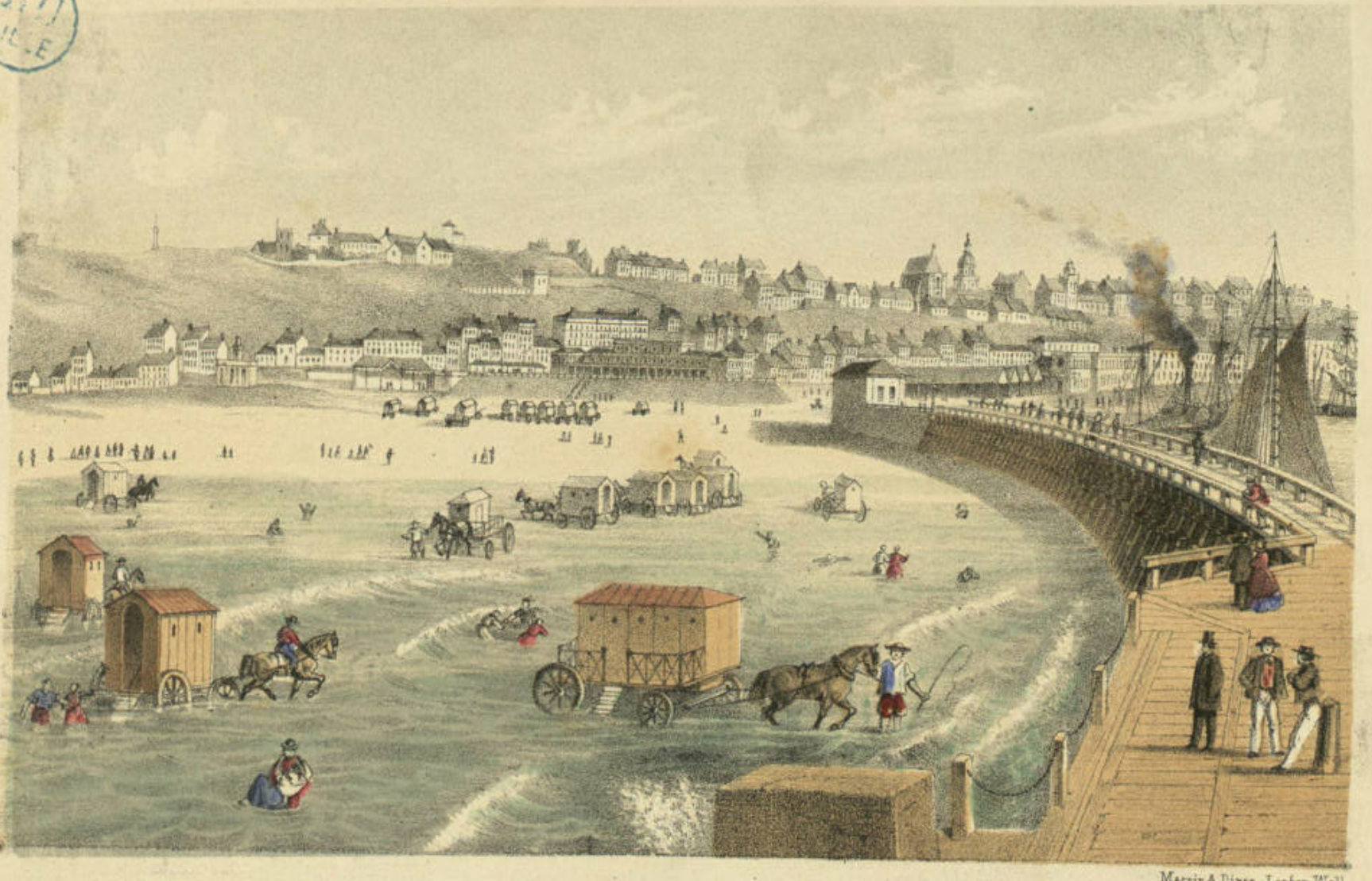
Wm B Thomas
Ostrohove
1860

WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN BOULOGNE?



Macrin & Dixon, London Wall

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN BOULOGNE?

BY

R. L. R. T.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. T. H. BROCKLEHURST.

Dedicated to Sir Culling Eardley Eardley, Baronet.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A VIEW OF BOULOGNE.

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Dedicated

(BY PERMISSION)

TO

SIR CULLING EARDLEY EARDLEY, BARONET,

WITH MUCH RESPECT

FOR HIS UNWEARIED EFFORTS FOR THE SPREAD OF

PROTESTANTISM, AND THE EVANGELIZATION

OF

THE CONTINENT.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is no sign of natural life so unmistakeable *as activity*. So it is spiritually. "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" appears the first instinct of one whose "life is hid with Christ in God." The recluse may cherish his heavenly meditations in his cloister; but of what practical use is he to mankind? The true Christian has inscribed on the altar of his heart, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth unto himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

It is this which explains his acts of self-renunciation; the consecration of his talents,—time, influence, intellect, property,—all, to God. Selfishness, oftentimes the predominant trait in those who are "dead while they live," is absorbed, eradicated, destroyed. Self is not. Christ is "all in

all." He is not his "own." He has "been bought with a price." He cheerfully owns that he is the property of Him who has paid the redemption-price. He gazes on the Cross. He stands there, in the presence of the Great Sacrifice, till he is made to understand the appeal, "Ye are not your own. For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."

He feels that his costliest offering, could he multiply its value a thousandfold, would be utterly unworthy of Divine acceptance; and that, if called upon to part not only with the dearest objects of his regard, but even with life itself, he would not consider that so precious as to be retained at the sacrifice of duty.

With such an one duty is of more importance than life; and when either duty is to be relinquished, or life to be sacrificed, the latter is promptly and cheerfully surrendered. Nature may shrink, grace will triumph. And encouraging and authoritative will sound the words of Him, whom he calls "Lord and Master:" "He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Spiritual life, thus earnest, cannot long be concealed. A spring, pressed with a weight of super-

incumbent earth, which hinders its rising in the spot nearest its source, will permeate the soil, till it finds some cranny through which it can work its way to the surface, and, when observed, become a blessing to many a traveller; and a mind eminently in earnest often meets with impediments which, like blocks of granite, seem to arrest its course, but will ultimately break through all, overcome all, and go forth to bless the world with its influence. "'*One thing I do*,' and he who would do some great thing," says Foster,* "in this short life, must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces, as, to idle spectators, who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity." The testimony borne to the Waldenses and Albigenses,—that they were always working, learning, or teaching,†—is also to be pre-eminently exemplified in those who are the disciples of Him who said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish My work."

Illustrious instances of this entire and unreserved consecration to God, the record of the Church unfolds in living examples, and in its precious memorials of those "who, being dead, yet speak,"—"of whom the world was not

* "Decision of Character."

† Turner's "History of England," vol. v.

worthy." Imprisoned confessors, bound that "the word might not be bound." Its "noble army of martyrs."* A host of devoted men, who, as "messengers of the Churches, and the glory of Christ," have left their fatherland, broke away from the endearments of home, and exposed themselves to pestilential climes, "where nature sickens, and each gale is death." "And what shall we more say? for the time would fail to tell of" an almost countless band of earnest men who lived not unto themselves. Their earnestness and activity proved the existence of spiritual life.

And among those who have felt such claims, and evidenced such by their "works of faith, and labours of love," may be mentioned "honourable *women* not a few." Many such have passed away. They served their "own generation by the will of God, and have fallen asleep." "They rest from their labours, and their works follow them." Fragrant "as ointment poured forth" are a multitude of names. Their "praise is in all the Churches." They will "be had in everlasting remembrance."

* France, indeed, has its martyrology in the Huguenots, and many Protestants of patrician and plebeian descent, who "counted not their lives dear unto themselves."—D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," book xii., "The French."

The mantle of such has descended on some now, who are "always abounding in the work of the Lord." The touching incidents in works such as "English Hearts and English Hands," and "Haste to the Rescue," show what female earnestness can accomplish. The authoress of the latter informs us, that the desire to do something was kindled by knowing what a sister in Christ had accomplished, and from love to Him "who went about doing good." The marvellous revelations in "The Missing Link" show still further that there is often a special sphere for *woman;* and, in the "Marians," "Marthas," and "Rebeccas," there is a Providence which provides a special agency.

O, had such an agency been established years ago, what physical suffering and moral destitution might have been prevented! and how many souls have been led to a precious Saviour, whose gracious words remove every barrier of fear and unbelief! "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." Blessings be upon the head and heart of that Christian woman who originated such a mission! The blessings of those "ready to perish" have come upon her, and she will hear the Master say at last, "Well done!"

It was the same holy impulse of the spiritual life that led the friend referred to in the *first*

chapter of this little work* to come to its estimable authoress, and request "something to do," and found in her to whom she applied a kindred spirit;—one who, rising superior to a naturally reserved and retiring disposition, has, through love to Jesus, and love to souls, been "instant in season and out of season," labouring to do good; and, having, by "the grace given unto" her, united prudence with zeal in her efforts among an interesting and peculiar class, has not been permitted, as the narrative now printed proves, to "labour in vain in the Lord;" and has only yielded to the wishes of others, and in deference to their judgment, to commit to the press, *sincerely hoping* it may induce others, and more especially those of her own sex, to "work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh when no one can work." And this should disarm criticism. "*She hath done what she could.*"

He who has been requested to write an Introduction, and *also* to embody in it any suggestions that might possibly awaken others to a sense of their responsibility, has had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with her efforts, and to know that *the young especially* occupy much of her anxious solicitude. "The Two Sisters, an

* Page 14.

Allegory;" "Edith Merton: or, Never grow Weary;" "Memoir of Mrs. Margaret de Jersey Toase;" with other small works, have been written by her whose labours these pages chronicle: some of which have been translated into French and German, the former by the Toulouse "*Société des Livres Religieux.*" May the present narrative be made yet more extensively a blessing! and lead others to inquire, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

The writer pursues her efforts (in connexion with those of her revered father, who dwells, like "a patriarch of years," among the beloved "congregation committed to his charge," and endeavours, "both by his preaching and living," "truly to please" God) in a pre-eminently devout and prayerful spirit. She makes her "requests known" unto God, that she may be able to meet *the temporal* necessities of the sick and poor, as well as administer the consolations of religion to the soul; well knowing how essential the one is to the other. Nor is she disappointed. Like Hezekiah, who "spread the letter before the Lord," and Müller of our own times for his orphans, so she makes known unto the Lord every difficulty and every want, encouraged by His holy word, "in *everything,* by prayer and supplica-

tion, with thanksgiving;" and experiences "peace," "quietness, and assurance."

And have we not, "as workers together with God," too little faith in the efficacy of prayer, that God may "supply all our needs," or that we may "obtain grace to help," by which we may be enabled to speak "a word in season?" The facts recorded in "Remarkable Answers to Prayer," * may admonish, instruct, and encourage us. "A few young men," says Miss Marsh, "members of a Christian Association in Beckenham, hearing one day of the illness and poverty of a Christian sister, sent, early the next morning, four pounds to me, to be conveyed anonymously to the sufferer, with these words written on the envelope, 'A token of sympathy and respect from Christian Brothers.'" †

We must work, and pray, and praise:— ‡

> "Work, and prayer will be the sweeter;
> Pray, and work will be the easier."

Assuredly there is work for all in the vineyard of the Lord; and whatever may be the age, sex, station, or talent, ultimately the summons will be heard, "Give account of thy stewardship." "Would God that all the Lord's people were

* By the Rev. — Phillips. † "Midnight Chimes."
‡ "The 'I Wills' of the Psalms. By the Rev. T. B. Power, M.A."

prophets, and that the Lord would put His Spirit upon them!"

Might not families who are seeking for a permanent residence, in a salubrious seaport or interesting neighbourhood, and solicitous also "to do good," by residing in Boulogne, secure this? and, if earnest Christians, they might essentially serve the cause of Protestantism, and extend the kingdom of the Redeemer. Such would find congenial society and kindred spirits, who would be willing to unite with them in "works of faith, and labours of love." And others, who wish to sanctify their recreation, might, during their *tour*, leave at the hotels, restaurants, on the pier, and in the train, religious publications, which, like the African honey-bird, that chirps along till it discovers to the wary pursuer the honey concealed in the rock, might lead many—out of the millions on the Continent, who have been forbidden the Scriptures—to exclaim concerning "the lively oracles," "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb!"

O that there were more like "the children of Issachar, that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do!" Facilities are providentially increasing daily. Happy those who are anxious to avail themselves of such, and serve

"their own generation by the will of God." It is hardly to be credited the amount of good which might thus be accomplished, "the incorruptible seed" which might be sown, the influence, unobtrusive, yet potent, that might be wielded, and the testimony that might thus be borne to their appreciation of that Book of which Chillingworth said, "The Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants." It is "the Book" which has made England what she is, the Pharos of the moral world; the lighthouse amid the moral and spiritual darkness which shrouds mankind; that to which we owe our highest obligations, dearest interests, and immortal hopes. This high vocation, this holy mission, she is to fulfil; and, in fulfilling it, to make the Continent and the world what she is destined to be.

A red republican, pointing to the *Bible*, which he had been induced to read, said to another revolutionist that had come to discuss other matters, "Robert, Robert, not till *that* book fills the empty throne of France, can France be happy." Rather, would we say, not till the pure Gospel be enthroned in her many pulpits, and she possess an extensive thoroughly Christian pulpit agency, can she cease to resemble "the troubled sea when it cannot rest."

"One may attend whole years the prayers and sermons, without ever hearing it proclaimed, '*that whoso believeth on the Son hath eternal life;*' or having those words of the Apostle repeated and developed, '*For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast: for we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works.*' But you will hear sermons enough on the authority of the Church, the excellence of the Priesthood, the mediation of the Virgin, the intercession of the saints, purgatory, confession, works of satisfaction, and indulgences," * all of which are destructive of the authority of God's word, and of the perfection of Christ's work. With a few brilliant exceptions, all the existing pulpit agency is on the side of materialism, or rationalism, or a grossly-corrupted Christianity. France, like every other Roman Catholic country, swarms with Priests; many of whom, it is feared, disgusted with their system, have become deists or infidels, or rationalistic Unitarians; and like some of the Genevese pastors,† who were hailed, by the great chiefs of the French infidelity, as allies in the work

* "The Religious Condition of Christendom."

† "Geneva." *Fr. Encyclopédie.*

of demolishing everything peculiarly Christian. Any work, therefore, of reformation must begin with *them.* Dr. Chalmers said, "A Christianized university, in respect of its professorships, would be to me a mightier accession than a Christianized country, in respect of its parishes. And should there be a fountain, out of which there emanated a thousand rills, it would be to the source that I should carry the salt of purification, and not to any of the streams which flow from it." Words which are suggestive either as to the universities of France, or England, or any other seat of learning, and which acquire a peculiar significancy since the appearance of certain "*Essays and Reviews.*" "Those men at Oxford," said the late Dr. Arnold, on the first appearance of *certain* Tracts, "I necessarily shrink from, when I see them labouring so incessantly to enthrone the very mystery of falsehood and iniquity in the Church of God." "If the Church of England," remarks D'Aubigné, "were well administered, she would only admit to her pulpits teachers who submit to the word of God, agreeably to the Thirty-nine Articles, and banish from them all those who violate her laws, and poison the minds of youth, trouble souls, and seek to overthrow the Gospel of Jesus Christ." *

* "Geneva and Oxford."

There are many, thank God, who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who dread, as a moral *remora,* formalism, indifferentism, or infidelity, and Popery, in any of its varied disguises. The evangelical leaven, it is hoped, spreads. Our common dangers, as Protestants, drive us to closer union and prayer, and to a fixed determination "*earnestly to contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*" While the Bible and the Sabbath are despised in many parts of the Continent, alike by Priest and people,—we rejoice that England guards these bulwarks of the nation. This has made our country what she is, and contrasts her broadly with other nations. This led a Clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland (the Rev. W. H. Hewitson) to write, after his arrival in *Bonn,* as he mourned over Sabbath desecration, "I feel I am not in Scotland,—not under the shadow of Christ's vine-tree, in the covenanting land of my fathers. As the unsabbatized Sunday comes round,—*a day trampled on alike by Protestants and Romanists,*—I do feel, and that sometimes painfully, that I am not living in the land of Sabbaths. Alas! for Sabbath-travelling *in Scotland.* Germany tells me that if Scotland lose her Sabbaths, she will lose, along with them, her religion and her God."

May we not say the same of our own land? While there are those "who sigh and cry," on account of so much Sabbath desecration, yet we may rejoice, with trembling, that this is the exception, not the rule. England's Sabbaths are England's glory! England's Protestantism is England's shield! And if she lose them, "*she also* will lose along with them her religion and her God." What Dr. Edersheim says of Israel, would be true of England: "Israel, without its God, became Israel without its country. Israel and its history are typical."* During what has been too truly called "the Reign of Terror" in France, the revolutionary leaders sought to destroy every vestige of Christianity, by *abolishing the Sabbath*, plundering and shutting up the various churches, enthroning Reason in the place of *Revelation*, presenting to the world the appalling spectacle of a refined and civilized nation openly declaring that there is no God. O, when "the Ruler among the nations" is openly disowned, and His word despised, the foundations of the earth are out of course, and the bonds of society are dissolved. Lamartine justly remarks, "The republic of such men, *without a God, was quickly stranded.*"

If we *are*, or *are to be*, "a nation whose God

* "History of the Jewish Nation."

is the Lord," it will be as we protect, with sacred jealousy, the privileges which distinguish us as Protestants, and prove by our example that we believe the words of Inspiration: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

The testimony of Guizot and Lamartine may not be inappropriately mentioned here. They both came to our shores, observed us, and returned to the Continent, and said, "*England* owes the pre-eminence which all nations have envied, to her *religion!*"

How responsible our position as a Protestant nation! But the whole includes its parts. The nation is made up of individuals. How the responsibility is augmented of each individual who professes to be a Christian and a Protestant! We "are the light of the world!" At home, and on the Continent, may this never be forgotten; so "that the name of God and His doctrine be not blasphemed!"

In a very interesting brief memoir of the late Lord Bloomfield,* who for nine years filled the

* "Lord Bloomfield had a religious service occasionally, distinct from the usual family worship, to which surrounding neighbours, high and low, were invited. It was at the close of one of these ser-

high and responsible office of Minister-Plenipotentiary and Envoy-Extraordinary to the Court of Sweden, there is a striking instance recorded of beautiful Christian and Protestant *consistency*. "It was not easy, in a country where the Continental Sunday prevails," says the writer, "for one in his position to keep holy the Sabbath day, as it was the custom at the Swedish Court to invite all the representatives of foreign powers to dine at the palace on the Sunday. His Lordship had, however, received his views of Sabbath observance from the Bible, and felt that he must 'obey God rather than man.' He explained this to the King, (Bernadotte,) who acceded to the request of the British Minister not to invite or 'command' him on the Lord's day, but, lest his absence from the diplomatic dinner should be misunderstood, took care to explain to those assembled the reason of that absence." Will not many think that our native land was better represented by his Lord-

vices, that the writer observed a board suspended from the knocker of the door, with the words, '*At Prayer*,' painted on it. And one of the family remarked, 'You must not consider this ostentation; but the fact is, we were so often annoyed at our services by persons calling, that we adopted this plan of intimating that we must not be disturbed; and it answers the end.' Happy they who fearlessly give Jesus 'the pre-eminence!'"—"*A Coronet laid at the Feet of Jesus.*" *By the Rev. George Scott.*

ship's vacant place at those dinners, than it would have been by his presence there? Just as every loyal Christian heart feels grateful to our gracious and beloved Queen for the manner in which she, when in France, observed the day of rest, thereby rebuking those who seek to revive in England a mere ecclesiastical Sunday, and to substitute that for the Christian Sabbath of God's own appointment. The example of his Lordship influenced another nobleman, (Count Rosenblad,) who resolved never again to give a state dinner on *the Lord's day;* but invited some twenty or more of the nobility, and secured the services of a zealous Clergyman to preach to them in his drawing-room.

Would that Englishmen abroad could be induced to imitate such examples, rather than conform themselves to the custom of other countries, which fail to "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the LORD, honourable!" Would that they would "honour Him, not doing their own ways, nor finding their own pleasure, nor speaking their own words!"

His Lordship did this. He attended the Mission chapel *twice* every Sabbath; no inclemency of the weather prevented his walking; he was also certain, if well, to be present at *the week-night service,*

often escaping, for the time, from some regal banquet, and coming in full Court costume. How much might be done, by similar consistency, to raise the tone of moral perception and feeling in Europe! and the religion of England, thus exemplified, would make itself manifest as *a power*, contrasting favourably with lifeless *forms*.

And who can exert so elevating and sanctifying an influence as the *pious female?*

The influence which *she* exerts will be great, and will be so in proportion as she is earnest and sincere. Piety must be a deep-seated principle in her bosom. It must not be a mere adherence to certain tenets, however orthodox and scriptural, but a living, active power, ever prompting to the exercise of holy feeling, the exhibition of a consistent deportment, and animated with an ardent desire to do good. Her whole talents will be exerted in leading others to the admiration and acceptance of that Saviour who is all her "salvation and all her desire." And although the peculiar sphere of a pious woman's activity and usefulness is, undoubtedly, Home, it is right that she should be duly impressed with the high importance of the fact, that the authority and influence which, within this narrow field, she is privileged to exer-

cise, does not end there. Her responsibility is greater and more impressive than at first view she is apt to imagine. The influence of an earnest Christian sister may be felt by society at large. The problem of human responsibility, in any case, is too vast and too intricate for our finite understandings to solve. But that responsibility is, doubtless, augmented by the high place which is assigned to woman in the social scale. She gives a tone to the society in which she moves; and if she is in reality a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus, she has it in her power to do more for the cause of the Redeemer than is generally allowed. Her opinions will be listened to with deference; her feelings will be treated with respect; and if she fails in securing the co-operation of her associates in her plans of benevolence, she at least disarms the resistance which her schemes might have met with, had they been urged by one of the sterner sex. Her position, her character, her high Christian attainments, gain for her the attention of many who, had she been less consistent, might have lent a deaf ear to all her counsels, warnings, and reproofs. This is no imaginary picture. It is the delineation of a character which, to the honour of females, is not unfrequently to be found in *all* ranks of the community.

Such was *Mrs. Isabella Graham,* whose death excited a deep feeling of regret in the minds of many Christian friends in America and England. "Her unwearied exertions," as her biography says, "to promote the advancement of the cause of Christ, and her uniform benevolence and kindness to the poor and afflicted, in caring for their temporal comfort and their spiritual well-being, attracted the esteem and respect of all who were capable of appreciating these beautiful traits of character. 'The cause which she knew not she searched out.'"

Such were *Wilielma, Viscountess Glenorchy,* and her friend, *Lady Maxwell,* who encouraged and aided each other in works of piety and true benevolence. And among "*honourable women*" stands the name of *Selina, Countess of Huntingdon,* who valued all her exterior advantages only for the influence they enabled her to exert; gave up the blaze of rank for the attractions of poverty and woe; forsook the splendid court to teach in the wretched hovel; and deemed it a greater honour to be permitted to induce the sinner to bow before Jesus than to attract a crowd of noble flatterers, and rule them by her charms. "What things were gain to" her, "those" she "counted loss for Christ." In the course of her long life, she

expended about *one hundred thousand pounds* for religious purposes.* The Countess exhibited the simplicity and grandeur of Christian character. Religion with her was not a creed, nor an ecclesiastical position, but *a living power*. It had its seat in her heart. She presented to the world an example of what one pious woman can do to benefit man and glorify God.

And multitudes on earth, and multitudes more in glory, will praise God for the labours and writings of *Hannah More*, who, as soon as she found religion, put forth her whole efforts to recommend it to others; and who, by the institution and judicious management of schools for the instruction of the poor, was instrumental in the introduction of Christianity into many a peasant's cottage, where it had been till then unknown; and by her numerous writings was the means of gaining a place for Christianity in the circles of the fashionable and polite, from many of which it had been till then excluded; and lived to "a good old age" to do good. Another may be added, whose "sun went down while it was yet day;" and who, though cut off in the bloom of early youth, yet lived "not unto herself." *Clementine, daughter of Baron Cuvier*, whose home was one of the

* "The Coronet and the Cross." By the Rev. A. H. New.

Parisian centres for intellectual scientific men, surrounded by the gay, the thoughtless, and the worldly,—herself courted, beloved, and admired by all around; yet she had the moral courage, the heaven-inspired heroism, to break through the difficulties and hindrances which beset her path, and to avow herself an humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus; and she ever strove, like Him, to go "about doing good." It was her "meat and drink" to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to comfort the mourner, to instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the wanderer; and to promote in every possible way the temporal and spiritual interests of her fellow-creatures. Her time on earth was to be short, and she worked "while it was day." *

Sarah Martin, and *Gow*, (the domestic servant,) are names equally honoured; and *many* others, even less known, but "*whose labours are in the book of remembrance.*" Such enjoyed, in all the rich intensity of happiness, the luxury of doing good; and would not have to mourn over a wasted life, but at its close, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, say, in the dying words of Lady Glenorchy, "Well, if this be dying, it is the

* "The Flower Faded: or, Memoirs of Clementine Cuvier." By the Rev. J. A. James.

pleasantest thing imaginable." "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!"

There is work for all; and while there is *another* to be saved, or anything we can do, we *must work.* Dr. Guthrie gives us an example; and in the words spoken for a fellow-sufferer's *life,* we may see what may be done for a fellow-sinner's *soul.* He says: "During a heavy storm off the coast of Spain, a dismasted merchantman was observed by a British frigate drifting before the gale. Every eye and every glass were on her; and a canvass shelter on the deck, almost level with the sea, suggested the idea that there might yet be life on board. With all his faults no man is more alive to humanity than the rough and hardy mariner; and so the order instantly sounds to put the ship about, and presently a boat puts off with instructions to bear down upon the wreck. Away after that drifting hulk go these gallant men, through the swell of a roaring sea; they reach it; they shout! And now, a strange object rolls out of that canvass screen against the lee shroud of a broken mast. Hauled into the boat, it proves to be the trunk of a man, bent head and knees together, so dried and shrivelled as to be hardly felt within the ample clothes, and so light that a mere boy lifted it on board. It is laid on the deck; in horror

and pity the crew gather round it; these feelings suddenly change into astonishment; it shows signs of life; they draw nearer; it moves, and then mutters—mutters in a deep sepulchral voice, '*There's another man!*'"

Saved himself, the first use the saved one made of speech was to seek to save another. O, learn that blessed lesson! Be daily practising it. And so long as in our homes, among our friends, in this wreck of a world, which is drifting down to ruin, there lives an unconverted one,—"*there is another man,*"—let us go to that man, and plead for Christ; go to Christ, and plead for that man, the cry, "Lord, save me, I perish," being changed into one so welcome to the Saviour's ear, "Lord, save them, they perish!"

Go, labour on! 'tis not for nought;
All earthly loss is heavenly gain!
Men heed thee not, men praise thee not,—
The Master praises! What are men?
Go, labour on! Enough, enough,
If Jesus praise thee; if He deign
To notice e'en thy willing mind,—
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

T. H. B.

3, Carholme Terrace, Lincoln,
January, 1861.

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Chapter i.

"I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof."

With feelings not to be described, I hailed the prospect of a return to the Continent. I had been driven from it, a few years previously, by family afflictions; and with the ardour of enthusiasm, slightly checked by fear of disappointment, I made speedy preparations for the journey; meanwhile, again and again entering the quiet chamber, to return hearty thanks to the great Giver of all good for the hope before me, of once more returning to the land and scenes of former usefulness, the recollection of which made me exceeding glad.

At length, the day so long anticipated dawned upon me: it was a lovely morn, and, to my exhilarated spirits, seemed to betoken a sunny future, and whispered of joys to come. So, with a heart full to overflowing, I bade a smiling adieu to my fatherland, and turned an unmoistened eye forward, rejoicing in hope of future usefulness and future blessings, both as regards the "life that now is, and that which is to come."

In company with my ever-to-be-revered and venerable father, who was to be the Pastor of our

interesting and important little flock at Boulogne, (and here I may be pardoned if I say, that no one sustaining that relationship could feel more solicitude for his people than he has ever done, and especially for the progress of Protestantism in France,) and supporting her who had in former years nourished and sustained me, but who now leaned heavily upon my arm for support, we all embarked, placing ourselves under the care and protection of Him "whom winds and seas obey." And as, from time to time, I walked the deck of the vessel, and beheld in the distance the barren cliffs of Boulogne, I felt somewhat of that deep, unuttered joy which a returned exile must experience when gazing, after years of banishment, on the hills of his native land.

The whole scene before me was very familiar; and as we neared the port, the tone, gesture, and activity of the Frenchwomen awakened feelings of lively interest. Everything around and about me appeared so bright and glad, that a joyous welcome back seemed inscribed on all I saw. As we entered the harbour, I beheld with pleasure the clean, industrious women, as they stood in the picturesque costume of the country, with their milk-white caps, neat jackets, (many of them knitted,) woollen petticoats, chiefly bright red,

and tidy stockings, of various hues. Some were expecting the return of their husbands from fishing, while others awaited the arrival of our vessel, in order that they might perform their specific and allotted duty,—that of transposing the luggage from the boat to the Custom House, and from thence to the residences of their respective owners. These women, whose special office it is to carry luggage, are widows of seamen, who, from benevolent motives, are employed in this manner, and paid by Government. They are "active and industrious, vigorous in form, and extremely intelligent, being skilful in various kinds of work; they are capable of carrying on their backs burdens of great weight, which are attached by a rope crossing the chest." And as I gazed on the lively scene before me, and beheld the busy women,—some ready for action, to rush on the boat for luggage, while others were employed in either knitting, mending some family garment, or winding large skeins of twine for the use of fishing-nets,—it brought vividly to mind my "auld acquaintance" with the country and its people. So, with a cheerful and thankful spirit, I bounded forward, mounted the steps, and once more set foot on French soil.

Well was it for me that I knew not what should

be "on the morrow," nor suspected the gathering storm: a happy present hour was mine, and in that I rejoiced; and though the "reaper, with sickle keen," was preparing to sever and destroy, I saw him not, and scarcely heeded the warnings given. A bitter cup of sorrow was, by the unerring skill of Heaven, preparing for me; but, unsuspicious, I beheld nothing but a bright future, though frequently a "still, small voice" within me breathed forth unwelcome sounds, and bade me "rejoice with trembling." But scarcely had the warning been given, when she who had accompanied us,—she who was the very sunshine of our home, and the great participator in all our joy,—speedily after our arrival, sickened and faded away: before a second Sabbath had dawned upon us, we knelt, with stricken and well-nigh bursting hearts, beside the dead.

But we will pass over this painful exercise of our faith,—"the cloudy and dark day" connected with the history of our residence in Boulogne. Busy memory would still dwell on happiness realized in the past,—would still muse on "bygone hours,"—and why?

> "The mellow tones I heard her speak,
> Still linger round my heart!"

A Christian friend and Minister, writing on this

subject, touchingly expresses, in the following beautiful manner, the sentiments of our bereaved hearts:—

"There was a strange loneliness in our home. The 'old arm-chair' was vacated—the 'portrait' ill supplied the want. Poets may, perhaps, say, that artists can make the marble and the canvass 'life-like.' But the marble bust is cold, and the 'old familiar face' in the canvass lacks a mother's living smile, and mute are those lips on which sat 'the law of kindness.' Years may roll away, other events may transpire; but, in the heart's fondest affection, *a mother*, and a mother's memory, are for ever enshrined. And well can we understand Cowper's affecting lines, on the receipt of his mother's portrait:—

> 'O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
> With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
> Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
> The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
> Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
> "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"'

"But," he adds, "we must not obtrude private grief. Our 'loss' was her 'gain.' We will not 'indulge in lengthened wailings for the dead,'—not, at least, for those 'who die in the Lord.' They 'being dead yet speak to us,'—'Weep not for us, but

weep for yourselves and for your children.' We would rather rejoice; for 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God' has told us of 'the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light.' Christ *hath abolished* death,—broken the power of death over us, by taking away sin, 'the sting of death.' Death does not triumph over those who are 'in the Lord,' but *they* triumph over it. The believer in Jesus exclaims: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'

"Precious Jesus! Thou, 'through Thy death,' hast destroyed 'him that had the power of death, —that is, the devil.' Precious Jesus! Thou, through Thy grace, dost 'deliver them who, through fear of death,' are 'all their lifetime subject to bondage!' Precious Jesus! Thou hast not only 'abolished death,' but hast 'brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel!'

"'Moses in the law and in the Prophets' taught this doctrine; it existed in promise; but Thou, O precious Jesus, didst illustrate and demonstrate it! By Thy 'precious death and burial,' by

Thy 'glorious resurrection and ascension,' the doctrines of eternal life, and the resurrection of the human body, and its final incorruptibility, are fully illustrated by *example*, and established by *fact*. And to moderate or regulate our grief at the loss of Christian friends, inspiration teaches us: 'I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.)"

A few weeks after our arrival I was one day summoned to the drawing-room, where I beheld, seated near my father, a respectable young French woman, looking the very personification of joy and gladness. As I entered the room, she manifested great delight, and, taking my hand, kissed it with excited feeling. At first I did not recognise her, but soon found she was none other than the young woman who had lived with us during our former residence in Boulogne, of whom a slight account has been given in a previous work. After a warm and somewhat familiar greeting, she exclaimed, "O what a happy day this is to me! O Monsieur, O Mademoiselle, how glad I am to see you once more!"

After being assured that it gave us likewise much pleasure to see her, and that we continued to feel great interest in her welfare, she gave, after sundry inquiries, the following account of herself during the intervening years of our separation:—

"I have had much trouble, Mademoiselle, and much sorrow, too, from my family and neighbours, on account of my religion. At one time my husband was very severe with me, and all my family turned against me, because I had become a Protestant. We have often been in great distress and in want of bread, and for days and weeks my husband has been without work."

"Did you never feel a desire or inclination to return to the profession of religion in which you had been educated and brought up?" I eagerly asked.

"Never!" she warmly replied. "Let the numberless blows I have received for my 'obstinacy,' as they called it, and the firm refusal of an offer of five hundred francs if I would only return to the Romish Church, answer for me. In vain did they offer a weekly supply of bread and meat, and the education of my eldest boy, if I would but return: from all these tempting promises I turned away, choosing rather to suffer affliction

with the people of God, and have my Bible, than bread and meat without it."

"Have you still the Bible, Marie, that my mother gave you?"

"Ah! no," she answered, "I have not: it was taken from me *while I was ill in bed,* and I have never been able to get it back again or buy another; but I have a New Testament. I did manage, though with difficulty, to buy one; for though I lost my Bible, thank God I have not lost my Protestant faith! *That* they could not take from me, though they tried hard to do so."

This simple account ("a thing is great or little only to a mortal's thinking") roused me to effort, and stimulated me to action. I saw a wide field for usefulness open, one in which a sainted parent, and many others, had laboured before me; and, earnestly seeking *something to do,* with ardent zeal I determined to go and do likewise. My soul thirsted for usefulness; and the prospect of being an instrument of good to some poor benighted wanderer, encouraged me in the pursuit; and forthwith I planned various schemes to "*water,*" as well as scatter, the "seed," and soon found "*plenty to do.*"

But as a labourer cannot work without his necessary tools, so means were requisite to carry

out the purposes of my heart: and here I would record with gratitude that very hearty encouragement was given by Christian friends. "Here a little and there a little" was generously bestowed, kind words were spoken, and the right hand of fellowship sincerely offered. Cheering, indeed, is it to work with those who manifest, by their daily walk and conduct, that they acknowledge but one Master, one Shepherd, and but one fold.

It is to the kind liberality of resident friends and visitors that I am chiefly indebted for the means of carrying out plans of usefulness; for from time to time donations, unasked of men, were forthcoming, with hearty good-will and desired success. Many, alas! of those early subscribers and well-wishers are no longer inhabitants of this lower world; "time steals them from us," and they are gone! But we rejoice to say, though *they* have passed away, liberality still exists, and a ready willingness to further the humble endeavours of all who aim at the glory of God and the good of men. Phil. iv. 6 was a source of great comfort: "Be careful for nothing; but in *everything* by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests *be made known unto God.*"

The words uttered by our Divine Master, as He gazed on the fruitful fields, "white unto the

harvest," may truly and significantly be used with regard to the work of God in France. "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few." This is a well-known fact. France is now, we would fain hope, "stretching out her hands to God;" and in many places the cry is very urgent, "Come over, and help us!" Alas, that we do not more earnestly, more importunately implore, both in public and in private, "the Lord of the harvest, that He would send," yea, thrust forth, "labourers into His harvest!" We want more *steady, active, self-denying* labourers, who are ready and willing to work untiringly, "through evil and through good report," through frequent discouragements, (known only to those who, in a spiritual sense, are acquainted with France and its people,) and also often through great deception. We want more of the "celestial fire," more of that love which ever prompts to action, and which "beareth *all* things." Our zeal, in a cause like this, "must not be like the torch blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched; but like the serene chastened light, which burns as safely in the day of the east wind as in the serenest atmosphere."

One thing was wanting ere I could fully enter upon the work, and carry out the purposes of my heart. That was, some sister in Christ who would

prove a fellow-worker with me; one who would not shrink from entering the dwellings of the poor, the sick, and the dying. *This* difficulty was *laid before the Lord,* and a speedy removal of it was the blessed result.

> "'Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
> Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy.'
> In truth it 'availeth much.'"

One day a pious young lady, quite a stranger, called upon us, requesting a list of poor people whom she might visit. With all the ardour of a warm and fervent spirit, she solicited me with clasped hands and touching earnestness to give her *something to do.* Her whole soul was in the work, and her very language that of intense desire. "Here am I, send me," was the burden of her song. On beholding her zeal I was much affected, and with gratitude, mingled with astonishment, I listened to her earnest petition, and then told her what I myself waited for. We then, with sentiments better understood than described, received and welcomed each other in the name of the Lord, feeling assured that He who had given us the desire "to spend and to be spent for Him," would Himself be with us to influence and bless.

Furnished with tracts, and a few little comforts for the sick, we started on our errand of mercy,

and soon found much to stimulate us to greater exertion. Sad tales of woe and many bitter complaints often greeted our ears, while the dark superstition of the French, and gross ignorance of the English, greatly affected us. I well remember one particular visit that we paid in the fishing town to a poor widow, whose spirit was bowed down through bereavement and want, and how confidently and composedly she spoke of her belief in purgatory. My friend sat on a low stool beside her, (for chairs were scarce in that humble dwelling,) and in a gentle manner and loving spirit directed the widow's attention to "*Jesus Christ*, who suffered death upon the cross for our redemption; and made there, by His *one* oblation of Himself once offered, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world,"—as the *only* means whereby we may obtain mercy. How earnestly Matilda pleaded, and how tenderly she wrestled, even as a gentle child will strive with a fond parent, to bring the poor woman to Jesus! but it was hard work. She rested her hopes of salvation, both for herself and her departed husband, on numbered prayers and the supposed intercession of saints; while *Christ crucified*, though believed in, was considered beyond reach, unless approached by means of the

good offices of a sinner ransomed by His own most precious blood!

O Christian friends! you who long for the speedy conversion of all the sons and daughters of Adam, who groan under the weight of sacred responsibility, and, it may be, in times of reflection and holy thought, yearn for *something to do*, remember France in your prayers; plead with God for those who labour either in the Church or by the wayside; pray that the scattered seed may take root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

For some time Matilda and I worked happily together, (for "the love of Christ constrained us,") experiencing the service of God to be perfect freedom, His "yoke easy" and His "burden light." Of fruit and blessed results proceeding from these visits I cannot speak; *that* must be left with Him who searcheth the heart; our calling was to work, not anticipate; the increase belonged to God.

The society and friendship of my friend powerfully influenced and deeply affected me. She was simple as a child, yet touchingly earnest, and, when directing a sinner to the Saviour, "heaven beamed in her eye," while every "gesture" bore "dignity and love." She was a true "help-

mate," and one who was constantly desiring and seeking the Divine blessing. God appeared in all her thoughts, while her one aim and ambition was, His glory. But this boon, like every earthly spring of happiness, was only for a time. In a few weeks I was brought yet once more to experience how uncertain are *all* human things. Matilda left Boulogne. (Alas, we are subject to such changes. To-day our friends are labouring with us, and to-morrow they are gone!) Truly

> "Our cares are all To-day; our joys are all To-day;
> And in one little word, our life, what is it, but—To-day?"

But though she has left this part of the vineyard, she has not left the mission field; *that* extends o'er all the earth abroad: heathen hearts abound in every land, sinners throng the homes of happy England; and though she labours not in person with us, she is still seeking to bring sinners to Jesus. *Her memory is blessed.* May Heaven prosper her every effort! and when we have both performed our appointed task on earth, may we greet each other on the "eternal shore," and, with that "innumerable company which no man can number," exclaim with gratitude, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be all the glory!"

But amid these new scenes of lively interest on which I had so joyously entered, memory oftentimes reminded me of the friends I had left in my early home, of companions never to be forgotten.

> "Dreams of the past *will* murmur in the soul
> Even in its wildest, most fantastic moods:
> Dreams of our childhood's hours, of joy and hope,
> Dwell in the soul through years of grief and pain."

Among other things fresh in retentive memory was the little sanctuary where we worshipped in the quiet village. This sacred place reminded me of many precious Bethel-like seasons enjoyed within its walls, of fellow pilgrims who therein assembled, and of the pious dead. These all found a hearty welcome, though other friends and other scenes greeted my eye and ear. And now, if my readers will pardon this digression, and follow me awhile, I will take them to the heights of my island home, one of those beautiful "Channel Islands," a picturesque and sunny spot well known in church history for its pious records, and perhaps still better to many "English hearts and English homes," that have gladly found among its verdant hills and valleys a quiet resting-place; and, while there, we will dwell upon the past, the "*unrelenting past*."

Among that well-remembered band of early

associates, stands one on whose memory my spirit loves to linger, one who, ere I left my native isle, was numbered with the dead. When I first knew him, he was in the full prime of life; a young wife and happy children surrounded him, among whom he lived, the loved and cherished but sorely stricken one, preparing and ripening from day to day for the Canaan above. It was my privilege during his last illness to make several visits to the chamber of death; they were visits to be remembered; and methinks I see him now, pillowed up in an easy chair, his pale and emaciated face lighted up with a smile which told of inward peace, while with outstretched but trembling hands he welcomed a Christian friend. Heavenly serenity rested on his brow while he spoke of his departure hence; there was the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt peace; there was the presence and the grace of God. The prospect before him appeared unclouded, the "crown of glory" by faith was grasped; and exulting in hope, "sure and certain hope," he looked forward rejoicing in that *he knew* in *whom* he had believed. O how peaceful was that chamber, how calm that latter end! No anxious fear, no uncertain hope or dreaded future. All, all was peace. As I stood gazing upon him one day, while his glassy eyes

were raised heavenward in joyful hope and glorious anticipations both for himself and all the redeemed, I experienced how truly "privileged" is the "chamber where the good man meets his fate," how *near* it is "the verge of heaven." For some weeks my friend lingered amid great languor and prostration of strength, during which time he appeared to live as on the very threshold of the invisible world, breathing the holy atmosphere of heaven. At length our last meeting came, and the final "Farewell" was given; while, "*We soon shall meet again,*" was falteringly yet significantly added. When I saw him again, his eye was fixed, and his heart quiet and still,—all was silence, —no word was spoken, no look of gratitude bestowed—I was with the dead.

Years have rolled away since our last interview; many changes have taken place; other friends have been mine; yet "the dear, familiar faces I have somewhile loved on earth," whom I ne'er again shall see, will *never be forgotten.*

I have yet one more companion of bygone days to dwell upon; and then I must, at least for a time, draw the curtain, and dwell only on past and passing events connected with Boulogne-sur-Mer.

The following memorial is one I would affectionately offer to the young, as worthy their notice

and prayerful imitation. It is that of a young girl, who became, through the hasty and violent passion of a schoolfellow, the subject of severe and lasting affliction. The circumstance that roused the anger of Julia was slight and accidental. Her dress had been unintentionally trod on by her young companion, whom she, in the heat of temper, suddenly pushed down the stairs. Thus, in a moment, the agility of Agnes was blighted, and the once light-hearted girl became, in the sunny days of youth, a confirmed invalid, and remains, we fear, a cripple for life! But, though thus afflicted, and (speaking after the fashion of this world) by the hand of a fellow-creature, Agnes never murmurs, nor thinks it hard to be thus laid by, a burden to herself, and cause of tender anxiety to others. The "fountain of perpetual peace" is there; around and beneath her are the everlasting arms; and, safe in the "cleft of the rock," she is kept from all "impending harm." No word of complaint escapes her lips: no repining against the will of Heaven, or unkind expression towards the one who had been the cause of all her suffering. No; "Himself hath done it," and "His will be done," is the language of her loving heart. From day to day, she lies on her little couch, passive, resigned, and even happy;

possessing, in a high degree, the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Often have I sat, in wondering silence, by her side, listening to her soft and gentle voice, while, with animated countenance, she told of the peace she enjoyed, the consolations of religion, and the assurance she had that "all things" would "work together" for her "good." "I cannot murmur, I dare not complain," she would say; "for all has been wisely permitted by my Father in heaven, and this affliction *has been sanctified.*" Here was true submission, living faith, holy trust; and in the quiet of that lonely chamber, lying on her snow-white bed, with her face as pale as death, Agnes is "a burning and a shining light," a living testimony to the power and grace of God. This is a true picture, an *un*coloured memorial, an unaffected story. Much more might be said, but enough, at least for the present, has been given; and we would fain hope that the patience and love of Agnes, experienced and displayed in her daily walk and suffering, will inspire others, and excite them to seek that grace which to all mankind is free.

O ye, whose hearts are stricken,—ye, whose spirits are broken,—ye, who bend under the weight of heavy affliction, and refuse all manner

of comfort, whether human or Divine,—think of this young creature: behold her in her youth and loveliness, take note of her pious resignation, and pray that you, too, may experience the "grace" of Christ to be "sufficient" for you.

Dear readers, will you permit a stranger, an unknown but sincere friend, to invite, urge, and entreat you to reflect on these things? Pause for a moment, and ask, What is it that enables Agnes to be cheerful and happy, in the midst of so many privations? What causes that sweet smile to play on her pale face, while passing through so much suffering? Why does she not murmur? Why? because the love of Christ is burning upon the altar of her heart. He is her *all;* and, as she travels on through the wilderness of this world, she "leaneth on her Beloved." He is the spring of all her joys, and the soother of all her sorrows; her every care she casts on Him, who is mighty to save; and, instead of dwelling on *trials,* she enumerates *mercies,* and gives glory to God.

How is it with you, Christian reader? Is *Jesus* the "anchor" of your "hope," your refuge in sorrow, your joy in prosperity, your all in all? If so, then speed on your way; and may the God in whom you trust, bless and prosper you; and may your "path" be that of "the just, which is as the

shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The heavenly race is before you: "so run, that ye may obtain." But if you have not yet "tasted that the Lord is gracious," or found the Friend of sinners to be *your* Saviour, then suffer the word of exhortation; and ere the bloom of youth has passed away, ere the hour of trial and the day of adversity come, O, make your peace with God, secure the pardon and the smile of Heaven. Go, my friend, and ask to be forgiven.

Chapter ii.

"Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other."

No watering-place has, I think, been more minutely scrutinized, or more hardly dealt with, than Boulogne. Strangers resident for a short time, and daily visitors, are often heard loudly pronouncing, with English freedom, their admiration of, or dislike to, the place and its people. Some of our visitors hurry across the Channel to get a few hours' insight into the manners and customs of the natives; and then hasten back with lofty bearing, to tell of the wonderful things they have seen and heard on the Continent, often representing them highly coloured by a lively and fertile imagination, or sadly marred by disparagement. Some are pleased with all they see; and admire, as they walk the streets, the smiling faces of the peasantry, who wear in this place, as throughout France, neat white caps, (and, with few exceptions, *un*tattered garments,) the bright, clear atmosphere, and the marble pavement on which they tread; while others are satisfied with nothing, and protest, in a weak, uncivilized manner, their dislike and hatred to the country and its people.

"What have you to boast of," say these discontented travellers, "but straight roads, rugged streets, *ragoût* fare, and comfortless dwellings? There is nothing in France worth comparing with the scenery and comforts of old England!" To these ungracious wanderers, whose mental capacities are so fettered and blinded by national pride and national love, that they cannot behold with pleasure the unquestionable attractions and glory of other lands, to these we would say, *Remain at home,* and enjoy to your heart's content the rural scenes of your own dear native land; listen to the merry peals of the village bells, and wander gaily o'er hill and dale, meadow and plain of proud Albion's greensward heights: but come not to a foreign shore, to find fault with the place and its inhabitants, or compare the manners and customs of the people with those of your own most highly favoured land; or it may be some friendly schoolboy, from one of your own National Schools, may whisper significantly in your ears, as he passes you by with a smile, a nod, and a push, "Comparisons are odious."

Doubtless, all our visitors have seen the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Boulogne; but, probably, many of our readers are not acquainted with its fabulous history. The following record, full of

Popish superstition, will be perused with painful interest.

The ancient church of Notre Dame, (which, in the year 1793, was destroyed by fire,) on whose site the new cathedral is now being erected, owes its existence, we are told, to a miracle; which is commemorated each succeeding year in and through the streets of Boulogne. The fictitious history informs us that, "about the year 636, a company of devout and faithful people were one day assembled for prayer in a chapel in the Upper Town, which, at that period, was a wild place, covered over with brushwood and seaweeds; while they were employed in their devotions, the Blessed Virgin appeared to them; and, with the mixture of majesty and sweetness inseparable from her person, she informed them that a vessel was in the roads, bearing her image, which she wished to see placed where they were then assembled. She proceeded to point out to them a spot where, in digging, they would find materials to build a church more fit for her worship than the humble chapel they then attended. The people immediately ran in great surprise to the port. The sea was calm, and a brilliant light beamed round a vessel; which, without sails, without steam, without oars, and without men, approached the shore!

They boarded it with that fervour which such a scene must inspire, and found in it a wooden image of the Holy Virgin, three feet and a half high, bearing the infant Jesus on her left arm." This image, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, was carried over to England, but was again restored to France; "and the joy of the people," says our historian, "exceeded that of the Israelites when they beheld the ark of the covenant restored by the Philistines; for they welcomed back a holy image, whose glory had been eclipsed for seven years in an infidel land!" The image of which such a marvellous story is told, may be seen in the church of St. Joseph, which is situated in the Upper Town. "The Virgin is represented in a boat, surrounded by waves and silver fishes; holding, in her right hand, a golden heart, and an image of the infant Jesus."

Such is the fabulous history of the cathedral of this city; and such is the superstitious veneration of the people, that they annually commemorate the Virgin's reported visit to Boulogne, and carry through the town the little boat and image, decorated with ribbons, flags, fruit, and flowers; while the Priests, in rich attire, men, women, and children, arranged in ranks and order, precede and follow in solemn yet childish procession.

Christian friends, what shall we say to these things? What can we do for this people? O, if your hearts be right with God, plead their cause, plead their speedy release from the thraldom and darkness of Popery; and, when you visit the Continent, bring your Protestant faith and pious example with you, that the people may take knowledge of you, and believe that your religion is that of the heart, and what you sometimes preach to them, you practise yourself. We regret that so many English visitors seem to have little else to do than admire or condemn, censure or applaud, what they from day to day behold. Are we to stand, and with idle curiosity gaze *unmoved* on what passes both *in* the church and *out of* the church,—rush here and there in high excited glee to "see the procession," or listen to "cathedral music," and then return home to the family circle; where, with lifted eyes and long-drawn sighs, we descant largely on the whole, bewailing the idolatry and blindness of the people of France? Christian friends, is this *all* that we have to do? Alas! alas! it is all that many of our visitors find to do. Mourners and admirers, holding the Protestant faith, are to be seen in most of the special services of the Romish Church, simply with a view to hear and see what is going on. If the sight should

lead to sober reflection, pious effort, gratitude, and earnest prayer for the salvation of this people, then should we indeed rejoice; but we fear that real good is seldom if ever the result.

Again, what shall we do? or rather, *What are we doing?*

Boulogne is one of those highly favoured places where the destitute and afflicted are sought out and tenderly cared for; where French and English, Protestant and Romanist, are alike visited and relieved. Many private individuals go about, in an unostentatious manner, offering spiritual consolation and temporal relief to their fellow-creatures; and though they have often been grossly deceived, especially by our own poor people, they still labour on, and are truly worthy of imitation. On this subject we might enlarge, giving details of cases which have come under our own notice, of the melancholy state in which our English poor are found on the Continent, their depravity and immorality; proving thereby that Boulogne offers plenty to do, both spiritually and temporally, to all who desire work. By and bye we shall have occasion to take up this theme, which will give our readers a little insight into *what* we are doing.

Among other good things in connexion with this place, there is a charitable fund for the relief

of British subjects, who are assisted without reference to their creed. The Committee of this truly benevolent institution earnestly entreat the British residents and visitors to come forward and help them in this their labour of love, in order that they may continue to afford to the British poor that aid and relief which their circumstances of distress so urgently require. "Donations of wearing apparel" are also thankfully received by the Committee. Charitable friends of England! how gladly would this institution, and also many private individuals who labour for the good of others, welcome to the shore of Boulogne a box of useful articles, such as is often sent to our Missionaries abroad! A small case of warm winter garments, stockings, cotton shirts, and flannels, would be more truly welcomed to this town than ever was the image of the sainted Virgin; and a far brighter glory would rest upon the head and heart of the kind donor, than ever shone around *her* shrine. O ye who really seek something to do, come forward and help us; help us with your prayers; help us with your *blessing*. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."

We will now visit the town and some of the neighbouring villages, as our readers at home may

feel interested in a place so frequented and generally admired by their own people.

Boulogne is divided into two parts, the Upper and the Lower Towns, both connected by a steep street (the Grande Rue). The Upper Town, built on the summit of an eminence, is still encircled with its feudal ramparts, and entered by three arched gateways. Formerly it was of great importance, and, before it was encompassed with walls, extended farther in the direction of St. Martin. The ramparts, which are built of stone, were erected by Philip of France, Count of Boulogne, in 1231; they rise about fifty feet in height, and the walls are flanked with semicircular bastions. The inner ramparts, which are ornamented with a double row of trees, afford in summer a most delightful promenade, and command a view consisting of a varied and picturesque country, a number of flower gardens under the walls, Capécure and the river Liane, with a chain of hills on each side, the Lower Town, the column, the sea; and, in fine weather, the coast of England is most distinctly perceived.

The Lower Town is partly situated upon declivities, stretching down from the ramparts and the slopes of the hills which line the harbour, and extends in a valley along the river Liane, to the

extremity of the Rue Royale. Its position is particularly healthy, and it enjoys a south-western aspect.

At the top of the Grande Rue is a sort of garden called the Esplanade, in the centre of which there is a marble basin, intended originally for a fountain, with a pedestal supporting a bust in bronze of Henry II. It was erected in honour of this Monarch, to commemorate the delivering up of Boulogne by the English in 1550.

Capécure, on the other side of the bridge, is a place of great resort in summer, and possesses many walks pleasingly interspersed with cottages and villas. In entering the Rue Damrémont, opposite the Rue Constantine, may be seen the *Château de Capécure,* which was inhabited by James II., after his escape from England. In 1854, Napoleon III. and the Empress fixed their residence for a few weeks there also; and the Emperor received in this very château the visits of Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, and the King of Portugal. When our most gracious Queen Victoria and her royal family came to Boulogne in 1855, they occupied the Pavillon Impérial, which is close to the beach. It was at Capécure that the peace was signed between France and England, under the Kings Henry II. and

Edward VI., in 1550, when Boulogne was delivered up to the French Monarch. Capécure has lately become quite a manufacturing place; it contains two spinning mills, glass works, iron works, foundries, factories for steel pens, steel and iron tools, &c.

"Napoleon's monument" is the next object that we will visit. This "monument was voted and offered by the Grand Army to Napoleon, as an expression of their esteem for the man who had so often led them to victory; and it was particularly designed to perpetuate the memory of the institution of the Légion d'Honneur. During the stay of the troops at Boulogne, each soldier contributed a portion of his pay towards the expenses of the monument. The column is of the composite order; it rises to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and is twelve in diameter. Its pedestal is adorned with military trophies, and the top with a bronze statue of Napoleon, arrayed in imperial robes, with the order of the Legion of Honour in one hand, and the sceptre in the other. The statue was placed there under the reign of Louis Philippe."

Before reaching Napoleon's monument, a very curious little chapel is to be seen at the hamlet, called Jésus-Flagellé (Jesus scourged). It is visited, besides fishermen, by various persons

afflicted with diseases, who perform pilgrimages thither. This little chapel is rather picturesque and singular in the manner in which it is decorated. The walls are covered with a number of images of saints and other ornaments, offered by the fishermen; and near the door are two chests containing crutches, staffs, bandages, &c., which, *it is said,* were left by those who have been *miraculously cured!*

The forest of Hardelot, situated about nine miles from Boulogne, is one of the most ancient in this part of France. It was in this forest that the Boulognais, after the taking of the town by Henry VIII., came to reside, till they were recalled to Boulogne at the time of its restoration. "It will not perhaps be uninteresting to the reader," says Brunet, "if we relate the history of a young English sailor, who concealed himself in this forest during the encampment of the army of Napoleon at Boulogne. This young man, having succeeded in escaping from one of the prisons in the interior of the country, lived for some time in the forest of Hardelot, enduring privations of the most cruel kind. Being inspired with the hope of returning to his own country, he built the framework of a small boat, twelve feet long, and four feet broad, formed of branches of trees, which he

joined together by strips of flexible bark. This he covered with canvass or pieces of linen, which he had furtively carried off from the neighbouring farm-houses, and which he had rendered water-proof by some resinous preparation he had found the means of procuring in the forest. He had resolved to attempt crossing the Straits of Dover in this frail construction, if he should not be fortunate enough to fall in with some English vessel after he had commenced his hazardous enterprise. In this hope he daily ascended one of the loftiest trees in the forest, and anxiously watched for the appearance of some friendly sail. At length, having descried a brig at no great distance from the land, he hastened to the shore, bearing with him his little vessel; but at the moment he was launching it into the water, he was arrested as a spy, and carried to Boulogne. Napoleon, having been informed of the circumstances, ordered the young man, whose courage he could not but admire, to be brought before him; and when the Emperor found that the desire of once more seeing a poor and infirm mother, for whom he entertained the warmest filial affection, had been the principal motive that had stimulated the adventurous youth to make the effort in which he had so cruelly failed, an immediate order was given for

his liberation. By Napoleon's command, the sailor was furnished with money and clothes, (for he was almost naked,) and means were instantly taken to facilitate his embarkation for England."

There are many other places of note not mentioned here, well worth visiting, both in and about Boulogne, places historically interesting; but as the object of this work is not to give a definite description of the city and its environs, but a little insight into what we are doing, we will pass on to other subjects.

I was one day actively employed with pen and paper, when my father entered the room, exclaiming with playful curiosity, as he looked from me to the papers, "*What are you doing?*"

"Writing a book," I significantly answered.

"And are you going to give an account of French Protestantism in Boulogne?"

"Not exactly," I carelessly replied; "I do not know how to get the particulars."

My father, seeing me hesitate, said, "I can give you all you want."

After serious reflection, I thought I would take him at his word. I did so, and from the above trifling circumstance the following account of the introduction of French Protestantism into this

city, and of the formation of a Wesleyan Church, is the result.

In the year 1833 the Rev. J. Mole and the Rev. R. Newstead, both excellent Ministers, visited Boulogne, and, finding a small company "whose hearts God had touched," they opened in various places religious worship. For a considerable time these meetings were held in boarding-houses, hotels, private rooms, and wherever a place could be had. When one was occupied, they went to another; and though they had but occasionally the word preached unto them, (as both Ministers had their own flock to watch over,) yet this infant cause held on its way; while a spirit of holy love and Christian sympathy united them together in the bond of peace. This was truly "the day of small things;" yet God was with them, and "so mightily grew the word and prevailed."

At this period there were but two English churches in Boulogne, one in the Upper, the other in the Lower Town; but no French Protestant place of worship existed, and but few Protestants were known.

In process of time an old *theatre*, situated in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, which will accommodate five hundred persons, was obtained, and fitted up as a place of religious worship: and in the

month of July, 1834, it was publicly opened, and solemnly dedicated to the service of God, by the Rev. J. Mole of Calais, and the Rev. John Fordred of Dover. These two devoted servants of Christ have long since been called from the Church militant to the Church triumphant; "they rest from their labours," yet "their works" still "follow them."

Not having had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Fordred, I can only mention his name; but having been personally acquainted with Mr. Mole, and enjoyed his friendship, and for a time his ministry, I can write freely of him, as of one whom I have known and very highly esteemed. He was not what is usually termed a popular or a talented Minister; but his sermons were marked by simplicity and earnestness. He was a great lover of the young, and devoted much of his time and attention to them. Wherever he went, he appeared to have a special mission to the "lambs of the flock;" the little children would gather round him, and give him various tokens of a hearty welcome. As a visitor among his people, he was particularly useful and highly appreciated.

During Mr. Mole's residence in Boulogne, his ministry was owned of God and made a blessing to many, but perhaps to none more effectively

than to a Sunday School child about eight years of age. This little girl became very much interested in all the services at the chapel, even that of the Friday night Prayer-meeting; and so anxious was she to be in time that she was often found to be the first, waiting with book in hand, eager to sing the praises of God; and frequently, as soon as the hymn was given out, she would begin to lisp her Maker's praise, heedless whether the tune suited or not. Her young heart was full of love to her Saviour; but her poor mother was unconcerned both about her own salvation and that of her child, and so indifferent to the observance of God's holy law, that she would often work at her needle on the Sabbath, and even send the little Sarah to carry the finished garments to her employers; but the child, ashamed to be seen carrying a box or a bundle on the Sabbath day, would hang down her head, and go by unfrequented paths, that she might not be seen in the act of violating the law of God, or working on the day of rest.

A solemn thought here presents itself, dear readers, even a heart-searching question. What will become of those in the great judgment day whose profession of religion, education, and spiritual light have been so much superior and so

much more abundant than was that of this little child, but who, *on a foreign shore, shake off responsibility*, and drink-in pleasure, folly, and sin with alarming avidity, heedless of the "*all-seeing eye*," the voice of conscience, or the command of God? What saith the Scripture? "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." Alas! it is but too true that many on touching the soil of France appear to leave their religion at home, with the intention, it may be, of taking it up again (at least the *profession* of it) on their return. "Is such a religion," we ask, "worth having?" "Be not deceived, God is not mocked." When you visit the Continent, bring your religion with you, stand forth as soldiers of *Christ*, and be not ashamed of the Captain you profess to serve. "Ought not Christian professors," writes a friend on this particular subject, "to return from their continental tour or sojourn in some watering-place, feeling not only invigorated in health and spirits, but also with the consciousness that they have received spiritual advantage, and have endeavoured to do good, rather than with painful misgivings and

newly acquired guilt? Psalm cxxxix. may be recommended as a portion of God's word which, if 'hid in the heart,' may preserve us in the hour and power of temptation."

"Cases have not been infrequent," writes the same friend, "in which one professor, led by curiosity to questionable places of amusement, has been somewhat chagrined to find some one he knew when he hoped he might have remained '*little and unknown.*' And as the proverb was taken up against the King of Babylon when 'the oppressor' entered Hades, 'Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?' so might *such* professors address each other, 'What, my friend! my brother! my sister! are we here? Have we so learned Christ?'" These things ought not so to be. But, to return to our narrative:—

One morning, the mother of little Sarah, hearing a noise in an adjoining room before daylight, inquired who was there? To her great surprise she found it was her child, trying at that early hour to light the fire, in order that her mother might be better able to go to the house of God. Through the earnest pleading of Sarah, who did her little utmost to bring her parent to Jesus, her mother was prevailed upon to go to the chapel; and O, how did the heart of the child leap for joy,

when, clasping her mother's hand, they walked together to the house of prayer! But this was of short duration; for Sarah was called to an early grave. She was taken ill with fever, and for about a fortnight suffered. Throughout the whole of her illness she was filled with peace, hope, and love: the praises of her God were continually on her lips, and she would often joyfully exclaim, "I am going to heaven." She is now there.

> "O, happy, happy country! where
> There entereth not a sin;
> And death, who keeps its portals fair,
> May never once come in."

As on earth, so in heaven, children will cry, "Hosanna to His name."

As soon as the Wesleyan Church was open for English service, we were glad to make an attempt to introduce the Gospel in the *French* language also. Alternately Messrs. Renier, Hocart, and Le Lièvre came from Calais, and preached to large congregations on a Thursday evening. The people appeared anxious to have the word preached unto them, and at this time there was every prospect of forming a congregation, and a French cause. My father receiving an appointment to Boulogne in 1836, he introduced, in addition to his English work, regular French worship once a week, and

frequently preached to a congregation of sixty or seventy persons.

It was under the ministry of M. Le Lièvre, whose labours were specially owned of God, that several persons were awakened and became in earnest for salvation, some of whom, we rejoice to say, hold on their way, while others, it is to be feared, retain not the fervour and zeal of "first love."

On my father's removal to Paris, I do not find that the French service was regularly kept up; nor was it perhaps absolutely necessary, seeing Monsieur Poulain, a French Pastor, had settled at Boulogne, and held service in his own house every Sunday. It was earnestly hoped, at that time, that much good would have been effected among the French people. M. Poulain built a church, which was encumbered with debt, and for which many subscriptions and collections were made by Christian friends, both in France and England. The number of French hearers was small; but several English persons attended his ministry, more, it is to be feared, for the sake of hearing the language, than for the sake of hearing "words whereby they might be saved." My father returned to Boulogne in 1852; he again, for a time, opened a French service once a week in the

schoolroom. In 1854, there were four large camps situated at a short distance from the town, and great exertions were made to circulate the Scriptures among the soldiers. English and Irish friends came forward; and, through their liberal contributions and exertions, an interesting work was carried on. Four *colporteurs* were employed, who were occupied in visiting the soldiers in their huts, and distributing among them a great number of Bibles, Testaments, religious books, and tracts. The efforts of one of these *colporteurs* have been particularly successful. Through many difficulties and obstacles, various small meetings were held at the camp. Scripture classes, private conversations, instruction in reading and writing, with expositions of the sacred Scriptures, were from time to time carried on. Several of the soldiers would meet together in Monsieur D.'s tent, and, seated around the little table, would each in turn read a portion of the word of God. "One morning," says Monsieur D., "more than forty soldiers presented themselves for the reading; but, not having room enough, I was obliged to send some away." More than a thousand copies of the New Testament were distributed, and some hundred Bibles; a few were purchased, but the greater part was freely

given to the soldiers. It is to be hoped that such a large amount of labour as was then bestowed, and the circulation of so many copies of the word of God, produced some good effects, and brought forth fruit: that, however, must be left to a future day. It is "ours to labour, it is God's to bless."

At length, the camps were removed; and, for about a twelvemonth after, Monsieur D. kept up a considerable and interesting correspondence with some of the officers and soldiers; but "that," says he, "has now ceased, and I henceforth leave the seed which I have sown with so much care to my Father in heaven: He only can give the increase." May the "former and the latter rain" descend upon this precious seed, may a rich and abundant harvest be the result, and may many rise up in the great resurrection morn, who shall attribute their knowledge of Christ, and their eternal happiness, to the instrumentality of this mission to the camps! Monsieur D. still remains in Boulogne; and has opened, through the aid of friends in England, a Protestant book shop. He is of the Baptist persuasion, and lectures every Sabbath day in his own house to about eighteen persons.

The church built by Monsieur Poulain has now passed into the hands of the Central Committee.

Several English ladies having collected about £600, and paid off the debt, a Minister, Pastor of the French Protestant National Church, has been appointed, and is now endeavouring to raise a congregation. Let all who feel any interest in the work in Boulogne bid him "God speed," and pray that a blessing may follow his labours.

The number of French Protestants in this city is supposed to be about one hundred; and it is much to be regretted and mourned over, that there has been some lack of Christian love and union. But as to this we may hope a brighter day has begun to dawn upon us. This, on several accounts, is much to be desired; but chiefly because of the example it will set before the native population, who might otherwise exclaim, "Is this Protestantism?"

It has been asked, "Is not the oneness of the Church of Rome, after all, a hollow boast? May not its various orders be compared to the different sections among Protestants?" If so, we reply, then it is high time for both Ministers and people, holding the Protestant faith, to put things in order, so that *all men* may *see* that they are *Christ's* disciples by their oneness of spirit and love to each other.

The *English* places of worship *now* existing in

Boulogne are, the Episcopalian Church in the High Town, that in the Rue du Temple, also Rue de la Lampe, and Rue Royale. The Wesleyan Church is still in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie. In *French*, the Church in the Tintelleries.

With regard to the weekly attendance at the different English Churches, I am not prepared to give an account; but, gathering some information from friends who are in the habit of attending these places of worship, I should say that the congregations are good, and present to each Pastor a beautiful yet a solemn opportunity of proclaiming salvation, and enforcing the truth as it is in Jesus.

In the Wesleyan Church, the congregations are excellent; being generally full during the season, and remarkably serious and attentive. It is hoped that the ministry is owned of God and blessed. May we not say that *it is*, and that fruit *has* appeared? Yes, blessed be God, many poor labouring sin-sick souls have there tasted that the Lord is gracious; and, within the walls of that sanctuary, have felt the presence and the peace of God: many, too, who came to this city in search of health of body, have also obtained "saving health." May a large increase be given, not only here, but to *all* the Churches! and may the

Spirit be increasingly poured out, yea, may a very "copious shower" descend, and, in the spirit of our common Lord, may Pastors and people unite together in making known a Saviour's love,

"To earth's remotest bounds!"

This is but an outline of the French and English cause in Boulogne. Much more might be said, but we think it better to state simple facts, without addition or comment, just as they really are and have been, and leave the whole matter with God.

May the friends of Missions remember this city in their prayers, and may visitors and residents, professing the Protestant faith, be true to their colours, to themselves, and to their God!

Chapter iii.

"There be deeper things than these, lying in the twilight of truth."

HEARING a great noise, early one Sunday morning, just below my bed-room window, and having been previously informed that the Fête of the "*bon Dieu*" was going that day to be celebrated, I hastened to see what was going on, and soon beheld a scene indeed. A noisy carpenter, with hammer and nails, was hard at work completing the erection of a platform in the street, on which he most vigorously laboured, even as though he considered he was doing God service. By his side stood the quiet painter, with vessel and brush, ready for operations; while, a little beyond, were men erecting high poles, which were afterwards ornamented with flags. Garlands of artificial flowers and evergreens were to be suspended from these poles, forming small arches. The men were very intent upon their work, and evidently anxious that the effect should be good; for they walked from time to time, at certain distances, beholding with pleasure the labour of their hands. In process of time, the platform was completed, the poles were hoisted, and the altar raised; then a rich carpet

was laid down, and the altar ornamented with broad lace, natural flowers, silver crosses, a small image of the Virgin, and a variety of other things too insignificant to pen. All that could attract or please the eye seemed done, and the labourer appeared to rejoice in his work; yet vanity and littleness, coupled with the open transgression of the command of God, were so plainly stamped upon the whole, that, while I beheld, hard thoughts passed through my mind. Yet let us not be severe, but call to mind the exhortation of a pious writer, who, in her "Earnest and affectionate Appeal to Protestant English Ladies visiting France," says, "Ah! judge not harshly. The Scriptures are unknown: pity our poor people!"

Yes, truly, the Scriptures are *not* known; and though the Bible Society, in one year, circulated throughout France more than 20,000 Bibles, and more than 92,000 Testaments, still the sacred Scriptures are not *generally known.* In the Twenty-sixth Report of the Bible Society of Paris, which is under the Presidency of Monsieur de Gasparin, the following paragraph will show that this is but too true:—

"There are a great many persons among our people, who are absolutely ignorant of the meaning of the word 'Bible;' others attach most extraordi-

nary meaning to it: for instance, an intelligent woman refused to buy a Bible, which one of our *colporteurs* offered her, 'Because she knew,' said she, 'that the true Bible did not exist,—that it had been burnt.'" Again: "A man, who had bought a New Testament, meeting some days after the *colporteur* who had sold him the book, exclaimed, '*Ah! c'est un fameux livre que celui-la. Il m'a bien umusé!*'" But to return to the fête. While I stood gazing on the scene before me, the men still laboured; and presently another carpet was brought, and carefully laid down in the street, before the platform. And scattered here and there, not only in the Grande Rue, but in other streets, were private individuals to be seen, mounted on ladders, chairs, and wooden steps, nailing, with solemn gravity, large sheets, or white linen, to the front of their dwellings. And there, among the busy actors, stood our own proprietress, pinning up the curtains belonging to my bedroom, which she had wittingly detained for some special necessity! The whole scene was truly painful to behold, and appeared more like tawdry preparations for a visit from the Emperor, than for the worship of the God of heaven. Alas, that such darkness and superstition should still exist in this enlightened age!

But, in the progress of time, greater resemblance to devotion might be observed; for here and there, among idle spectators, was the humble devotee, slowly approaching the sacred spot, and bending, with reverential awe, before the altar. Near the platform stood the ready firemen, in gay costume, with glittering caps and white gloves, beating, with repeated earnestness, the noisy drum. Presently, all was still,—scarcely a sound was to be heard, even the merry laugh of the men was hushed; and there, in the distance, slowly ascending the hill, were the richly-mantled Priests, with embroidered and flowing robes, surrounded by the holy order, and the little choristers, clothed in scarlet and white, with "*Frères*" and "*Sœurs,*" heard muttering, as they went along, their Latin prayers, while the golden fringe of the Priests' robes, and other ministerial ornaments, glittered in the sunbeams.

And for what was all this parade, noise, and bustle, dear readers? what was the meaning of this fête? The *Fête Dieu,* which is commemorated annually, is the Feast of the Holy Sacrament. The consecrated wafer, which is considered to be the actual body and blood of Christ, is carried in procession, and all the people are expected to fall down on their knees, paying it Divine honours!

It was a sight to melt the heart. "Brethren, pray for us."

But it is time for me to withdraw from this gaudy show, and prepare for more spiritual and congenial worship. To the house of God I therefore repaired, to meet with those who keep holy the Sabbath day: and there, in the quiet of that retreat, I listened to the sacred truths of the Gospel.

> "Should all the forms that men devise
> Assault my faith with treacherous art,
> I'd call them vanity and lies,
> And bind thy Gospel to my heart."

If I mistake not, our Pastor took for his text, "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." And as a tender parent, giving counsel and instruction to his family, so did he appear before his flock, directing the eye of our mind heavenward, and bidding us, by faith, behold our great High Priest above. On his venerable head "the almond tree flourished" in rich profusion; for lengthened days had stamped their seal upon his brow; but the energy and activity of his mind was vigorous as ever, mellowed with the maturity and grace of an old disciple.

In his sermon he directed us to the "*promises*

of God," as being "great and precious," and then to the *duty* incumbent on all. And while he dwelt largely on the promises, presenting them to our minds as a staff on which we might ever lean for support and consolation throughout the whole journey of life, we could not but experience the *accomplishment* of the one contained in the text: "There am I in the midst."

In his application, he said, "You come to the house of God with minds burdened with earthly care, and hearts cast down; you breathe your wishes to the throne; Jehovah hears, and grants unto you the earnest desires of your soul, so that, in the fulness of a glad heart, you remember the promise, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' And think," added he, "of the great condescension of God in not confining Himself to temples made with hands, or to particular forms of worship; for you may offer prayer to your Father above under the wide canopy of the heavens as you traverse the open moor, or beneath the roof of a mud-wall cottage, with the humble few; for even in the meanest dwelling He is there! Then thank Him for the privileges and the liberty you enjoy; that under your 'own vine and fig tree' you may, unmolested, worship the Lord your God: and while you do so, forget

not the promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them.' May we participate *largely* in this holy privilege, remembering what David said, 'A day in thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness.'" Then, with solemn earnestness and sensible emotion, our venerable Pastor exclaimed: "Think of heaven! O, think of the rest beyond the grave, and the friends we there shall meet!

> 'In yon thrice happy seat,
> Waiting for us they are;
> And thou shalt there a husband meet,
> And I a parent there!'

The thought of heaven will cheer us on our way; it will help to detach us from this sinful world, and enable us to fix our eyes more firmly on our Great High Priest."

Surely it was good to be there! Yes, truly so; for our minds were drawn heavenward; and though we beheld "as in a glass darkly," yet we could not but rejoice in the prospect before us, and anticipate with grateful hearts the long promised, long wished for, land of Canaan. May it be the happiness of all who were then present to meet on

that eternal shore, and mayest thou, gentle reader, "whosoe'er thou art," be there likewise!

We will now visit the resting-place of the departed, the Boulogne cemetery, as beneath those clods of foreign soil lie many of our own people, who, "though dead, still speak to us."

Just below the walls of the Upper Town, situated at the end of the Promenade des Petits Arbres, near the St. Omer Road, is the *Cimetière de l'Est*, wherein is a portion of ground devoted to *the English*. This cemetery contains a number of handsome tombs, and is planted with evergreens and flowers, while, interspersed among the graves in the French department, crosses, garlands of moss and immortal flowers, pictures, and petitions, decorate the sacred spot. Here and there you may read inscribed at the head of a grave, "*Priez pour le repos de son âme!*" And not unfrequently are the weeping relatives to be seen kneeling on the green turf, and praying for the repose of the souls of their departed friends.

On the other side of the little hedge which is near the entrance of the cemetery, in the part allotted to the English, is the grave of a child, close by the side of which rest the remains of one who, when youth and manly vigour had passed away, and "the grasshopper" had become "a

burden" to him, was led to the footstool of mercy. I was not personally acquainted with him; but the following particulars, indited by a daughter, will exhibit, as she herself writes, "a striking example of the beneficial effects of early religious instruction."

Mr. ——, whom we will call by the name of Ernest, was the son of pious parents, who brought him up in the fear of God. In youth he allowed himself to be led into sinful practices, and launched into the pleasures and amusements of life, heedless of his Maker and of the judgment to come. It was not until maturity of age had ripened his better feelings, when his hoary head was drooping with the weight of years, and he was fast hastening to the resting-place of all men, that he began to manifest any anxiety about the salvation of his soul.

When quite a lad, Ernest left his home and went to sea. Here the joy of liberty, and the snare of a bold, venturesome spirit, plunged him yet deeper still in folly and sin. Both on sea and land, he was a special favourite, courted and beloved; wherever he went, he was the life of the party; and being the subject of strong impressions, he was very easily led by his companions, who had themselves gone farther than he into the spirit and practice of wild enjoyments. With

them he tasted the poisonous effects of sin, and at last became intoxicated with its empty amusements. From one excess of pleasure he went to another; and though he retained a high sense of honour, yet the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus was considered by him a fetter incompatible with happiness.

It was not until some years after marriage, when his children had grown up, that Ernest expressed dislike for the gaieties of life; and then did his gentle wife, who had herself been brought to see the vanity and emptiness of earthly things, strive to direct him to things spiritual and Divine. Feeling an increasing anxiety for the conversion of her husband, Cecilia one day modestly proposed that he should unite with them in family worship night and morning, and was rejoiced to find that he willingly consented. He soon after manifested a change of conduct, and, when at length "he came to himself," remembered with sorrow the neglected instructions of his pious mother, and earnestly sought the God of his fathers. Thus the many prayers that had been offered for him were not lost; for even at the "eleventh hour" the answer came. May every praying father, and every weeping mother, take courage!

Lucy, the daughter of Ernest, feeling anxious

to encourage the good desires in her father, and seeing that his eyesight had now become dim, offered to read daily to him, hoping by that means to introduce religious books. With this offer he appeared pleased, and gave willing consent. She then went to a library, and selected such works as she thought most calculated to attract and amuse him. After reading these lighter books, she timidly proposed that one half-hour a day should be consecrated to more serious reading. To this he replied, "Just as you like, Lucy;" and she, gladly accepting this sudden permission, sought without delay to carry her desires and plans into practice. A ray of Divine light from that moment seemed to shine about their path, and the blessing of Heaven to rest upon them, while a kind Providence directed the whole. The book she selected was Baxter's "Saint's Everlasting Rest," and that night she read a portion of it to her parents. Her mother was much struck with this sentence, "Those who have not time to read, may gain time by rising earlier in the morning;" and, reflecting within herself, she said, "I will rise earlier, and spend my time in devotion." The day following she rose, according to her decision, with but one object in view, namely, that of her soul's salvation, little thinking her husband re-

quired immediate attention. Turning to cast a tender look of love upon him, whom she supposed to be sleeping by her side, she was alarmed beyond measure on finding him in an apoplectic fit. Proper means were speedily used, and through the tender mercy of God the brittle thread of life was lengthened out a few weeks longer, during which time the Holy Spirit graciously worked upon his subdued mind, and led him to the feet of Jesus.

One day, when Cecilia besought her husband to take more nourishment, saying it might strengthen and perhaps spare him a little longer to prepare for a better world, he calmly replied, "My dear, the time is fast coming when I must go, and I have every reason to think my prayers have been heard and answered." At another time, when asked if he were in pain, he answered, "No, thank you, I am not; but I have been striving to prepare to meet my Saviour in such a way that He will acknowledge me to be His."

After praying by the side of her husband, Cecilia one day anxiously asked, "My dear, do you think you will be saved?" "*I do,*" he replied, and with emphasis added, "*through the blood of Christ.* I am a wretched sinner, Cecilia; but I trust the Lord will pardon me through the merits of our blessed Saviour. I am praying and seeking mercy;

and if I am not accepted, I know it will be my own fault. I *do* hope that He will at last receive me, through the intercession of our blessed Redeemer. Yes, I *do* hope that I shall be saved." Soon after this he fell asleep, and now rests "in yonder peaceful bed."

In the same grave rest the mortal remains of his beloved wife, who, while she strove to lead her husband to the Saviour, sought refuge there herself. Age was then bearing her down with its many infirmities, yet, with earnest vigour, she sought the God of *her* salvation. Many were her virtues; she was one of the most gentle and kind of earth's fair daughters; a sincere and affectionate friend, a tender, loving mother.

I knew her not until the bloom of youth had long passed away, and her grey hairs were falling fast into the grave; but even then she was anxious to do what she could to make all around her happy, manifesting a truly hospitable and generous heart. Frequently would she say, on hearing me express a wish to know how to do some fancy work, in which she greatly excelled, even in her old age, "Come and take tea with me, and I will show you how to do it. Come; I shall be so glad to teach you!" And this, at a time when her eyesight was dim, her hearing greatly impaired

and the countless infirmities of age showed that the "silver cord" could not hold out much longer, and that the "golden bowl" would shortly be "broken at the fountain."

But let it not be supposed that *fancy work* was the great attraction, or the sole motive for our meeting together. Often have we met and conversed on nobler things than this, even on the wonders of redeeming love, and, side by side, knelt at the footstool of mercy, imploring Divine gifts. Ah, well can I remember how often at such meetings she would sit and listen with the meekness of a little child, while I read a portion of the word of God; and when a subject was proposed for conversation, her attentive ear, eager and anxious expression of countenance, showed how greatly she thirsted for holy things. "I want more," she would say; "I want to be made meet for the inheritance above." She panted after Divine instruction, and earnestly sought to be more fully conformed to the image of her Saviour. She grew like a tender plant: I saw the growth, and rejoiced greatly. As a Christian, her character, life, and deportment, from the time I became intimately acquainted with her, cannot be better delineated than in these words, "Sitting at the feet of Jesus."

One evening Cecilia, in an affectionate manner, bade her daughter good night, and retired to rest, apparently in her usual health, though for some time she had been evidently sinking. During the night she was taken suddenly ill, and in a very few hours was in the agonies of death. On the morrow, hearing of her alarming state, I hastened to the house of mourning, feeling anxious to be with my friend in her last moments; but, alas! it was too late; for when I reached her dwelling the spirit had already flown, and Cecilia was numbered with the dead. A placid smile bore tokens of a peaceful end; and though disappointed in not receiving her last blessing, I could not but feel thankful that another weary pilgrim had safely reached the long wished-for shore. Truly solemnized I returned to my own home, there to reflect and meditate on the sudden event, and there to consider that I, too, must die. Cecilia's remains now repose in that quiet resting-place, where "lie interred the more illustrious dead."

Before leaving the cemetery, follow me, dear readers, a little farther, even to the centre of the garden, where, on the left-hand side, surrounded by a few evergreens, is the grave of a beloved Rachel, who died at the advanced age of ninety-four.

Time will not allow me to give a lengthened account of the one before whose grave we now in spirit stand: I must again speak of the latter end of a long earthly career, and introduce Rachel when past the meridian of life, and in the sombre garb of widowhood; for as such she came to Boulogne, accompanied by her little grandson.

Some time previous to her residence on the Continent, the powerful workings of the Holy Spirit had touched the heart of our departed friend, and brought her to know and *feel* herself a sinner. It is thought that the loss of an interesting girl, ten years of age, was the means, under God, of bringing Rachel to a knowledge of the truth. The little Mary was herself a believer in Jesus, and affectionately directed her mother to seek Him who was *her* Saviour and *her* God. One day, a short time previous to her death, seeing her disconsolate parent weeping, she said, "Come and sit down by me, mamma; do not cry, I am going to heaven!" adding, with emphasis, "*I hope I shall meet you there!*"

After the death of this beloved child, Rachel was anxious to secure her own salvation; and, having one night a passage of Scripture strongly impressed on her mind in a dream, from which I believe she afterwards unexpectedly heard a funeral

sermon preached, her desires after God greatly increased; and though we cannot give the particulars as to the time and place when and where she obtained peace through believing, yet we know that, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, she became a resigned and happy Christian, a follower of the lowly Jesus, proving in her daily walk the truth of these words: "A contented mind is a continual feast." Though advanced in life, bereaved and afflicted, she was never dull or melancholy, but always cheerful: in fact, she was one of those happy beings who are enabled to look on the bright side of things, and hope, *cheerfully* hope, in the dark and cloudy day for a yet brighter morrow. Happy widow! submissive Christian! O would that a measure of thy contented spirit were given to some of us who go mourning and lamenting all our days!

Previous to her death, Mrs. B. had several severe illnesses, which brought her at times very low. The last was occasioned by cold, which confined her for about six weeks to her room, during which time it was the privilege of her daughter and grandchildren to watch beside her bed, and read to her portions of God's holy word. Sometimes, fearing she would be fatigued, they asked, "Have you had enough, grandmamma?" To which

she would reply, "I am afraid *you* are tired; but you know I never tire of listening."

Among the intimate friends of Rachel was an old gentleman, a man of the world, who, it is thought, was secretly influenced by her example and happy life. When seated by her side, he has been frequently heard to say, addressing his companion with the familiarity of relationship, "Do talk to me, grandma; you make me so happy." And when he would sometimes complain of uneasy and sleepless nights, she would advise him to learn by heart some of her favourite hymns, that he might repeat them as she did in the silent night; and without delay she began repeating,—

> "When in the night I sleepless lie,
> My soul with heavenly thoughts supply," &c.

At the close of which her ready listener exclaimed, "Say it again, say it again, grandma!" and, opening as it were his whole soul to her, he would confess that he had been "a very bad man;" which confession was met by a speedy direction to the Friend of sinners. "Apply for mercy; for with true repentance there is forgiveness," said his companion, "even for the *chief* of sinners."

What sound advice was this, dear readers! what wise and suitable instruction! And this is the way,

the only way, by which we may obtain mercy. How necessary, then, for us, O how indispensably necessary, that we see to it that *we* have this *true repentance!* A few occasional "feelings" or Sabbath day "frames" are not enough. No! it must be *genuine, earnest, heartfelt* repentance, a yielding up of self, a "looking unto Jesus, who is the Author and the Finisher of our faith." O this "looking unto Jesus," whether on a sleepless couch, or with a weary, burdened spirit, what consolation does it give, yea, what sweet peace!

During the whole of her last illness, Mrs. B. was remarkably calm and "self-possessed," always happy, and in the spirit of praise and thanksgiving. At times she was so weak that she could only listen to the sacred song which was chanted by loved ones around her; but at others she was able to join her feeble voice with theirs in singing the praises of Him whom her soul loved.

One evening her grand-daughter, having left the room for a few moments, was greatly alarmed by the violent ringing of the bell, and rushed up stairs to see what was the matter. On her entering the room, Mrs. B. cried out, "Cover my head! cover my head!" It was, indeed, time to do so; for she was cold, as if suddenly seized by death. Remedies were quickly resorted to, and for about

a week longer Rachel was spared to those who so tenderly and faithfully soothed her last hours.

At one time, when I asked, "Do you feel happy, grandma?—and do you believe that you are going to meet your dear relatives in heaven?" "I do not doubt it," she answered; "'My grace is sufficient for thee.'" No "cloud" seemed to arise to "darken the skies;" but, basking, as it were, in continual sunshine, she experienced that *where God is, 'tis heaven,* and enjoyed on earth a foretaste of that eternal Sabbath which awaits the righteous; for she was frequently heard to say, "*It always seems like Sunday!*"

This expression, which manifests a holy frame of mind, though not general, is, nevertheless, the happy experience of other Christians. In the valuable "Life of the Rev. Dr. Coke," compiled by the Rev. Dr. Etheridge, we find the following paragraph:—"Being engaged in the most solemn exercises of religion for three or four hours every day, and that in the middle of the day, I hardly know the day of the week—every one appears to me like the Lord's day."

Happy they who thus live! O, happy they who, though inhabitants of this lower world, already breathe the atmosphere of heaven!

"What shall I do without you, dear grandma?"

said one, mournfully, when anticipating that bereavement which to all is *so* severe; "O, what shall I do without you?"

"Put your trust in God, He will be your Friend," calmly replied the dying Christian.

On the day of her death, the Bible was read as usual, and a hymn sung by her bedside. This was always a solace and unwearied pleasure to Rachel; for just a short time before she passed away, when her grand-daughter, after reading, said, "I fear I tire you, dear grandma," she affectionately answered, "O, no; you know I *never* tire of *that*."

When her last moments drew near, the weeping relatives gathered round her, each one tenderly anxious to receive a word, a look, a parting blessing. While they stood, eager to catch the least sound that might drop from her faltering lips, gazing fondly on the pallid features of her whom they loved, the last struggle began; and, still calm and "self-possessed," Rachel met the "King of Terrors." A cough distressing her, a cordial was offered; she refused it; but taking the hand of the one who presented it, she placed it near her heart; then joining her own together, as if for prayer, and raising her eyes heavenward, she exclaimed,—

"Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blest abode.

"Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O, kindle now the sacred flame—
Teach me to burn with pure desire.

"Impress upon my wand'ring heart
The love that Christ for sinners bore;
And give a new, a contrite heart,
A heart the Saviour to adore."

A solemn silence reigned on all around. The voice ceased—the clasped hands drooped—they looked: she was dead! Her spirit had fled—gone to be, through the merits of a Saviour's death, "for ever with the Lord." And now, in yonder quiet grave she rests, awaiting, with others who have departed this life in the faith of the Gospel, the great "day of consummation, the bridal of the soul."

Many more, dear readers, lie beneath "the clods of the valley," in that little cemetery; but time wears on, and we must away. When we have waited "all the days of our appointed time," and our "change" comes, then *we* shall be "folded upon the narrow shelves," we, too, shall

be committed to the grave,—"*earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.*" May our prayer be, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

But while we *pray*, we must *act*. We must be "up and doing;" for "there is no work or device in the grave." Our present opportunity we must improve. Time, which is so short, so precious, we must redeem. O, let us use it to the glory of God, and the eternal benefit of our never-dying souls. I cannot do better than wind up this subject with an extract from a letter addressed to a young lady, written, many years ago, by an old divine, who has long since been "gathered to his fathers," but whose laconic epistle is particularly applicable, and worthy the attentive perusal of our youthful readers. He writes,—

My dear H——,

"As you are going to take up your abode in France, this will probably be the last opportunity I shall have of addressing a few lines to you. I grow old, and feeble, and stupid, and lazy, and good for little or nothing. *My* sun is just about setting. *Yours* is ascending toward its meridian vigour. May no gloomy cloud overcast it, till many, very many years hence, it sets, to rise in eternal day!

We are apt to call this life our night, and, in some respects, it is so. But may we not call it the twilight, or rather the dawning of an everlasting day? —of 'that day begun, which never more shall close.' I sometimes think we indulge too low an opinion of the present life. If, indeed, we employ it to no better purpose than to lie down, and rise up,—to eat, drink, and talk, and laugh, and dress, and visit, to see and be seen, and to contrive how that which lies heavy on our hands may be uselessly squandered away,—then may we call time a worthless thing; for such *we make it*. But if we use it for the purpose that God gives it,—to glorify Him, to be in some way useful to those we have to do with, and to secure our present happiness and eternal felicity,—we shall find our time to be one of the most precious gifts of God. Your continuance on earth may be called the season of your minority. Your heavenly Father has a very rich inheritance for you, when you come of age; then, what may be called your education will be completed, and you will be put into secure and everlasting possession of your estate in the *land of promise*. May every blessing attend you in the way, and an eternity of bliss be yours in the end!

"Such is the genuine desire of

"———."

Reader—

"Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait."

Chapter iv.

"None can exhaust a theme, whereof God is example and similitude."

In connexion with the Church situated in the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, at Boulogne, there is an interesting Sunday School and two Bible Classes. Of these I can speak particularly. Had I the means, and were it necessary to bring forward other denominations and their charitable efforts to do good, I would gladly avail myself of this opportunity to prove how sincerely I give the "right hand of fellowship" to all who labour in the vineyard of our God.

The Sunday School room is small, low, and rather dark; and, while we are thankful for what we have, we cannot but desire, for the sake of teachers as well as scholars, that we had a more suitable place to meet in. English children abound in Boulogne, but we regret to say many of the parents do not manifest that concern and anxiety for the well-being of their offspring which we could wish. The children attend very irregularly, and, it would seem, as if to favour the teacher rather than for their own instruction. For instance: one Sunday morning, a lady who had kindly

offered her services as teacher in the school, went as usual to the little room where her scholars generally assembled. A small class of rough uncouth English boys gathered round her, and she with Christian pleasure sat down to give instruction. For some time they were quiet and attentive; but suddenly, in the midst of the harmony, a trifling circumstance broke the peace of that little band, causing discord and unruly passion to burst forth. One of the lads, in his Sabbath-day attire, unfortunately leaned his back too freely against the wall, and discovered to his dismay that his best suit was covered over with whitewash! His feelings were quickly wounded, and, turning to the lady, who was a quiet spectator of what was going on, he cried out indignantly, "If you cannot give us a better room, I will not come again!" A better room has not yet been provided, but a nobler spirit, we are happy to say, since the above occurrence, now influences many of the boys, and allures them, in spite of whitewash and other inconveniences, to assemble together for prayer. Greatly do we rejoice on account of this blessed change, and pray the Great Shepherd to watch over these tender lambs of the flock.

The Bible Classes, too, particularly that of the females, afford matter for praise and thanksgiving.

At one time, especially, there was every prospect of much good; for the Spirit was poured out, and the cry extorted, "What must I do to be saved?" From some it was genuine and deep, as we have proof to this day. From others, we regret to say, it was but as the "morning cloud and early dew." Still, may we not hope that these, though it be "after many days," will yet be brought in to the fold of Christ? Often have we, at this early period of the work, beheld with intense interest the tearful eye, the strong emotion, and "sensible distress" of a little company of earnest seekers, who had assembled for prayer and religious instruction; and while leading these lambs of the flock to the Great Shepherd, to learn of Him, O how often have we ourselves been refreshed, and watered in our own souls! Never can those seasons be forgotten, or the impressions then received lost. It was truly delightful to watch the progress of the work, and cheering to see how *earnestly* some sought the pearl of great price. Frequently was it my happy privilege to have whispered in my ear, both in the busy street and quiet chamber, "O pray for me; I am so sinful!" "Pray for me; my heart is so hard!"—while many little notes were from time to time forwarded, requesting advice, encouragement, and prayer. The work

was God's, and we were made "exceeding glad;" and though tares did indeed spring up among the wheat, we knew that an enemy had done it, and we looked upwards, remembering the promise.

After a time it was found necessary to open a meeting for the special benefit of these earnest seekers: we did so, and immediately a company of young disciples came forward as members of this special class. Some of these are now scattered in different parts of the world, even "far, far away," and but few remain as residents in Boulogne; yet their vacant seats, we rejoice to say, are occupied by others, and, though separated, we still remember them and claim them as our friends. May we at last all meet again! and may each member of this special class be found in Christ at the great reckoning-day! *Amen.*

As the good work deepened in the hearts of the young people, so did a desire to be useful increase among them. "Let me help you;" "Give me something to do," was the oft repeated request. Their importunity prevailed; a juvenile Dorcas Society was instituted, and they were affectionately invited to become members and collectors of *one penny per month,* for the purpose of assisting to relieve the wants of the poor of this town. This small sum was fixed upon, that it might not inter-

fere with other charitable institutions, or be so likely to meet with a cold refusal; for who, thought we, could object to give one shilling a year more than they are in the habit of giving? From the first this institution has had the smile and blessing of Heaven upon it, and beyond our most sanguine expectations has prospered. Thank God, it still pursues its quiet way, and cheerful, active members go forth regularly to gather up the fragments. On the first Thursday in every month we meet, to bring in the subscriptions and donations collected, and to make garments for the poor. At our first meeting the sum of twenty-nine francs was brought in; at the second we had an increase of ten francs, and in a very short time the amount became double. Members increased, funds enlarged, interest in the cause spread, and encouragement was liberally bestowed. To excite the sympathy of these juvenile labourers, a journal was written during the month, of cases relieved and visits made, which was read to the members at the meeting, while they worked. A few extracts will now be given, to explain more fully what this little Society enables us to do; and we trust this unaffected record will excite the interest, prayers, and (may we not add?) the *liberality* of our readers.

February 13th.—To-day I called on poor Sarah B., and found her ill in bed. As I entered the darkened room, I said, "I am sorry to see you in bed, Sarah." "O, it is nothing, it is nothing," replied she, rather cheerfully, and forcing a smile; "only a little momentary thing." I took a chair, and sat down by her, anxious to know more particularly how she had been getting on since I last saw her. After several inquiries respecting her circumstances, I could only get very slight information; for Sarah seemed to think she had so much to be thankful for, so much cause for gratitude and praise, that she could not complain. It was only by pressing the subject that I could get to know if she needed immediate or special assistance; and more than once I observed a deep colour rise to her cheeks when I urged her to tell me freely. "It is not from curiosity," I said, "but that I may act the part of a friend." "I know it," she replied, "and feel grateful." Then in a modest manner she began telling me how she got on; while every now and then she would suddenly exclaim with a smile, "But I have no cause to complain!" Patient, resigned sufferer! "No cause to complain," though thou hast to eat the bread of adversity, and drink the waters of affliction! "No cause to complain," though thou art

in the midst of bereavement, and every earthly comfort seems withdrawn! Though in former days surrounded by affluence, friends, and the endearments of a happy home; and now solitary and alone, wanting the common necessaries of life; yet, amid it all, exclaiming, "I have no cause to complain!" O blessed woman! May the God in whom you trust be your everlasting Friend! I asked her if Jesus was precious. "O yes," she replied; "and it is only in affliction that we feel Him *so* precious." Would that I could take a few *grumblers* to this upper room, and seat them for a few moments by the side of Sarah! Methinks they might learn of her to say, "I have no cause to complain."

This afternoon I also went in search of the dwelling of Léonie, the poor Frenchwoman, who, I had been told, was in very great distress; and of all the wretched places that I have ever seen, none I think can be compared to "Cours Mark." The door of the dwelling was locked, and no one was at home; but as the room was on the ground-floor, I looked in at the window, between the iron bars, which gave it the appearance of a prison-house, and there I beheld a hovel indeed.

March 4th.—Called on Léonie, and found her at home; but O what a home! The entrance to

many a cow-shed in England is splendid compared with the passage leading to the dwelling of this poor woman. Two grown lads were at home on account of ill health, and they, as well as their mother, and the child she held in her arms, looked pale as death. Léonie had but little clothing on; sometimes her only dress is in pawn; and what I saw on one of the miserable-looking beds, in the shape of covering, was, I believe, a piece of an old carpet. Mother and children appear in need of all that kind hearts and liberal hands will bestow. From the funds of our Society, and the gifts of friends, who have kindly forwarded me some cast-off things, I gave Léonie a piece of beef, a loaf of bread, and a bundle of clothes. She appeared astonished, and prayed her thanks and gratitude as she received her treasures.

March 11th.—Visited a sick and sorely afflicted old couple, who are in great need of spiritual light. The husband is often confined to the house and bed with a nervous complaint, which borders on madness, and the wife is afflicted with dropsy. A little later I visited them again, and found them in sorrow indeed. When I entered the room, I found Jonathan in bed in a corner of the room, and Dinah trying in vain to place herself on a small couch near the window. As I drew near,

she cried, "O, I was just wishing that some kind friend would come, and help me into bed; for I am so weak I cannot do it alone." Alas! there was more than weakness here; for Dinah's limbs through disease were difficult to move. I gladly did what I could for the sufferer, and then sat down to converse. For a long while I was chief listener; for the poor woman had so much to tell me about her numerous infirmities, aches, and pains, that I found it was absolutely necessary for me to be silent. So for a time I submitted, and waited for an opportunity of directing Dinah to the God of the afflicted. It came at last; but I found my companion very dark and ignorant: and though she listened quietly to what I had to say, it was very evident that her bodily wants were more important, more urgent, than those of her soul, at least in her own eyes. After hearing a long story, and thinking she had said enough about herself and her own affliction, I turned to her husband, who had been very quiet, and asked how he was getting on. No sooner had I addressed the words to him, than Jonathan raised himself in his bed, and began muttering strange words I could not understand. He looked wild and distracted, spoke at first in a low voice, then louder, and at last cried out louder still, "It 's my

head! It's my head! It burns; it's on fire!" And with his hands he knocked his tortured head, like a madman. The sight was almost too much for my own nerves. I tried to pacify him, and in a measure succeeded. I then read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with them; both husband and wife appeared thankful. O that they knew the blessedness of true religion! After this visit I spent about eight days in Paris. On my return home, even while at the station, I was told that Dinah was *dead* and *buried*.

> "How soon this life is past and gone,
> And death comes softly stealing on,
> How silently!"

One day, when calling on a friend in the town, who is a great lover of all that is good, and, Samaritan-like, is ready to open the cruse of oil, and share, not only food, but even home itself, with the destitute, I met with a poor Frenchwoman, with whom I was much pleased, and in whom I soon felt a special interest. She was a convert from Popery, and a widow. Three of her children had been taken away by death, and the fourth and only remaining one was in the last stage of consumption. The afflicted mother spoke in a Christian and hopeful manner of her daughter: "She does not think as I do; she has not the same light, the same hope; but I

wait for the Lord. We are told in the Bible to wait, and I do wait." Here was true Christian heroism, noble faith! "I wait for the Lord!" Dear readers, where is *our* faith? Ah! it is, alas! often left hanging on the willow branches, beaten about with every wave of trouble that crosses our daily path; our sighs send it hither and thither; our tears damp and oppress it; our bitter lamentations becloud it; and, instead of rising heavenward, exclaiming with confidence, "I *know* Thou carest for me," we clog the wings of faith, and sink lower, and yet lower still, in the mire of "sorrow, fear, and sin." But let us do so no more; let us rise superior to the sorrows of life, and "wait patiently for the Lord." He is the Christian's hope; and should He keep us waiting long, even until we are ready to cry, "I can hold out no more," let faith rise on her soul-stirring wing, and exclaim triumphantly, "*I will not* let Thee go except Thou bless me." Importunity *will* prevail, faith *must* conquer; and the Christian, thus invigorated, will cheerfully push forward on "the world's broad field of battle," with all his glittering armour on, shouting, as he wields the glorious weapon, "Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

In a few days I called to see this poor woman

and her sick daughter, and found them living at the top of a house, scantily supplied with food and clothing. Here was poverty and sickness indeed; and yet this poor mother had said to me, on a former occasion, "I pray not for my body, but for my soul; *I want my soul fed!*" The girl, apparently about twenty-five years of age, was ill in bed, and, as I thought, asleep; but the mother said she was swooning. I drew near the invalid, and, in a sympathizing tone, said, "You are in great pain?" Without opening her eyes to look at me, Nattalie muttered, "Yes." I stood by her bed for some time, now and then speaking to the mother; and once, while doing so, she suddenly cried out, "O, do not talk so loud, my head is so bad!" I felt sorry that I had put her to any pain, and, trying to speak in a softer tone, said, "You trust in God?" "He is my only consolation," she replied; then, being in an agony, she called out, with a heavy sigh, "My God! my God! Saviour! O what misery!" Her cough being very troublesome and painful to hear, I asked if nothing could be given to soothe her? "I do not wish for anything," cried Nattalie; and the sick girl moved about restlessly. "Nothing interests her now," said the mother to me. "Her young friends come to sit by her, to try and amuse her,

but she heeds them not; nothing interests her now." Neither was it likely, for she was then far in the "valley." A few days after this visit, Nattalie was no more.

After our Dorcas Society had been for some time established, a pious widow lady kindly requested to be allowed to accompany me in my visits, offering to render me every assistance in her power. This offer I gladly accepted, and, with courage renewed, pursued my way, supported in word and deed by this inestimable friend, who, having renounced the world, lived but to glorify her God. Truly, "union is strength!" We experienced it to be so, and returned thanks to Him who had influenced our hearts, and drawn us, though not of the same denomination of the Christian Church, to walk together in the spirit and love of the Gospel.

June 1st.—In company with my friend Mrs. M., went to see poor Rebecca and her new baby. We were glad to find the mother in an humble and contented frame of mind, or, as she herself said, "happy and comfortable in her soul." She was asked, "On what do you ground your peace of mind?" "Faith in Jesus," was her answer; and while she spoke, Rebecca looked both thankful and contented. While dwelling on the temporal

wants of this numerous family, I was surprised to hear that the meat which had been sent them from our little fund had been preserved several days in fresh water, and at last, when I suppose scarcely eatable, was fried up to make the children another meal. Rebecca was lying on a borrowed sheet, which a Frenchwoman had kindly lent her. My friend very affectionately urged upon her Divine truths, and we left her, I trust, benefitted both in body and mind.

August 7th.—To-day we went in search of Elizabeth B.,—a poor woman of whom we had heard very sad things,—and, after some little difficulty, found her. As we entered the room, the confined air and stench affected us much. All imaginable kinds of rubbish and dirty clothes were scattered about the floor, and the room was in a state not to be described. Two chairs were there, and that, I think, was all the furniture it contained. One of these chairs was occupied as a stand for a washing-tub, at which Elizabeth was standing, and on the other I seated myself; while my friend Mrs. M. managed, in some ingenious manner, to get past a heap of rubbish, and sat down upon a small box. When Elizabeth had taken her hands out of the water, and had settled herself in a listening attitude, we asked her first concerning

her temporal wants, seeing she appeared in immediate need. After several inquiries, she told us that she was "cleaning up to leave that room," with sundry reasons, and a melancholy story respecting her condition. She looked the picture of woe, and both in person and dress appeared wretched indeed. As she stood before us, with tears rolling fast down her cheeks, we felt what language cannot utter; it was a sight that would have melted the hardest heart, and drawn compassion from the most obdurate. We reminded the poor woman that our Father in heaven "doth not afflict *willingly* nor grieve the children of men;" that He wounds to make whole, and uses the rod to draw us nearer to Himself. She listened meekly, and we felt encouraged, and were exceedingly glad that we had sought and found her out. As no signs of a bed were visible, I said, "Where do you sleep?" Pointing to a large bundle in a corner, Elizabeth replied, "*There!*" Many a miserable home had we seen, many a wretched-looking woman; but this poor creature seemed to surpass them all. She appeared about forty-five years of age, and in good health; but a melancholy gloom was depicted on her countenance, and sadness was in the tone of her voice. Were I to describe all we saw and heard, it might be supposed that a

tale had been got up to excite sympathy, but such is not the case; and though the half has not been told, we think sufficient has been given. But what was the matter with this wretched woman? what was the cause of all this gloom? Alas, we afterwards discovered, that Elizabeth was a slave to that most cursed of all evils,—drink!

Christian friends, can you wonder that these "various forms of human woe" excited our "sympathy?" Can you wonder that we felt, and that we still feel, an earnest desire to visit these abodes of misery, these suffering, sin-diseased sons and daughters of Adam? No! methinks I hear the welcome blessing proceed from your lips; methinks I hear words of encouragement, even the soul-reviving prayer, "God bless and prosper you!" and, cheered by the mere anticipation, the hope which is *so full*, so invigorating, we speed on with our "banner," and its "strange device, *Excelsior!*" rising high above the doubts, fears, and discouragements which beset our path; exclaiming, with earnest voice, as we journey on, "Christian friends, pray for us."

Chapter b.

"A common mind perceiveth not beyond his eyes and ears.

For a considerable time our funds continued to increase, and kind friends, in various ways, generously encouraged and supported this charitable institution, which has for its object the good of man, without regard to creed or country. Some of these liberal givers sent money, others assisted with the needlework, and a few from time to time sent us bundles of cast-off clothes. One day I received a letter without a signature, enclosing a napoleon, which I was requested to accept for the benefit of our Dorcas Society. Who that generous individual is, I know not; but the name is doubtless registered in God's book of remembrance, and the noble act will meet its own reward. Many other donations, unasked, have been received, for which we desire to return grateful thanks,—first, to the great Disposer of all hearts, the God in whom we trust; and, secondly, to those friends who have so kindly aided and encouraged us in word and deed.

An invalid gentleman, hearing of our Dorcas Society, took up its cause heartily, and used both

influence and intercession in its behalf. In various parts of England, France, and the Channel Islands, he forwarded letters on the subject; and so indefatigable was he in this labour of love, that he even ventured to address a petition to the Emperor of the French! As yet, we have not received an answer from his Imperial Majesty, and indeed we have now ceased anticipating. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Previous to one of our meetings, I received a note from this invalid friend; and that our readers may judge of the lively interest which he took in our Society and its prosperity, I here insert a short extract:—

"My kind Friend,

"Again has the month rolled round the revolving wheel of time! July is past and gone, and August has dawned upon us. I have made up my daughter's book, and send the amount of subscriptions for August,—ten francs. Perhaps you will kindly give the usual signature, as Treasurer of your most excellent and most useful Society. We have lost a few subscribers; but, I am happy to say, have gained several permanent ones. We have many warm and well-wishing supporters, both far and near; but 'not unto us, not unto us, O

Lord, but unto Thy name we give the praise.' May every possible success, and blessed, happy prosperity, attend your most praiseworthy exertions in the noble cause of charity!"

This gentleman has truly been the well-wisher and friend of the Juvenile Dorcas Society. His cheering epistles, warm congratulations, and unwearied zeal, have frequently been a source of encouragement to us. "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" May every blessing attend him, and, while helping others, may his own soul be nourished and fed; yea, may his "path shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day!"

One afternoon, when sitting with him, (he is almost entirely confined to the house and reclining chair,) I mentioned some of the cases which had been visited, to which he listened with intense interest, and then placed a piece of silver in my hand. A few moments after, on hearing that I was in great want of a blanket for a bed-ridden old woman, he got up, and ordered his servant to go immediately in search of a person who, he knew, sold second-hand things at a reasonable price, and see if she had what we wanted. Thus was he literally a *doer*, and not merely a well-wisher. *Doing* is far more efficacious and powerful than *wishing*. In a

short time, two blankets were brought, from which I chose one; and then was the purse again opened, and another piece of money put into my hand. Surely this is charity. Lord, increase in all of us this self-same spirit!

We will now return to the "Journal," and introduce, through that medium, one of our most curious and perplexing characters.

March 9th.—This afternoon, called on our old friend, Mrs. X., who is in no small degree gifted with the power of speech. Yet, with Cowper, I would say,—

> "Though Nature weigh our talents, and dispense
> To every man his modicum of sense;
> And conversation, in its better part,
> May be esteem'd a gift, and not an art;
> Yet much depends, as in the tiller's toil,
> On culture, and the sowing of the soil.
> Words learn'd by rote a parrot may rehearse,
> But talking is not always to converse."

I found the old lady at home, and, though very ill, still ready for a good chat; so I sat down, and gave her an opportunity of talking to her heart's content; which opportunity she failed not to employ: for, in a most obtrusive and tedious manner, she gave vent to her many sorrows and trials. Her room was in great confusion, though very

well supplied with furniture, and not a few ornaments. On a little round table, at which Mrs. X. was sitting, was an old-fashioned cup, which, from its ancient shape and peculiar colour, particularly inside, (doubtless, from constant use and seldom cleansing,) led one to imagine that it had been the property of her great-grandmother; a plate with a piece of miserable-looking butter, a sugar-basin, a dirty cloth, containing, I believe, bread, some salt, and a prayer-book, wide open, as if it had been just used,—were the ornaments on that little table, with its owner sitting by, in great dignity, as glorious proprietress of the whole. Mrs. X. is an old woman, of some seventy summers and more: her small eyes are sunken in their sockets; her face is wrinkled with age; her voice is husky and weak; in fact, she is, in dress and appearance, a worn-out, weather-beaten traveller, well worthy the pencil of an artist. She looked really ill, and was evidently sickening for the ague, shaking, at times, like an aspen leaf. At length, we entered fully into the spirit and soul of conversation, at least, in our own peculiar way, and my companion opened mind and mouth, with the freedom of friendship. "I have been expecting to see you for a long time," said she, "*but*"—she paused, and significantly shook her head. Alas! dear readers,—

"Some fretful tempers wince at every touch;
You always do too little or too much."

"I used to have," continued the old lady, "several friends in Boulogne, but I have none now; and O, how melancholy to sit for days and nights all alone, and not have a soul to speak to me! It is enough to make one melancholy mad!"

Mrs. X. looked very disconsolate; all was gloomy around, about, and within her. Nothing seemed to make her happy; and though many blessings and favours were still hers, and not a few friends who were kind and attentive to her, she went mourning and lamenting all her days. *She* did not say, "I have no cause to complain."

Presently, she related a trying calamity, a "very distressing circumstance," which had happened to her, and one, I found, she could *never forget*. "My saucepan, poker, new skirt, and gold watch, have been stolen from me," exclaimed she, in a wounded tone. "All stolen?" I asked. The old lady looked at me gravely, and, with an air of importance, answered, "That was not all. No, nor half—*they even took my snuff-box!*"

It was with difficulty that I refrained from smiling, so earnest, so pathetic, was the speaker;

nevertheless, I bore up, and even sympathized with my companion. How could I do otherwise?

"I took a room," continued Mrs. X.; "and a woman, whom I knew, was to share with me the little kitchen belonging to it. I thought to myself, Now I am going to be quite comfortable." Here the old lady, from some peculiar gesture and remarkable expression of countenance, looked as if she meant, "quite grand, too." "But," said she, "when Betsy came to her room, I found she had not even a bed to lie upon; so I asked her where she meant to sleep? 'O, I suppose I must get something,' Betsy answered, very quietly. She went out, and got a sofa. I then said, 'Where are the covers?' She had none. 'Merciful God!' I cried, 'I thought I was badly off, but there are others worse than me!' So I lent her a blanket, —a bran new blanket,—she robbed me of that; and one day, while I was out, she got the key of my drawers, and took away my things! Have I not had my share of trials? *I think I have!*" After a pause, she suddenly cried, fixing her eyes on the mantel-piece, "Look there!" I did as she bade me, and saw two or three letters, with black border. Mrs. X. then gave a deep-drawn sigh, and, for a short time, neither of us spoke a word. Recovering herself, she

proceeded to give me an extraordinary account of some "very dear ones" whom she had known, and of one in particular whom she had loved as a "*twin sister*." "They were at one of the hotels in Boulogne, and I took tea with them," said the old lady with an air of consequence; "and the *dear creature*" (meaning the "twin sister" friend) "could not make enough of me! Well," ——another deep-drawn sigh, another pause, and another expressive glance from Mrs. X., made me, I confess, feel very uncomfortable; I scarcely knew whether to laugh or weep. "Well," continued she, "*he is dead!*" (I believe, the husband of her dear friend.) "Ah! have I not had my troubles? *I think I have!*" And then, shake, shake, shake, went her little head, as if to give additional expression to the words she uttered. "But that is not all," again cried the old lady: "I have had a letter to say that *she* is dead! and now I have no one left!" Here the poor woman wiped away a tear, not with a silk or white pocket-handkerchief, but with a coloured cloth, which could not well have been more dark, had she used it to wipe her mantel-piece and grate too! After patiently listening to her long story, I proposed prayer, to which she willingly consented, and, I believe, took part in the worship.

After prayer, I asked if she would like to have a little soup? With evident pleasure, she answered, "Very much; I think it would warm me." So I bade her good day, while the grateful thanks of the old lady were most invigorating to me, and her own spirits, I think, somewhat brighter than when we first sat down near the round table, and the dying embers in her little grate.

One day, after the above visit, I again turned my steps towards the dwelling of Mrs. X.; and as I drew near the house, I met her. She, too, had been out, getting a little "fresh air;" so we entered together. As I followed her up the stairs, I found it very slow work, as the old lady was "obliged to take it easy." At length we reached her room door, and then the key was placed in the direction of the lock, but somehow or other it did not seem to fit, it would not go in properly! After various attempts, it went at last into its proper place, and the door was opened. I was glad to find things looking very orderly, even clean. On the little table a very different set of articles were there to those we left upon it at our last interview. A good-looking desk, wide open, with writing materials, and a nice pair of spectacles, were there exhibited; and, strange to say, the dark-coloured pocket-handkerchief was there

too! I congratulated Mrs. X. on her literary pursuits, but the old lady appeared displeased, and affected indifference. "This one and that one writes," said she, with great importance; and then began the same old doleful ditty; her "stolen goods," her "great weakness," or her "lonely lot," with now and then a little bit of news, was about all the poor woman could dilate upon. After conversing for some time on general subjects, I reminded my companion of that portion of Scripture which bids us set our affections on things above, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." I also spoke of salvation by Jesus Christ, a subject familiar to Mrs. X.; (at least she thought so;) for, after remarking that it was through Christ, and Christ alone, that sinful man can find mercy and obtain forgiveness, she exclaimed sharply, "One must be ignorant indeed, not to know that!" Alas, poor woman! knowledge is not sufficient here: we must feel the burden of sin before we can fully appreciate a Saviour's death. May the Spirit help her infirmities, and give her to know that we must be *doers* of the word, and *not hearers only!* Before leaving the house, Mrs. X. once more touched upon the "melancholy" subject of her being so much by herself,

and again asked if it was not "*sad* to be so much alone?" Unhappy grumbler! discontented woman! it would be well for thee to remember in thy solitude "One" who, in an hour of unutterable anguish, trod the "wine-press *alone!*"

> "*He* was there alone, when even
> Had round earth its mantle thrown,
> Holding intercourse with heaven;
> *He* was there, alone, *alone.*"

Mrs. X. is still an inhabitant of this "vale of tears," and still dwells upon her "stolen goods," her "many infirmities," and her "sad position." She is now and then to be seen in the market-place, trotting about with a basket in one hand, and a stout stick or large umbrella in the other, bartering with the women as is customary on the Continent; and is *sometimes* to be seen tripping along the road-side, on her way to an old established place of resort, a favourite and invigorating rendezvous,—for all who have the means of *refilling empty purses.*

We will now visit the gentle Sarah, whose quiet, unassuming manners will form a pleasing contrast to the one we have just named. When I first knew her, she was worn by affliction, and excited greatly our sympathy and Christian regard. Many a time have we thought the brittle thread

of life would break: yet Sarah still lived, but to suffer increasingly. In her personal appearance there was nothing prepossessing, rather forbidding; yet such humble submission to the will of God, such childlike gentleness, that we could not but admire the unaffected meekness of the suffering woman. She was afflicted in body and estate, yet murmured not; *she* had "no cause to complain," though sorely tried. Her quiet and patient endurance of the sorrows of life reminds me of a remark made by one of our wounded soldiers at Waterloo, who evidently knew in *whom* he trusted: it was related by one who had himself been a noble hero on that distinguished field of strife. "While bewailing his ignorant condition," says Mr. ——, "the poor man comforted himself by saying:—

> "'But I those blessings never had,
> And why? Because God saw it best.'"

Noble spirit! Would that we all possessed the same! so that amid the many vicissitudes of this ever-changing state, we quieted our "boding fears" with the sweet assurance, "All is for the best."

Hearing one day that Sarah was very ill, and not likely to live long, I hastened to see her again, and found her greatly afflicted in body and mind. After inquiring into her state spiritually, I found

that she was walking in darkness, and much cast down. "I do not feel so happy as I could wish," she said; "I want a brighter hope." I directed her to our Great High Priest, who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." She listened eagerly, and I hope was comforted.

I visited her again before she had ceased to recognise me, and found her very low, even in doubt and uncertainty as to her acceptance with God. Seeing this, and knowing that she had not long to live, I urged upon her the necessity of seeking the salvation of her soul, the pardon and the peace of God. While directing her to Jesus, and dwelling on the peace of mind which it is our privilege to enjoy through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, she exclaimed, "It will be the happiest day of my life when I can feel my sins forgiven!" I read her a short passage of Scripture, and dwelt more particularly on these words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." After bidding the poor sin-stricken Sarah to cast her burden on the Lord, she mournfully said, "It is a heavy burden! Truly it *is* heavy!"

"O ye who bend beneath its weight,
Come, cast your load at Jesu's feet;
He 'll carry it for you."

Seeing her so distressed and anxious, I endeavoured in simple words to explain the plan of salvation, through faith in a crucified Redeemer, and offered her a *present* Saviour. The dying woman closed her eyes, leaned back, joined her hands together, and moved her lips as if in prayer. For a few moments I sat in silence, wondering whether her spirit were departing, when suddenly I heard a little sound, and, lending an attentive ear, I caught these words: "Lord Jesus, give me faith; give me faith! *Save me!*" Sarah, like the disciple, felt she was about to "perish," and cried earnestly for help. I left her "*looking unto Jesus.*"

One night, a short time after this, between nine and ten o'clock, a little boy came to tell us that Sarah was dying. I went immediately, and found her struggling with the last enemy. She did not know me, spoke not, and only moaned dreadfully. Her eyes were wide open; but she took no notice of earthly things; all to her was fading and passing away. I knelt down, and offered a short prayer by the unconscious woman, after which, for some time, she appeared calm and quiet; so much so, that we thought her spirit was departing; but the weary moan returned, with the restless moving of the arms, and we found that Sarah was

still alive. Her friend the Frenchwoman, with whom she had lived for some years, and had acted the part of a kind sister and tender nurse, was deeply affected, and turned aside to weep. About ten o'clock my father joined us, and commended the spirit of the dying woman to Him who gave it. She continued to moan dreadfully, and appeared in agonies. It was a painful sight, and affected us much; but we could do nothing. It was the last struggle, and the contest was severe. In about half an hour from this time the soul of Sarah was released from the suffering body, having escaped from its clay tabernacle, and gone, we trust, to be "for ever with the Lord."

May all who read this brief history learn the importance of making their peace with God, before "the silver cord is about to be loosed, or the golden bowl broken!" Seeing that we too must die, let us, dear readers, *prepare* to meet our God.

We will now leave the Dorcas Society to carry on its quiet work, hoping that the foregoing pages will excite some generous hearts to give us a *substantial blessing*, and others to go and do likewise.

Among other estimable advantages in Boulogne is a Scripture Reader, whose labours, we rejoice to say, have in a special manner been owned and

blessed of God. Mr. G——n, of Rue Royale, has now for some years past devoted a considerable portion of his time to the duties devolving upon him in connexion with this important office; and feeling increasingly, as years roll on, the great responsibility and solemn charge of such a mission, he solicits an interest in the prayers of God's people, that his labour may not be in vain. Hitherto, it *has* prospered, and we trust many precious souls will yet, through his instrumentality, be brought to the Master's feet. Very frequently have I, in my little round of visits, heard blessings and praises breathed forth for him, from those in whose welfare he takes such concern, both respecting the things of time and those of eternity. All who would do good to the souls of the poor, must, like our Great Pattern, remember the *casket which contains the jewel;* for "what doth it profit," writes St. James, to say to a destitute and hungry brother or sister, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled," unless we "give them those things which are needful to the body?" This duty, through the kind assistance and liberality of friends, our Scripture Reader carries out; and is looked upon as the friend of the widow, the orphan, and the sinner. A few extracts from Mr. G.'s journal, which he has kindly lent me, with the privilege of

gleaning where and what I like, will now be given.

November, 1854.—Some time since I met with N. in the hospital, and had several conversations with him. While in the hospital, it pleased God in His infinite mercy to open his eyes to see his error. To-day I was much pleased with his conversation: he now admits the necessity of an atonement. He said that he reads the Scriptures every day, and seems very desirous to find out the truth. I have heard him say that the unaffected piety of a poor Englishman in the hospital made a deep impression upon him, and he again alluded to the subject. So "God chooses the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." To Him be the praise!

April, 1855.—The Rev. Mr. J——tt again accompanied me. We found S. in the article of death. He appeared perfectly sensible, though unable to speak from incessant cough. His sufferings were very distressing to witness, and the scene was an affecting and solemn one. We knelt around his bed of death in company with the widowed mother and her daughter, and earnestly commended the departing spirit to the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, beseeching Him who alone

can take away the sting of death, to be in an especial manner present with His afflicted servant in his last extremity, and to sanctify the affliction to the whole family. Upon calling again in the evening, I found that he had died about six o'clock. I have, I trust, good ground for hoping that he died in the Lord; and that, having been, by the grace of God, made a "new creature in Christ Jesus," his spirit is now in a better world. On the day previous to his death, he spoke as much as he was able to his brothers and sisters, who visited him, telling them that he was not afraid to die, and exhorting them to prepare for sickness and death. He often expressed his "desire to depart, and to be with Christ;" and this desire was at times accompanied with a prayer for patience. At one of my last interviews with him, he said, "I fear I am getting impatient, but God can give patience," etc.

May, 1855.—The poverty of the family at C. is truly heart-rending to witness. While we were talking, one of the children, a little girl about three years old, was crying bitterly. Upon inquiring the cause, we were informed that none of the family had tasted bread that day. It was then near four o'clock. The husband was out in search of work. We could not but be struck and deeply

affected at such a scene as this, and we wondered at the patient endurance of this afflicted woman. Not a murmur escaped her.

June 6th.—I was much surprised this morning by a message informing me that poor Mrs. E. departed out of time into eternity between eight and nine o'clock. I immediately went to visit the family, and found a scene of woe. On a bed, the only one they possess, lay the lifeless body of the poor woman. In the room were three daughters and two little boys, all weeping bitterly. It appears that Mrs. E. had died very suddenly, so much so that her eldest daughter, who was in the room, could not reach the bed before her mother had breathed her last. I endeavoured briefly, as God enabled me, to improve the solemn event, expressing my earnest desire that this heavy visitation might be sanctified. I found upon inquiry that they were in great poverty.

April, 1856.—When I first went into the house of Mr. B., he was from home; and I had an opportunity of entering with Mrs. B. into the subject of her heavy, protracted, and accumulated trials. In addition to her bodily sufferings, failure of health, and the anxiety caused by witnessing the increasing malady of her husband, she is very low and desponding in mind. She told me that she

often thought she was "forsaken of God;" that some passages in the Epistle of St. James had greatly perplexed and troubled both her husband and herself. I endeavoured to relieve her mind on this subject, and to show her that chastisements and afflictions are not necessarily marks of the displeasure of God, quoting from Hebrews xii., etc. After I had been there some time, Mr. B. came in. He appeared very much dejected. After we had been conversing for some little time, he rose from his seat, and paced the room in mental agony, which it was truly painful to witness. I strove to calm him, but he repeated several times, "I am an awful sinner in the sight of God! An evil spirit possesses me." I pointed out to him that no sin was too great to be pardoned, and directed him to the Saviour. I said, "Mr. B., admitting the truth of all you say, and even much more, allow me to ask, whether, when the Lord Jesus was on earth, you read of any disease, bodily or spiritual, which He could not cure?" He replied, "No." I then reminded him that his own case, whatever it might be, could not be too bad to be cured; that there was salvation for the greatest sinner; and exhorted him to go to Jesus for all he needed. This is one of the most distressing cases I have ever witnessed.

April, 1856.—I found R. suffering most acute pain. He had been visited by the Rev. Mr. Bewsher, who appears to have been unremitting in his kindness and attention to him. I inquired the state of his mind, as he continued crying out, "Lord, have mercy upon me, a poor miserable sinner!" I assured him that his prayer, if sincere, would not be rejected. I spoke to him of the willingness and ability of the Lord Jesus to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, etc. In the afternoon I visited him again, and found him much weaker. He was, as in the morning, constantly crying to God for mercy. Upon one of his attendants assisting to raise him up in his bed, he remarked with much simplicity, "You can assist me in regard to this poor body, but you can do nothing for my soul. Yes, I think God has forgiven my sins. I *know* He has, for Christ's sake. I feel *sure* of it!" At another time he was shedding tears, and remarked, "They are not tears on account of the pain which I suffer: they are tears of joy."

January, 1857.—I met, to-day, with one of those painfully affecting cases which are unhappily so numerous in this place and elsewhere on the Continent: I refer to the case of a backslider. This young woman, whose name I am not

acquainted with, has been for some time, and still is, living as servant with a family who have no regard even to the outward observance of the ordinances of religion, or respect for the Lord's day. When this young woman left England, she was a member of a Church in London; but, alas! on coming here she wandered from God, and, I believe, neglected the means of grace. But God mercifully did not leave her; she became alarmed at the course she was pursuing, and great distress of soul followed. She came to the house of God, and a sermon which she heard was blessed to her soul. Her convictions were deepened, and she found no peace. I was privileged to be one of a few friends who met with her to-day for prayer to God on her behalf, that He would in mercy speak peace to her soul, and heal her backsliding. In her appeared genuine sorrow for having grieved her God. She shed bitter tears of repentance; her soul refused comfort. Here is a case which reminds us how solemn and fearful a thing it is to trifle with conviction. With what bitter groans and tears did this young woman mourn the past, and with what earnestness and strong crying did she seek the pardoning mercy of God, which, in answer to prayer, He graciously vouchsafed to her! Here was no undue excitement, but a scriptural

waiting upon God for a present and a promised blessing. God fulfilled His gracious promises; she was enabled to look to the Lamb of God, and departed in peace.

These few extracts will prove, we think, sufficiently, that Mr. G——n has not laboured in vain. May the God of all grace abundantly bless him, and make him a blessing to many! O ye who feel a love for perishing sinners, who feel interested in the work of God, whether at home, on the Continent, or in Fiji, remember our Scripture Reader, and earnestly wrestle in his behalf, that great grace may rest upon him, and a powerful outpouring of the Holy Spirit descend on those among whom he so indefatigably labours.

Chapter vi.

"Come, let me show thee an example, where nature shall instruct us."

We were one Sabbath morning uniting with the congregation in devotional exercises in the house of God; the prayers had been read in their usual impressive manner, and the sermon had just commenced, when suddenly we were startled by a loud shriek of distress proceeding from the entrance. The whole congregation was moved, and some went to ascertain the cause of such distressing cries. Again we heard the shriek, the bitter wail, then all was still. One of the gentlemen who had gone to offer assistance returned, and informed my father what had occurred; and he, seeing great anxiety depicted on the countenances of his hearers, quieted our fears, in a measure, by saying, that an accident had happened to the pew-opener, but friends were in attendance; and then bade us endeavour to wait upon God without distraction. At the close of the service we learned the melancholy circumstance, the particulars of which have since been given me by the bereaved mother, who still mourns the loss of her first-born son. They are as follows:—A fine promising youth, in his seventeenth year, whom some of our readers will

recognise by the name of Frederick, had, on that eventful Sabbath morn, left his home in the bloom of life and good spirits, to join a young friend before going to his post of duty, which, we regret to say, required a portion of time even on the Sabbath day. Meeting his friend, Frederick thoughtlessly asked, "Shall we have a donkey-chaise, or a boat on the river? for I have an hour to spare before going to the port." The giddy youths decided on the river, and proceeded with joy. Reaching its banks, they descended the steps, engaged a boat, and, entering the little bark, pushed off to enjoy a pleasant row. "How beautiful the water looks," said Frederick to his companion: "I wish I had brought a towel; for then I could have had a bathe; but never mind," added he gaily, "I will have one all the same; for I have a large pocket-handkerchief with me."

Alas, poor Frederick!

> "In yon deep bed of whispering reeds,
> Thy airy harp will soon be laid."

He then cautiously dipped the oar in to ascertain the depth of water, and with delight exclaimed, "It is not so deep as I am!" He then prepared himself for the so much desired bath, and plunged into the river. His friend from the boat looked on, and, finding Frederick remain a

considerable time under water, thought he was playing about, and so pushed off a little distance. Presently Frederick rose, and, lifting his arms, called to his companion to stop; but before he could reach him, the unhappy youth sank again, never more to rise! Neither ripple nor movement was to be seen on the water; all around, above, beneath, was silent and still! In vain the affrighted boy sought his companion, in vain he called for help; no voice responded to the cry; no sound was heard; even on shore a melancholy dreariness appeared; no human being was in sight, no friend to lend a helping hand. In a state not to be described the unhappy youth made rapidly to shore, and, gathering up his lost friend's clothes, hastened to his own home with the mournful intelligence. It was near mid-day when the boy, accompanied by a person of riper years, came to the chapel where poor Frederick's mother was with the congregation, worshipping God. Hearing the bell ring which led to her rooms, connected with the building, she went to ascertain the cause; and, seeing the lad, whom she immediately recognised as the friend of her son, and thinking that he came to seek him, said, "Freddy is not here; he is gone to meet the boat." Without any preparation, the boy exclaimed, "We have been out

for a row together, and Freddy is drowned!" The poor mother gave a shriek of unutterable anguish, and went into a state of unconsciousness. This was the cry so heart-rending which broke upon our ears in the sanctuary. It was not until some hours after that the lifeless body was found, and brought home to his disconsolate mother.

That was a solemn Sabbath day, and one long to be remembered. May the melancholy occurrence be a warning to all who, in the hour of temptation, consider not the omnipresence of Him "who is about our path, and is acquainted with all our ways!" Alas! many such warnings have already been given; Frederick's untimely end was not the first, even in Boulogne; for many others have, unexpectedly and unprepared, been summoned to the bar of God. Yet we fear, as regards some of the living, the painful occurrences, so alarming at the time, and *so solemn,* soon cease to trouble them; the awful impressions die away, and they quickly return to their own evil ways. "The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked." Temptations on the Continent are numerous and ensnaring for thoughtless Protestant youths. Here morality is lax, and the Sabbaths are fearfully profaned; in fact, we may truly ask, "Has France

a Sabbath?" According to the views of the Romish Church it has; but their Sabbath is ended, or rather the spiritual duties of it, when mass is concluded, and the doors of the sanctuary are closed: then amusements follow, both public and private; and it is a well known fact, that at the latter the Priest will join with the family circle in the recreations of the card-table, and other entertainments. And is this the way, we ask, to bring sinners to Jesus? Is this the way to observe the commandments of God? Alas! in France the word of man is preferred to the word of God, and the commandments of men are more highly esteemed. How so? Why, behold the observance of the Sabbath, and that of a fête-day! In some cases the difference is immense. Those who have lived on the Continent know how rigidly the latter is observed, and how fearfully neglected is the former. Lord, hasten the coming of Thy kingdom. O hasten the conversion of the world, the "latter day glory!"

The winding river of the Liane, in which poor Frederick breathed his last, reminds me of a tale which, being particularly suited to the subject, I shall here insert for the perusal of my youthful readers, to whom the following allegory is affectionately addressed:—

MUSINGS BY THE RIVER SIDE.

"To what can a river be compared?" thought I, one bright summer's eve, as I slowly wandered on the banks of the Seine, musing within me in pensive strain. "To what may we compare a river?"

Having walked a considerable distance, and feeling hot and weary, I sat me down to rest beneath the shade of an old familiar tree. Leaning against its trunk for support, I unconsciously grasped one of the drooping branches, and, as if nestled by my mother's side, I reflected on the subject; and, yielding to the power of a lively imagination, I fancied I saw before me an interesting group, consisting of father, mother, and four grown-up children, walking by the river side, whose waters glittered beneath the golden rays of a glorious summer evening's sun. With the exception of the father, the little party looked much fatigued; while a dark shade of discontent rested on their brow, and many a murmur escaped their lips on account of the tediousness of the road, the burning sun, or the unkindness of a brother; while, every now and then, a wild peal of merry laughter floated on the breeze.

While watching the sport of the young people, who loitered behind their parents, culling flowers,

I was somewhat startled by the mellow tones of the foremost in the ranks, who cried, with peculiar earnestness, "Onward, my children, onward!" and, looking towards the speaker, I perceived a remarkable difference between the aged father, his wife, and children. Though, like them, weary, the old man cheerfully pursued his way; while every now and then he seemed to "renew his strength" in some remarkable manner; for with eagle speed he journeyed straight on, and never turned to the right hand or to the left, though many an inviting and shady path appeared, while "Onward, onward!" was his constant cry. With one hand he pointed to the crystal stream, and with the other heavenward; while his lifted eye told of a better land in view. He would frequently stoop to drink of the water at his feet, while each refreshing draught invigorated his weary frame, and seemed to empower him with supernatural strength. The more he drank, the stronger he became; and once, after partaking freely, he cried, in gentle yet touching tone, "O, Mary, my wife, do be persuaded to taste this water! O, hearken to my voice, yield to my request, and taste this crystal stream! Would that I could drink for thee! but that cannot be. Come, I will help thee, for I know thou art

weary; lean upon me, Mary, for support, and taste these living waters."

"I cannot, indeed I cannot, John," she peevishly replied, "I am too weak to try. Drink it, if you like; I can do without it. O, I would I were at my journey's end!"

"Alas for thee, I fear it is not far distant," said her husband, "and thou art unprepared for yonder mansion!" An expression of bitter anguish passed over the old man's face, and a tear gathered in his eye; but he quickly brushed it away, and again drank of the water at his feet. Rising, he once more besought her to listen to his voice. "This stream," said he, "is our only consolation in this dreary wilderness."

"I know it, I know it," she exclaimed; "and sometimes wish I could do as you do, but I cannot; I am too weary, and the thought discourages me. I wish I could just sip once at the water, then I might try; but that constant stooping frightens me. No, I cannot bear the thought; and it is too late now. Go on your own way, John, and I will get on the best way I can, and even hope to meet you at the end of the journey." Saying this, she gave a significant glance at her husband, while a smile played upon her lips; but, meeting his anxious gaze, and seeing tears roll

down his cheeks, she suddenly cried, in a subdued tone, "Well, John, for your sake I will try!" and, without a moment's hesitation, but with tottering steps, she approached the river, bent down, and partook eagerly; while every now and then I could hear her say, "Precious, precious, precious water!" At length she rose; and O, how changed was that care-worn and weary countenance, when she returned the joyous smile of her happy partner, who, tenderly clasping her in his arms, exclaimed, "Now we are indeed one! God bless thee, my Mary!"

"Would that I had hearkened to thy voice before now, John, instead of yielding to my own self-will and pride! O, how hardened, how perverse I have been! My God, forgive me!" Then, burying her face in her hands, she wept. Feeling her husband about to lead her gently forward, she cried, "O, let me drink again; for every draught I take revives and strengthens me! Precious waters! how could I ever despise you?" She stood silent for some moments, gave a heavy sigh, then, turning towards her children, who loitered behind, she fixed on them a mother's look of love; and, while her bosom heaved with strong emotion, cried aloud, "My children, my offspring! come, taste this crystal stream, and drink these

living waters; they are free for all, and may be had 'without money and without price.'"

"Thank you, mother," said one, "we can do very well without it; we are not in the least thirsty."

"These flowers," cried another, "that grow by the road side, are far more inviting than that old river; we can make ourselves garlands as we walk along, without any trouble; so do not mind us."

"It will be time enough by and by, mother," said a third, "we are in no hurry."

The fourth spoke not; but I saw him mimic the solemn walk and pious look of his aged father, while, with clasped hands and feigned humility, he lifted his eyes heavenward. He then mocked the earnestness of his weeping mother; and, while he did so, a roar of rude laughter floated on the breeze: and when I heard their mirth, I wept.

While yielding to my grief, methought I heard the sound of voices singing, and, listening, heard:—

"I journey through a desert drear and wild,
Yet is my heart by such sweet thoughts beguiled,
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way.

"Thoughts of His love—the root of every grace
Which finds in this poor heart a dwelling-place;
The sunshine of my soul, than day more bright,
And my calm pillow of repose by night.

"Thoughts of His coming—for that joyful day
In patient hope I watch, and wait, and pray;
The dawn draws nigh, the midnight shadows flee;
O, what a sunrise will that Advent be!

"Thus while I journey on, my Lord to meet,
My thoughts and meditations are so sweet
Of Him on whom I lean, my strength, my stay,
I can forget the sorrows of the way."

Spell-bound, I lent an attentive ear, and, as the music died away, eagerly longed for more; but, just at the close of the hymn, a sudden cry of distress made me start from my seat, and, looking towards the place from whence the cry proceeded, I perceived the little party, who had lingered considerably behind their parents, gathered together, three of whom were supporting a fine girl, who was lying on the ground, with the flowers she had been culling scattered around her.

"O, Ruth, my child!" cried the agitated mother, as she flew to the unconscious girl, "why didst thou not hearken to my voice?" and, rushing to the river side, she took up some water in her hands to give her fainting child. Her father strove to raise her in his arms, and with difficulty did so; but when he gently placed her weary head upon his bosom, Ruth's throbbing pulse had ceased to beat.

Amid heavy sighs and gushing tears, they laid her down on her native soil, and covered her body with green leaves and wild flowers. They could do no more; and, taking a long, sad look, they, urged by the coming night, which threatened to be a severe one, hurried forward.

With intense interest, I watched them as they journeyed on, and wondered what the end would be. The parents kept close to the river side, and frequently partook of its waters; while ever and again I heard them invite their children to do the same, but, alas! they thirsted not: for to all their entreaties they turned a deaf ear, and significantly pointed to the flowers at their feet, and the garlands they held in their hands.

I could scarcely bear to see their indifference; and, when I beheld the mother's tears, and heard the father's solemn voice, so unheeded, so reviled, anger flushed my face, and, disquieted within me, I cried out with indignation, "O, giddy, thoughtless youth, would that *I* had a trumpet voice, and power to break your hearts of stone!"

While reflecting on the ingratitude and indifference of the children, a cry of "Help! help!" reached my ear. "Father, mother, I die of thirst!"

With joy beaming in each countenance, the

fond parents approached their trembling Leah; whom, with unutterable tenderness, the father speedily carried to the river side. "There is no hope, father," said the dying girl, "I have put it off too long; it is now *too late*." It was even so; for when he laid her down by the stream, he beheld his child a lifeless corpse.

The pale shadows of evening were now coming on apace; so, with aching hearts, they hastened to place the young Leah beneath a few broken clods of earth, and then again silently and solemnly proceeded on their way, while many sighs were wafted back to the dear departed. The aged couple clung more closely than ever to each other; while touching grief, though strongly stamped upon each brow, was softened by the smile of chastened and submissive resignation. Yet again and again could I see the quiet tear steal down the mother's face, as she turned to look upon her two sons, who still loitered behind. At one time her distress was so great, that I feared she too would soon be numbered with the dead; but her husband, seeing the anguish of her soul, bade her take a fresh draught of the crystal stream, and plunge into its living waters. Then, turning to his wayward children, he cried, "My sons, behold your mother's grief! For *you* she weeps; for *you* she mourns! O, be

persuaded, I implore you; and, ere it be too late for you, come, O come, to these living waters!"

"Father, I will; for I thirst, and am weary," cried the elder of the two. "Long have I secretly wished to drink of that stream, and bathe my burning and distracted head in its waters; but these flowers were so beautiful, and their perfume so pleasant. Alas! though, they have left a thorn in my hand, and a pang at my heart."

Leaning on his father's arm, he hurried to the stream, gazed into its still waters, and stooped down to quench his parched thirst. "Thanks, father, thanks!" cried he with emotion. "O, how cooling, how invigorating! Mother, forgive, forgive your rebellious child! Alfred, will *you* not come and"—he could say no more, and expired.

"O, my son, my son!" cried in anguish the almost heart-broken mother, "would God I had died for thee!" and, embracing the corpse, she wept long and bitterly.

As I gazed upon the mournful group, and heard the mother's wail while she clung to the body of her son, my whole frame shook with excitement and heartfelt sympathy; and, leaning against the old tree, I covered my face with my hands, and sobbed aloud.

After giving vent to violent emotion, I wiped

away my tears, and, while doing so, distinctly heard the mellow tones of the old man's voice, imploring his weeping companion to "drink again, and take courage." "Remember the promise, Mary," said he: "'They shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' Come, give me thy hand, I will help thee, for thou art indeed weak."

Leaning upon her husband, she again approached the river; and with convulsive gasps partook more abundantly than ever, and methought with more intensity of soul. While she was thus occupied, and her husband with her, Alfred, the last remaining child, stood near, eagerly watching his parents, as if he longed to join them, but dared not. At length, he fell on his knees, and with clasped hands, and eyes cast down, cried, in humility of spirit, "Father, mother, forgive me! Forgive my impenitence and ingratitude; and, if it be not too late, help me to the stream. Father, speak, and tell me if I may dare venture!"

"Yes, yes, my son," cried the happy mother, as she hastened to raise and assist the weeping penitent, who dared not so much as lift his eyes from the ground, "you may indeed venture even now;

for '*now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation.' Despair not, my child. Come, we will drink together of the waters of eternal life."

Thus encouraged, the youth drew near, and, stooping down, drank as if unable to satisfy his thirsty soul. I gazed on him with rapture, and rejoiced in the happiness of the little party, wishing that I too could renew my feeble strength. After repeated draughts, Alfred rose, and, looking upwards, exclaimed, "My Father, God! O, 'whence to me this waste of love?' I am not worthy." He then stood silent awhile, as if in meditation, while his happy parents stood by, rejoicing in the son of their love; then suddenly he cried, "O, my sisters, my brother!"

"Let us all drink again of the crystal stream," cheerfully exclaimed the aged father, "for we need it much; yea, let us 'open our mouths wide, that they may be filled,' and plunge ourselves in these living waters: truly they are our only consolation in this dreary wilderness; and then we must speed on our way, for night is coming on apace."

They all bent, hand in hand, down to the stream, and, after having freely satisfied their thirst, rose refreshed, vigorous, and strong, and then proceeded on their way, singing, as they journeyed, while glory shone around each head.

I watched them long, even until the pale shadows of evening drew a thick, dark shade about them; and my own mind, wearied with the lengthened gaze, dropt its own casement down, and I beheld them no more.*

The subject illustrated in the above allegory our readers, we think, will easily perceive. With them we now leave it, hoping that the "spirit will not be in the letter lost;" and, as time is short, and the shadows of evening are falling around some of us, we will hasten on ourselves, lest darkness should overtake us; and, while we travel on amid difficulties and perplexities, let us fail not to "*drink*" *freely* "*of the brook by the way,*" which is our only consolation in the wilderness. Then shall we raise the banner "Hope!" with its motto, "Onward!" and cheerfully pursue our way.

"Yes, onward, pilgrim, onward go;
Hold fast thy shield, and face the foe.
'Fear not,' for God shall succour thee,
And 'as thy day thy strength shall be.'
Fresh courage take, dispel thy fears,
And wipe away those falling tears.
Straight forward go.

"Go, get thee up, scale Zion's height;
Mount, higher mount, with heaven in sight.

* "Boast not thyself of To-morrow." (Published by Jarrold and Sons.) An illustration from fact of this allegory.

No longer halt on battle-field,
Or trembling hold the warrior's shield;
No more in grief, 'My leanness,' cry,
Or in despair cry out, 'I die;'
But *forward* go."

It may vary this narrative if we close this chapter with a little incident which occurred some months since in Boulogne.

In the latter end of October a well dressed young French sailor, about sixteen years of age, presented himself at the house of a family in this town who are well known as zealous and liberal supporters of the destitute and afflicted, to solicit charity on the plea of getting to his home at Amiens. It is the constant custom of this family not to relieve an applicant until strict inquiry has been made respecting the case; which plan is highly necessary in such a place as Boulogne; and were all charitable persons to act thus, we think more real good would be done. But on the present occasion, the boy's youthful appearance, his real or assumed dress, together with his plausible story, so affected them, that they were led to give him immediate assistance, and also placed before him a liberal supply of good English food, on which he fared very freely and sumptuously. In the course of conversation the youth said that he had called on the French Protestant Pastor;

which information surprised the family; but when they expressed their surprise, he calmly said that he was himself of that faith.

Having satisfied his ready appetite, he departed in search of additional funds; but at the expiration of an hour returned, stating that he had collected money within two francs sufficient to take him to Amiens, and that the station master had promised to make up any deficiency. The generous lady and her no less benevolent daughters, whose ears are ever open to the cry of distress, did not hesitate to make up the sum required; and, with true Christian hospitality, asked him to take a cup of tea and some bread and butter before his departure. He gladly did so, and once more feasted on their bounty. Before leaving his hospitable friends for the supposed journey, the youth very modestly asked for a New Testament, which was immediately granted; and, when in possession of his treasure, requested that his name should be inscribed, with the address of the donor. This also was as freely given by the unsuspecting ladies. He then left with the good wishes of his hostess and her charitable daughters, who felt satisfied in their minds that he would be that night safe on his journey home.

On the following day, when the family were

assembled at tea, they were surprised and agitated by the sudden appearance of a policeman, who was preceded by one of the servants, holding in her hand the New Testament which had been given to the poor sailor boy. The book was immediately recognised; and one of the party, losing her presence of mind, exclaimed, excited and alarmed, "O, Monsieur, have I done wrong in giving a book without the imperial stamp?"—she fearing, as she had acted contrary to the law of this country, (that no religious book or tract shall be distributed which bears not the imperial stamp,) that she was about to be arrested. The policeman, seeing the agitation of the lady, could scarcely suppress a smile, and politely answered, "No, Mademoiselle; but I wish to know whether the book was stolen by the youth with whom it was found?" "O no! O no!" was the ready and eager answer of the ladies, "it was *given* him; and why was he not allowed to take it with him to Amiens?" "He is in custody," replied the policeman, "as a rogue." The pain and surprise felt by this family on hearing the news, and their great disappointment, can well be imagined. On the day following they had to attend at the police court to identify the lad.

When thus summoned, it is hardly necessary to

say that attendance is absolute and imperative. A friend in this town who had relieved an object at her door, was once in like manner summoned. "I cannot go, indeed I cannot," cried she, distressed; "I was never in such a place in my life." Her attendant, with all the *sang froid* and politeness a Frenchman possesses, replied with a smile, "Then, Madam, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you for the first time!"

Chapter viii.

"While a man liveth, he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate."

NEVER might the question, "*What are they doing?*" have been more suitably or significantly asked, than in the summer of 1857, when the quiet streets of Boulogne were inundated with men, women, and children, from almost every quarter, to witness a sight of pomp, parade, and gaudy show, connected with the worship or professed religion of a meek and lowly Saviour.

One of our weekly papers ("The Boulogne Gazette") gives a very correct and vivid description of what was, on this occasion, passing in our streets. As the account is likely to excite the interest and curiosity of friends in England, we will make a few extracts, hoping that the perusal will arouse the zeal of all who desire to see the Gospel chariot speed on its widening way. The journal states:—

"Since we last went to press, a busy, solemn, and memorable week has passed over our heads; a week that will ever be memorable in the annals of Boulogne. But a few days previously, and

Boulogne wore a lugubrious appearance. Its streets were deserted, its houses unlet, blankness on every face, despair on almost every tongue! Who could believe, since Wednesday last, that they were walking the same streets, chatting gaily with the same people whom they had met previously sad, solemn, and dreary? Yet so it was. For the last week Boulogne has been itself again. Bustle, noise, life, animation, laughing faces, continued arrivals, thronged streets, and a scarcity of beds, have once more been the order of the day! And whence this change? Was it the warm weather? No; for a sultry sun, for weeks, had poured fierce rays down; yet none came to change the general aspect, and enjoy the refreshing waters on the coast, or the sea air, or the races, or the fair, or the band, or the fêtes in the Tintelleries; the visitors were few, and not of the class panted after. Whence then, and why, this sudden influx, these thousands upon thousands that throng the streets, and change, like a magician's wand, the scene!

"Strange to say, in what has been termed irreligious France, the church bell's iron tongue sounded far and near. Notre Dame, of Boulogne, called the children of the world to her shrine; and all nations have sent their pilgrims to answer the

call. Brazil, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Germany, Belgium, England, Ireland, and Scotland, have been represented at the Fête, which the simple Abbé, the humble Priest, the immortal *Haffreingue* has celebrated to the glory of God!

"The town had organized its fêtes, and promised pleasures with a liberal voice; yet no one seemed to hear, for none responded. A humble voice went out from the temple, and thousands are moved and respond to the call. The Abbé Haffreingue has done more for Boulogne, and to collect thousands within its walls, than all Boulogne could do to call back its former prosperity.

"Who could have imagined, a few days back, the scene of Sunday between two and six o'clock? We stood at the top of the Grande Rue as the procession returned, and the scene was most striking. On every part of the ramparts the populace clung like swarming bees; every window in the street was crowded, and the pavements thronged.

"Since our last publication of the events in the religious world passing around, we have to record the arrival of a great number of pilgrims. One that attracted much attention, was the arrival, on Thursday evening, of the parish of St. Severin

of Paris, and others from Boulogne-sur-Seine. They were met by the Abbé Haffreingue at the station, and entered the town singing hymns, and accompanied by a number of persons bearing lighted torches. They proceeded to Notre Dame, where the usual prayers were said, and a short exhortation made to them.

"On Friday the train brought the pilgrims from the parishes of St. Sulpice and St. James of Paris. They were accompanied by a great number of the Clergy, a Roman Prelate, and several Bishops. These pilgrims brought with them several gifts to the Cathedral; among others, the three golden hearts which were carried on shields in the procession on Sunday. Each of these hearts contained a parchment, on which were written the names of all who had subscribed towards the purchase of it.

"At two o'clock the pilgrims from England assembled at the church of St. Nicholas. Among those present in the procession we noticed two English [Romish] Bishops and the [Romish] Archbishop of Dublin. They were met at the church doors by the Bishop of Arras, a Roman Prelate, the Abbé Haffreingue, and a long *cortège*, who preceded them up the Grande Rue to the Cathedral, where the Père Lavigne warmly welcomed

them as part of that nation who had lately fought by the side of France against their common enemy; he welcomed them as the *avant-garde* of the whole nation, whom he trusted soon to see honouring the mother of their God, and giving her that veneration to which she was so fully entitled from the part she bore in our redemption.

"The Abbé Cruice then welcomed them in English to France, and prayed that the inconveniences which the voyage occasioned them, and the expense to which it had put them, would be repaid by an abundant shower of mercies and graces from God, from whom alone all good cometh.

"He was succeeded by the Right Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, who gave a rapid summary of 'pilgrimages, from that of the Jews, who had to visit the temple of Jerusalem three times every year, at great cost, to that which they had now made; proving that at all times there were certain places esteemed more particularly than others for offering the worship of the heart to God, and for calling down His blessings on man. He counselled them not to heed the sneers or sarcasms of the world, for the good work which they had undertaken: the world was always at war with righteousness and virtue. How could they expect

to escape its attack?' He then entered into a sketch of the 'life of the Blessed Virgin, showing forth the many titles she had to receive from all good Christians, as the mother of God; and exhorted them, whilst performing the holy duties for which they had visited the Cathedral of Notre Dame, to pray to God that He would bless the country, enlighten those who sat in darkness, and pour His mercies on all sinners.' The discourse occupied nearly three quarters of an hour, and was listened to with much attention by a vast congregation.

"While the pilgrims were engrossing public attention, other acts were performed in other places. But the particulars of laying the foundation stone of the church of St. Alphonsus Liguori, in the Rue Wissocq, we leave, and hasten on to

THE PROCESSION.

"Sunday morning broke upon the town in all the glories of a summer sun and cloudless sky. At daybreak the note of preparation was heard, and by six o'clock every street through which the procession was to pass was alive with bustle, and resounding to the sound of the hammer. The Abbé Haffreingue had requested the people to adorn their houses; and we believe that there was

not a house, inhabited by a Catholic, in the long line of the procession, that did not respond to the wishes of the good man whose labours had filled the town with teeming life, and given animation to its trade and streets. It would be impossible to present a faint idea of all that was done by rich and poor to give a gay appearance to their houses on Sunday last. The whole of the streets were gay with blue and white, gold and silver stars on banners of every form and colour, and devices which only French taste and ingenuity could fashion. In the Grande Rue, and on the Port, three colossal triumphal arches, covered with green boughs, and adorned with flags, spanned the roadway. On one of those upon the Port were two shields of the arms, on one side those of Dr. Cullen, and on the other those of his Eminence the Cardinal Villecourt, very elegantly got up.

"During the whole of the morning new arrivals were flocking through the streets, to see the decorations of the houses, etc., and various were the vehicles, many of them rough and ancient, that brought curiosity or piety to the town. At nine o'clock the pilgrims from Calais were expected. The two steamers, containing about seven hundred, with the band of the 83rd Regiment in one, and the Calais band in the other, arrived considerably

after their time, so much so, that they were obliged to go at rather an undignified pace through the streets, to arrive in time at the cathedral. As they passed along, the scene was most animated; crowds flew from every street, attracted by the music, and thousands followed them as they ascended the Grande Rue. After this the town settled calmly down till one o'clock, when all who were to take part in the procession wended their way to the places appointed for them. The whole of the streets of the Upper Town, in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral, were seen densely thronged, and at two o'clock the procession began to move forward in due order."

[Fearing to tire our readers, we shall only describe a part of it, as the long account, though interesting, might weary both mind and heart.]

"There were the police, gendarmes, sailors from Portel, bearing green oars with tricolor flags on the blades, forty young women dressed in the costume of the fish-women, with red petticoats, white bodice, crimped mob-cap, long ear-rings, white aprons fringed with lace, and gold chains, with miniatures, round their necks. Then, again, forty others, dressed in white, the banner of Portel, followed by thirty-five married women,

dressed in the olden costume, and others singing hymns. A full rigged ship, with hundreds of small flags, carried on a dais so constructed that, at every movement of the bearers, it rolled as if in the trough of the sea; and the Clergy of Portel, &c.

"Thirty young girls, dressed in blue and white, with crowns of blue flowers on their heads, the banner of St. Martin cutting his cloak in two and dividing it with the beggar, casket containing a relic of St. Martin, borne on a *brancard*, and followed by sixty gentlemen, &c.

"Fourteen ranks of children in white, with red chaplets. Six females, representatives of shepherdesses, &c.

"The nativity of the Virgin, borne by eight young persons, surrounded by others carrying banners. Fifty girls in white, with golden scarfs and crowns, &c.

"A crown of thorns, on a red cushion, and sixty members of the Society of Perpetual Adoration of Christ, dressed in black robes, trimmed with scarlet, with a cross on their breast, suspended to a red ribbon.

"Twelve sailors in costume, protecting one who carried on a cushion a brass Byzantine Cross of the Twelfth Century, taken from the Russians in

1855, and given to the church of St. Pierre by a sailor.

"A relic of St. Peter, carried in a shrine, and supported by forty fishermen in costume. A number of men singing hymns.

"Forty young ladies carried and followed the banner of the Blessed Virgin; from the right shoulder to the left they wore a crimson scarf, a crown of gold, bordered with crimson, and supported by white veils that fell to the ground; each carried a bouquet of flowers.

"Fifty of the 'children of Mary' surrounded a banner of the Immaculate Conception. The Society of the Holy Infancy, represented by girls carrying a variety of small banners, and the boys *a cradle with the infant Saviour*.

"The band of Boulogne. The orphans and sisters of St. Vincent de Paul carrying a relic of that saint. The English poor of the Catholic School. Old men and old women of the hospital.

"Banner of the Sacred Heart of Mary, carried by the pupils (Catholic) of Mdlle. Bosson.

"The infants of Mary and their banner, carried by the pupils (Catholic) of Mdlle. Fevrillier.

"Banner of Notre Dame of the Rosary, being a cross composed of red roses, borne and followed by the pupils (Catholic) of Mdlle. Vaillant, clad in

white, with a blue scarf, ornamented with silver, and carrying small flags.

"The next part of the procession was a representation of the Joyful Mysteries. The young ladies representing these mysteries carried allegorical subjects, and every ten were preceded by a banner, indicating the five mysteries of that series.

"Then came the Douleureuse Mysteries,—the agony of our Lord, the scourging, crowning with thorns, carrying the cross, and the crucifixion. The Glorious Mysteries followed,—the Resurrection, the Ascension, Descent of the Holy Ghost, the Assumption and Crowning of Mary. In these mysteries came two ranks of young ladies, carrying crowns on crimson cushions.

"A choir of singers, band of music, a Redemptorist Father, &c., and the band of the 83rd Regiment.

"The Bishop of Arras, who was followed by forty ladies, four of whom carried a litter, on which was the golden heart containing the hand of the ancient miraculous statue of Notre Dame de Boulogne, which was cut from the arm previous to the statue being burned.

"Then followed the car containing the gilt statue of the Virgin in a boat, on a scaffolding, surrounded by figures and paintings, &c.

"Looking at the procession from the top of the

Grande Rue, as it slowly mounted the hill, it was a brilliant and majestic sight, which we have never seen exceeded, except when the present Emperor quitted Boulogne on his first visit.

"On arriving at the Esplanade, all proceeded to the front of the estrade, where the dignitaries of the Church were to station themselves, whilst Mgr. Dufetre, the Bishop of Nevers, addressed the crowd on the nature of the procession, and the object of their assembling. The view at the moment was really grand. The whole of the Esplanade was densely crowded, the ramparts were thronged; the whole procession, with its banners, was crammed, as it were, into the smallest compass, so that all might hear. The Bishops, with their attendant Priests, had all mounted the estrade to the music of the band, when suddenly one side of the estrade, in its whole length, gave way, and Clergy, Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinals suddenly disappeared, except the Bishop of Nevers, who clung to the pulpit from which he was to address the multitude. Such a sudden exit from the scene, it may be supposed, at first excited laughter; but fears for the consequences soon changed the mirth into alarm; the band ceased playing, the multitude rushed forward, when the Bishop of Nevers

desired that the music might be continued; and the venerable dignitaries emerged from beneath the boards unscathed by the undignified accident.

"Whilst this was passing on the promenade, the workmen were unveiling the statue on the Place d'Armes to the eager gaze of the thousands collected there. We were much struck with the observation of a man near us, who, as soon as the covering was removed, said, 'Ah, she is not in the attitude of a goddess showering down gifts, but that of humble prayer for us; and how meek and winning she looks! *Les canailles!*' This was evidently the exclamation of a man who had been holding an argument with some one; and as it embraces, in a few words, all that we could say upon the statue, we shall leave the subject.

"On the return of the procession all eyes were turned upon the statue as they filed before it, and many a step lingered to enjoy the view of the sweet expression of face. On the arrival of the Bishops they all mounted the gallery round the platform, when the Père Lavigne made a short address to the people, expressive of the joy they all felt that a reparation had been made for the ferocity and indignity of their fathers, in burning on that spot the venerable image of the Virgin which had so miraculously entered their port.

'Here, on this very spot, where irreligion had shown its folly and hatred, they had this day made reparation by inaugurating another statue.' He then entreated the Bishop of Arras to address the multitude. He at first refused, but at last came forward and exclaimed, 'My friends, I feel so happy, my heart is so full of gratitude, that I can do no more than thank you for the joy which I feel.'

"The Bishops then gave their blessing to the kneeling crowd, and returned to the Cathedral at seven o'clock. We cannot refrain from saying, that at the moment of the Benediction the scene was very remarkable, every window in the place was crowded, so was the square. The people had ceased shouting enthusiastically, 'Vive Marie!' when the whole crowd knelt, every window seemed to bow; and, as the Benediction ceased, the heads rose again, and with them the cry of 'Vive Marie!' and thus closed the public proceedings of this memorable day."

And now, dear readers, what can *we* say respecting the procession, its numerous appendages, relics, banners, crosses, mysteries, &c.?

"Things breed thoughts; therefore the statue and the picture,
Relics, rosaries, and miracles in art, quicken the Papist in his worship."

But what think you? Perhaps some may be disposed to blame the Romanist for his superstition and his creed; yet judge not, dear friends, neither condemn rashly the people of France; *but*, "when you enter the village church, and the Madonna, crowned with flowers, stands over the high altar, surrounded by the offerings of the deluded worshippers, who fancy she has healed their infirmities;—when you see the humble posture of the numerous devotees, and hear the earnest petition, and the song of praise, addressed to the gaily-decked image, to the venerated relic, or to the moth-eaten garment;—ah! let them not see the contemptuous curl of the lip; do not ridicule their blind worship; smile not at their sin: the Scriptures are not known. Pity! ah, pity our poor people, and pray earnestly for their speedy conversion."

France is not, as some of our readers well know, idle; its people are pleading for *us!* Yes, through a long line of Prophets, Apostles, saints, and martyrs, they intercede for the conversion of England! And that this mass may be generally known, (and appreciated, we presume,) it is announced in due form, and circulated about the town, for the benefit, we suppose, of our English residents! The little paper or tract circulated

is called "The Conversion of England," and is as follows:—

"FAITH is the gift of God. The Almighty never refuses to hear fervent and persevering prayer. Let us, therefore, entreat Him to call back to faith England, once the isle of saints, now, alas! separated from the Holy Church. *Every Saturday,* at eight o'clock, at the Altar of the Sacred Heart, in the Church of St. Nicolas, the Holy Sacrifice of Mass will be offered for the conversion of England.

"You are earnestly requested to assist at this weekly Mass, to inform all pious friends of it, and sometimes to receive the Holy Communion with the same intention.

"*Pray say the following Litany during the Mass every Saturday, and on other days of the week as often as you can.*

"LITANY FOR THE CONVERSION OF ENGLAND.

Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Holy Mary, Mother of God,—Pray for England.
Holy Mary, ever immaculate,—Pray for England.
Holy Mary, refuge of sinners,—Pray for England.

St. John the Baptist,—Pray for England.

St. Peter,—Pray for England.

St. Paul,—Pray for England.

All ye Holy Martyrs,—Pray for England.

All ye Holy Monks and Hermits,—Pray for England.

St. Mary Magdalen,—Pray for England.

All ye Holy Virgins,—Pray for England.

All ye Patron Saints of England, &c.,—Pray for England." *

And what are *we* doing, dear friends? Alas! but little. O for an increase of faith and holy zeal! It is now time that we buckled on courageously the Christian armour, and, like valiant soldiers of the Most High God, unfurled and hoisted the banner of Truth, proclaiming to earth's remotest and *nearest* bounds, that there is but *one* Name given under heaven whereby we can be saved; but *one* Intercessor at God's right hand; and but *one* great High Priest and Saviour of sinful man.

France needs help, zealous Pastors, *persevering* labourers, faithful men, and faithful women, too, who count not their lives dear unto them, so that they may win souls to Christ. We want the

* See Appendix, p. 205.

"daughters of England who visit the Continent in search of knowledge, of health, or of relaxation, to give us the benefit of their holy conversation and example." *What* are we doing? alas! what can we do? Our hearts almost fail us; we are straitened on every side, and compelled to ask, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and, Where is the fruit of our labour? Yet, though ofttimes perplexed, we do not despair. A brighter day, we think, is dawning upon us; and though its dawn is enveloped in mist and clouds of darkness, yet "not by might nor by power," but by the "Spirit" of the living God, shall the great work of evangelizing France be accomplished. Lord, hasten the time!

We will now dwell on another subject,—the contrast is great, but seasonable,—and by the quiet fireside will listen to words of truth and soberness which, if I mistake not, were uttered but a short time previous to the *fête* and procession to which we have alluded.

Two ladies, at a friendly tea-party, were sitting side by side in earnest conversation, one winter's evening. The voice of the lady who seemed to be the chief speaker was low, and her words were uttered in an under-tone, as if the subject on which she dilated was intended for the special benefit of her invalid companion, who appeared to listen with

peculiar pleasure. Both speaker and hearer seemed to enter into the spirit of free, familiar conversation, while animation, blended with sympathy, sat on each face. "I cannot tell you the particulars now," softly whispered the visitor; "but I will call some day and tell you all." The countenance of the invalid lighted up with anticipated pleasure, and her grateful looks told how acceptable that information would be.

In a few days, the friend called, and fulfilled her promise. And it is now my privilege, dear reader, to give the particulars of this conversation to you, as the relater of the following interesting incident has been led to think the subject may inspire others to put confidence in the God of Jacob, and induce them to "cast all their care upon Him who careth for" them. I shall, therefore, record it as given by the lady, who, from motives of Christian retirement, desires that her name be not attached. Not that she is ashamed to acknowledge the power and grace of God, so abundantly bestowed upon her; but, shrinking from publicity, she prefers recording it with a single eye to the glory of God. And now, with the full sanction of the narrator, I offer it to the Christian public, hoping that many of the suffering sons and

daughters of affliction may be encouraged to go and do likewise.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

I was one day sitting at work, in company with my mother, when we both remained for a considerable time in silence. I was at the time suffering greatly, and had been so even from my childhood, until affliction, and consequent depression of spirits, seemed part of my very nature. In early life, I had been, through the great mercy of God, brought to Jesus; and, while yet young, had entered into the liberty of the children of God, rejoicing in Him as my reconciled Father. To this I owe the gracious support and comfort I felt in my long and trying affliction; for the precious consolations of the Gospel, and the assurance that Christ was mine, sweetened the bitter cup, which, to my young and buoyant heart, was peculiarly distressing. As I grew in years and, I may also add, in grace, an intense desire to be useful grew with my growth. I earnestly desired to be a labourer in the vineyard of my God. I panted after usefulness, yet could do little or nothing, as affliction confined me, in a great measure, to the home-circle, and often to my couch. It was sometimes very hard to say, "Father, Thy will be done;" often diffi-

cult to feel it "good to be afflicted;" and this afternoon, to which I refer, when sitting by my mother's side, my care-worn and desponding soul dwelt heavily on the dispensation of God towards me; and, being heavily laden, I was ready to cry, "*Why* smitest Thou me?" The prospect of continued suffering greatly distressed me; and, in my sorrow, I forgot the advice and commandment of our Saviour, "Take no thought for the morrow;" and, with melancholy gloom, I pondered on the future. In the midst of these dark forebodings, a strong desire was given me, with extraordinary force, to go and pour out my soul in prayer, and with it an impression that I should be accepted, and find mercy; but shortly after, the impression was followed by doubt and despair. "It is of no use," I thought; "for I have often prayed in days gone by, but my prayer has not been answered,—*it is of no use.*" So I reasoned, and then resumed my work. But, in a few moments, the desire returned with renewed force, and I felt as though I could resist no longer, but determined to go yet *once more*, and make my request to Him who has said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." I rose from my seat, with the intention of seeking my chamber, when a dark thought disturbed and

troubled me; so, discouraged, I returned and sat down again. But I could not rest, and therefore determined that I would go to my room and pray. I then left my mother, and had nearly reached the threshold of my room, when despair once more threatened me, and, yielding to the powers of darkness, I turned back dismayed, thinking it really was of no avail,—God would not hear my prayer. But I dared not proceed far,—I dared not fight against the gentle drawings of the Holy Spirit, —I was obliged to yield; and, with a throbbing heart and trembling spirit, entered my room, fell down on my knees, and poured out my soul's complaint before the triune God; and, in a remarkable manner, experienced great consolation, liberty of speech, and nearness to the mercy-seat.

> "Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
> Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
> Gives exercise to faith and love,
> Draws every blessing from above."

But, while I wrestled for the restoration of health, "Thy will be done," was the sincere and earnest desire of my heart; and, though I prayed much for it, submission checked and calmed my soul. "If Thou wilt hear my prayer, O Lord!" as Hannah said, I cried, "I'll give myself up to Thy

cause, to spend my life's short day." In that solemn hour, vows of consecration were made,—vows to be remembered, not only in time, but throughout the countless ages of eternity. I rose from my knees comforted, believing that my prayer was heard, and that God, in His own good time, would answer me.

During the day, a pious young person, then residing with us, expressing great sympathy and tenderness, mixed with anxiety, on account of my affliction, I told her how my mind had that morning been exercised. She listened attentively, and, to my surprise, said that she, too, had been much impressed with a desire to pray in my behalf,—that she had followed me to my room, and, looking through the key-hole, had seen me wrestling in prayer, and imagined it was on that subject. During the day, we conversed together on the power and efficacy of prayer, reciting passages of Scripture which encouraged all who are in trouble, whether of mind, body, or estate, to make known their wants to God; and seeing that she entered with spirit into the subject, and believed the promises of God to be "Yea and Amen," I engaged her to join with me in patient, persevering prayer, which I felt was my privilege, duty, and—may I not add—absolute necessity. Thus comforted, I

began to lift up my head, and rejoice in anticipation; but, alas! it was only for a short time; doubt soon followed, with the depressing thought, "*It is of no avail;*" and, harassed and perplexed, I went on my way sorrowful.

The next day, my spirits and hopes revived, and again I felt drawn, in an extraordinary manner, to pour out my soul in persevering prayer; yea, I felt compelled, as by some secret influence, even as if Heaven itself were striving with me; while, at other times, I feared lest I was doing wrong, and might grieve the Spirit of God. Like a mariner at sea, I was literally tempest-tossed; yet still believed, amid "floods of temptation, and flames of desire," that my prayer *would*, in God's own time, be both heard and *answered*. After serious conversation, my friend and I determined to meet three nights successively, when we would, in a special manner, intercede for an hour with God on my behalf; and, having heard of the piety and faith of a brother in Christ, I requested that he would join with us. He gladly consented, and I once more took courage. Still my mind was not quite easy, and I could not rest satisfied until I had made the whole matter known to a Minister with whom I was personally acquainted. I did so, and received kind and encouraging advice; with the promise

that he too would take part in our intercessory prayer. "I have thought much about your state of health," said he, "*and I believe that you will be restored in answer to prayer!*" How greatly did these words cheer and comfort me, and urge me to draw near, even boldly, to the throne of the heavenly grace. And when he added, "*I see the hand of God in it!*" how did my soul leap as an hart, and rejoice in hope! Faith was in vigorous exercise, and I knew much depended on it; for this passage in St. Mark's Gospel, "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," was stamped with the pen of inspiration on my mind and heart.

In this state of mind I continued for some time, enjoying great peace and consolation. My soul was as a "watered garden;" and Heaven seemed to stoop to my weakness, and encourage my faith. But this blessed experience was soon again disturbed by fiery temptation. Doubt and fear entangled me, and darkness seized my soul. Confidence in the promises of God, for a time, I had none; faith failed me; comfort and peace were withdrawn; and, fearing I had greatly sinned, and displeased my Father in heaven, I again "bowed my head as a bulrush, and spread sackcloth and

ashes under me." It was the hour of darkness: and the angry powers of hell assailed my soul in every part, so that I dared not look up. At one time, in particular, I felt as though beset with evil spirits, forsaken of God, and utterly cast down. But, throughout this gloom and darkness, I had one great consolation, which kept me from sinking, and even encouraged me to hope, though against hope. It was this:—that I had made my request with submission to the Divine will, ever saying, and from the heart, "Father, Thy will be done!" I felt assured also, that I had been, and still was, influenced by the Spirit of God. But, in clouds and darkness of soul, I could not rest; and with strong crying and tears besought the Lord to lift up once more upon me the light of His countenance, and give me back my peace. My cry was heard, it reached the ears of the Lord of Hosts; He stooped to human weakness, and gave me again to rejoice in His salvation. I was overwhelmed; for, from the Slough of Despond, I was raised to the mountain top, where I once more enjoyed the smile and sensible approbation of Heaven.

It was my privilege, about this period, to become acquainted with several Ministers, who had assembled together on ecclesiastical matters,

in the place where I then resided, many of whom were intimate friends. To some of these I opened my mind, and from all received great encouragement. On one occasion, while in company with an aged servant of Christ, who has since been called to his reward, I related to him how remarkably I had been drawn to plead with God in behalf of health. As if a partner in tribulation, ready to weep with those who wept, and rejoice with those who rejoiced, this man of God entered into the subject, and with fatherly affection urged me to continue, inspired me with fresh hope, excited my feeble faith, cheered me with promises, and bade me "go on."

On another occasion, when asked by one of these Ministers respecting my state of health, I replied, —after giving him some particulars,—"I believe that I shall be restored in answer to prayer." He looked at me with surprise, and, to my own amazement, gave me the following account:—"This morning, while busy in the library, putting the books in order, I thought much about you and your affliction; and, while so doing, it was powerfully impressed on my mind, that if two or three Christian friends would unite together, and pray in faith for your recovery, that you would be restored: and the impression was so strong, that

I could not help mentioning it." This kind friend also fixed an hour for special prayer in my behalf, and bade me wrestle on.

Much more might I tell of the wonderful encouragement I met from day to day, the powerful operations of the Holy Spirit on my mind, and the exercise of faith and prayer I constantly experienced; but it is enough to know that I was supported and assisted by these servants of the Most High God, who all appeared to see the interposition of Heaven in my behalf.

Thus was I built up and established; while my peace flowed as a river, and my soul greatly rejoiced in God. But, as years rolled on, I still remained a sufferer, a burden to myself, a care and anxiety to others; yet, nevertheless, I continued to pray, and wrestled on, though sometimes much cast down, and well-nigh yielding to despair. The promise seemed *afar off;* yet, hoping, and persisting against hope, I still believed it would at last be mine.

After a few more years of patient, persevering prayer, I experienced, in a great measure, a spirit of quiet submission to the will of God, a *complete* renunciation of my own will, an entire giving up of self, body, soul, and spirit, to the Lord. This state of mind I mentioned to a Christian friend, who

exclaimed, "Perhaps this is the *answer* to your prayers!" I thought it *might* be so, and left the matter with Heaven, believing all would be well, and that I should not be ashamed or confounded.

For about twelve years, I continued hoping, praying, waiting, and suffering still. It was a time of expectation, confidence, and hope, mixed with many a fear; yet, Jacob-like, I would not leave off wrestling until I got the blessing; for the promise seemed *so sure;* and I did not wait in vain. Though the blessing tarried long, it came at last; and according to my faith it was done unto me, even more. I was fully restored to my wonted health, and able to work with others in the so-long-desired vineyard of the Lord. And now, "what shall I do my God to praise?" O that I had power to utter all His love, His forbearance, His compassion to me! "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." He has been a Father to me; and, if it be possible, in a twofold sense, I feel I am His child. Yes, and "*my* spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour, who hath regarded the low estate of His handmaiden," and filled my soul with peace through believing. O, what shall I do to praise Him? "None ever trusted in the Lord, and was confounded." Great things hath He done for me,

both soul and body. O for gratitude! May I have grace to fulfil the vows I solemnly made in the hour of trial, and may my whole life be devoted to Him! Pray for me, my friend, that the residue of my days may all be consecrated to Him who is not only the Hearer, but the *Answerer of prayer*.

Dear reader,—

> "If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
> If cares distract, or fears dismay,
> If guilt deject, if sin distress,
> The remedy 's before thee: *Pray*."

Chapter viii.

" Behold a patriarch of years, who leaneth on the staff of religion."

And now, what shall I more tell, what more record, of this place and its people, the work and its success, of the living and the "great departed?" Time would fail me to enlarge more minutely on the efforts of our Scripture Reader, Tract Distributors, Visitors of the Sick and Poor, on our Bible Classes, Sunday and British Free Schools, on processions and pilgrimages, on powerful but silent awakenings issuing from the sanctuary, and the sensible need we feel of the earnest prayers of God's people, and the good example of our countrymen and women. Much more might, we well know, be given; much that is valuable, interesting, and profitable; but we think it better to give a short description of the whole, than be too diffuse.

Since taking up my pen to answer the title of this little work, one of our most faithful and devoted disciples, an aged Christian of ninety-six years of age, has been called from the church militant to the church triumphant. I cannot do better than close the present volume with a brief outline of the character, life, and death of this

mother in Israel, with whom it has been my happy privilege, during our residence in Boulogne, to hold frequent and delightful conversation respecting those things which the natural man comprehendeth not, and the ungodly consider foolishness.

Mrs. Dinah G——y, the subject of the following lines, was a Christian indeed; a true and faithful follower of Him whom her soul loved. Her piety was simple, yet solid; based on the sure foundation, even Jesus; and her faith was that of a confiding child who questions not the authority of a parent. "He has promised," was enough for her; and, according to her faith, the promises became more inestimably precious.

It was not until the year 1832 that Mrs. G——y became concerned about the salvation of her soul. The afflicting hand of Providence was laid heavily upon her; her husband was seized with cholera, and, after a few short hours' illness, left her to mourn his exit from this vale of tears. Such were, as is often seen, the means which a covenant God graciously employed to awaken her. "In every storm a voice may be heard, 'It is I.' In every dispensation, however painful, it is the same voice saying, 'I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the

covenant.' 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock!' Sorrow and trial become *then sanctified,* when God's gracious design is answered." Who can doubt God doeth all things well? None, surely *none!* for though He smite, it is in love. "For He doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men."

From her conversion, to the last hour of her life, she was one whose conduct, example, and daily walk was such as becometh the Gospel of Christ. In business she was diligent, as also "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Her faith, like that of the woman of Canaan, was strong and powerful, as many will remember who read these lines; and her love to God and man such as becometh a follower of Jesus. All who knew her can testify how ardently her soul burned with love to her Saviour, how eagerly she caught a subject proposed when it presented Him who is the "fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely," and how warmly she dwelt upon His wondrous love. Methinks I see her now, her eyes lighted up with a heavenly smile, and raised to the blue sky above us, with joy and gratitude stamped on the outer as well as the inner man, and, "O my dear, *what* love!" the spontaneous, heartfelt expression of her happy soul.

To the poor, she was a friend indeed; and though not in affluent circumstances herself, she was willing to share her portion with others. Truly might it be said of her, "She hath done what she could." Many instances can her family remember of the tender love she showed to the afflicted and distressed, seeking to mitigate, if possible, their sorrows, both of mind and body. It was not enough for her to say, "Be warmed and comforted," unless the necessary means were alike afforded. No! she must *act* as well as speak, and with true generosity of spirit give according to her ability. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor," saith the Scripture: "the Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble."

As we can well conceive, the word of God was peculiarly precious to our departed friend. She treasured it up in her heart, and meditated upon it, night and day. Often has she been heard to say, "I can follow my Saviour from the cradle to the cross;" frequently ending with an exclamation of gladness, as, "Glory be to God, He bled and died *for me!*" Blessed assurance,—glorious faith,—"He died for me!" O, who would live without it? Who would rest without this inward testimony,—this soul-elevating, soul-inspiring thought?—"The Saviour died for *me!*"

It may be, that some of our readers are ready, in broken accents, to cry, "*I* have it not! 'O that I knew where I might find Him' who is called the 'Friend of sinners!'" Behold Him now! In that "still, small voice," that silent, unuttered desire, behold, He calleth thee! Therefore, be of "good cheer;" hearken to His voice,—hesitate not, delay no longer, but forsake all, and follow Him.

> "Behold, He waiteth at your door;
> He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
> Has waited long,—is waiting still,—
> You use no other friend so ill."

Plead not "difficulties," a "deceitful heart," "unbelief," or "backsliding," as an excuse, or hindrance in the way; but "lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you," and come to Jesus, and you will find Him, as other rebels have done, a compassionate High Priest, a gentle Shepherd, and essentially "mighty to save."

About eighteen months previous to her death, Mrs. G——y one morning remarked to her family, that she had, during the night, been much charmed with beautiful music and singing; and that the words and air of the song had been so distinctly heard by her, that she took part in it,

believing it to be the song of angels. When the music ceased, both words and tune continued familiar, and were, to the latest hour of her life, special favourites. The hymn was this:—

> "Give me the wings of faith to rise
> Within the veil, and see
> The saints above, how great their joys,
> How bright their glories be."

For the spiritual welfare of her children, she, as a faithful and pious mother, was most anxious. Affectionately would she urge and entreat them to be on the Lord's side, and be at peace with Him. Yea, "line upon line was given them, precept upon precept,—here a little and there a little,"—while a holy example was continually set before them. It was not enough for her to know that they were "well settled in life," that they were "prospering and happy," or that they were "diligent in business;" she knew much more was wanted, and desired for them better things; earnestly praying that they might all become followers of that which is good, *even Jesus*. Her pious exhortations, her loving fervent prayers, and her meek and gentle spirit, will doubtless long be remembered. May her counsels be followed, her godly life imitated, her prayers answered; and, at last, may children and grandchildren, rela-

tions and friends, all meet again on the eternal shore,

"Where all the ship's company meet!"

But though concerned for the spiritual state and well-being of her own family, she was not indifferent to the salvation and happiness of others; but invariably sought to lead old and young, neighbour and kin, to the cross of Jesus. Her language was,—

"If all the world my Saviour knew,
Then all the world would love Him too!"

Among her circle of friends was an old gentleman, who had experienced great loss of property, and who, under the trial, murmured exceedingly against the providence and will of God. His complaining grieved our friend, who strove anxiously to bring him to a "right mind," even to bow with submission to the will of Heaven. "You should have faith in God," she would say, "and wait patiently; everything will work together for good, if your heart is right."

Good and sound advice! May all who are in trouble,—whether of mind, body, or estate,—remember this; and, by simple faith, lay claim, through Jesus's name, to the sure mercies and promises of God!

"Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise:
But often times celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

Truly so. Let us, then, trust in our God, for He is a "faithful, unchangeable Friend;" and whether He send prosperity or adversity, sickness or health, let us kiss the hand that smites or blesses, remembering that "He doeth *all things* well."

For some years previous to her death, Mrs. G——y began gradually to decline. At times, she was very much afflicted, and confined to both house and bed. Her sufferings were often intense and painful to witness; for she was now much advanced in years; but though, with regard to the flesh, she was brought very low, she still rejoiced triumphantly in the Rock of her salvation. Our Scripture Reader, who had many interviews with her, has kindly given the following record of his visits to this aged Christian:—

"March 3rd, 1857.—To visit Mrs. G—— y's sick bed is, indeed, a privilege. To-day, she was full of the love and praises of her Saviour, looking forward to the rest which remaineth for her. She said, 'Salvation is all of grace,—all of grace: we have nothing of our own. O, my blessed Saviour!

How good God is to me! I lie at night and look at the stars, those wonderful works of God, and I think they show a little of His power.' She spoke, with much earnestness, of her desire that others might seek and find salvation.

"March 4th.—I found the old lady apparently sinking. Mrs. —— and I engaged in prayer with her. After a time, she revived a little, and said, in a very low whisper, scarcely audible, 'Talk with us, Lord; Thyself reveal.' Her daughter believing her to be dying, I came into town to fetch her son. Upon our return, we found her very much revived, and able to speak in pretty much her usual tone. She spoke of grace,—free, sovereign, justifying grace,—exclaiming, 'I feel no condemnation. O, how good the Lord is to me!' I said, 'You are another instance of the goodness and faithfulness of God.' She spoke of heaven, and its anticipated joys.

"November.—I regret that I am unable to remember and note down more of the truly humble and pious sayings of this experienced Christian. She is now confined to bed with a very severe cold. To-day she spoke very sweetly and feelingly of the love of God her Saviour, and said, 'God does not lay me on this bed without a good and wise purpose. O no! Bless His holy

name. He knows what is really best for me.' She spoke of the resurrection; and I said, 'The resurrection is the hope of the Church.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'and then I shall see my blessed Saviour, whom I love! Yes! I *do* love Him, for He has done so much for me.' She then spoke of the happiness she enjoyed.

"June, 1858.—I never visit this house without feeling benefitted in my own soul, her conversation is so very spiritual. As she spoke to-day of the love of Christ, as exhibited in His cross and passion, and of the rejection of that love by man for whom Christ shed His precious blood, she wept, particularly when reference was made to English families who reside near her, who are living without God in the world. So should all do who feel the value of, and have love for, immortal souls. She is deeply concerned that her neighbours should be found living to God. As an instance of this, a person happening to be at her son's a day or two since, she addressed him thus:—'Mr. ——, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!' 'Why so?' inquired he. 'Because you profess to be a Protestant, and never enter a place of worship on the Lord's day.' Mr. —— denied this, and said he *did* attend. 'No,' said Mrs. G——y, 'you do not; for I have made

inquiry on the subject. Now, suppose God should call you suddenly away to appear before Him, you are not fit to go to God. He may call you suddenly, or send some affliction into your family,' &c. This circumstance I had from her daughter.

"February, 1859.—Found Mrs. G—— somewhat better. I was much pleased, and I trust edified, with her lively, spiritual, yet humble, conversation. Her heart, like that of the disciples on their way to Emmaus, seems to burn within her with love to Jesus. Her whole desire is to glorify God, and to be made more and more holy in heart and life.

"March.—In the evening went with Mr. G—— to see his mother. It was very delightful to witness, amidst increasing suffering and weakness of body, that her faith, hope, and confidence in God's love abounded yet more and more. Here is no boasting, no presumption, but a simple, humble, child-like faith in the promises of God. In her case, as in that of all believers, is verified the promise, 'As thy days so shall thy strength be.'

"April 19th.—Mrs. G——, although suffering much, and almost without intermission, is wonderfully supported, and much comforted in mind. She is enabled to rejoice in tribulation also.

Truly her life is one of faith, simple faith in the Son of God, who loved her, and gave Himself for her. Christ is her all. As I was reading to her to-day, and came to this passage, 'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart,' &c., she broke forth in holy joy, repeating the substance of the words, and calling my attention to the 'sweet promises.' She said she had been greatly comforted during the morning by the powerful application of some passages of Scripture to her soul.

"July 1st.—Went to her in the evening, and joined in prayer with her. Her whole hope and trust is in Christ alone. 'He is my refuge,' is her constant theme.

"July 13th.—Found her very weak and exhausted; so much so, as to be, to all appearance, sinking. She was, however, perfectly sensible, and, after being raised in bed, and having in some measure recovered from the painful effects caused by moving her, she said, 'There is a cause for all this; *it is necessary.*' I said, 'Yes, and you find Jesus precious now?' She replied, 'He is a Saviour! There is no darkness, all is light. O blessed, blessed Jesus!' I asked if I should pray with her. 'Won't you read out of the Bible first, Sir?' she inquired. 'You are, I fear,

too weak and ill to bear much,' I answered. 'O I am not too ill to hear that blessed word,' was her ready reply."

These visits of Mr. G——n proved a great blessing and consolation to our departed friend, who delighted in Christian conversation and prayer. Of her it might be said, she "prayed without ceasing;" for day and night, in sickness and in health, from the time of her conversion to her death, she lived in the constant exercise of this privilege. With no ordinary pleasure she anticipated the visits of our Scripture Reader; and we cannot but think, from the above record, that he, with others, experienced that sick-room to be a Bethel indeed. May he ever experience, when visiting the sick and dying, that God is with him; and, whilst he is watering others, may his own soul be abundantly watered! Amen.

One day, several months previous to her death, I called and found her very ill. As usual, she was glad to see a friend, and with a smile bade me welcome, saying, with warm affection, "Bless your dear heart." She was very happy and joyful in God, blessing and praising His holy name. Her "peace" appeared "as a river," and her "righteousness as the waves of the sea." In the course of conversation she said, "He is a balm

for every wound, and a cordial for every fear." We sat and talked together about the glory that awaiteth the redeemed, and the mansions prepared. Already she seemed to enjoy a foretaste of bliss, and looked forward with joy unspeakable to her home above. She told me that she mused about God on her bed, and deeply lamented that any should neglect their soul's salvation. Hope was the anchor of her soul, both sure and steadfast; and, being strong in faith, she mounted heavenward, as on the wings of eagles. Throughout the whole of her long and trying affliction, God graciously kept His handmaiden in "perfect peace;" and though wearied and exhausted nature might have cried out, "Let me alone, it is enough," her confidence in God was such that she could exultingly exclaim, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

It was the delightful practice of our departed friend to speak to herself "in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs;" and when, through the infirmities of age, her voice was low and feeble, she would still hum her favourite tunes, and repeat her "precious hymns." As with many of the children of Zion, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and, "There is a land of pure delight," were very highly esteemed by her, and frequently repeated.

On Divine things she meditated continually, dwelling on them in her heart by faith with thanksgiving, and experiencing how great and abundant are those consolations which blessed meditation brings to the hungry soul.

When death seized upon her, she was ready winged for flight, and only waited the summons to depart. Yet, though willing to quit the "cumbrous clay," that she might be "for ever with the Lord," I well remember her reminding me, one day, of "nature's call," and—"*her family!*" With a mother's fondness, she clung to her children and her children's children.

> "*Why* should I wish to die?
> Is there no work for me to do?
> Swiftly the hours pass by;
> For the great task my moments seem too few.
> Then shall I wish them o'er,
> Since I can ne'er restore
> One parted day, and bid it dawn again?"

During her long illness, our friend was often heard to say, on awaking in the morning, after a little sleep, "What a blessing it would have been, if I had awoke in Paradise!" And when at times suffering intense pain, and directed by those around her to trust in God, she would reply, in a most decided manner, and with unwavering faith, "God

gave me a promise: *He told me,* 'I will never leave thee,—I will never forsake thee;' and *I know* He will be faithful." And she spoke with that assurance which laughed at the idea of impossibilities, knowing it would be done. What noble faith was this, what child-like confidence! worthy of a believer in Jesus, a candidate for heaven! "Lord, increase *our* faith."

My father visited her several times during her illness, and was with her a few hours before her death, when he found her still "strong in faith," and triumphantly happy in God. She was on the Rock, and He who had promised to be with her when "nature's strength decayed," was there to soothe, support, and comfort her. He was indeed with her: she felt His presence, and, "leaning upon her Beloved," she entered without fear "the valley of the shadow of death." During the last conflict, as throughout the whole of her illness, her soul was stayed on God; doubt and fear were far from her,—her every breath seemed praise. In this delightful frame of mind, she patiently waited the word, "Come up hither;" and relying *solely* on the merits of her Saviour's death, she peacefully exchanged time for a blissful eternity, on the 29th day of October, 1859, declaring in death, as she had done in life, "I know that my Redeemer

liveth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Thus lived and thus died this "Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile." Her memory will long be cherished by those who knew her. Her mortal remains lie beneath "the clods" of our little cemetery, where, until the great resurrection-morn, she will quietly sleep in Jesus. May we, "who yet a little longer wait," hasten to meet her glorified spirit in the realms of bliss; and as she was found, when the stern messenger came, ready waiting, with her lamp trimmed and burning, let *us* prepare to meet our God!

> "Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die. My soul,
> What a strange moment must it be, when, near
> Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view—
> That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
> To tell what 's doing on the other side!"

While writing the above, a remark, which is frequently made, has occurred to my mind,—one which proves how difficult it is to write of the departed, lest egotism or flattery be attributed to our motives. What I refer to, is this:—It is thought, and not without reason, that memoirs in the nineteenth century are written to eulogize the dead, and present the subjects to the world as faultless beings,—even as models of perfection;

while the Scriptures hesitate not to bring holy men and women before us in their true, unpolished colours, even as fallen creatures, bearing the universal stamp of sin. Yet to this rather severe remark, we reply, that all who startle when they see not in such memorials the "mote," the "blemish," or the "besetting sin," of a fellow-pilgrim recorded,—who seek for faults and defects, hoping, may be, to find some excuse for their own sin,—would do well to take heed, use all diligence, laying aside their own stumbling-blocks, lest, while seeking for the "mote" that *once was* in a brother's eye, they neglect to "cast out the beam" which so mars and darkens their own vision.

With regard to the brief account given of our departed friend, in which no mention is made of human infirmities, I would say, that as I have not inquired of relatives or friends if she was subject to any particular failing, besetment, or sin, and know of none, I have therefore *none to give*. It is enough, methinks, to know that she was a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, that His example was the rule of her life, and His love her constant theme.

On the occasion of the death of this saint, her venerable Pastor preached an appropriate sermon, selecting as his text Job xiv. 1, 2: "Man that is

born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." In calling the attention of his congregation to the text, my father introduced his discourse by showing that we should "improve all the passing events of life, so as to make them subservient to our best interests, as candidates for another and a better world; that every-day circumstances should claim our attention, but especially those connected with the death of a *neighbour*, a *friend*, a *member of a Christian Church;* and that these circumstances should lead us to reflect and improve the event, that we may learn how to live and *how to die.*"

He also dwelt on the solemn fact asserted,—"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Though promising in the beginning, he reminded us that life is "*afflicted in its progress,* full of *trouble,* and that our visions of bliss soon die away; that it is also circumscribed in its extent, and of *few days,*—a span, a shadow, a dream, a tale. Even ninety-six years are *soon* told! Then, what is your life? It is *fleeting* in its progress, and *perpetual in its motion.* It is

like that *river* which has been running ever since the flood. It is like the sun, which 'never tires, nor stops to rest;' and, in all its periods, is important to man. How soon is it cut down! 'Man dieth and goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' The most tender connexion death dissolves, and removes the spirit to another world, even a world of soul."

Another important and very impressive subject brought before us on this solemn occasion was, that "this is not the only state of man. The body, at the trumpet sound, shall rise again; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." This brought to our minds the "eternal life beyond the sky," where we were reminded would be "no night," but one eternal day.

He finally urged upon us the "*necessity of seeking a preparation for heaven,*" adding, "Our departed friend had this preparation; and now the pain of life with her is over, and the glory of heaven is begun! Think of her society and enjoyment! In a milder clime she dwells, where no gloom of affliction or sin can trouble her."

After dwelling on the character, life, and death of Mrs. G——y, my father addressed a few words to the bereaved family, who deeply feel her loss,

reminding them that she, "being dead, yet speaketh;" and, with the voice of a tender parent and sympathizing Pastor, he urged them to follow her example, and remember her prayers.

Then turning to his congregation, he affectionately asked, "Does not every one here say, 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?' O who would not wish to die in peace? Dear friends, would *you* die as our friend died? Then live as she lived. Follow her as she followed Christ, and at last may we all meet where tears are wiped from every eye! Amen."

Gentle reader, may you and I be there too; may *we* also meet in that "milder clime," where all is calm, and joy, and peace!

Time wears on, and we must now close. Would you know more of Boulogne, its mission and its people, and what is really doing in the place? Then follow the advice Philip gave unto Nathanael, who, when he exclaimed with surprise, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" replied, "Come and see." Yes, come and judge for yourselves; come and help us with your prayers, your consistent walk, your holy conversation, and in keeping holy the Sabbath day. O our Sabbaths! Would to God that all who set foot on foreign soil, would take their religion, their creed, and the

Ten Commandments with them! New comers frequently protest very freely against the sin of France, and cry, "How shocking to see the shops open, women sitting in the market-place, and business transacted on the Sabbath day!" Truly, it *is* a melancholy sight, and one which ought to awaken very solemn thoughts in our breasts, and excite to great and holy effort; but, ah! far more shocking and distressing is it to behold our *own countrymen and women*, who, though protesting strongly against the errors of the Romish Church, yet, on quitting their own places of worship, with Bible and Prayer-Book in hand, visit the *fruit stalls*, the confectioners, and the markets on the Sabbath day! O England! thou who hast had much given unto thee, of thy sons and thy daughters much will be required. May thy piety and excellence, thy glory and renown, be known to earth's remotest bounds, that all, whether Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Papist, may unhesitatingly confess thy religion to be "of God!"

Dear reader, "every thought in every theme," within the pages of this little work, "by prayer hath been established." Follow those petitions with thy own most fervent prayers. "Help me with thy blessing. I work for God and good."

APPENDIX.

See page 167.

COPIES of this Litany, in English and French, are circulated very liberally in Boulogne, etc.; and as it may possibly interest some of our readers, we insert the French at full length.

PRIERE

POUR LA

CONVERSION DE L'ANGLETERRE.

La Foi est un don de Dieu. Dieu ne refuse rien à une prière fervente et persévérante. Prions-le donc de rendre la Foi à l'Angleterre, autrefois l'île des Saints, maintenant, hélas! séparée de la Sainte Eglise.

Chaque samedi à huit heures (excepté le Samedi-Saint et les jours d'obligation qui tomberaient un samedi), une Messe sera célébrée pour la conversion de l'Angleterre. Cette Messe sera dite dans l'église de Saint-Nicolas, à l'autel du Sacré-Cœur; s'il y avait quelque empêchement on la dira soit au grand-autel, soit à l'autel de Saint-Arnoult, à côté de celui du Sacré-Cœur.

Vous êtes prié d'assister à cette Messe chaque semaine, d'en avertir vos amis, et d'y communier quelquefois à l'intention de la conversion de l'Angleterre.

Litanies pour la conversion de l'Angleterre.

Seigneur, ayez pitié de nous.
Jésus-Christ, ayez pitié de nous.
Seigneur, ayez pitié de nous.
Père Céleste, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié de l'Angleterre.
Fils, Rédempteur du monde, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié de l'Angleterre.
Esprit Saint, qui êtes Dieu, ayez pitié.....
Trinité Sainte, qui êtes un seul Dieu, ayez pitié.

Sainte Marie, mère de Dieu, priez pour l'Angleterre.
Sainte Vierge, toujours Immaculée,
O Marie, refuge des pécheurs,
Saint Michel,
Saint Gabriel,
Saint Raphaël,
Saints Anges et Saints Archanges,
Saints Anges Gardiens de l'Angleterre,
Saint Jean-Baptiste,
Saints Patriarches et Saints Prophètes,
Saint Pierre,
Saint Paul,
Saints Apôtres et Saints Evangélistes,
Saint Etienne,
Saint George,
Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry,
Saint Alban,
Saint Edmond,
Saints Martyrs,
Saint Grégoire,
Saint Augustin,
Saint François Xavier,
Saint François de Sales,
Saint Dominique,
Saint Thomas d'Aquin,
Saint Jean de Dieu,
Saint Birin,
Saint Wolstan,
Saint David,
Saint Chad,
Saint Félix,
Saint Guthbert,
Saint Richard,
Saint Dunstan,
Saint Aldelm,
Saint Guillaume,
Saint Swithin,
Saint Osmond,
Saint Alexis,
Saint Aidan,
Saint Thomas d'Hereford,
Saint Paulin,
Saint Wilfrid,
Saint Edmond,
Saint Jean Cantius,

Priez pour l'Angleterre.

priez pour l'Angleterre.

Priez pour l'Angleterre.

Saint Jean de Beverley,
Saint Erconwald,
Saint Edouard,
Saint Hugues,
Saint Bède,
* Vénérable Paul de la Croix,
* Vénérable Paul de la Croix,
* Vénérable Paul de la Croix,
Saints Evêques et Saints Confesseurs,
Saints Docteurs,
Saints Prêtres,
Saints Religieux et Saints Solitaires,
Fondateur des Passionistes, très-zélé pour la conversion de l'Angleterre, dont il prédit le retour à la Foi Catholique.
Sainte Marie-Madelaine,
Sainte Cécile,
Sainte Agathe,
Sainte Agnès,
Sainte Hélène,
Sainte Ursule,
Sainte Thérèse,
Sainte Winefride,
Saintes Vierges et Saintes Veuves,
Saints Patrons de l'Angleterre,
Saints et Saintes de Dieu,
Priez pour l'Angleterre.
Soyez-nous propice, pardonnez-nous, Seigneur.
Soyez-nous propice, exaucez-nous, Seigneur.
Fils de Dieu, nous vous en supplions, exaucez-nous.
Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés du monde, pardonnez-nous, Jésus.
Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés du monde, exaucez-nous, Jésus.
Agneau de Dieu, qui effacez les péchés du monde, ayez pitié de nous.
Seigneur, ayez pitié de nous.
Jésus-Christ, ayez pitié de nous.

PRIONS.

Dieu tout-puissant et éternel, qui avez promis d'accorder tout ce que nous vous demanderions au nom de votre Fils bien-aimé, daignez, nous vous en supplions, rendre la foi à l'Angleterre autrefois l'île des Saints, et faites qu'elle revienne dans la Maison de l'unité et de la paix, votre Sainte Eglise. Nous vous en prions par les mérites infinis de Jésus-Christ notre Sauveur. Ainsi soit-il.

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