

marquis exclaimed count Henry, horror-struck at the sight.

"I shall not swerve from my duty for any personal considerations," resumed Conrad, firmly.

Then advancing a few paces, he paused until the Saracen envoy had come within speaking range, and at once haughtily addressed him—

"Halt!" he exclaimed in a voice of thunder. "Approach me not with thy accursed message, if thou wouldst not have me drench with thy blood the white banner in which thou trustest for immunity. Return to thy master, and tell him Conrad of Montferrat holds no parley with the dastardly dog unbeliever, who heralds his message by such spectacles as yonder: who screens himself from the weapons of his foes by such a shield: who dooms his prisoners, taken in honorable warfare, to such a death, and who thinks to appeal his antagonist by rendering him a reluctant parricide. But it is not so. Should my hapless hand shed kindred blood, even the blood of a father. I shall live to boast myself the son of a Christian martyr!"

"Pardon," exclaimed the ambassador, who had in vain endeavoured to check Conrad's indignant torrent of words. "You mistake, noble marquis, the intention of the Sultan. Saladin the Magnanimous seeks not the blood of the aged and feeble. It is to avoid an unnecessary sacrifice of life that he would now confer with you. Your father is in his power; he would remind of this, to prove to you that he holds in his hands the means of vindictive retaliation; but he desires not its exercise. Although victor, he carves not the blood of his foes, and has offered most favorable conditions to his vanquished antagonists. These he repeats to the garrison of Tyre. He is willing to liberate his captives; and requires only of the soldiers of the Cross, that they should evacuate Palestine. Nay, more, he will himself furnish the means of their return to Europe, provided they undertake, in future, to leave him unmolested in his territories. Jerusalem shall be accessible to pilgrims from all nations, who shall be free to bow before the Holy Sepulchre, and offer there the devotions dictated by their respective creeds. What more can you desire? What further concession can you justly require, that you should hesitate to accede to the favorable conditions I am disputed to offer."

"Your mission is vain," resumed Conrad, sternly. "I sympathize not in the skeptical toleration your master professes, and advocates; nor will I consent, nor will the unanimous voice of Christendom consent to the profane foot of Turk or Saracen desecrating the ground hallowed by the footsteps of the Incarnate God. Jerusalem must be ours and ours only. The polluting presence of the unbeliever may not be permitted to stain the heritage of the Lord. Until our object is attained we can make no peace, listen to no compromise. Should we individually, and in chastisement for our sins, perish before our eyes behold the blessed sepulchre, or the holy wood of the inestimable-precious cross be rescued from the grasp of Saladin, we shall at least have the consolation of immediate entrance into heaven, the full and complete pardon of every transgression, promised to him who fights or falls in this sacred war."

Conrad paused; and the envoy of the Sultan deeming his mission vain, returned to his master; but before his departure he again addressed the chieftain—

"The Sultan bids me tell thee, Marquis of Montferrat, that since thou persistest in thy warfare against him, he will not avenge himself by the sacrifice of thy father. He can take a less ignoble, and far keener revenge, which he will render nugatory thy schemes of personal ambition. The great Emir will restore to liberty thy crowned king, thy hated rival, Count Guy de Lusignan."

Having thus spoken, the ambassador departed; and for a brief interval, as was customary in honorable warfare, both armies remained stationary, affording time for the delivery of his answer. Saladin at once released Conrad's father, the aged marquis, from his dangerous position, and the captive returned to the comparative security of his prison.

Then the trumpets sounded on both sides, and a conflict ensued as desperate, and as bravely contested, as the world ever witnessed. The unflinching determination and heroic valor of the Crusaders prevailed. Complete success crowned the efforts of Conrad, and ere he cut his way back to the city gates, the formidable entrenchment, which it had cost the Moslems so much labor to construct, was utterly demolished, and hopelessly crumbled into ruin.

(To be continued.)

MARTINIQUE.

I have saved for a separate paragraph the mention of the great charm and peculiarity of this lovely island. It is a built on a declivity, at the foot of a range of mountains, and a bright rivulet of the most sparkling water courses rapidly down the centre of every street. The pavements being everywhere

admirable, and sloping towards the centre, and the beds of these sparkling currents being well-laid flat stones, there is no dirt except what is thrown out from the houses on the way; and with the perpetual swift flow and the large quantity of water, this carrying off of the city's daily rubbish is quite imperceptible. It is a continually bright stream, running before every door, and filling the town, night and day, with its pleasant music.—The little naked black children sit in it, up to the waist, and play. The women come out and wash their dishes in it, and sit and sew by its side as by a brook in the country. The rider stops to let his horse drink at it.—The loaded burthen-carrier, with the enormous weight upon her head, stands in it for a minute or two, bathed up to the knees, and refreshed and cooled, without stooping. It is an inestimable blessing to the inhabitants, and one originally provided at great enterprise and cost. The mountain rivers are brought down through aqueducts contrived with the finest engineering science, crossing ravines and rounding precipices, and built with a solidity which will defy accident and decay.—In the present state, Martinique would be far from undertaking or accomplishing such a work; but it was done in days when the Simplon was designed and achieved, and when the colonies were the California of France.—*A Health Trip to the Tropics, by N. P. Willis.*

From God's Lady's Book for January. BE OF GOOD CHEER: IT IS I.

BY R. T. CONRAD.

"But when they saw him walking upon the sea, they supposed it had been a spirit, and cried out. For they all saw him and were troubled. And immediately he talked with them, and saith unto them, Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid."—MARK VI. 49, 50.

They toiled—for night was round their bark;
The fierce winds tossed the white sea spray;
And, like the heavens, their hearts were dark,
For Jesus was away.
When, lo, a spirit! See it tread
The waves that wrestle with the sky!
They shrieked, appalled: but Jesus said—
"Be of good cheer: 'tis I!"

As o'er the little day of life
The gathering cloud advances low;
And all above is storm and strife,
And darkness all below;
What heart but echoes back the shriek
Of nature from the tortured sky!
"Hark! o'er all a whisper meek—
"Be of good cheer: 'tis I!"

Who here makes misery our mate?
Links love with death, and life with doom!
Sends fears e'en darker than our fate—
The shadows of the tomb?
The hand that smites is raised in love;
He seeks to save who bids usigh:
Who! murmured? Hark—'tis from above!
"Be of good cheer: 'tis I!"

When change on change, and ill on ill,
Have taught the trusting heart to doubt;
When earth grows dark as faint and chill,
Hope after hope goes out;
E'en then, amid the gloom, a ray
Breaks brightly on the heavenward eye;
And faith hears, o'er the desolate way,
"Be of good cheer: 'tis I!"

And when our weary race is run,
The toil, the task, the trial o'er;
And twilight gathers, dim and dun,
Upon life's wave-worn shore;
When struggling trust and lingering fear
Cast shadows o'er the filmy eye;
What rapture then, that voice to hear:
"Be of good cheer: 'tis I!"

THE MAN RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

ALMOST every man sets out in life with the determination, when a certain sum has been accumulated, to retire from the cares of business, and enjoy the balance of his days "otium cum dignitate." Visions of sunny farms and rural retreats are ever before him, but, unfortunately, few men have the courage, when the required sum has been obtained, to be content and retire. In the course of years, new tastes have been required, and new wants added to the humble catalogue with which he commenced life. The rural retreat has become a suburban residence, with coach-houses, &c., and a few thousands more have become necessary. So he goes toiling on, his ambition widening and extending as he pushes and urges his way on to competence and fortune. During all this time he forgets that he is growing older—that his capacity for enjoyment is getting more contracted every day—that his tastes and habits are becoming confirmed in business life, so that when he does muster up the firmness to yield his place in the business world to younger men, he is about as unhappy a mortal as one could meet on a summer's day. That man alone can hope to enjoy a pleasant leisure in the evening of his days, who has intellectual means of enjoyment always at command. He must, or should be, satisfied with a comfortable independence, and leave the cares of business in the meridian of life—if he can—before he becomes so thoroughly habituated to a certain routine, to deviate from which, or to jerve, instead of comfort and happiness, would only

make him miserable and discontented.—*New Orleans Delta.*

SOCIAL LIFE.

THE loss of that, the possession of which enriches not, is a benefit rather than an injury. We do not lose faith in society, but in its perversions and its emptinesses. They who look to it for instruction, entertainment, or affection, are equally disappointed; and yet it contains all these, but so rarely realized, that faith falters, and we harden into doubt, or despair in despair. Stern and solid men exact the useful and substantial, but all the rest are for show only, with persons splendidly attired, but intellects miserably furnished. The former have no soul, and the latter no heart; and between the two, although surrounded by myriads, we are left without a friend, a confidant, or a companion and are

"Homeless amidst a thousand homes"
"O we are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy,
And little more than nothing is enough
To make us wretched."

GOOD-BYE.

THE Editor of the Albany Register comments thus upon this simple word, so common and yet so full of solemn and tender meaning:

How many emotions cluster around that word! How full of sadness, and to us, how full of sorrow, it sounds. It is with us a consecrated word. We heard it once within the year as we hope never to hear it again. We spoke it on an occasion, such as we hope never to speak it again. It was in the chamber of death at the still hour of night's noon. The curtains the windows were all closed, the lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim and solemn twilight, with others, around the bed of the dying. The damps of death were on her pale young brow, and coldness was on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time while living. "Good-bye, my daughter," we whispered, and "Good-bye, father," came faintly from her dying lips. We know not if she ever spoke more, but "Good-bye" was the last we ever heard of her sweet voice.—We hear that sorrowful word often and often, as we sit alone, busy with the memories of the past. We hear it in the silence of the night, in the hours of nervous wakefulness, as we lay upon our bed thinking of the loved, and the lost to us. We hear it in our dreams when her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when we sit beside her grave in the cemetery where she sleeps, alone with no kindred as yet by her side. She was the hope of our life, the prop to lean upon when age should come upon us, and life should be running to its dregs. The hope and the prop is gone, and we care not how soon we go down to sleep beside our darling—beneath the shadow of the tree in the city of the dead."

CHEAP LITERATURE.

THE late Thomas Hood, who was the wit of his day, had something to say on the subject of cheap literature, and here it is:—

"A few months since, I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—but avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with several commodities at a very trifling percentage above the cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher: 'Sir: Respectin' your note. Cheap literature be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel; and if so be you or the readin' publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves.
I remain, &c., JOHN STOKES'

A POSER.

AT Plymouth there is, or was, a small green opposite the Government House, over which no one was permitted to pass. Not a creature was allowed to approach, save the General's cow: and the sentries have particular orders to turn away any one who ventured to cross the forbidden turf. One day old lady D——, having called at the General's, in order to make a short cut, bent her steps across the lawn, when she was arrested by the sentry calling out, and desiring her to return and go the other road. She remonstrated; and the man said he could not disobey his orders, which were to prevent any one crossing that piece of ground. "But," said Lady D——, with a stately air, "Do you know who I am?" "I don't know who you be ma'am," replied the immovable sentry, "but I know who you b'aint—you b'aint the General's cow." So the Lady D——, wisely gave up the argument, and went the other way.

LECTURE.

EVIDENCE OF REVEALED CHRISTIANITY.

The fifth lecture in the series in connexion with the Young Men's Christian Union was delivered on Wednesday evening in George Square, U. P. Chapel, by the Rev. Dr. Harper, of Leith; subject—"The Internal Evidence of Revealed Religion." The lecturer began by observing that the Bible was composed of several volumes, extending from the date at which the first was written to the period when the last was composed, over a space of 1500 years. These volumes were the product of a most diversified authorship, embracing a lawgiver, prophets, kings, fishermen, a physician, and a tax gatherer, but throughout the whole there was a unity; it was characteristic of them that they represented God as one, and showed in all their diversity one purpose, one faith, and one spirit. He then referred to the supposition made use of by Paley in his Natural Theology, as to the finding of a watch, and a reasoning which the manifestations of design in such a piece of art necessarily called forth, and argued, that if a work of art, though not bearing his name so unmistakably, manifested its maker, the works of God should, by analogy, manifest themselves to be of God. And it was so; it was said "Oh Lord, how manifest are thy works!" &c. Christianity, also, like the other works of God, bore internal evidence that it was from God, even as the heathen systems showed themselves to be of man. In considering these internal evidences he would pass over the arguments to be drawn from the sublimity of the style, and the importance of the history which the Scriptures present, and the consideration that the records which were contained in the Bible were nowhere else to be found, and consider, first, the representation of the Divine being, which the Scriptures gave. 1st, The Scriptures unfolded the unity of the Godhead. That doctrine was the characteristic glory of revelation, whether Jewish or Christian. The Jews were inferior to many nations in their knowledge of the arts and sciences, but they excelled in their knowledge of God. They vied not with others in taste and philosophy, but all others were as babes to them in their knowledge of God. The lecturer then repeated a number of Scripture quotations which speak of God, of his character and perfections, and asked his audience to compare such passages with the childish fooleries of pagan worship, or from the inspection of heathen divinities, turn to Isaiah's withering descriptions of the maker of their gods, who, of the same piece of timber, with the aid of the tools of his craft, fashions a part into a god, and breaks up the rest into chips to kindle the fire. 2d, God was represented in Scripture as a pattern of holiness; he was at once the object of our worship, and the pattern for our imitation. It was not so with heathen divinities, they were not to be imitated, for every passion of man found a god in the Pantheon. The knowledge of God was the perception of all that was good, the perfection of God were the practice of all that was good. There was nothing more glorious in God's name, and nothing more repugnant to corrupt human nature than holiness. 3d, The character of God was presented in an infinitely amiable, venerable, and adorable light in Scripture. There were abundant proofs of His bounty in providence. There were provinces where the creation was painful, but inquiry would show that such were evils brought by man upon himself; or if they were seen rising to all appearance contrary to regular laws, they would be found to be for the benefit of those against whom they were directed. On that subject the Bible bore a testimony all its own; it exhibited God as manifesting goodness, mercy, and paternal love; as one "delighting in mercy" "like a father pitying his children." The character of Christ was another evidence of the truth of revealed religion—it was the glory of the believer, the inexplicable phenomenon of the unbeliever. Of Christ's excellencies, he noticed, 1st, The elevation of his character, as evinced by the grandeur of his purposes and aims, as a teacher and reformer of man; not only aiming at man's improvement, but at his regeneration—a truth manifest in the objects Christ came to fulfil were compared with the objects of human philosophy.—In harmony with these objects was, 2d, The moral excellence of Christ. It was an excellence above all human standard. In the ordinary estimates of greatness made among men, intellectual powers or genius were most highly esteemed; but such excellence, if not accompanied with moral excellence, rather raised its possessor to the pillory than the pedestal. In the character of Christ, there was nothing wanting and nothing in excess. His love to God was a flame that consumed it, and his love to man was a charity that consented even to die for him. His excellencies were enhanced by the fact, that they did not depend on favourable circumstances to be brought into action. They were not like dying embers, which required to be kindled but like pent up flames, which sought opportunity for its bursting forth. The lecturer directed notice, in the third place, to