

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

REV. I. E. BILL,

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

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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BAPTIST HISTORY OF THE LOWER PROVINCES.

CHAPTER IV.

Early Revivals.

Persons, who met the Baptist Fathers at any of our annual denominational gatherings, after they were "well-stricken in years," would not be likely to form a very accurate conjecture of what they were half a century before. Those who knew them only in the decline of their days, when they were ripe and rich in experience, profound in theology, powerful in argument, fluent in discussion, and regarded with deep veneration by men of respectable classical attainments, could scarcely imagine that they were mere illiterate stripplings when, under God, they were instrumental in that series of religious revivals which, fifty or sixty years ago, prevailed in many parts of these provinces. Deficient in such mental qualifications as result from education; but affluent in natural vigor of intellect, and with their souls stimulated by powerful spiritual impulses to deliver the message of God to their fellow-men, they went forth and preached the Gospel. Their words, being accompanied with divine power, were words of fire in the ears of the people. The consequence was, multitudes were almost simultaneously converted.

These conversions, occurring at the same time, naturally—we may say necessarily—produced no small degree of excitement. We say, necessarily, because human beings are so constituted, that they cannot convene in masses, and be moved upon by any overpowering sentiment or consideration, without being excited. A ship cannot be launched—a new railroad cannot be opened—nor a civic election take place, without arousing enthusiasm into activity. If there be any cause of excitement more potent than others, it must be that which originates in the vivid contemplation of death, judgment and eternity. Whoever is thoroughly convinced of sin and its appalling consequences, like the Philippian jailor, naturally manifests his alarm; and whoever experiences a sense of God's pardoning love and mercy, like Miriam, with timbre in hand, will be likely to break into a song of praise and deliverance. These stirring effects may not always follow conviction of sin, and a consciousness of forgiveness; but persons of an ardent temperament, under the influence of any deep emotion, generally evince their internal feelings by passionate utterances. And where a number of persons are brought in contact with each other, most of whom are under the same agitating influence, there will necessarily be excitement, exhibited through those organs of physical sense, given us by God for the express purpose of indicating our emotions of soul to each other.

A religious revival without excitement, we apprehend, would be little productive of those holy fruits which are the invariable concomitants of true piety. Religion, independent of deep feeling, may be a cold sentiment of the mind, like a marble statue in a temple, but it cannot be a living principle in the heart. Mere formalism in religion have ever been prone to deride those outbursts of feeling which usually accompany deep spiritual workings of soul. It was so on the day of Pentecost. "These men are full of new wine," said the Pharisees then; and the spirit of Pharisaism, among a class of religionists, still exists.

That there were excesses to be deplored in the excitement of our early revivals, cannot be denied. There may have been spurious pretensions mingled with honest piety in those days of God's power. Wheat and tares may have sprung up together; but they, who then mingled in those scenes of religious activity, have nearly all gone to that tribunal, where "every man's work shall be tried." It is scarcely possible that a revival, even in the present day, should be in progress without arousing the animosity, and provoking the hostility of men of the world. If it be so now that must have been the opposition of the impatient and the ungodly in the days to which we refer, when the Spirit of God was poured out upon the people, and multitudes were simultaneously engaged in those scenes of evangelical excitement of which we are speaking.

Let the reader, in his imagination, picture a new Settlement, surrounded by a dense wilderness. There may be a score of rude, log-built houses, each of which consists of a single apartment. Every thing around these humble dwellings wears an aspect of newness. The fields are thickly studded with fire blackened stumps, and the soil, though productive it may be, has never been broken by the plough. Here, in their wood-embosomed homes, isolated as it were from all the rest of the world, a small community of human beings spend their days in toil, and their nights in repose. They have little intercourse with the people of other settlements; for there is not such a road as renders travelling pleasant and easy. It is with difficulty that they get to market, or procure a few supplies from "the store" in the rising village that is many miles away. These people, however, are cheerful, and the sound of boisterous mirth is frequently heard, in their dwellings, and it may be that God's name is blasphemed. This settlement is seldom visited by "a stranger," and when one makes his appearance, a general sensation is the consequence. "Who is he?" "What is his business?" are questions that pass from mouth to mouth. There were many localities of this description in these Provinces eighty years ago.

Suddenly the monotonous quietude of the settlement is disturbed. There is quite an excitement. "A New-Light Preacher has come," is the startling intelligence which is circulated from house to house. The people here may have heard rumours of his preaching and its effects elsewhere; and now that he is among them, their curiosity is aroused to an extraordinary pitch, and each is desirous to hear "what the babbler has to say." He is, however, regarded with feelings of distrust and suspicion, and each fortifies his mind, determined not to be deluded and imposed upon by the "wild rant and enthusiasm of the half-crazy New-Light." The spirit of hostility to his preaching and "new-fangled doctrines," (as they are called,) is universal throughout the little community; and it may be that scoffing is contemplated.

The people, at length, are assembled, to listen to the youthful missionary. Hard as are their hearts, and resolutely pre-determined their minds, to resist his appeals to their consciences, they are over-awed by the impressive solemnity of his manner. The earnestness and fervency of his prayers engage their attention, and make them feel that it is no light matter to call upon the name of the Lord; and as his stirring words fall upon their ears, they half-fear that his message is true. They tremble while he expatiates upon their lost condition, and demonstrates the necessity of a new spiritual birth. As he speaks of "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," his whole soul seems fired with the importance of his theme, tears stream from his eyes, and all the sensibilities of his nature appear to be under the overpowering influence of an unction from above. His audience, despite of their efforts to resist, are already "pricked in their hearts," and struggling under the effect of the truth, to which they, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, are yielding. The mighty appeal, with which he closes his discourse, is pungent and arduous, and their consciences, rendered sensitive by his burning words, respond to the Gospel announcement, to which they have listened.

The sermon is over—there may be tears—but all are silent. Though the feeling is deep, there is no vocal utterance. The Preacher, however, after a prayerful pause, walks among his still seated auditors, who manifest no hasty disposition to rise and disperse. They are under an influence that enchains them to their seats. He addresses them individually; but their pent-up feelings are restrained, and they are still mute. The ear of the Servant of God, perchance, catches the unmistakable breathing of a penitential sigh; and he rejoices in spirit, because in that sigh he recognizes the first struggle of eternal life echoing up from the depths of the soul. He feels assured that the Gospel seed has found an effectual lodgement in the heart.

The Preacher remains in the Settlement a few days. He preaches again and again, and visits them from house to house, beseeching them, in Christ's name, to be "reconciled to God." At length, he leaves the little community, of whom we are speaking, and hastens to perform a similar mission elsewhere. He leaves not the people, however, as he found them; for though, in no case, may the fetters of unbelief have been broken, and the soul emancipated into the liberty of the sons of God, yet there is a striking change in the habits of the people. Loud bursts of noisy laughter and boisterous merriment are no more heard in the Settlement. Solemnity is visibly impressed on every countenance; and the conversation generally has reference to the Preacher and his doctrines. A moral transformation of sentiment is distinctly manifested.

Weeks elapse, perhaps months, and the preacher returns. How different is the reception from that with which he was greeted by the people on his first visit. They have lost their former spirit of repulsion, and hail his return in tones of gladness; and he is cordially welcomed to their dwellings. They now venerate him, because they believe him to be a "man of God," and he and his labours are appreciated accordingly. He again preaches, and they gladly receive the word. Their former religious impressions are renewed and deepened—their convictions of sin are more prostrating to their souls—their apprehensions of Gospel truth are more vivid—their spiritual perceptions are clearer—and their burdened consciences are writhing with intense agony. The preacher, it may be, is disturbed in the midst of his discourse, by a piercing cry, which thrills his soul. Some individual in his congregation loses the power of self-control, and in bitterness of spirit, exclaims aloud—"What must I do to be saved?" The shock which such a cry produces, is electrical—the sympathies of the whole congregation, perhaps, are affected—and the same heart wrung exclamation proceeds from a dozen voices simultaneously. It may be a scene of unseemly confusion; but out of apparent confusion God can bring order. He did so on the day of Pentecost. The preacher, however, does not regret that he is stopped midway in his sermon; for he is familiar with such turbulent exhibitions of conviction for sin, and he knows that deliverance is nigh.

At length, Christ is apprehended by faith, the chains of unbelief are sundered, the mystery of Calvary is understood, divine light illuminates the soul, and a stream of holy joy wells up from the depths of the heart, which is now full and overflowing with love to God. It may be that a number in the congregation, at the same meeting, are thus

brought to enjoy the blessedness of conscious pardon. This gracious work of salvation progresses till most of the community are led to the cross, and become the happy recipients of saving mercy. It is said that when Philip preached in Samaria, "there was great joy in that city." Like causes produce like effects; and it will then be readily supposed that the community that is thus brought under a religious influence by the proclamation of the Gospel, are happy and joyful.

The foregoing sketch is not drawn from fancy. It is the picture of many a settlement in the days of the Fathers, in which their labours were blessed. Such scenes as we have attempted to portray, have been often depicted to us by the holy men, who were instrumental, under God, in producing them. Such works of grace were often occurring in various sections of the Provinces at the same time. Edward Manning may have been labouring in Cornwallis, Thomas Handy Chipman in Annapolis, Joseph Dimock in Chester, Harris Harding in Liverpool or Yarmouth, James Manning in Granville, and Joseph Crandall in New Brunswick; and in each of these localities there may have been a simultaneous manifestation of divine power in the salvation of the perishing.

The conversion of a sinner in these early revivals, from the time that spiritual life was savingly imparted till the hour of deliverance by a belief in Christ, was generally a painful and protracted process. In those days, convictions of sin were deep, searching, and thorough. Long, indeed, did the sinner contemplate the purity of that Law, by which he felt that he was righteously condemned. For many gloomy days and sleepless nights did he ponder upon the innate depravity of his fallen nature, appalled at the dismaying magnitude and enormity of his own criminality. His eyes were sufficiently opened to perceive the terrifying darkness in which Sinai was shrouded, he saw the blackness and the smoke, but his spiritual vision was not so enlarged that he could look beyond this scene of impending wrath, and catch a view of Mount Zion, of Calvary, and the Cross.

Perhaps this prolonged soul-struggle may be attributed to the earnestness with which the Preachers exhorted their hearers to dig deep, and find a firm foundation upon which to build their hope of eternal life. The faithful servants of God were not inclined to cry peace, till they were fully satisfied that peace had been imparted by the Holy Spirit. They were careful to denounce those subtleties and fallacies, to which the awakened sinner is prone to cling in the hour of his distress with a view of quieting his troubled conscience. In those days, there was no disposition to "heal slightly" the wound which sin has made. Without the blood of Christ there can be no cure; and this was the prominent pulp theme of the time referred to. Axious inquirers were cautioned to beware of self-deception, and fervently exhorted to seek a "full assurance" of their acceptance with God. These admonitions tended to foster a spirit of self-distrust, which naturally led to long and searching self-examination, and imparted the keenest poignancy to the arrows of conviction that were ranking in the conscience. If the inner-man was thus subjected to a protracted struggle prior to the hour of triumph over unbelief, the soul was thereby being disciplined by the best of school masters. "A long conviction and a happy conversion," was a phrase much in use in the days of the Fathers; and it was characteristic of the spiritual exercises that influenced the hearts of the people, who were joyful sharers in these early Revivals.

If, in those times, when God's saving power was so marvellously displayed, there was a good deal of animal excitement, which led to lamentable excesses, and exposed the cause of religion to reproach, it should be remembered that the habits, manners, morals, and customs of the people were less refined than they are at the present day; and that mental culture had then accomplished but little for the improvement of the scattered population. There may have been spurious pretensions to piety, and delusive theories, as regards both doctrine and practice, mingling with the evangelical movements of that day; but these exercises which then, in some respects, deformed the external aspect of Zion in these Provinces, were soon detected, discountenanced, and abandoned. For the most part, as we shall show in future chapters, the Revivals of which we are speaking, were generally characterized by propriety of conduct at the time, and by future christian consistency. They led to the holy living and triumphant dying of thousands, who long ago entered the spirit world.

These early revivals in the Provinces occurred about the close of the last and the commencement of the present century. The Fathers were then young, evangelical in their spirit and habits, reckless of fatigue, self-sacrificing in their endeavours to promote the glory of God, indifferent to pecuniary remuneration for their labours, and accustomed to travel, with the love of Jesus in their hearts, and his message on their tongues; they were instrumental in effecting those mighty results that have been noticed in this chapter.

About thirty years ago after the Fathers were far advanced in years, and about the time they had prayed the Horton Academy into existence, there was a remarkable series of religious Revivals in these provinces. At that time a number of youthful heralds of the Cross, imbued with the same spirit that had

distinguished the Fathers, began to preach Jesus and the resurrection. In this latter day of God's power, old saints were revived—backsliders were reclaimed—multitudes were converted—churches were organized—and a number of young brethren were set apart to the ministry of Christ—our educational interests were promoted, and institutions formed, to give extension and perpetuity to our denominational prosperity. In taking a retrospect of the past, we gratefully recognize the super-abounding grace of God; and all our hopes, as regards the undeveloped future of our denomination, are derived from the same Almighty source.

The American Bible Union.

The Managers of the American Bible Union held their first meeting for 1858, at the Bible Rooms in New York, January 7th. The President, Dr. Armitage, in the chair. Rev. J. O. Beardlee, Missionary at Kingston, Jamaica, led in the devotional exercises.

GENERAL PROSPERITY. Dr. E. Parnly, the Treasurer, presented a report on the finances of the Union, examined and certified by the Auditor, Sylvester Pier, Esq. The receipts for December were \$2,205 48. Expenses, \$2,137 12. There is some falling off in the receipts from the last year, and much need is felt for funds to push forward the publication department, as several parts of the revision are ready for the printer's hands, and are only delayed for the want of funds to pay the expense of publishing them. Contributions for this object are beginning to come in. The general aspects of the Union are encouraging.

CORRESPONDENCE. Wm. H. Wyckoff, the Corresponding Secretary presented an abstract from the correspondence of the previous month. Three hundred and forty letters have been received. These letters breathe a spirit of confidence and rejoicing in the work of the Union. Some of them, however, tell of hard times in money matters.

GERMANY. The Rev. Mr. Oncken writes that the work of distributing the Scriptures in Germany is likely to be retarded for the want of means to publish new editions. Reports are just received from six colporteurs engaged in distributing Scriptures published at the expense of the Union. They are meeting with great success. The work is extending even into Russia, and extensive orders from that country begin to come in. Since October, drafts for seven hundred and sixty-seven dollars have been remitted to Mr. Oncken, far moneys specially donated for this object.

ENGLISH SCRIPTURES. The revision in monetary affairs has not retarded the work of the Union in the English department, except in the issue of its primary revisions for the examination of scholars. The Final Committee are laboriously engaged in the execution of their responsible trust; and in its successful accomplishment the Board is greatly encouraged. The members give their services gratuitously, in the management of the affairs of the institution, and liberally sustain it by their own contributions. About one thousand dollars have been pledged by the Board and Officers for the present year.

The Gospel of Mark is now in process of publication in the Monthly. The Acts of the Apostles will be issued complete in one volume in a few weeks. The affairs of the Union are certainly in a very encouraging condition; and the institution will be able, by the good hand of God, to pass through its year of trial with great credit, if its friends will cordially second the efforts of the Board in proportion to the measure with which God has prospered them.

WM. H. WYCKOFF,
Cor. Secretary.
C. A. BUCKBEE, Assistant Treasurer.

Correspondence.

NEW JERUSALEM, Jan. 22nd, 1858.

DEAR BROTHER:—Good tidings from Jerusalem church. God is pouring out His Spirit in a most remarkable manner here, our meetings are awfully solemn and deeply interesting. For the last fortnight the meetings have been held every day, and sometimes twice a day. I could frequently adopt the language of Watts: "My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this." How could it be otherwise after labouring among a people nearly three years, and now to see the church rejoicing in the love of God, and mingling that joy with the angelic host over sinners repenting and turning to God. Such a powerful work I never witnessed. Young men and young women in crowded congregation crying to God for mercy. I baptized one young man yesterday, and I am persuaded many more will come forward and follow their Lord and Saviour. There is no abatement in the interest or attendance on the meetings. Many of our Wesleyan and Free Baptist brethren have been of great service in rendering to us that christian feeling and friendly help needed. May God still continue this blessed work until all shall know Him from the least to the greatest. O for more faith to be in earnest in the work in which we are engaged!

O my brethren in St. John, I beseech you, let us have a share in your common interest in the prayer-meeting and family altar!

Yours,
T. LOCKEY.

February 1st, 1858.

Since my last we have had a blessed refreshing from the presence of the Lord.—Our meetings have been continued every evening, and sometimes twice a day.—Our congregations have been crowded.—Our new meeting house is not quite finished; it will probably be opened by the commencement of summer; our kind friends, the Sons of Temperance, have given us the use of the Hall to hold our meetings until our new house is ready. Our Brother, the Rev. E. Webb, who lives twenty miles distant came to assist in the blessed work, and has rendered us valuable service in preaching and baptizing. Several have been baptized, and many more, we have reason to believe, are hopefully converted, and will come forward for baptism. I cannot help remarking through all this blessed work there has not been that burst of excitement which is common in times of revivals; but a profound solemnity of divine things resting on the people, and one after another, as in New Testament times, crying out, "What must I do to be saved." We cannot help exclaiming, "What has God wrought." A good Brother, Mr. Corey, from the Washademoak, rendered us valuable aid in preaching and exhorting. We have three distinct societies in this settlement, Wesleyan and Free Christian Baptists, both have unitedly worked with us and shared richly in the revival.

I learn that in New Ireland our Free Christian Baptist Brethren are blessed with a revival; several have been baptized under the labours of a good young Brother, Knolan. Also on the Nepesin road our Wesleyan brethren are blest with a revival under the labours of a Brother Burns. As of old it commenced at Jerusalem, and the sound went out and many turned to the Lord. O for more faith in the God of Revivals, that ministers and people may be more in earnest in the great matter of saving souls. The signs of the times should awaken our energies more than ever. While clouds and darkness are gathering about His throne, and while the Lord is going forth to punish man for sin, should we not enter our closet till His indignation be overpast? Should we not put forth every energy of the soul to counteract the power of the great enemy of God and man.

Yours,
T. LOCKEY.

A Picture from a Drunkard's Home.

There are some present now who, I dare say, are not very familiar with some of the dark spots which lie around them in this great working hive in which we live. As a stimulus to those who have feeling and earnest hearts to bestir themselves on behalf of sinful and suffering humanity, as well as a salutary warning to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, I shall so far forget my title, for a minute, as to attempt a description of a drunkard's home; and I fear it will be only too faithful a type of many houses in our own city. I don't do this from any desire to exaggerate or bring too prominently forward the poor man's faults—for rich men get drunk as well as poor—but they are not snatched from their homes and fined and imprisoned like the poor; they do their debauchery snugly at home, where no one sees them, and appear next day with a clean shirt and choker, as though nothing at all had happened—thanks to the soothing influences of Schweppé's Soda Water, or Messrs. Jewsbury and Brown's Lemonade. No, I don't want to make too much of the poor man's faults—for "I must confess that I abhor and shrink from schemes with a religious willy, nilly, that frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink the peccadilloes of all Piccadilly. My soul revolts at such hypocrisy, and will not, dare not, fancy in accord the Lord of Hosts, with an exclusive lord Of this world's aristocracy. It will not own a notion so unholly, As thinking that the rich by easy trips May get to heaven—whereas the poor and lowly Must work their passage as they do in ships. One place there is—beneath the burial sod, Where all mankind are equalized by death. Another place there is—the bar of God. Where all are equal who draw living breath. Juggle who will—elsewhere with his own soul, Playing the Judas with a temporal dole, He who can come within that awful cope, In the dread presence of a Maker just, Who meets to every pinch of human dust One equal measure of immortal hope, He who stands beneath that holy door, With soul unshowered by heaven's pure spirit-level, And frame unequal laws for rich and poor, Might sit for hell and represent the devil." But although I would not exaggerate or misrepresent the errors of the working man, I would not hesitate to make a fair description of his self imposed miseries. In an audience like this it is more than probable that there may be one or two whose positions are somewhat deeper than they need be, and who spend at the sign of the "Hen and Chickens" abroad the money which ought to be devoted to the comfort of the hen and chickens at home. It is just possible I may speak to some drunken father or some dissolute husband, and if I do so, I do not think that this description of his home and prospects is likely to be very wide of the mark. It is a small cottage, thinly furnished, and the furniture, like the wife, seems wasting away. Half of it is at the pawnshop, and it is all gently sinking into the same vortex.

He has a wife and only daughter, a fair child of fifteen years, just budding into life. Cruelty and hard usage, together with starvation, have told their tale upon the mother's form and face, and when the lord and master of the house comes staggering home at midnight, he finds that they have stretched her dying on the tattered bed; the daughter's tearful face is hidden in her mother's bosom, and her thin white hands are clasped about her neck. The conscience-stricken sot stands rooted on the threshold, and stays his staggering feet by grasping at the door-post, and as he glares with bloodshot eyes upon the death-bed that his selfishness prepared, he hears his daughter's sobbing voice exclaim, "Thy will be done!" and then his gasping wife sighs forth the struggling prayer, "Lord, lay not this sin to his charge; and as the dying intercession floats from that broken heart to heaven, the spirit leaves its clay and follows it, and the father is alone with his orphan daughter. Bitterly, oh, bitterly, did he weep as he looked upon the mortal remnant of that patient partner of his life, so still, so cold, so marble white! He would have madly tried to warm the bosom back to life, but his child withdrew him from the bed, because she knew that that bosom bore the marks of a foul, savage blow, and she did not want that blow to recoil upon her father's heart.

The night rolled slowly by, and the morning sun fell upon the upturned face of death, and as the drunkard looked toward it then, he saw that the love-light had not faded from the glassy eye-balls even yet. Another day and night and it is time to take a last fond look before the coffin lid shall shut the vision out forever, and a sad, sad look it was. A paring pressure of the marble lips, and a hot tear upon the cheek, and then the daughter comes to place a lily in the bosom, and twine a sweet white rose within the raven hair, and then amidst the tolling of the passing bell and the tramping of the black procession, the scene is closed. But oh, the weary, weary hours of remorse which prey upon the widower when left alone! His life is unenjoyable; what shall he do, what cordial panacea can quell his fears, and soothe this torturing reflection? His child creeps softly to his side and lays an open book upon his knees, from which she whispers in his ears, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

The words seem to revive him for a moment, as he again asks, "What shall I do?" "Prayer is the best cordial of a wounded spirit, father," says his child; "my mother taught me that." "Prayer! what is prayer?" "I'll try to pray, at all events," he says; and he turns to fall upon his knees; but all at once a cold and nervous tremor chills his veins, and he turns round again and says, "No; I'll pray to-morrow—I can't pray now—give me my hat!" The door has swung upon its hinges, and he is in the street. The daughter follows him to the door, and watches him as he goes down the pavement, till he turns into a house. She follows quickly after him, and gets there just in time to hear him call hoarsely for some brandy. Down on her knees she begs him, by the memory of the loved and lost, for pity's sake to come away; but he thrusts her out, and tells her to be gone. Arrived at home, she kneels once more, not now before an earthly, but a Heavenly Father; she prays for help to lead her only relative from ruin into peace. The clock strikes ten—eleven—twelve—one—two and three, before the shuffling footstep can be heard against the door, and then it is opened by the strange hand of some ruffian companion, who has helped her father to get home.

He gives his drunken charge into her care, with many a curse and brutal jest, and leaves them alone. His glaring eye happens to rest upon the open Bible he had set aside, and as his child laid her trembling hand upon his breast his tears once more gushed forth, like the water from the rock beneath the prophets rod. But, oh! it is a too-late repentance. Next day he dives down to his hell again, to drown his grief in streams of liquid fire. And while he is away, another shadow darkens the threshold of his house, and the poor orphaned girl is listening to the glib and slippery flatteries of some deceitful libertine, and the chaste casket of her fame is in peril of being ransacked of its pearly jewel—virtue. Day after day the father rolls home with his legion of evil spirits revelling in his heart and day after day the plastic visitor comes with the velvet touch of his soft hand, and foul cajolery of his dainty lips. Is it any wonder that she should, in her unguarded and untended innocence, with the bleeding tendrils of her trusting heart trembling, to twice around some true support, with every fibre of her woman's soul torn from her blood, that should win its level—Is it a wonder, I repeat, that she should fall beneath the wicked wizardry of the seducer's sorceries, and sink from innocence to be the prey of the libertine and the toy of the destroyer! And on whose head—O, drunkard! on whose head, O, beast, miscalled a man, shall her blood most heavily descend?

Yes! let the thought torture thee—let it lash thee as with a whip of scorpions, and lacerate thy very soul with its venomous smart. You killed your wife with your own selfish, beastly appetite; and you have wronged—killed your daughter! After a long, long absence, you have filled up by pulling about your pretty Jane, she comes back to your roof, dishonoured and abandoned, and as you stretch your arms to fold her to your heart, she laughs a hoarse and gipsy laugh—a wild and hollow sound—in which