

Varieties.

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"But the boat in the midst of the sea was tossed with the waves: for the wind was contrary."—Matt. xiv. 24.

Fear was within the tossing bark
When stormy winds grew loud;
The waves come rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bow'd.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill—
But One was there, who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased!—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.

And slumber settled on the deep,
And silence on the blast,
As when the righteous falls asleep,
And death's fierce throes are past.

Thou that didst rule the angry hour,
And tame the tempest's mood—
Oh! send thy Spirit forth in power
O'er our dark souls to brood!

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride,
Thy mandates to fulfil—
Speak, speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak and say—"Peace be still!"

HELP IN TIME OF NEED.—AN OCCURRENCE IN REAL LIFE.

Whilst passing by a range of cottages, I observed a woman neatly but scantily clad, standing at her open door. She was a person of reserved and retired habits, and this was not her usual practice. I concluded she was either looking after some one, or wishing to speak with myself. The latter was the case. "If you can spare me a few minutes this morning, I should be glad to speak with you." "Most willingly," I replied; and we were presently seated. "Pray, Ma'am," she proceeded, "when you gave me the half-crown yesterday, did you know of our great distress?" "No," I replied, "I had no intention of relieving you, until I was overtaken by Mrs. M—, to whom I had lent that trifle. As she unexpectedly paid me, (for I thought she had forgotten the circumstance,) I purposed in my own mind to bestow it upon those who needed it more than I did. Your cottage was near and knowing you had several children, I gave it to you. Why do you ask?" "My husband, Ma'am, has not been able to procure employment for some weeks past, my children have been laid up with the measles, and though, I thank God, they are much better, yet sickness is very expensive, and I have spent my last farthing in procuring them necessaries. It is true, I had the sack of potatoes for 1s. 6d., but they were all gone, and our fare has been very scanty for the last week. Yesterday morning I divided the last piece of bread among my crying children for their breakfast, leaving nothing for my husband and myself. My poor husband took up his hat and went out of the cottage. Weakened by sorrow and sickness my heart sank within me with sad forebodings. A gracious God sent you to my relief. I earnestly longed for my husband's return, and, while eagerly listening for his footsteps, he opened the door, looked cheerfully upon me, and said, 'Fanny, let us trust and not be afraid, I think help will soon come.' I showed him the money; he was overcome with gratitude, and exclaimed, 'O God, thou hast heard my prayer!' He then told me that he had left me in the morning with a determination to beg, but not feeling secure of a favourable reception, or even of a patient hearing from any one of his neighbours, his heart failed him, and he directed his steps towards the high furze that grows on the Common, where he could walk unperceived by every human eye. He looked towards Heaven, and thought of Him whose tender mercies are over all his works. He knelt among the bushes, and earnestly prayed to the Giver of all good to open a door of relief. Oh, Ma'am, I hope I never shall forget this gracious answer to prayer." "I trust you will not," I replied, "and may this signal mercy stir you up to more frequent prayer—cast your every burden upon Him who has so fully shown that He bears you in His heart; and while you are mercifully encouraged to spread your smallest griefs before Him, remember He has larger blessings to bestow; plead earnestly for the bread of life—that 'living bread which came down from Heaven,' and that 'meat which endureth unto everlasting life,' which the Son of man shall give unto you. As a frightened child looks immediately to its mother for protection, so henceforth may you be led in the day of extremity to fly directly to God, who alone can direct and bless every other assistance."

As I pursued my walk, I was led to think of the influence of our actions over the welfare of others. Little did Mrs. M. think that she was the means of helping a fellow-creature in distress, by discharging her debt. So various are the links in the great chain of Providence,—so numerous are the instruments employed in accomplishing God's purposes; thus teaching his servants to will and to do of his good pleasure, for it is his power that worketh in them.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—THE BAKER WHO LOST NOTHING BY IT.

"It would be difficult to find any one who ever really derived any permanent advantage from working on Sunday, although very many in a small way of business, such as bakers and green-grocers, imagine they would lose their trade if they were to discontinue the practice. There are, however, persons still living and doing well who thought otherwise and who have prospered beyond their most san-

guine expectations. One such instance occurred to a young man, a baker by trade, who lived in a seaport town of Hampshire. He had resided in the place sufficiently long to form many pleasant connexions, and to become greatly attached to his abode, when he was told by his employers, that in consequence of some new arrangements, his services would be required during part of the Sunday, viz., from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon. His employers, seeing that the young man seemed greatly perplexed, said to him, 'You can take a month to consider the matter, and then we will talk further on the subject,' intimating, at the same time, that unless he complied with the proposal, they would be constrained, although unwillingly, to look out for another assistant. The young man was much distressed; he desired to continue in the situation which he occupied till able to commence business on his own account; and there was certainly no hope whatever of obtaining a similar situation in the town. His determination was, however, soon made; and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his young friends, who entreated him not to ruin himself, he firmly, yet respectfully, made known to his employers that he could not work on the Lord's day. 'Very well, then the matter is settled,' was the brief reply. Nothing more was said; the master turned on his heel, though not without a secret consciousness that the place of the young man would not be readily supplied; and the discarded journeyman went slowly to his lodgings, hoping, as he turned round the corner, and passed the door of the baking-house, that he might hear the voice of his master calling him to return. One week passed, then another; the faith of the young man was sorely tried, but he remembered the promises of the Lord, and took courage: at length, when his savings were nearly exhausted, he wrote a letter to his family informing them that he was going to Southampton, in quest of a situation, probably from thence to Salisbury, and that in the event of his not succeeding, he should return in about a week. This done, he proceeded to put the letter in the post-office, and had nearly reached the place, when he was beckoned across the street by an elderly tradesman, who asked him if he had got a situation. On being answered in the negative, the baker, for such he was, said as follows:—'Well, I have been thinking about retiring from the care of business for some time past. I have no family, and have acquired sufficient to take me to my journey's end; so if you feel inclined to take my business, you shall have it.' The young man answered that he would gladly embrace such a favourable offer; but having neither relations nor friends to assist him with sufficient capital, he should not be able to do so. 'Well, I have thought that matter over too,' replied the tradesman, 'and the difficulty can be easily got over. Let the stock be valued by mutual friends, and an agreement drawn up and signed, and you shall pay me by instalments. I know that you are a young man of sound principles, and therefore I will undertake to recommend you to those with whom I have been in the habit of dealing, as well as to those who deal with me. Never fear, do as I have done before, trust in Divine Providence, and you will do well.' The agreement was made at once, and the young man returned to his lodgings in high spirits; it was no longer needful to set out for Southampton, nor yet to ask his friends to look out for a situation on his account; he wrote to them, indeed, and that on the same day, but his letter told only of joy and thankfulness. In about a fortnight he commenced business, and shortly after married a very respectable young woman. He is now a flourishing tradesman with a good prospect of retiring from business at no distant period."—*Servants' Magazine*.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

While on an excursion among the islands of Penobscot Bay, during the Geological Survey of 1837, we passed, in the Castine Revenue Cutter, over the spot where the ill-fated steamer Royal Tar was burned a year or two before. It will be recollected that it was the Castine Cutter, under the command of Capt. Dyer, that came to the relief of the passengers of the Royal Tar. Among other incidents of the melancholy day, Capt. Dyer related to me the following:—There was, among the others, a young mother with a child at her breast. As she was standing on the deck, the elephant, for it will be recollected, there was a caravan on board, maddened with fright and pain, struck the child, while clasped to its mother's bosom, such a blow, as to sever the greater part of its head from the body. The sailors wrenched the mutilated babe from its mother's arms, and threw it into the sea, and thrust the mother into the boat. For many days afterward the poor mother was frantic, constantly calling for her child. To appease her, the family in whose care she was, made an image of a child out of a pillow and some children's clothes. This, in her bewildered state, the mother would rock, and tend, and sing lullaby to, and talk to, as if it had been her own dear babe, until she recovered from her derangement brought on by her sufferings, and awoke to the full consciousness of her bereavement.—*Wesleyan Journal*.

SCATTERING AND INCREASING.

A young mechanic, some thirty-five years ago, commenced business in a country town, with little capital, and small prospect of success. He put up a dwelling house, but it remained long unfinished. His worldly affairs were any thing but prosperous. Suddenly his neighbours were started to find that he had pledged fifty dollars a year to the American Board of Missions. People shook their heads. Some said he ought not to pay it. Others said there was no danger, it never would be paid. But it was, and paid punctually. And then similar or larger sums were pledged to other benevolent enterprises, which were afterwards increased and multiplied. In the meantime, that unfinished dwelling got gradually completed, the grounds around it were made tasty and inviting, and other grounds and other buildings added. In short, when the man died a few years since, he was one of the most wealthy men in town, and the most influential in society, as well as benevolent. But what is observable is, and it was often remarked by his friends that the determination of this man to pay fifty dollars a year to the Board of Missions, gave a new impulse to his life and character. It taught him to be eco-

nomical, and made him "diligent in business" in the best sense of the word. It excited his business talent and made him a man of wealth. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth."

From the Bible Society Record.

BIBLE READING SLAVE.

Some time since, while traveling in North Carolina, in consequence of my buggy breaking down in a lonely place, I was obliged to return for some miles with a rail, in place of a wheel, to the establishment of a large planter, the owner of several hundred slaves. When I arrived, the planter and family being from home, I was obliged to take up my abode with the overseer, a kind and obliging man. It was soon rumored among the negroes that a preacher was at the overseer's, which excited no little interest. At an early hour in the evening a large number of slaves came around the house to see the preacher, shake hands with him, and ask if he would pray with and for them at the house of the overseer. Among the crowd was an old man, about eighty years old, who made a profession of religion in the year 1791. He is looked upon as a kind of patriarch among the negroes. When introduced to me, he remarked, "I understand you are a Bible Agent—and I am a Bible reading slave. I wish you great success—the Bible has been a great blessing to me. When I was brought to see my condition as a lost sinner, I did not know one letter of the alphabet; but, by exertion and perseverance, I learned to read. The Bible has been my daily companion for about fifty years."

His knowledge of the Bible appeared to be general and accurate. He delighted much in the character and work of the Redeemer. His views of the plan of redemption were clear and Scriptural. His hope was bright and animating. When asked if he could do anything to procure his own salvation, he replied promptly, "No. Man can not convert himself to God, or persevere in the ways of righteousness, without the aid of divine grace." He supported his views of doctrines and experience, by bringing forward numerous and appropriate passages of God's Holy Word. He rejoiced much that his salvation was not in his own hands, and depended not upon his own righteousness, but that believers are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

After a long and interesting conversation with this Bible reading slave, as many of the negroes as could get into the house, and many who stood around it, joined in prayer to God, and rendered thanks for the blessings of the day.

In the morning we had prayers again, and all the negroes who desired were permitted to attend.

THE DESOLATIONS OF DRINK.

Drink is the desolating demon of Great Britain. We have spent in intoxicating drinks during the present century as much as would pay the national debt twice over? There are 180,000 gin-drinkers in London alone, and in that city three millions a year are spent in gin. In thirteen years 249,000 males and 183,000 females were taken into custody for being drunk and disorderly. In Manchester not less than a million a year is spent in profligacy and crime. In Edinburgh there are one thousand and whisky-shops, one hundred and sixty being in one street; and yet the city contains only one hundred bread-shops. In Glasgow the poor rates are £100,000 a year. "Ten thousand," says Alison, "get drunk every Saturday night, are drunk a day Sunday and Monday, and not able to return to work till Tuesday. Glasgow spends £1,260,000 annually, in drink; and 50,000 females are taken into custody for being drunk." And what are some of the moral results of such appalling statistics? Insanity, pauperism, prostitution and crime. As to the insanity inflicted on drink, the Bishop of London states "that of 1,271 maniacs whose previous history was investigated, 749, or more than half of them, wrecked their reason in drinking." As to its pauperism, it is estimated that not less than two-thirds of our paupers are the direct or indirect victims of the same fatal vice. In Parkhurst Prison, it is calculated that 400 out of 500 juvenile prisoners are immured there as the incidental results of parental debauchery. The chaplain of the Nottingham County Jail lately informed the writer, that "302 prisoners in this jail during the last six months, 176 attributed their ruin to drunkenness. Sixty-four spent from 2s 6d to 10s, a week in drink; fifteen spent from 10s. to 19s. and ten spent all their savings. Is it not remarkable," he adds, "that out of 433 prisoners in this jail, I have had not one that has one sixpence in a savings' bank, nor above six that ever had?" Perhaps not less than two thirds of the "natives" in the kingdom have passed through jails since the cessation of railway labour. Yet the wages of these men, to the number of 240,306, averaged £40 a year each in the aggregate £10,290,369 a year; but when the railways were done, their money was done, their character was done, their good habits were done, and themselves done in every way.

BEECHER'S THUNDERBOLT.

A Virginia Colporteur says; "A few weeks ago, I was hailed by a man who inquired if I had any of Buxter's Call, and Beecher's Thunderbolt! I told him I had Buxter's Call, but had not the other. He remarked that he would like to get them, for one Person had left off swearing and hunting on Sunday, and another giving up drinking liquor; and it was said to be caused by the reading of those two books. If so, he would read them and lay them by for his children. The matter was explained, Beecher on Intemperance proved to be the book, with which I supplied him."

THE USE OF TOBACCO.

Tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys inducing a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and injuring the spinal marrow, the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and freely smokes, or otherwise largely uses tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy.—To people older, who are naturally nervous, and particularly to the phlegmatic, tobacco may be comparatively harmless, but even to these it is worse than unless.

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