably happy, and it is probable that there was among his children an uncommon degree of real thought and feeling on religious objects as the result.

The good people of Camden, however, knew not what to think of a course that appeared to them an entire violation of all the requirements of the Sabbath. The first impulse of human nature is to condemn at once all who vary from what has been commonly regarded as the right way; and, accordingly, Mr. James was unparalysedly denounced, by many good persons, as a Sabbath-breaker, an infidel, and an opposer to religion.

Such was the character heard of him, by Mr. Richards, a young clergyman, who, shortly after Mr. James fixed his residence in Camden, accepted the pastoral charge of the village. It happened that Mr. Richards had known Mr. James in college, and, remembering him as a remarkably serious, amiable, and conscientious man, he resolved to ascertain from himself the views which had led him to the course of conduct so offensive to the good people of the neighbourhood.

'This is all very well, my good friend,' said he, after he had listened to Mr. James's eloquent account of his own system of religious instruction, and its effects upon his family; 'I do not doubt this system does very well for yourself and family; but there are other things to be taken into consideration besides personal and family improvement. Do you not know, Mr. James, that the most worthless and careless part of my congregation quote your example as a respectable precedent for allowing their families to violate the order of the Sabbath? You and your children sail about on the lake, with minds and hearts, I doubt not, elevated and tranquilised by its quiet repose; but Ben Dakes, and his idle, profligate army of children, consider themselves as doing very much the same thing when they lie loling about, sunning themselves on its shore, or skipping stones over its surface the whole of a Sunday afternoon.'

'Let every one answer to his own conscience,' replied Mr. James. 'If I keep the Sabbath conscientiously, I am approved of God; if another transgresses his conscience, to his own master he standeth or falleth.' I am not responsible for all the abuses that idle or evil-disposed persons may fall into, in consequence of my doing what is right.'

'Let me quote an answer from the same chapter,' said Mr. Richards. 'Let no man put a stumbling-block, or an occasion to fall, in his brother's way: let not your good be evil spoken of. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak.' Now, my good friend, you happen to be endowed with a certain tone of mind which enables you to carry through your mode of keeping the Sabbath with little comparative evil and much good, so far as your family is concerned; but how many persons in this neighbourhood, do you suppose, would succeed equally well if they were to attempt it? If it were the common custom for families to absent themselves from public worship in the afternoon, and to stroll about the fields, or ride, or sail, how many parents, do you suppose, would have the dexterity and talent, to check all that was inconsistent with the duties of the day? Is it not your ready command of language, your uncommon tact in simplifying and illustrating, your knowledge of natural history and of biblical literature, that enables you to accomplish the results that you do? And is there one parent in a hundred that could do the same? Now, just imagine our neighbour, Squire Hart, with his ten boys and girls, turned out into the fields on a Sunday afternoon, to profit withal: you know he cannot finish a sentence without stopping to begin it again a half-dozen times. What progress would he make in instructing them? And so of a dozen others I could name along this very street here. Now, you men of cultivated minds must give your countenances to courses which would be best for society at large or, as the sentiment was expressed by Saint Paul, 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves, for even Christ pleased not himself.' Think, my dear Sir, if our Saviour had gone only on the principle of avoiding what might be injurious to his own improvement, how unsafe his example might have proved to less elevated minds. Doubtless he might have made a Sabbath-day

fishery excursion an occasion of much elevated and impressive instruction; but, although he declared himself 'Lord of the Sabbath-day,' and at liberty to suspend its obligation at his own discretion, yet he never violated the received method of observing it, except in cases where superstitious tradition trench directly on those interests which the Sabbath was given to promote. He asserted the right to relieve pressing bodily wants, and to administer to the necessities of others on the Sabbath, but beyond that he allowed himself in no deviation from established custom.'

Mr. James looked thoughtful. 'I have not reflected on the subject in this view,' he replied. 'But, my dear Sir, considering how little of the public services of the Sabbath is on a level with the capacity of younger children, it seems to me to be almost a pity to take them to church the whole of the day.'

'I have thought of that myself,' replied Mr. Richards, 'and have sometimes thought that, could persons be found to conduct such a thing it would be desirable to conduct a separate service for children, in which the exercises should be particularly adapted to them.'

'I should like to be minister to a congregation of children,' said Mr. James, warmly.

'Well,' replied Mr. Richards, 'give our good people time to get acquainted with you, and do away the prejudices which your extraordinary mode of proceeding has induced, and I think I could easily assemble such a company for you every Sabbath.'

After this, much to the surprise of the village, Mr. James and his family were regular attendants at both the services of the Sabbath. Mr. Richards explained to the good people of his congregation, the motives which had led their neighbour to the adoption of what, to them, seemed so unchristian a course; and, upon reflection, they came to the perception of the truth, that a man may depart very widely from the received standard of right for other reasons than being an infidel, or an opposer of religion. A ready return of cordial feeling was the result; and as Mr. James found himself treated with respect and confidence, he began to feel, notwithstanding his fastidiousness, that there were strong points of congeniality between all real and warm-hearted christians, however different might be their intellectual culture, and in all simplicity united himself with the little church of Camden. A year from the time of his first residence there, every Sabbath afternoon saw him surrounded by a congregation of young children, for whose benefit he had, at his own expense, provided a room, fitted up with maps, scriptural pictures, and every convenience for the illustration of biblical knowledge; and the parents or guardians who from time to time, attended their children during these exercises, often confessed themselves as much interested and benefitted as any of their youthful companions.

From the London Illustrated News. PHILOSOPHY OF ENDURANCE.

BY DR. MACKAY.

Were the lonely acorn never bound In the rude cold grass of the rotting ground; Did the rigid frost never harden up The mould above its bursting cup; Were it never soaked in the rain and hail, Or chill'd by the breath of the wintry gale, It would not sprout in the sunshine free, Or give the promise of a tree; It would not spread to the summer air Its lengthened boughs and branches fair, To form a bower where, in starry nights, Young Love might dream unknown delights; Or stand in the woods among its peers, Fed by the dews of a thousand years.

Were never the dull, unseemly ore Dragg'd from the depths where it slept of yore; Were it never cast into searching flame, To be purged of impurity and shame; Were it never molten 'mid burning brands, Or bruised and beaten by stalwart hands, It would never be known as a thing of worth; It would never emerge to a nobler birth; It would never be formed in mystic riags, To fetter Love's erratic wings; It would never shine amid priceless gems, On the girth of imperial diadems; Nor become to the world a power and a pride, Cherish'd, adored, and deified.

So, thou, O man of a noble soul, Starting in view of a glorious goal, Wert thou never exposed to the blasts, forlorn, The storms of sorrow—the sleets of scorn; Wert thou never refined in pitiless fire, From the dross of thy sloth and mean desire; Wert thou never taught to feel and know That the truest love has its roots in woe, Thou wouldst never unriddle the complex plan, Or reach half way to the perfect man; Thou wouldst never attain the tranquil height, Where wisdom purifies the sight, And God upholds to the humblest gaze The bliss and beauty of His ways.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

[We publish the following Speech made by the Bishop of Oxford, at the Jubilee meeting of the London Missionary Society, held at Exeter Hall, London, on the 2nd November last, at the request of several subscribers.]

The Bishop of Oxford then rose and said—My Lord Chichester, the Resolution I have been requested to move is this:—'That this meeting desires to return humble and hearty thanks to God for putting it into the hearts of the Fathers of this Society, to set forward the work of Missions with zeal, wisdom, and ability; to lay the Society's foundations soundly and deeply; and to leave behind them anima-

ating example of the 'work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope.'

My Lord Chichester, if I had consulted on this occasion the inclination of my own mind, I assure you I should not now be standing here to move the adoption of this Resolution, for reasons which I think will readily present themselves to most minds. I shrunk greatly from undertaking the task, but I felt that your Committee might naturally desire to associate in this day's proceedings one who inherited the name, and with the name, I can assure you, inherited the true love for this society, of one of its earliest founders. And feeling that they had this claim on me, I regarded their invitation as a call of duty, and I will endeavour, to the best of my ability, and with God's help, to discharge it. And, my Lord Chichester, I need scarcely say, that no part of the difficulty arises from the sentiments or the wording of the Resolution which has been committed to me to-day. Most heartily and entirely do I assent to every syllable of it. But when I fix my mind on the little room in which, fifty years ago, were gathered together, that little company of overworked parish priests, labouring together day and night, in their holy vocation, in the midst of the almost overwhelming multitude of the world of this metropolis, and called to mind what glorious thoughts were then struggling in their souls—what mighty impulses God's Spirit was working in their hearts—and as I looked back to that scene, I felt humbled with admiration, and wonder at the means then used for producing these great results. I hardly know of any period, my Lord, since the time which has been alluded to by Sir R. Inglis, when the whole Church of Christ was gathered together in that upper chamber, with the door shut upon them for fear of the Jews, when mightier issues were struggling in fewer minds. And this Resolution points to us what was their strength and the foundation of their hope. It was purely and entirely a work of faith. They undertook that work not as shallow and capricious men often undertake benevolent beginnings, little and fanciful in themselves, to lay them aside at the first blast of a strong opposition, but gravely and thoughtfully, as men who knew that it was a great thing to labor for God, and a mighty trust to begin anything in furtherance of his kingdom. They undertook the task then—having well calculated the cost—and believing the word of Christ was plain. 'Go ye forth, 'aye, 'into all the earth'—and that this command was as binding on them as it was on the first apostles. They saw the Church slumbering in the world, and all unlikely as it seemed to them, that they could arouse its slumbering heart they said, 'nevertheless, if God be willing, we will go forth in this undertaking. He has sent us, and in his name we will awaken this endavour.' And perceiving from the first that they would have to encounter great difficulties, they were not beaten back when they arose.

And many were the difficulties that arose in their onward path. There was first the difficulty which always waits on any great work of God—the certain opposition always started up by the great enemy of Christ and man, and exhibited in the hatred—in the direct opposition—in the mocking scorn, and often in the cold and pretended sympathy of the world around them. All these awaited in the undertaking. And there were also many prophecies in those days who prophesied a speedy and ridiculous failure from this beginning, there were many Ishmaels in the world—for the son of the bond-woman would always be against the son of the free-woman. But they were not afraid, they went calmly and straightforward on in the path which they saw the hopeful beginning, and God prospered them and blessed them. But this was not their only difficulty. There was still a greater difficulty to be met and overcome. Not only were they met by the opposition of the world, but by the utter coldness and apathy of the Church herself. I speak this because it is the truth, and because I feel that it never can promote God's honor or man's good to conceal or disavow the truth. The beginning of this work was in the darkest and coldest time in the whole history of the Church of England, a period of coldness and of darkness of which we in these days, and with our knowledge of what now exists, can hardly have a conception without going patiently back and inquiring into the event and circumstances of that time, and comparing the principles of action in every single department of Christian work, Christian labour, and Christian principle, with those which are now admitted and acted upon by all men. They lived at the close of a period when the Church was so apathetic, that not only had she done nothing towards her great work of evangelizing the Heathen, but, as my predecessor has told you, allowed her influence at home to wither and decay in her hand, leaving her own increasing population to grow up in Heathenism, and only showed her semi-vitality, or anti-vitality, by casting out from her bosom, that great and good man—that saint of God—John Wesley—whom he had raised up, let us never forget, within our own communion, to do his own work in his own way, and who clung to her till he found that he must make the chose of not labouring for God, or labouring within her communion. It was at the close of such a period as this, when all was darkness around them, that God put these thoughts into the hearts of these men. It was a time when so far from evangelizing the earth, England could hardly be won after years of labour to allow so much of brotherhood between herself and others, as to abandon the accursed slave trade and the profits which it brought to her. How can a nation—they might well have said,—how can a nation which is so sunk to all its obligations as, when this note of warning has been sounded, still to determine to adhere to