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**"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."**

[Editor and Proprietor]

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The Spanish commander hoisted the royal standard at the fore, and the whole fleet vainly offered general battle. The English closely pursued the heels of the enemy, but confined their attacks to the rear-guard. A running fight was thus kept up along the coast in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually coming to the English ships, until the battle had quite drifted out of reach of the town.

AND ESTABLISH THE INQUISITION IN ENGLAND  
BY MEANS OF THE CELEBRATED SPANISH  
ARMADA.

MEANTIME the commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried his foremast close to the deck, and as he lay crippled and helpless, the Armada slowly deserted him. Night was coming on, the sea ran high, and the English were ready to grapple with him, but no attention was paid to his signals of distress. The captain-general coolly abandoned him to his fate, and the next morning after a brief attempt at resistance, he surrendered his vessel.

This was an unlucky beginning for the two Invincible Armadas. They had been out-maneuvred, out-sailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonist, without being able to inflict a single blow in return. The next day, Monday, August 1st, orders were given to accept every chance of battle, to come to close quarters whenever it should be possible. The Spaniards felt confident of sinking the English ship in the English navy, if they could but once come to close quarters. It became more and more obvious that the decision would be in the hands of their foes. In order to check the work of discipline and of good seamanship hitherto displayed in the fleet, the admiral now sent a sergeant-major on board each ship in the Armada with express instructions to hang every captain who should leave the position assigned him; and the hangmen were sent with the sergeant-major to insure immediate attention to the arrangement.

The Spanish gallees sailed leisurely along the English coast, with light sails, and were watched closely by the Queen's fleet, which, however, was not

The English attempted in vain to get to windward, and making a tack seaward were soon after assailed by the Spaniards. A long and spirited action ensued, the Spaniards protracted and confused the English, and the latter, in the midst of the combat, the Spaniards were completely isolated, and their attempts to close with the enemy. The cannonading was incessant. "We had a long and sharp fight," said Hawkins. Boat-loads of men and munitions were perpetually sent off to the Spanish. Many high-born volunteers could not restrain their impatience, and as the roar of battle, and the sight of the enemy's ships on board, in order to share in the delights of a long-expected struggle. The lively, but irregular and desultory action continued nearly all day, and until the English had fired away most of their powder and shot. The Spaniards, too, were already short of light metal. So much lead and gunpowder had never before been wasted in a single day; for there was no great damage inflicted on either side.

th, the English Admiral bore boldly down into the very midst of the Spanish fleet, and laid himself within three or four hundred yards of Medina's flag ship, while his comrades were at equally close quarters with other vessels. It was the hottest conflict which had yet taken place. The two great fleets, which were there to subjugate and to defend the realm of Elizabeth, were nearly yard-arm and yard-arm together—all England on the lee. Broadside after broadside of great guns, and volley after volley of arqueburs from main-top and rigging, were warily exchanged. Much damage was inflicted on the Spaniards, whose galleons and ships were so easy a mark to aim at, while from their tarred heights they themselves fired for the most part harmlessly over the heads of their adversaries. The English Admiral at length gave the signal for retreat, having no intention of risking the existence of his fleet, and perhaps of the English crown, on a single battle.

The Armada proceeded to its appointed rendezvous with Parma in Calais roads—sailing slowly all the next day in company with the English, without a shot being fired on either side—and at last dropped anchor on Saturday afternoon, August 10th.

port, repairing damages and recruiting, and on July 22, the Armada again set sail. Six days later, the Spaniards took soundings, thirty leagues from the Scilly Islands, and on Friday, July 29, they had the first glimpse of the land of promise presented to them by Sixtus V., of which they had at last come to take possession. On the same day and night, ten thousand beacon fires from the coast of England and Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning of the approaching danger that the enemy was at hand. On the following morning, sixty of the best English ships were warped out of Plymouth harbor; the next day July 30, there was a light south-west wind, with a mist and drizzling rain, but by three in the afternoon the fleets could discern and count each other through the haze. By nine o'clock July 31, the fleets had their first meeting on the Cornish coast. There were 136 sail of the Spaniards, of which nine ships, and a few smaller vessels, were of the English. The long-headed Armada counted a pompos, almost identical appearance

of a ship scarcely warranted for a pageant, in honor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded floating castles, with their airy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden Duke, stood in his private shot-proof entress, on the deck of this great galloon, surrounded by a company of infantry, and colonels of cavalry, who knew as much of himself on naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand, were for the most part, light, swift and easily handled sailing round and round those unwieldy galloon hulks, and galleys manned by fettered slave-gangs. The superior manœuvre of the English commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Forbisher, and Raleigh, enabled them to gain the advantage on the first day, and to carry the enemy into the fourth stage, and command the enemy at intervals with considerable effect, easily occupying at

steadily down upon them before the wind and tide. There were men in the Armada who remembered the infernal fire-ships of Giannibelli at the siege of Antwerp, only the sea was more formidable. That famous engineer was now in England, and his floating fire-cannoes, which had seemed to render earth and ocean, and whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, were called to mind with terror. In a moment the Spaniards were seized with a horrible panic. A yell of despair rang throughout the fleet. The fire-ships of Antwerp, the first ships of the Armada? The cry was in an instant every cable was cut, and the attempts were made by each galleon and gallies to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other. Two others were set on fire by the flaming vessels, and were consumed. The alarm was occasioned by the first of the English admirals, who believed that by sending a few hastily arranged fire-ships among the fleet, a panic would be produced, and the Armada be thrown into confusion and compelled to slip its cables.

So long a night and darkness continued, the turmoil and uproar were terrific. When the morning dawned, Monday, August 8, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving towards the Flemish coast. The English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea. The fleets came together about midnight: a. m., off Gravelines, and a general combat commenced within an hour. The English had with the weather-gage and the tide in their favor. Sir Francis Drake in the *Revenue*, followed by *Frobisher*, and the *Triumph*, *Hawkins* in the *Victory*, and many other vessels, made the first attack upon the Spanish flag-ships. Lord Henry in the *Rainbow*, Sir Henry in the *Mermaid*, and others, engaged with the *Invincible*, a galleon of the Armada, while Sir William Walsingham in the *Vanguard*, supported by most of his squadron, charged the starboard wing. The battle raged hot and furious, for six hours; the English partially maintaining their former successful tactics and refusing the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves along side. Keeping within musket range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada; while the Spaniards, on their part, found it impossible without wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. During the whole action, not an English ship was destroyed nor a hundred men killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were disabled, and, as they lay, their masts and rigging were shattered, their sails and rigging torn to shreds; a north-west wind, driving them toward the fatal sand banks of Holland, where they labored heavily in a chopping sea; and, finally, widely received tremendous damage at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely; three of the huge galleons sunk before the fire was over; many others were soon drifting helplessly towards a hostile shore; and before 5 o'clock in the afternoon, at least 16 of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

UTTER RUIN.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada having thus been disabled or damaged, and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia gave orders to retreat. Crippled, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would still have faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him to a lee-shore, where it would be inevitable destruction. Howard, Drake, and Frobisher, with the rest of the fleet followed the Armada through the North Sea from Tuesday night (Aug. 9) till Friday (Aug. 12) and still, the strong south-wester swept the Spaniards before them, uncertain whether to seek refuge, food, and a room to repair damages, in the realms of the sea, or to bring off the prize, or on the iron-bound coasts of Norway. Medina Sidonia, however, quite abandoned his intention of returning to England, and was only anxious for a safe retreat to Spain. On the other hand, the Devonshire commander, Vice Admiral Drake, could not restrain his hilarity as he saw the Invincible

man whose beard he had so often rolled, rolling the words "German ocean," "light from the country which he seeks to fight from," and "the sea which he has to have been made a Spanish province." Unperturbed as he was his ship, he was for risking another battle, but Howard decided "to wrestle no further." Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, August 12th, it was determined in council to put into the Frith, of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnares to dog the fleet until it would be past the Isles of Scotland." After suffering much from violent gales, the English ships within four or five days were all safely anchored in the Firth of Forth.

Farøe was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Injovible Armada, last sent by the departing English midway between the coast of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery for a long time hung over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet encountered a most furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Farøe and the Hebrides. Their perilous track was pursued by constant disaster; gale after gale dashed them on sand-banks, or shattered them against the coasts of Norway, Scotland and Iceland.

ompos fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas; and were whitened with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked the City of London, and made the English nation a Spanish viceroyalty. Of the four galleasses and four galleys, only one of each returned to Spain. Of the 91 great galleons and hulks, 58 were lost and 33 returned. Of the tenders and zabras, 17 were lost and 18 returned. Of 184 vessels which sailed from Corunna in July last, 57, great and small, made their escape to Spain, and the remainder, so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The invincible Armada had not only been vanquished at annihilated. Of the 80,000 men who sailed with the fleet, probably not more than 10,000 ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning, so that to relieve the universal gloom a edict was published forbidding to wear mourning at all.

Such was the result of the invasion, which had been so long preparing, and at an almost incalculable expense. In the year 1588, almost the whole of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions sterling. Beside as large a sum on board the Armada itself, there was the sacrifice of treasure and of life, nothing had been accomplished in Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to the world, had become ridiculous. "Beat on and shuffled together from the Lizard to Calais, from Calais driven with squibs from their anchors and chased out of sight of England about Scotland and Ireland," as Drake expressed himself. The Spaniards indeed presented but a sorry spectacle to the "mighty and dreadful navy," said the same bluff mariner, "and a great and terrible ostentation, did not in all their ships about England so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinace, or cook-boat of ours, or burn so much as one sheep-coat on this."

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit."—John 15:1.

vine, of which his heavenly Father is the husbandman: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." A vine consists of one common stem, from whence many branches spring, and to which they are all closely connected. The Church of Christ upon earth resembles a vine in this respect. Christ is the common stem, to which, in all its various branches, that Church is united. Every separate Christian may likewise be resembled to a branch of this Vine. United in name and profession to Christ, every professing Christian stands in the same relation to Jesus as the branch of a vine does to the parent tree.

As, however, upon an ordinary vine, there may be fruitful and also unfruitful branches—some that bear good fruit, and others which are either fruitless or dead, and therefore only fit to be cut off and cast into the fire—so in reference to the spiritual Vine of which our Lord speaks. This Vine has fruitful and unfruitful branches. There are professing disciples of Jesus, all having an external union with Christ, and yet greatly differing from each other; some of these disciples exhibiting the marks of vitality in the manifestation of good fruit, and others being either positively fruitless, or worse than fruitless, absolutely dead towards God.

Now, the headbandman who has care of the vineyard will narrowly watch the condition of the vine, and the progress of each separate branch. He will do this for the purpose of observing how far each separate part of the vine answers his expectation; nor will he be content to have the tree encumbered, either by branches that bear no fruit, or by branches which have ceased to live. He will surely remove, in due time, such parts of the tree as either grow to no advantage or positively injure the remainder. And, besides this, even the fruit-bearing portions of the tree may require, from time to time, skillful pruning, in order that they may yield a more abundant produce. He will also

spiritual Husbandman, watches over and observes the progress of each branch or member of the Church of Christ; and, here and there, should he discover an unfruitful or corrupt professor—a disciple who is joined by profession to Jesus, but manifests none of the genuine fruits of discipleship, or is grown positively corrupt, such a fruitless or dead branch will be removed. Then, it is to be further observed, that even those branches upon which good fruit is found, will start in need of gentle, loving discipline, in order that they may become more and more fruitful to the praise and glory of God. Such appears to be the signification and force of our Lord's declaration, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." The words speak of two opposite classes, and of two opposite methods of dealing, suitable to each. The one class is composed of mere barren professors; the other, of sincere disciples. With respect to the former, the doom pronounced against them is, to be disowned or rejected—in other words, cut off from the vine: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." With respect to the second class, namely, that of sincere disciples, these are subjected to various corrective dealings; they must be tried and afflicted for the sake of being made more fruitful. To one or the other of these two classes, you, dear Christian reader, belong. May God enable you to form a right judgment! May he grant that you may be found a fruit-bearing branch of the Redeemer's vine!

Let us dwell for a few moments upon each case, and upon the treatment applied to each. And, first, here is the *fruitless professor*: "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away." Two points of great importance may be inferred from this: the one is, that there may be external profession without any vital union with Christ; and the other is, that the fruitless professor is as much exposed to condemnation as the openly wicked and profane. Mark how clearly these considerations are brought before us by the saying of Christ, "Every branch in me." Surely this cannot apply to less than an outward profession of Christianity. To whom can the words relate, if not to those who have at least a name to live, and who, by profession, may be spoken of as the disciples of Christ? The painful truth, moreover, that Christ may be openly professed and yet, at the same time, and by the same persons, secretly denied, does not depend only upon the saying of Jesus which is now before us. Repeatedly in God's Word we are cautioned against resting in outward privilege or profession: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "Many will say to me that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I protest unto them, I never knew you: depart from me all ye workers of iniquity." externally, the whole company of Israel were the people of God. They partook of the like privileges, and, according to the flesh, they were fellow-heirs of the like promises; and yet we are distinctly told, "They are not all Israel that are of Israel: neither

because they are the seed of Abraham are they all children." To the members of the Church at Sardis the awful declaration was applied, "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

There is abundant testimony, then, to prove that external discipline is not to be confounded with a real, abiding, vital union with the Saviour. A person may be a partaker of every outward privilege which belongs to the Church of Christ, and is the portion of his disciples. He may have been dedicated to Christ by baptism; he may have frequented the holy communion; he may have been a stable attendant upon the ministry of the Gospel and the various means of grace; he may be well acquainted with the whole plan of salvation, and be able to contend for the truth in opposition to error; he may have scriptural truth entwined in his memory, and enjoy the reputation of being a true disciple, and yet be nothing more than a mere nominal professor—a fruitless branch, and therefore doomed to be cut off from the vine. Dear reader, what is your case? Pause and ask yourself the question, Am I a professor such as Christ will own? Am I a fruit-bearing branch?

Mark, further, the reason *wherefore* the branch is taken away. It is simply for *not bearing fruit*. It is not even said, Every branch in me that beareth *evil fruit* he taketh away. This might have been said with all propriety; but the statement is, "Every branch in me that beareth *not fruit* he taketh away." Now, do you ask what is the nature of that fruit which the Redeemer seeks? We remark, that it is the double fruit of *personal holiness* and *personal service*: holiness of heart, life, and conversation, showing itself in daily, unremitting effort for the glory of Christ and honor of his Gospel. To this, as disciples, we are called: "Be ye holy," as he who calls you is holy. "Adorn the doctrine of your Saviour in all things." "Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and spirit, which are his glory." "Show forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light." "Freely ye have received; freely give." Here, then, is the ground for self-examination.

Again, dear reader, pause and ask whether you are bringing forth such fruit to the glory of Christ? What employment are you making of the talents entrusted to your care? If men were to judge of Christianity by what they see of its practice as manifested in your conduct, to what opinion would they come? What amount of your income do you set apart, upon principle, and out of love to the Redeemer, for the relief of the physical, moral, or spiritual wretchedness of others around you? The sands of professing Christians scarcely recognize the duty of devoting a portion of their substance to God, and tens of thousands, besides, give merely by impulse, when it is far more an act of self-justification than of self-denial. Ought we not to lay these things to heart, seeing it is written, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away!" Again and again let us fruit ourselves up to this test—Have I personal holiness? Am I personally devoted?

Now look at the opposite case, brought before us in the words, "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." This is the case of a sincere professor—a fruit-bearing branch; one, therefore, in whom is found the fruit of personal holiness and personal devotedness. Less eager to appear praiseworthy in the sight of man than to obtain the approval of God; comparatively indifferent to the smile or the frown of the world, and mainly solicitous to gain the favor of him who "searcheth the heart and trieth the reins," his great aim is to give all diligence to make his calling and election sure; knowing, moreover, that he has been bought with a price, and that he is therefore bound to glorify God with his body and spirit, which are God's, he cheerfully spends and is spent in the service of his God and Redeemer. Filled with a sense of gratitude to him that loved him, and washed him from his sins in his own blood; constrained by

all constraining love of Christ, as manifested in the whole plan and application of redemption, he freely surrenders up himself, in body and soul, as a living sacrifice to God, which he accounts to be his reasonable service. Called to be a fellow-worker with Christ, he labors, according to the measure of his ability, to win souls to Jesus. He esteems it to be a noble privilege to devote time, talent, wealth, or influence, to advance the cause of the Gospel. With his eyes ever fixed upon the things which are unseen and eternal, he regards the things which are seen and temporal as unimportant, except in so far as they afford scope for advancing the glory of God, or securing the salvation of immortal souls: thus he brings forth all his strength to the glory of God. Weaned from the world and the practice of sin, and diligently striving that he be holy and pure, a moral loveliness becomes gradually impressed upon his whole life and conversation. His discipleship to Christ is exemplified by his growing manifestation of a heavenly character. His loves are of good report, till others, by holding his good works, are led to glorify God his Father in heaven.

But, alas! even the sincere believer is compassed, his best state, with manifold infirmities. He is sore let and hindered in running the race which is before him. Temptations on all sides beset him; an evil heart yet lurks within him. Sin is subdued, but altogether expelled. He needs, therefore, to be disciplined; and therefore it is that God chastens one whom he loves, not indeed in anger, but in overflowing tenderness of desire, that they may be strikers of his holiness. This is the dealing to which our blessed Saviour refers in the text, "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." Are you a fruit-bearing branch? Then expect to be tried; and again, moreover, to look upon the chastisement as a token of love on the part of God. Affliction is the pruning-knife wherewith God prepares the believer for glory. It often wounds deeply; it cuts under our earthly dependencies; it severs us from those we have fondly loved, and on whom we have long wanted to lean with clinging affection—but it wounds to heal. It opens furrows in his heart, that rivers of divine grace may flow in. Blessed, thrice blessed, are—not those branches upon which the husbandman deems it vain to expend the care of

pruning—blessed are *those* branches whose fruitfulness warrants the expenditure of more care in their training: "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit."

A few days ago I met a man of the world who acknowledged that he seldom read the Bible

though there were several in the house in which he lived. He seemed perfectly indifferent on the subject, as much so as if God's Word were utterly unworthy his attention, and contained nothing that had reference to his well-being for time or eternity.

Have you ever thought, fellow-professing Christian that *you may be*, to some extent, accountable for the sinner's indifference, ignorance of the truth, and perhaps consequent eternal ruin?

It is undeniable that one grand cause of the worldling's indifference to the Sacred Scriptures is the indifference of Christians themselves. This fact was forcibly presented to my mind by one remark of the gentleman alluded to above. As I reasoned with him on the inpropriety of his course, he listened quietly till I was through, and then, eyeing me with a very significant look, as if by a single remark he would upset all I could say, he replied: "Well now, sir, you are carrying your arms around for general distribution, and I doubt very much if *you often look in on one yourself.*" This pointed remark was a new clue to the secret of the indifference of the ungodly, and that is the indifference of the ungodly, and that is (who can doubt the fact!) the indifference of those who profess to take the Word of God as their rule of faith and duty.

The professed disciple of Him who teaches by his Word and Spirit the will of God, is justly expected to make the Bible a subject of frequent and prayerful study. One who believes that the Bible reveals to man his origin, his destiny, his duties with reference to the present, and the world to come—a God to judge—a Redeemer to save—a Spirit to instruct, to comfort, and to guide—a heaven of bliss and a hell of unending woe; one who believes as the Christian does, that the Bible discourses of such momentous themes, must, in the opinion of the ever-scrutinizing workling, be a careful and constant reader of the Volume of divine inspiration. Is it not lamentably true that this expectation is far from being realized? None read as they ought. How few even endeavour to do so! How many, instead of rejoicing in God's Word as the man of their counsel, regard the reading of it as an irksome task! A feeling of scrupulous legality may cause them to read, but the wearing proves as unprofitable as it is wearisome. How many, at least seek to make a point of finding out with the smallest possible amount of reading they can get along, without keeping conscience in a disagreeable state of unrest! Some manage to read an occasional chapter on Sunday mornings. Some are satisfied if they can succeed in dragging through a few chapters on the Sabbath; and many, it is to be feared, let even that day pass away without glancing inside the lids of the Bible!

This sinfulnessindeed to God's Word, too characteristic of thousands of professing Christians, does not escape the ever-watchful eye of the world, and is injurious estimation. If professors would love their Bibles, and read them on week-days, as well as on Sabbath-days, in company as well as in private, abroad as well as at home; if they were not, as too many are ashamed of being regarded as diligent students of the Word of God; if they would more frequently read for themselves and for others—an influence would be exerted, which, with the divine blessing, would set powerful agencies at work for the redemption of the world. Men would be convinced that the Bible contains something indeed valuable, and thousands, who now seldom or never read, would doubtless be induced to search diligently until they found "the pearl of great price."

If you care, what is the influence of your example to others, ask yourself this question: yourself, rest assured the *light of eternity* will answer it for you! *To you duty; and God will bless yourself and others.*—*American paper.*

We have known professing Christians who sometimes omitted family worship when fashionable sceptical friends were with them, and pleaded in excuse, the words of our Saviour, "Cast not your pearls before swine." But it is never well to omit family duties for fear of offence, or of incurring ridicule, and God often orders in his providence that hardened or unbelieving hearts are reached through the influence of Christian fidelity. *The Wesleyan Magazine* has an illustration in point :

gentleman, travelling abroad had a letter of introduction to another gentleman. He was of a reformed mind and manners, but an infidel. The gentleman to whom he had brought letters of introduction, and his lady, were active Christian philanthropists. They invited the stranger to make their house his home, and treated him with every possible attention. Upon the evening of his arrival, just before the hour of retiring, the gentleman, knowing the peculiarity of his wife's sentiments, observed to him that the hour had arrived in which they usually attended family prayers; that he would be happy to have him remain and unite with them, or if he preferred, he would retire. The visitor intimated that it would give him much pleasure to remain.

chapter of the Bible was read, and the family knelt in prayer, the stranger with the rest. A few days he left this hospitable dwelling, and embarked on board a ship for a foreign land. In course of three or four years, however, the prodigious change wrought in him to the same dwelling. But O, how changed! How the happy Christian, the humble man of piety and prayer, the coarseness of the evening's conversation, he remarked that when, on the first evening of his visit, he knelt with them in family prayer, it was the first time in many years that he had bowed the knee to his Maker. This act brought to his mind such a series of recollected scenes and so vividly, of such a nature, that he had almost at that instant, prayers which he had heard at that time, he was entirely bewildered. His emotions were so great that he did not hear one syllable of the prayer which was uttered, from the commencement to the close. But God made this the instrument of leading him from the dreary wilds of infidelity to the peace and joy of piety.

No time, good people with whom the account is inserted, inferior to the foregoing.