

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. B. BILL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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## Constantinople, the Bulwark of Infant Christianity.

The history of Constantinople, or more generally of the Eastern Roman Empire, is a peculiar interest to the children of Christendom; and for two separate reasons—first, as being the narrow isthmus which connects the two continents of ancient and modern history, and that is a philosophic interest; but secondly, which is in the very highest degree a practical interest, as the record of our earthly salvation from Mahometanism. On two horns was Europe assailed by the Moslems; first, last, and through the largest act of time, on the horn of Constantinople; here the contest raged for more than eight hundred years, and by the time that the mighty bulwark fell (1453), Vienna and other cities, upon or near the Danube, had found leisure for growing up; so that, if one range of Alps had slowly been surmounted, another had now slowly risen and opposed itself against the westward progress of the Crescent. On the western horn, France, Italy, Germany, once for all had Charles Martel rested the progress of the furious Moslem in a single battle; certainly a single operation saw the whole danger dispersed, as much as within that space the Saracens are effectually forced back into their original Spanish lair. This demonstrates pretty clearly the difference of the Mahometan resources as applied to the western and the eastern struggle. To throw the whole weight of that difference, a difference in the result between eight centuries and thirty years, upon the difference of energy in German and Byzantine forces, as though the first, by a stuporous fever, in a few revolutions of summer what the other had protracted through nearly a millennium, is a representation which defeats itself by its own extravagance. To prove too much is more dangerous than to prove too little. The fact is that the armies and mighty nations were continually disposed for the war upon the city of Constantinople; nations had time to arise in venic vigor, to grow old and superannuated, to melt away, and totally to disappear, in that struggle on the Hellespont and Propontis. It was a struggle which might often interrupt and slumber; armistices there might be, truces, or unproclaimed suspensions of war out of mutual exhaustion, but peace there could not be, because any resting from the city of hatred towards those who reciprocally seemed to lay the foundations of their creed in a dishonouring of God, was impossible to aspiring human nature. Malice and mutual hatred, we repeat, became a duty in those circumstances. Why had they begun to fight? Personal feuds there had been one between the parties. For the early aliphs did not conquer Syria and other vast provinces of the Roman Empire, because they had a quarrel with the Caesars who represented Christendom; but, on the contrary, they had a quarrel with the Caesars because they had conquered Syria; or at the most, the conquest and the feud (if not always lying in that exact succession as cause and effect) were joint effects from a common cause, which cause was as imperishable as death, or the ocean, and as deep as are the fountains of animal life. Could the ocean be altered by a sea-fight? Or the atmosphere be tainted for ever by an earthquake? As little could any single reign or its events affect the end of the Moslem and the Christian; a feud which could not cease unless God could change, or unless man (becoming careless of spiritual things) should sink to the level of a brute.

These are considerations of great importance in weighing the value of the Eastern Empire. If the cause and interest of Islamism against Christianity, were undying, then we may be assured that the Moorish invasions of Spain did not reiterate their trans-Atlantic expeditions after one generation—only because they could not. But we know that on the south-eastern horn of Europe they did, upon the plain argument that for many centuries they did. Over and above this, we are of opinion that the Saracens were unequal to the sort of hardships—bred by cold climates; and there lay another repulsion for Saracens from France, etc., and not merely the Carolingian sword. We children of Christendom show one innate superiority to the children of the Orient upon this scale or trifling of acclimating powers. We travel, wheat travels through all reasonable ranges of temperature; they, like rice, can migrate only to warm latitudes. They cannot support our cold, but we can support the unrelenting hardships of their heat. This scale alone would have weathered the Muslims for ever within the Pyrenean mountains. Muslims in cold latitudes look blue and as absurd as sailors on horseback, but from which cause, we see that the five Visigothic races in Spain found their full employment up to the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, which reign first created a kingdom in Spain; in that reign the whole fabric of their power thawed away, and was confounded with forgotten things. Columbus, according to a local tradition, was personally present at some of the latter campaigns in Gades; he saw the last of them. So that the discovery of America may be used as a contributory date with that of extinction for the Saracen power in Western Europe. True that the overthrow of Constantinople had forerun the event by nearly half a century. But we insist upon the different proportions of the struggle. Whilst in Spain a province fought against the eastern Roman empire, among the many nations whom dimly we see in the vast plains of Angora, are seen latter, pressing on to the van, two mighty powers,

the children of Persia and the Ottoman family of the Turks. Upon these nations, both now rapidly decaying, the faith of Mahomet has ever leaned as upon her eldest sons; and these powers the Byzantine Caesars had to face in every phase of their energy, as it revelled from their barbarism, through semi-barbarism, to that crude form of civilization which Mahometanism can support. And through all these transmigrations of their power we must remember that they were under a martial training and discipline, never suffered to become effeminate. One set of warriors after another did, it is true, become effeminate in Persia; but upon that advantage opening, always another set stepped in from Turkistan or from the Inaus. The nation, the individuals, melted away; the Moslem armies were immortal.

Nothing has ever surprised us more, we will frankly confess, than the coincidence of authors in treating the Byzantine empire as feeble and crazy. On the contrary, to us it is clear, that some secret and preternatural power it must have had, lurking where the eye of man in those days did not penetrate, or by what miracle did it undertake our universal Christian cause, fight for us all, keep the waters open from freezing us up, and through nine centuries keep the ice of Mahometanism from closing over our eyes forever? Yet does Mr. Finlay\* (p. 424) describe this empire as laboring, in A. D. 623, equally with Persia, under "internal weakness," and as "equally incapable of offering any popular or national resistance to an active or enterprising enemy." In this Mr. Finlay does but agree with other able writers; but he and they should have recollected, that hardly had that very year 623 departed, even yet the knell of its last hour was sounding upon the winds, when this effeminate empire had occasion to show that she could clothe herself with consuming terrors, as a belligerent both defensive and aggressive. In the absence of her great emperor, and of the main imperial forces, the golden capital herself, by her own resources, routed and persecuted into wrecks a Persian army that had come down upon her by stealth and a fraudulent circuit. Even at that same period she advanced into Persia more than a thousand miles from her own capital in Europe, under the blazing ensign of the cross, kicked the crown of Persia to and fro like a tennis ball, upset the throne of Artaxerxes, sanctified her by the elevation of a new Basilica more friendly to herself, and then re-crossed the Egean homeward, after having torn forcibly out of the heart and palpitating entrails of Persia, whatever trophies that idolatrous empire had formerly wrested from herself. These were not the acts of an effeminate kingdom. In the language of Wordsworth we may say—

"All power was given to her in the desert of Sinai; In Israel's King she withered like a flame."

Indeed no image that we remember can do justice to the first of these acts, except that Spanish legend of the Cid, which assures us that, long after the death of the mighty cavalier, when the children who had fled from his face whilst living, were insulting the marble statue above his grave, suddenly the statue raised its right arm, stretched out its marble lance, and drifted the heathen dogs like snow. The mere sanctity of the Christian champion's sepulchre, was its own protection; and as we must suppose, that when the Persian hosts came by surprise upon Constantinople—her natural protector being absent by three months' march—simply the golden statues of the mighty Caesars, half rising on their thrones, must have caused that sudden panic which dissipated the danger. Hardly fifty years later, Mr. Finlay well knows that Constantinople again stood an assault—not from a Persian horrid, or tempestuous surprise, but from a vast expedition, armaments by land and sea, fitted out elaborately in the early noonday of Mahometan vigor—and that assault, also, in the presence of the Caliph and the crescent, was gloriously discomfited. Now if in the moment of triumph, some voice in the immemorial crowd had cried out, "How long shall this great Christian break-water, against which are shattered into surge and foam all the mountainous billows of idolaters and misbelievers, stand up on behalf of infant Christendom?" and if from the clouds some trumpet of prophecy had replied, "Even for eight hundred years!" could any man have persuaded himself that such a fortress against such antagonists—such a monument against a millennium of fury—was to be classed amongst the weak things of this earth? This oriental Rome, it is true, equally with Persia, was liable to sudden inroads and incursions. But the difference was this—Persia was strongly protected in all ages by the wilderness on her main western frontier; if this were passed and a hand to hand conflict succeeded, where light cavalry or fugitive archers could be of little value, the essential weakness of the Persian empire then betrayed itself. Her sovereignty was assassinated, and peace was obtained from the condescension of the invader. But the enemies of Constantinople, Goths, Avars, Bulgarians, or even Persians were strong only by their weakness. Being contemptible they were neglected; being chased they made no stand; and thus only they escaped. They entered like thieves by means of darkness, and escaped like sheep by means of dispersion. But if caught, they were annihilated. No; we resume our thesis; we close this head by reiterating our correction of history; we re-affirm our position—that in Eastern Rome lay the salvation of Western and Central Europe; in Constantinople and the Propontis lay the sine qua non condition of any future Christendom. Emperor and people must

have done their duty; the result, the vast extent of generations surmounted, furnish the triumphant argument. Finally, indeed, they fell; king and people, shepherd and flock; but by that time their mission was fulfilled. And doubtless, as the noble Palaeologus lay on heaps of carbage, with his noble people, as life was ebbing away, a voice from heaven sounded in his ears the great words of the Hebrew prophet, "Behold! YOUR WORK IS DONE; your warfare is accomplished."—*Le Quincy.*

## Communications.

### European Correspondence.

(Concluded.)

Here I am in Firenze la Bella, the capital of Tuscany, and one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It is situated in the midst of a delightful plain, through which flows the Arno; all around are sloping hills covered with vineyards and forests, and which are the villas of the wealthy inhabitants of the city. Thus situated, its climate has the extremes of neither heat nor cold, and while you in St. John are going about with freezing fingers and toes, the people here pursue their usual avocations in the open air, the trees are in full bloom, and over all appears the deep blue sky of Italy as beautiful as on any day in summer. The streets are rather narrow but clean and well paved. It has many magnificent churches and palaces, of grand design and exquisite execution. The cathedral is a large edifice with a beautiful dome, a chief d'œuvre of Brunelleschi, which served Michael Angelo as a model for that of St. Peter's. Its walls are almost entirely covered in marble. The bell tower of the church is said to be the most beautiful in Italy. The two north gates of the Baptistery are of bronze, and are so beautifully executed that Michael Angelo declared that they were fit to be the gates of Paradise. The monks here show a painting to travellers which they say works miracles. The Palazzo Pitti is a noble edifice. In it is a great collection of paintings by the principal Italian masters, Raphael, Titian, Guido, etc. The gallery is adorned with statues, the tables are of precious marble and some of the finest paintings in the world are here. The most celebrated is the Madonna of Raphael. The Virgin is represented sitting and holding the infant Jesus, while St. John is contemplating them with admiration. The Virgin is a most beautiful figure, exquisitely painted, and the child is the very personification of infantile innocence and beauty. In another room is Canova's celebrated Venus. The Royal Gallery contains one of the finest collections of statues and paintings in the world. The paintings are all arranged, so as to give a history of the art from the earliest ages down to the present time. In one of the rooms is the famous group of Niobe and her children, representing the children being slain by Diana and Apollo. All the figures are exquisitely sculptured, and the dead son especially calls forth admiration. The most celebrated statue in the gallery is the Venus de Medici, one of the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel. It was discovered about 400 years ago in Rome, and now the beauty annually attracts thousands of people. In the same room are four others of incredible value, but they are all eclipsed by this miracle of Art. Next to the Vatican this gallery contains the largest collection of sculptures in the world. It is a place to which one must needs come often to enjoy these splendid productions of human genius.

"We gaze and turn away we know not where; Dashed and drunk with beauty till the hoar; Beels with its fallage, there—over there, Chained to the chariot of triumphal art— We stand as captives and would not depart."

One of the most interesting places in the world is the church of Santa Croce, the Westminister Abbey of Florence. Here lie the bodies of Alfieri, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, the discoverer of the earth's rotation, and others, who, though not so celebrated, are yet worthy of such a tomb. There is a monument in honour of Dante, but his ashes repose in Ravenna. Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Boccaccio, all lie far away.

While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and weeps, Another very interesting place is the house of Michael Angelo, the great architect, painter, and sculptor. The principal places of public resort are the Casino and the Gardens of the Boboli. These last are very beautiful and extensive. They are adorned with statues, fountains, sheets of water, and avenues of trees forming a delightful promenade in the heat of the day. One could spend months in Florence, very agreeably. It contains about 100,000 inhabitants, many of whom are English and Americans. The women of Tuscany are very handsome, the most beautiful in Italy. It is here that the Italian language is spoken in its greatest purity, and I often admire the sweet manner in which it is pronounced. The curse of the country is its religion and its government. It was in Tuscany, you know, that the Medici were arrested and endured such sufferings, and where Miss Cunningham was imprisoned for giving away a New Testament. Cases of this kind occur very often, the Police lurk in every corner, the Priests are ever on the alert. It is expressly forbidden to keep your hands in your pockets, or wear a striped vest, and a strict watch is kept on all your actions. I was incautiously chanting the other evening, after the manner of the Monks in the Cathedral, a psalm of my own composition, and

bringing out the A-men with considerable gusto, when I rushed the landlord, breathless, and shouting, as only an Italian could shout—"Signore! guardatevi! la poli-zia!" The principal trait in the character of the lower classes of Italians, which I have yet been able to make out, is an unconquerable fondness for cheating and humbugging. The highest classes are however polite, agreeable, and attentive to strangers. I have made many acquaintances since I have been here, and have joined company with a young Englishman travelling for his health.

My next letter will probably be from Rome. Yours Truly, QUANGONDY.

LONDON, Dec. 29, 1854.

MR. EDITOR.—Although the condition of the hostile armies in the East, with reference to one another, remains much the same as ever, still the Allies are slowly gathering strength in numbers and supplies, and thus become every day more fitted to be styled a really invading force, and not merely an entrapped enemy. Laying aside however all considerations of these constantly arriving reinforcements, and the slight skirmishes which serve to give variety to the general dullness of existence there; it must be confessed that there is little which one with justice could call news from the Seat of War. I beg leave therefore to drop for the present this hackneyed subject, of which I am certainly as wearied with writing, as your patient readers must be with hearing.

There are probably few among your readers to whom the name of Edward Irving is unknown. The blasphemous absurdities which under fanatical influence his followers performed, have been ridiculed, and shuddered at, and inveighed against, by all the orthodox. I had long entertained a great curiosity to witness some of their proceedings, but did not have an opportunity until last Sunday. Starting off with a friend, at an early hour, your correspondent might have been seen walking swiftly through the streets of London, towards the place where the Irvingite Chapel stands. As I entered, I was surprised to find that the modest name of chapel by no means expressed the true nature of the place, to which the name of Cathedral might with more propriety be applied. There was splendour all around me, as I took my seat among the worshippers; and I looked in vain for the primitive simplicity, and unostentatious services, which once were the boast of the "Holy Apostolic Church." My companion who evidently had expected to hear what he called a "grand howl," was surprised at the decorous manner in which the magnificent services were conducted. I do not know any thing to which they may be compared so fittingly as the Roman Catholic services. There was the same gorgeous apparel;—the same altar and curtains; the attitudes and genuflections and incense. In fact there was little difference in point of elaborate proceedings between the services here, and those in Wisconsin's Cathedral. It was with different feelings that I sat in the "French" Chapel in the afternoon, and heard a sermon from a famous French Protestant Minister, whose name I am sorry that I cannot recollect. His appearance was singularly prepossessing—a tall figure, a pale face, high, overhanging forehead, crested with shortly curling, yet black hair, and eyes which seemed literally to sparkle and blaze as he became enthusiastic—such were his physical advantages. His sermon contained much about the proceedings of the Protestants in France, among other things while speaking of the progress of the truth, he broke out into a rapturous strain of praise, and exalted Protestantism to the skies. He said that the Ultramontane Catholic priesthood and press in Paris, were so extremely fierce, and so ridiculously slanderous in their attacks upon Protestantism, that a re-acted cause, and some good Catholics took up the cause of their opponents. They disclaim the right of persecution, and assert the good character of Protestants. M. de Remusat, a gentleman and a scholar of celebrity, has published a little work, maintaining that Protestantism is a good, and pure, and useful religion. He asserts that Luther and the Reformers were honest and upright in their intentions; when they separated from the Church of Rome. This little work written with logical power, by an eminent Catholic, at a time when the Ultramontane press teems with denunciations of "Atheistical Protestantism," cannot fail to have a great and good effect.

Much has been said at this time of war in ridicule of the Peace Society, and almost every paper, high and low, have taken part against the Friends. The production of Mr. Bright, had some influence in effecting this result, and his rather incautious remarks excited a storm of general indignation, not towards him only, but toward all of his persuasion. Yet in spite of the reprobation felt by all the "Friends" to the war, they are not backward in showing feeling and spirit in another way. For among all who have contributed to the "Widows and Orphans Fund," none have been more liberal than the much abused Quakers. If they should manifest such a disposition, we are prepared to hear without surprise that the Jews are not backward in manifesting patriotism and loyalty. They are about to perform an action which is certainly unparalleled in modern times; and prove their right to the privileges of all Englishmen, by raising and equipping at their own expense, a regiment of Jews for the Eastern war. The Rothschilds are at the head of this project. Fancy a Jewish legion in the wars! Here would be a chance of showing that the

spirit of the conquerors of Canaan had not declined.

I heard with much pleasure, yesterday, that a number of men had lately arrived at Scutari, whose benevolent design is to read the Scriptures to the sick and wounded soldiers. You know the characters of the Scripture readers; you have heard of their doings in Ireland; of their persecutions, their patience, their trials. Surely every Christian heart must feel the deepest gratitude, to find that the souls of the soldiers are thus to be cared for. When we remember this, and think also that the French Emperor has given 10,000 Testaments to his soldiers,—we feel almost glad that the war has begun, if it were only to render such a multitude of men accessible to spiritual influences.

Rejoicing with you all that the happy Low-er Provinces are free from the horrors and excruciations of war; and with constant desires for your continuance in this happiness. I am, &c. W. N. B.

## Deaths.

The aged Simeon, as he took the young Saviour in his arms, said, "Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." When the promatry Stephen fell beneath the missiles of his enemies, he exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" and getting upon his knees, he cried with a loud voice, "Lord, lay not this to their charge!" and when he had said this, he fell asleep. The apostle Paul, just before his martyrdom, exclaimed, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give me at that day!"

Ignatius, who by the edict of the Emperor Trajan was brought from Antioch to Rome to be thrown to the lions in the Amphitheatre, ceased not to exhort Christians on the way, saying, "My Lord was crucified for me!" "Abjure Christianity, or you shall be thrown to the wild beasts," said the Roman Proconsul to the aged Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. "Let them come on," cried Polycarp; we Christians are not accustomed to change from better to worse, but from bad to better." The venerable Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, A. D. 355, in his dying moments, thus addressed his soul: "Soul, thou hast served Christ these seventy years, and art thou afraid to die? Go out, soul! go out!"

When the chain was placed on the neck of John Huss, he exclaimed, with a smile,—"Welcome this chain for Christ's sake!" The fagots having been piled up to his neck, the Duke of Bavaria, in a brutal manner called upon him to abjure. "No, no," cried the martyr; "I take God to witness I preached none but his own pure doctrine, and what I taught I am ready to seal with my blood." Jerome of Prague, who followed Huss to the stake after a few months, said to the executioner, who was about to kindle the fire behind him, "Bring thy torch hither; do thine office before my face; if I had feared death, I might have avoided it." The last words Luther was heard to utter were,—"Into thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." "Nothing but heaven," said the mild Melancthon, when asked by his friends if he wanted any thing. And then he gently fell asleep in Christ. "George Wishart cried out at the stake, "For the true gospel given me by the grace of God, I suffer this day with a glad heart. Behold and consider my visage; ye shall not see me change color. I fear not this fire." The last prayer offered by Tindal who translated the Bible, and suffered martyrdom in 1533, was, "O Lord, open the King of England's eyes." Lawrence Saunders, who suffered martyrdom during the reign of Queen Mary, kissed the stake to which he was bound, exclaiming, "Welcome the cross of Christ; welcome life everlasting!" "Be of good heart, brother," cried Ridley to Latimer, "for our God will either assuage this flame, or enable us to abide it." Latimer replied, "Be of good comfort, brother; for we shall this day light such a candle in England, as by God's grace, shall never be put out." Bergerus, a councillor of the Emperor Maximilian, said on his dying bed, "Farewell, oh, farewell, all earthly things, and welcome heaven." George Buchanan, the ornament of Scottish literature, who could write Latin verse with a purity almost worthy of the Augustan age, was taken with his last illness when in the country. To the message of King James, who summoned him to be at court in twenty days, he sent this reply:—"Before the days mentioned by your Majesty shall be expired, I shall be in that place were few kings enter." The Marquis of Argyll, when advancing to the scaffold, said, "I could die as a Roman, but I choose rather to die as a Christian." Among the last words of Claude were these: "I am so oppressed that I can only attend to two of the great truths of religion, namely, the mercy of God, and the gracious aid of the Holy Ghost."

For the last fourteen years of his life, the philosopher John Locke applied himself to the study of the Scriptures. "Blessed be God," said he on his death bed, "for what the law has shown to man; blessed be his name for justifying him through faith in Christ; and thanks be to thy name, O God, for having called me to the knowledge of the divine Saviour." When that great philosopher and divine, President Edwards, was dying, some in his chamber were lamenting his departure as a frown on the college and a heavy stroke on the church, not supposing that he attended to them, or even heard them; turning his eyes on them, he said "Trust in God, and you

need not fear." These were his last words. Edward Payson went out of the world with the song of an angel on his lips. When labouring under very acute pains, he exclaimed, "These are God's arrows, but they are sharpened with love."

## The Last Rocket.

Selected for the Visitor, by AMICUS.

The Packet-ship *Sheffield*, from Liverpool to New York, arrived on our coast a few years ago in the month of November. She had a valuable cargo, and 105 passengers. At 3 o'clock, p. m., she struck on a reef. It was a moment of consternation, followed by the dread realities of a shipwreck. She soon filled; the masts were cut away, while a heavy sea swept over her deck fearfully. Suspended between life and death, during fourteen hours, those passengers were crowded into the round house. Every means in their power were used to make their distressing condition known to those on shore. The hour of midnight had come, and up went their last rocket.

The light of that rocket blazed through a window on Long Island. It aroused a gentleman from sleep, and suggested the possibility of a ship in distress. He arose from his pillow, hurried down to the light-house, and had a messenger despatched to New York, for relief. A little before the dawn of day, an object was seen approaching them. It was the Steamer *Ware*, Captain Vanderbilt; tears of gratitude and joy filled their eyes as they left the spot which they feared might be their grave. Never will they forget the scenes of that night. Never forget the last rocket which was the means of their temporal salvation.

Many are indebted to the last rocket; and especially the sinner, in whose behalf multiplied means of salvation have been used in vain. Like those mariners and passengers, he has been wrecked; but unlike them he is insensible of his danger. Death looks him in the eye; the scenes of the final judgment are laid open; the thunders and lightnings of a violated law roll and blaze around him, the dread realities of eternity are disclosed, and yet he is madly calm, and almost miraculously careless. His fearful danger he sees, hears, feels, heeds not. Another hour, and he that is filthy may be filthy still. But in the meantime up goes the last rocket; the last warning is given; it brings deliverance, his soul is saved! He enters his final rest and begins his last song—praising the Lamb for the mercy and the grace which sent up that last rocket. Perilous business to depend on the last rocket!

## The Word in Season.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO THE REV. MR. M., OF BOSTON.

"Do you remember, dear brother, that when you were in H—, several years ago, you held my little girl upon your lap, and said you hoped she would not have a prayerless mother? You did not know how much your words sunk in my heart—how fearfully they sounded. It was like the sudden plunging of a dagger. I was that horrid thing; I was a prayerless mother. Satisfied with the happiness I enjoyed, I forgot the source. I had forgotten prayer—forgotten God! You can conceive then, the startling effects of your words—the host of recollections they awakened. Till memory cease, I shall never forget their force. I thought, 'Must my child have a prayerless mother, when for me so many prayers have urged their way to heaven? I thought of times when I had knelt by the side of a fair, fond being, who had clasped my tiny hands, and taught me to pray—to love God. And should my child have no such guide? Should no prayer ascend for her? Oh, it was an awful thought! I saw the image of the sainted sister, who had been the guardian of my childhood, mournfully reproaching me. Tears were in her gentle eyes; she wept for my child and me. I tried to pray. The effort was in vain. I could only clasp my babe, with unutterable yearnings; that it might be better than its mother."

"There was a constant struggle in my breast, should I, could I, give up the world? I thought much on the subject of religion, but I could not bring my mind to love God—to desire Christ above all things. Why? I did not pray! That sufficiently accounts for my indecision. At length I was cast on a bed of sickness. I thought it was the bed of death. There God manifested himself as my friend. He promised to take care of my children. I feared not to leave them with him. A tide of love and peace rushed in upon my heart."

## A deal lost by Religion.

An aged couple in the vicinity of London, who in the early part of life were poor, but who, by the blessing of God upon their industry, enjoyed a comfortable independence in their old age, were called upon by a Christian minister, who solicited their contributions to a charity. The old lady was desirous to make out some excuse, and to answer in the negative, both for her husband and herself; and therefore replied, "Why, Sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we began; my husband knows that very well." And being willing to obtain her husband's consent to the assertion, she said "Have we not Thomas?" Thomas, after a long and solemn pause, replied, "Yes Mary, we have lost a deal by our religion." Before I got religion, Mary, I had got a water pail, in which I carried water; and that you know I lost many years ago. And then I had