

# The Sabbath Recorder.

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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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## The Sabbath Recorder.

VALEDICTORY ORATION,  
Delivered before the Literary Society of Albion Academy, March 5, 1856, by Miss Ellen E. Babcock.

When the hour of parting comes to those who, in their youthful travels, have met and lingered at the fountain of knowledge, and together knelt to quaff its crystal waters, prompted by the willing sympathy which is the natural outgrowth of such associations, how naturally and anxiously one inquires, "When the misty future shall have silently glided into the past, and become a theme for the historic pen, where shall the record of my companions be found?"

In the variety of form and shade of character amongst us, there would seem to be for every station and calling in life a representative—namely, the pages of history will record, in gleaming characters, for the instruction of future generations, the names and deeds of some of those who have lowly bent and drunk copious draughts from the exhaustless fountain of science, even here—minds in which are blended the flashes of genius, and a steadiness of purpose that will bend itself to untiring application, perseverance, hopefulness, pure principles, and high aims, and, leading a charm to all, an outgushing of poetic fancy. Far out in the dim future, there seems to be a radiant object, shedding light and warmth upon the expanding mind, affording a pleasing and healthful stimulus, nerving the soul to present action.

Others, with giant intellect, and energy and perseverance which do not swerve for obstacles—ambitions that reach out to, and take hold of, high aims, which, though to the world they may seem afar off, are to their fixed purpose and indomitable will as sure to be achieved, as though they were even now within their grasp. "Born to command" speaks from the eye, and courage that shrinks not from duty is written upon every lineament of the face; while thought on the open brow, and sarcasm, keen and cutting, lingering in the curves of the lip, tell that words of theirs will weigh heavily in the balance that decides our country's weal or woe.

Others still, gentle, pure, true—with the light of cheerfulness and trust in the bright eye—hearted filled with contentment in the present, and hope for the future—spirits to sacrifice their own interests for those they love—and, what may be hidden when the sun of prosperity shines, a courage that will meet boldly life's adverse winds, and fearlessly brave the waves of adversity; all tell of a character fitted to act the ministering angel at the hearth-stone—Home.

Again, those who possess those high attributes, holy aspirations, and pure principles, which should ever distinguish those to whom it is given to bear the words of Eternal Life to a fallen world—fervent piety—a subdued trust in self, and an unwavering confidence in God—an ambition, not for self-aggrandizement, but for the prosperity of the cause of Christ; and, giving strength and a surety of success to all, a faith in God that cannot fail.

And this assemblage of rare talent, sparkling intellect, and stainless virtue; it would be strange, indeed, if there were to be found no faults—none of those weaknesses, so common to human character. "The green-eyed monster" is ever ready to wind its fearful coils about the heart, crushing out its fondest hopes; and envy, fearful phantom, lingers near to sow the seeds of distrust and discord in prolific soil of aspiring hearts. Egotism takes the place of modesty, and leads its possessors blindly on, until, with influence lost, and past learning of mortals, they sink into insignificance, and become lost alike to themselves and the world. A mania for power leads to debasing humiliation, and cringing compliance with exorbitant demands, and a wish to appear what one is not, to humbling untruthfulness and base deception.

A moment of such thought, and then, from the dim aisles of the future, comes the echo of our question—Where?

Deep and fearful is the conflict between right and wrong, truth and error. Even in our own boasted land of freedom, Tyranny has gained a fearful sway, and, in its monstrous deformity, stalks over half our wide domain. Slavery, with its damning influence, is rooted firmly in the soil of freedom, and the blood of millions of the wronged and oppressed cries to us for redress in behalf of other millions, their survivors in suffering. Intemperance, with dydra head, lingers in our very midst, and with demoralizing concomitants rests like a blot upon the face of our country. Aristocracy, more corrupting even than that of the old world, grows strong and yet stronger, and is nourished and fed by Americans. It enters, with its blighting influence, the home of quiet and industry, and rests like a curse upon the heart of the humble aspirant for a partnership in the management of the great affairs of the world.

Shall the gifted pen give forth its efforts to the world as blazing testimonials for the right? And shall those efforts serve as stimulants to arouse to action, the souls that are still asleep, and to enlist the energies of generations yet to come, in the noble cause of liberty and reform? Will the politician lend those God-given powers to the service of our country and the right? Shall words of burning eloquence that fall from his lips, rest like liquid fire on the hearts and consciences of the Slaveocracy, and cause to

tremble from its base the tyranny that has gained such a fearful foothold upon our fair land? Or, will an ambition for emolument lead to the sacrifice of principle, to gain the favor of the corrupt, making them the supple tools with which to elevate themselves to the coveted station of power, and, like a Fillmore, a Seymour, and a Barstow, erase from the heart the last trace of honor, assist wrong and oppression to gain a foothold, crushing the claims of humanity and justice, and, like these "illustrious" examples, receive the scorn and contempt of every true American? We will hope for the former.

And those whose sphere is humbler, yet none the less exalted in the sight of Heaven—will influence so unobtrusive, yet so powerful, be exerted in the cause of humanity? Fearful, indeed, is your responsibility, upon whom devolves the training of those children, who are to be the men and women of America. Those hearts in which you dwell—the hearts of Fathers, Husbands, Brothers, and Sons, are strangely yielding to your gentle influence. Words of yours, though not spoken in legislative halls, but breathed in the retirement of home, in the ear of prattling childhood, may serve to break the fetters of despotism, not only from the body, but the soul, or rivet them more firmly on, and sink its groaning victims to deeper degradation. Women of America, the appeal is to you. It is for you to say whether the stain which Slavery has fixed upon our country in blood, shall grow broader and deeper, until it has crimsoned the last foot of the soil of Freedom, or our own broad banner shall yet unroll its "stars and stripes" over America, freed from the curse of a soul-entralling, woman whipping despotism. It is for you to say whether the demon, Rum, shall still linger in our midst, to drive men, yea, women, mad with its deadly poison; for the children, whose training rests with you, will go forth into the world with your counsel as principles, and your thoughts as the basis of character. The world needs women who possess spirit, heart, firmness, and intelligence, to be the trainers of youth who shall become its true men. Will those minds in which a thirst for paltry power has become a weakness, grow still more rapid, until, in mental subservience, they crouch at the feet of those who carry favors as commodities, and, like a Stephen A. Douglas, play the dog for the bone of office? Rather, let us hope, that with numbering years they will grow wiser and yet be strong in the right.

And let not the pulpit be silent in the cause of reform, but let its fervid eloquence, in clarion tones, denounce oppression, excess, and aristocracy, and dare to teach, as an element of religion, the whole cause of humanity.

But to accomplish anything, we must do something more than merely dream of the glory of the achievement. The possession of brilliant intellect, genius, talent, and strength of mind, alone, will never place us upon the pinnacle of fame, or wreath our brows with faddeless laurels—will never elevate us to a high place in the hearts of our countrymen, or even prepare us to discharge the duties of home. We must labor. If God has entrusted us with noble powers, so much the more should we strive to improve them. There never was success without corresponding effort. It was thought—untiring, laborious thought—that drew the lightning from the frowning cloud, and chained it to the car of advancement. It was not in merely dreaming how grand it would be to send words with the rapidity of thought itself, that gifted men bound this same element of the heavens to the slender telegraphic wire, thus linking, in intimate connection, the remote regions of the globe. To reach this, there were years of research. So must all that would accomplish any important object, think, study, reason. There must first be an aim, a purpose in view, towards which we must bend all the energies of our nature; and that purpose must not be a mere phantom, flitting now here, now there, and varying with every changing emotion of the mind, but, clearly defined, and firm as the rock that ever presents the same invincible front to old ocean's dashing billows. Nor, in our pursuit of that object, must we falter, or for a moment swerve from our purpose. We must expect to meet with obstacles, and encounter difficulties. We must look for the frowns of some, and the scorn of others, to attend our first efforts. And all who succeed, must first grapple and surmount the waves of adversity.

Another element of success is independent thought and action. Much depends upon being able to give a reason for what we believe and do. In the pursuit of any important object, we cannot expect to be guided by the visible track of those who may have gone before us, or our senses to be lulled by the aroma of flowers which they have scattered along the way. It is enough that there is a way; it is for us to search it out. We must descend deep, and lay a firm and immovable foundation, and all that we do must be done thoroughly; that it may stand the test of time.

With such a character, and such a plan of action, all may hope to triumph. The ascent of the hill of science is rugged, and often obstructed by rocky and icy barriers, but they can be overcome. What others have done, with these principles for our motto, we all can do. Animated with a hope of victory, then, may we

cease to lament the absence of that prospect which comes by inheritance, and remember that success depends upon ourselves, and not upon our stars.

We have met, a little band with high aspirations and hopes, beneath the shadow of these walls, and placed ourselves under the guidance of a noble few, who have labored faithfully and patiently for our benefit. Their responsibility is a fearful one. But with untiring assiduity have they stood as sentinels on the watch-towers of science, superintending the development of character, as well as mind. Carefully have they pointed out to us every evil tendency, striving to implant in our hearts pure principles, and to develop in us characters eminent for all that is ennobling to mankind. They have descended deep into the mines which bear the hidden stores of knowledge, pointed out to us the hoards of gleaming jewels, and bade us secure them for ourselves. They have scaled the rocky precipices in advance, lifted the cloud from the mountain's summit, pointed to the radiant bow of promise beyond, and beckoned us onward.

Honored Teachers, for your unmitigated toil, care, and anxiety—your patience with our faults, and your solicitude for our future—we feel that we can never repay you. We can only render to you a tribute of gratitude, welling up from the depths of our warm young hearts. You have done all that you could do, to prepare us to act well our part in the great drama of life, and if, when we shall have gone forth in the world, and taken the stations assigned us, we do not meet with success, the fault will not rest with you. No earthly reward can ever repay you; but when you have accomplished the work of your noble calling on earth, and laid down with the great and good who have gone before, to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, in a brighter, better land, you will reap a rich reward. And we would ask that the prayers which have here so often ascended from the altar of your hearts to God in our behalf, might continue to bless us through our lives.

Companions in Study, we have come together in this temple of Science, for the purpose of storing our minds with the treasures of knowledge. The pursuit of the same high object has won for each the sympathy of all, and each day has added a new link to that glittering chain that binds our hearts in enduring friendship. Let us all, in this hour of parting, resolve to live for the same high and noble purpose, that of the good of mankind, so that, though we may be widely separated, and our callings even more widely differ, that sympathy which over untold kindred hearts may still keep fresh this sacred friendship; and when years shall have rolled their ceaseless round, that memory, still bright and green, may vividly recall those days when here associated, and that faithful counsel which fixed in our hearts the resolve to live, not only for time, but for eternity.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pole realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unflinching trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

### WHAT CONVERSION DOES.

Conversion does not bestow new faculties. It does not turn a weak man into a philosopher. Yet, along with our affections, the temper, the will, the judgment partakes of this great and holy change. Thus, while the heart ceases to be dead, the head, illuminated by a light within, ceases to be dark; the understanding is enlightened; and the will is renewed; and our whole temper is sweetened and sanctified by the Spirit of God. To consider these in their order, I remark—

By this change the understanding and judgment are enlightened. Sin is the greatest folly, and the sinner, the greatest fool in the world. There is no such madness in the most fitful lunacy! Think of a man risking eternity and his everlasting happiness on the uncertain chance of surviving another year. Think of a man purchasing a momentary pleasure at the cost of endless pain. Think of a dying man living as if he were never to die. Is there a convert to God who looks back upon his unconverted state and does not say with David, "Lord, I was as a beast before thee."

Now conversion not only restores God to the heart, but reason also to her throne. Time and eternity are now seen in their just proportions—in their right relative dimensions; the one in its littleness, and the other in its greatness. When the light of heaven rises on the soul, what grand discoveries does she make, of the exceeding evil of sin, of the holiness of the Divine-law, of the infinite purity of Divine justice, of the grace and greatness of Divine love. On Sinai's summit, and on Calvary's cross, what new, sublime, affecting scenes open on her astonished eyes! She now, as by one convulsive bound, leaps to the conclusion that salvation is the one thing needful, and that if a man will give all he hath for the life that now is, much more should he part with all for the life to come. The Saviour and Satan, the soul and body, holiness and sin, have competing claims. Between these, reason now holds the balance even, and man finds, in the visit of converting grace, what the demagogue found in Jesus' advent. The man whose dwelling was among the tombs, whom no chains could bind, is seated at the feet of Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind."

One principal point of good, breeding is to suit our good behavior to the three several degrees of men; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

### MUSINGS WITH MEMORY.

Come, memory, come!  
I'd muse with thee a while,  
I'd wander with thee down the long, long aisle  
Of by-gone years.  
Retired to where the world's deep hum  
Sounds faintly in unwilling ears,  
Let us converse of buried hopes and fears—  
Of smiles and tears.

The smile—the tear;  
Not happy smile alone—  
Ah, not but tears—these blossoms, fully blown,  
Drop from the flower.  
Of feeling. Every passing year—  
Oh! times each passing day, each hour—  
Has seen these blossoms, stirred by sorrow's power,  
Fall in a shower.

The tear, the smile;  
Not gloomy tears alone  
Have gemmed my cheek, but smiles have had a throne  
And dwelling there;  
Not smiles that play but to beguile,  
The looker on, and say that care  
Is dead; but smiles that mark me as the heir  
Of blessings rare.

The smile—the tear;  
The tear—the smile; what more?  
Come, Memory, tell; or is our musing o'er—  
Our converse done?  
Has time been telling to uspear  
No monument—not even one—  
With smile or tear unwritten on the stone,  
Yea, even none.

The tear—the smile;  
The smile—the tear; no more;  
Such is life's sum and substance; all the love  
Of years gone by  
Is writ in such laconic style,  
The mighty ages as they fly  
Weep oceans, shake the world with laughter's cry,  
Then sink and die.

The smile—the tear!  
Is such a history mine?  
Yes, or I were not man. These lines combine  
Life's tale to write—  
E'en my life's tale. Now grief is here;  
Now sunny joy; now gloomy night  
And darkness reigns; now shades the sun his light,  
And all is bright.

The tear—the smile!  
All-gracious Father, praise,  
Praise to Thy name that thou hast marked my days  
With tears so few.  
And smiles so many! For a while  
I pause, and calling up to view  
Joys of the past, Thy praises I renew  
Hearty and true.

The smile—the tear;  
The tear—the smile! My life!  
Such is thy history past. But when the strife  
Of earth is o'er,  
What then? To him I would be near  
Who dries all tears. While up I'd soar  
From smile-clad lips his praises forth I'd pour  
For evermore.

### PRESENT ASPECT OF CHINA.

The present aspect of things in China, as respects the attempted revolution, we regret to say, do not seem to promise the happy results which excited so much hope throughout evangelical Christendom at the outset of the movement. There can now be but little doubt that the rebellion will be suppressed, and that the old dynasty will be able once more to sit quiet upon the throne. For how long, the future alone can decide. The regular correspondent of the *Presbyterian*, writing from China, where he had good opportunities for forming correct conclusions, did not concur in the sanguine hopes expressed so generally, even when the insurgents were in the full tide of success. The opinions here advanced as to the little reliance to which the insurgent chief's profession of Christianity was entitled, have been, to a considerable extent, confirmed. We understand that Dr. Bridgman, though he once thought differently, now writes to friends in this country that the rebel chief is waxing worse and worse, and he has evidently lost confidence in him.

While these things are adapted to act as a damper upon the bright hopes which the Christian world had indulged as to the speedy conquest of China by the gospel, we are happy to know that the rebel movement has not been without favorable results. A gentleman who has resided for years in China, and has been there during the greater part of the time since the outbreak of the rebellion, says that in several respects there has been a change for the better. Amongst other illustrations of this fact, he mentioned that a very erroneous idea as to the designs of foreigners upon their country had been removed from the Chinese mind. The better informed classes having been aware of the aggressions of Great Britain in India, had become fully possessed of the notion that the British and Americans were only waiting the favorable opportunity for seizing, as far as practicable, upon China. Hence they resisted in every way foreigners getting a foothold there. The developments of the period of disturbance have convinced them of their mistake. During the three years in which the government has been paralyzed, when there was the most favorable opportunity for foreigners to have carried out their designs, had they entertained them, they not only made no aggressions, but in several cases were a protection against the insurgents, through the intervention of the naval forces of their respective governments, at several of the prominent sea-ports. The effect of this, in removing former prejudices has been very decided, and is leading to more correct views and a much more liberal feeling as to foreigners generally. The result, as our informant thinks, will be of no small importance to the missionaries, in giving them much readier access to the people. The missionaries already find that difficulties which were formerly in their way no longer exist. Such was once the prejudice, as we have learned from a missionary, that he and a colleague at Canton were twice turned out of houses they had hired for their residence. The owners were either persuaded that these outside barbarians were on an errand which boded no good to the country, or the odium incurred by having such tenants was too much for them to face. This was previous to the rebellion. At present the difficulty is not experienced. The missionaries can readily secure such accommodations as they desire.

As indications of an improvement in the prevailing ideas and feelings towards the representatives of Christian nations, these facts have a significance and importance. It is certain, that much of God's truth has been brought in contact with the native mind through the portions of the Scriptures so extensively circulated by the insurgent chief, notwithstanding he has appended his own blasphemous pretensions and revelations, for which equal authority is

claimed. God can separate the wheat from the chaff. We do not think it possible that after such a shaking things can fall back into their former condition. Some permanent change will probably be the result; and inasmuch as gospel truth was mingled with the disturbed elements, we cannot but look for its salutary effects. Whatever may be the result of the insurrection, therefore in its political aspects, we feel confident that it will be made to work for the progress of the gospel. [Presbyterian.]

### WHISPERS FOR THE EARS OF A MORALIST.

I am far, very far, from detracting from the benefits of a moral education, or saying aught to depreciate the importance of the most scrupulous self-culture. We can accomplish much by energy of purpose, by fidelity to conscience, by sensibility to honor. We can employ the principles of our nature, fallen though it be, in the consummation of a character which shall be distinguished by habits of nearly every specific virtue. The virgins, who went up and down in quest of them, might have gathered all the limbs of the mangled body of Osiris, and put them together in their order, but it would not have been Osiris himself. We can form habits of nearly all that is materially right, and yet be wanting in the true principle of holiness. It is a great mistake to suppose that total depravity means devilish wickedness. Death is one thing, and the preface of the body another. Now, the Scriptures teach us that the highest attainments of nature are only dead works. Left to itself, without check or hindrance to its spontaneous developments, it would produce nothing but wicked words; but modified by education, by example, by society, and the thousand influences which co-operate in the formation of character, it may exhibit the liveliness of life on the features long after life has fled. Man can only act in obedience to his nature; from the very definition of the term, it is the law of his mode of existence or of life. He can never, therefore, escape from the pervading power of depravity. He may check one tendency—just as in the physical world, one law may be made to control another, and effects may be produced by their combination which neither could singly produce. But we can never rise above these laws. All power, after all is in obedience. So man can never rise above his nature—all education is within its sphere. Hence the utter and absolute impossibility of transferring himself from a state of depravity to that of holiness. He must be born again. The new nature must be imparted, and as it tends to God, it must come from God. Until the Divine Spirit shall renew us, we are incompetent to perform a single work that is acceptable to God. The victims which we bring to the altar are only lifeless carcasses. It is idleness to talk of a discipline in holiness to him to whom the *primum mobile* is wanting. Neither does the Bible leave us, after imparting the elemental germ of holiness, to the principal habit, or any other law of development and growth, to effect the perfection of our being. Having brought us into a state of fellowship with God, it maintains that fellowship by constant communications of His love—by unceasing assistance of grace. We are committed to the tuition of the Holy Ghost, and under His guidance and inspiration we rise from one form to another, until we are rendered meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. Hence the subjective states in which our holiness is manifested are not denominated habits, but graces. They are not acquisitions, but gifts; and to remind us perpetually of the source of all the excellence that attaches to us, the very language we employ is a confession of our own impotency, and an acknowledgment of God's free favor. [Thornton's Dis. on Truth.]

### REVERENCE FOR OLD AGE.

Americans have small reverence for old age, and gray hairs are held in little honor. The following extract from *Blackwood's Magazine* for February indicates that the same feelings are gaining ground in Great Britain—

"Old age is not, as of yore, a privileged period. Men no longer recognize and value it as a distinction, nor aspire to it as to an order having certain dignities, privileges, and immunities, like the old men at Rome, who were granted exemption from the heavy burden of the State duty, and served her by their home patriotism and counsel. Men love not now to be considered old; they fight against this stage of life by devices and subterfuges, and strive to stave off or disguise its approach. Nor are they so much to blame. The relations of age are changed; it holds not the same consideration or position as in former days; receives not reverence or deference as its due homage, nor is accorded by common consent an exemption from attack, a freedom of warning and counsel. The practical workers of today would as soon think of bowing to the hoary head or wise heart of a man past his labors, as to the remains of a decayed steam-engine or broken-down spinning-jenny. The diseased faculties of old age are to them as the *dijedra membra* of worn-out mechanism. It is this non-estimation, this non-appreciation, which drives men to ignore and repudiate the signs and marks of a period which brings only disability and disqualification, and makes them cling by every falsehood, outward and inward, to the semblance of youth, very martyrs to sham and pretense."

Were there but eight, only eight saved? There were thousands, millions sought. Nor is it justice to God to forget how long a period of patience, and preaching, and warning, and compassion, preceded that dreadful deluge. Long before the lightning flashed from angry heavens; long before thunders rolled along dissolving skies; long before the clouds rained down death; long before the floor and solid pavement of this earth, under the prodigious agencies at work, broke up, like the deck of a leaking ship, and the waters rushed from below, to meet the waters from above, and sink a guilty world; long before the time when the ark floated away by tower and town, and the rocks crowded hill-tops, where frantic groups had clustered, and amid prayers and curses, and shrieks and shouts, hung out their signals

of distress—very long before this, God had been calling an impenitent world to repentance. Had they no warning in Noah's preaching? Was there nothing to alarm them in the very sight of the ark as story rose upon story; and nothing in the sound of those ceaseless hammers to waken all but the dead? It was not till mercy's arm grew weary ringing the warning bell, that, to use the words of my text, God "poured out his fury" on them. I appeal to the story of this awful judgment. True, for forty days it rained incessantly; and for one hundred and fifty days more "the waters prevailed on the earth"; but while the period of God's justice is reckoned by days, the period of his long-suffering was drawn out into years; and there was a truce of one hundred and twenty years between the first stroke of the bell and the first crash of the thunder. Noah grew gray preaching repentance. The ark stood useless for years, a huge laughing stock for the scoffer's wit; it stood till it was covered with the marks of age, and its builders with the contempt of the world; and many a sneer had those men to bear, as pointing to the serene heavens above and an empty ark below, the coming was put. "Where is the promise of his question?" Most patient God! Then, as now, thou wert slow to punish—"waiting to be gracious."

The little brown cabin. Nestled under a craggy hill on the Western bank of the Hudson, still stands a tiny brown cabin, hardly larger than a squirrel cage or chicken coop. It wore a peculiar look, that quiet habitation, with a little skiff moored before the door, a huge cherry tree overshadowing the roof, a vegetable garden near, and the glittering river rolling before it.

When the spires and roofs of the neighboring city were mantled in the light of the descending sun, a gray twilight, "a shadowing shroud," seemed to rest upon the little cabin, and to divide it still more from the actual, living world. Yet there was no darkness within, for it was illumined by the peace and love of God. Two old people lived in that quiet spot, very poor, but very happy. They earned a scanty subsistence by selling the vegetables they raised in the little garden which they had reclaimed from the neighboring marsh. The Bible taught them all that it was necessary for them to know. It was truly "a lamp to their feet, and a guide to their path."

When the work of the day was over, they sat in the door, and the old man, who was the better scholar of the two, read the words of Jesus to his wife. They both felt the power contained in them, and he once said, "They do just as much as good this day as they did the people to whom they were spoken."

They had saved money enough to buy themselves a plain Bible, when their old one was worn out. But their eyesight failed and the print was small. A lady, without knowing their special need of it, sent them a quarto Bible of clear, large type. O, how they rejoiced in the gift!

"See what God has sent us," said Old Mrs. Gagen, when she next visited them. It had dropped at her feet from the skies, she would not have felt it to be more entirely the gift of God. They lived upon its promises. They were their support in life, their consolation in death.

The little brown cabin is now deserted. It is scarcely visible to the passer-by, for the shrubs and bushes that have grown in rank and luxuriance around it. No smoke ever curls from its one small chimney. Three times has the cherry tree borne fresh leaves, and shed them on a lonely roof. But the memory of their love to God and his Holy Word, their delight in all his precepts, has not passed from our minds. The example of that good old couple, so poor in this world's goods, and so rich in faith, may yet serve to stimulate those who, with greater religious privileges, have not learned to walk as closely with God, or with an unwavering footsteps as they.

### THE GOSPEL PRECIOUS TO ALL.

The following touching story will bring tears to many eyes. It is related by a humble missionary in Canada, who was called to visit a dying Indian boy—

"I found him dying of consumption, and in a state of the most awful poverty and destitution, in a small birch rind covered hut, with nothing but a few fern leaves under him, and an old blanket over him, which was in a condition not to be described. After recovering from my surprise, I said—

"My poor boy, I am very sorry to see you in this state; had you let me know, you should not have been lying here."

He replied, "It is very little I want now, and these poor people get it for me; but I should like something softer to lie upon, as my bones are very sore."

I then asked him concerning the state of his mind, when he replied that he was very happy; that Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory, had died to save him, and that he had the most perfect confidence in him. Observing a small Bible under the corner of the blanket, I said—

"Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find something good there."

Weak as he was, he raised himself on his elbow, held it in his attenuated hand, while a smile played upon his countenance, and slowly spoke the following words:

"This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it me. For a long time I read it much, and often thought of what it told. Last year I went to see my sister at Lake Winnepig (about two hundred miles off) when I remained about two months. When I was half way back through the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I directly turned round, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro, before I could reach the house, but I found my friend, and determined that I would not part with it again; and ever since it has been near my breast, and I thought, I should have it buried with me; but I have thought since I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

He was often interrupted by a sepulchral cough, and sunk down exhausted. I read and prayed; the hut hardly affording me room to be upright even when kneeling."





