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The Two Angels.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Two angels—one of Life and one of Death—
Pass'd o'er the village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath,
The sombre houses hearsed with plumes of smoke.

Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light.

I saw them pause on their celestial way;
Then said I, with deep fear and doubt oppress'd,
"Beat not so loud, my heart, lest thou betray
The place where thy beloved are at rest."

And he who wore the crown of asphodels,
Descending at my door, began to knock,—
And my soul sank within me, as in wells
The waters sink before an earthquake's shock.

I recognised the nameless agony,
The terror, and the tremor and the pain,
That oft before had filled and haunted me,
And now returned with three-fold strength again.

The door I opened to my heavenly guest,
And listen'd, for I thought I heard God's voice;
And knowing whatsoe'er he sent was best,
Dared neither to lament nor to rejoice.

Then with a smile that fill'd the house with light,
"My errand is not Death, but Life," he said:
And ere I answer'd, passing out of sight,
On his celestial embassy he sped.

'Twas at thy door, O friend! and not at mine,
The angel with the amaranthine wreath
Pausing descended, and with voice divine,
Whisper'd a word that had a sound like death.

Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly, from that hush'd and darken'd room,
Two angels issued, where but one went in.

All is of God! If he but wave his hand
The mists collect, the rain falls thick and loud,
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! he looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are his:
Without his leave they pass no threshold o'er;
Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,
Against his Messengers to shut the door?

—*Putnam's Magazine.*

[FOR THE PROVINCIAL WESLEYAN.]

To an Unconverted Friend.

LETTER VI.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—If your mind has not been accustomed to grasp an idea and retain it—excluding, for the time, everything else—you will, I fear find these letters tedious: but, how much better is it to arrive at the TRUTH—although it be at the sacrifice of dismissing desultory and wandering thoughts—by close, hard thinking—than to be perpetually involved in perplexity and doubt—a state of mind which is sure to result, if we refuse to apply all the powers of the intellect to the discovery of the *real* and the *true*, by separating them from the ideal and the false.

It is therefore that we may ascertain the *truth*, that I again ask you to resume, with me, the subject treated of in our last.

In continuation of the argument then, you are to show on what grounds you receive as correct the views of Phrenologists:

Now mark! I accept the evidence you afford me of the christian religion—because the witnesses speak from the testimony afforded by their *senses*; they saw, felt, and heard; they *could not mistake*. Are you prepared to give me similar testimony in favour of phrenology?

You reply: "That is impossible—they bore witness to a *fact*: of which their senses could take cognizance; but phrenology is an abstract *science* founded on observation, comparison, and deduction."

Then you admit, at the very outset, that you cannot give me the *same* absolute testimony with regard to phrenology, as you do with regard to religion: hence it *is possible* that the former may be erroneous. You say it is founded on observation and comparison; why Des Cartes' doctrine that the planets were carried round the sun, in whirlpools of ether, was founded on what he termed the same evidence—observation and comparison. Nevertheless the compass and rule, and mathematical calculations of Sir Isaac Newton, proved his theory to be a splendid dream of the imagination. Now, although I do not assert it to be so, you have no absolute assurance that the doctrine of Phrenologists is anything more.

But the evidence, mark you, afforded by *geometry*, the most certain that we have with regard to matters of this kind, is not *absolutely certain*: hence, were it *possible* to demonstrate the truth of the Phrenological doctrine, by the most approved mathematical process, even *that* evidence could not be put in competition with the direct proof afforded by the senses—and on which you have grounded your faith as to the Christian Religion.

But to give you further latitude; let us proceed to the testimony of scientific men: The doctrine of Phrenology has now been under review for upwards of twenty years: it has been thoroughly examined by competent judges; it has been subjected to the test of experience. Of course, all the scientific men of the age, especially those of the Medical profession, are ready to give their testimony in its favor. Is it so?

"By no means: scientific men are divided in their views; medical men, particularly, are for the most part hostile to the science of Phrenology. But that proves nothing—the science rests on its own merits."

True, that may prove nothing *against* it, but I expected to have found all that testimony in its *favor*. On what then do you ground your belief?

"As before stated, on observation, and comparison."

You observe certain protuberances, for instance, on the head, and you observe certain traits in the person's character—you compare these with other persons who have similar protuberances, and similar traits of character—and hence conclude, that they are always found in connexion. Has experience shown that this *always* follows?

"Not *always*, but in the greater number of cases."

Here, then, your experience does not afford you *absolute* proof of the correctness of your doctrine; all you can say of it is—that it appears *highly probable*.

Now, Descartes might have said the very same thing in reference to his theory of "ether whirlpools," that it "was highly probable"—and yet it turned out to be a complete error.

But admitting that scientific men were agreed on the subject, that would not warrant you in receiving their views, without the matter coming under *your own personal experience*. Have *you* compared the external developments of the brain, with the character of the individual, in very many cases, and have you been satisfied in *every instance*, of the truth of your theory?

"No; I have not had time nor opportunity to study character very extensively; I am satisfied of the truth of the theory, however, in very many cases."

Still, this amounts only to a *probability* of its truth; there we will leave the matter. You do not *know* whether Phrenology be true or false; all you can say is, that you believe it to be true; your belief being grounded on observation, from which you have deduced a plausible theory—on precisely the same principle that Descartes inferred, that because the planets moved round the sun, they were carried round by *ether* whirlpools.

With regard to the *second point*, then, we can come to no satisfactory conclusion—and as you *can not prove* it, and I do not deny it, we will write opposite to the theory of Phrenologists—"*doubtful*."

Now as to the third point: can you show that a *direct contradiction* exists between the theory of Phrenologists, and the doctrines of the Gospel. I very much doubt if this can be done.

Let us admit, for the sake of the argument, that it has been established on reliable evidence, and that we have as good grounds for believing it, as we have for receiving the latter. Now, *if* there be a contradiction, it will involve us in much embarrassment.—But can it be shown that there is? Let us consider the point at issue. According to the theory of Phrenologists, men are born with certain propensions or predispositions of mind: hence it is hastily inferred that man must be irresponsible, and that the Bible writers must have been very ignorant of this science to have supposed him an accountable being.

Let us put aside the *inference*, and return to the premises, viz.: that man is born with certain predispositions of mind. Now, the question is, does the Bible say that he *is not? If it does*, then is there a contradiction involved—but I think the Bible makes no such statement. Nay, on the contrary, the Bible doctrine is that *man is born with certain propensions;* that having been created upright, the first man fell from his perfect state; that he begat a son in his "own image," transmitting to his posterity, his own moral depravity, thus producing in his children a *propensity* to error, rebellion, and sensual appetites.

Now whether this moral depravity acts upon the organs of the brain, according to the views of phrenologists, or *not*—there is no contradiction involved as to the *fact*. If phrenologists say, that some men are born with a strong tendency to evil practices—the Scriptures do not contradict them—they corroborate the statement, and say that *all* men are born with strong tendencies to evil practices. But, say Phrenologists, it is owing to physical conformation.

Even so—it only proves the truth of the doctrine of the Fall, and of the ruined state of human nature.

But the law is arbitrary; they may say—(although by their admissions this can be disproved.) Well, admitting that it is arbitrary, does it amount to anything more than this, that some people have, in common phrase, "*naturally* good qualities" and the reverse? Yet this doctrine was universal before Dr. Gall was born—but no one ever deduced therefrom anything contradictory to the statements of Scripture, or that man was any the less, in consequence thereof, a moral and accountable being! *I* cannot discern any distinction, for my part, between the fact, (if *fact* it be) that, owing to the preponderance of certain organs of the brain, some men are born with propensions to particular virtues and vices—and the *fact* that some men are constitutionally kind-hearted, courageous or timid, and others vindictive, avaricious or cautious.

The line of demarcation is too faintly defined for my perception—I cannot see it. If it be admitted that, according to the Scriptures, man was an accountable being, *before* the discovery of phrenology, then there is nothing *fairly* inferential from that science to prove that he is not still the same.

The conclusion is that you cannot establish the third point any more than the second; you can neither show that the theory of phrenologists is absolutely true, nor that it contradicts the Scriptures, if admitted.

But granting both points established, then the fourth query remains to be considered, viz.: could it not be shown that the contradiction is more apparent than real—that no direct and absolute contradiction is involved? Because, before you could claim exemption from the responsibility resting upon you to go to Christ, you must show that his doctrines are so diametrically opposite to those of phrenologists as to leave no possibility of reconciling them.

This I apprehend cannot be done. Let us place the two parts of the seeming contradiction against each other.

Phrenology teaches that the tendencies of the mind result from organic structure; that the only way the mind can be elevated is by understanding and conforming to the organic law of our being. That any other method of improvement must *necessarily fail—and could not have been employed by a Divine Teacher.*

Directly opposed to this statement is that which declares that Christ *was* a Divine Teacher, and that, so far from teaching men to conform to the laws governing their organization, in order to their mental and moral perfection, he does not even refer to them—but enjoins his hearers to conform to a simple command,—in order to this end!

(To be concluded.)

"Enter into thy Closet."

Every Christian should have a closet, a place sacred to himself alone, where he may meditate and pray. The idea of a closet is that of absolute privacy. It is a place where none can hear or overhear; where the most perfect freedom can be felt between the soul and God. When our Lord said, "Enter into thy closet," he added, "and shut the door." Be absolutely *alone*. He insisted upon this for two reasons: one was, that we might not be hypocrites, who prayed to be seen and heard of men. Such persons would not find the closet a very attractive place. They would prefer the corners of the streets, or the midst of the temple: and if they entered into their closets to pray, they would be very likely to leave the door on a crack, so that some one might overhear their petitions, and say, "What a religious man he is!"

Another reason was, that we might have the full effect of seclusion; so that the mind might not only be free from distraction and interruption, but be free from all temptation to insincerity and formalism.

Few persons can so control their thoughts and feelings as to pray in the presence of others, without some reference to what others may think of the performance. Many, we fear, pray to the people rather than to God. We have heard of *eloquent* prayers. We have seen in the public prints such notices as the following:—"Rev. Mr. B. delivered a very impressive prayer." Whether the Rev. Mr. B. prayed to the people or to God, is not for us to say; but such eulogiums on the style and delivery of a devotional exercise show how strong is the temptation, at times, to make our prayers sound well in the ears of men, rather than to have them acceptable to God. Even where there is *real* piety, and the thought of praying to men, while professedly praying to God, would be abhorred, still it is a most difficult thing to keep the presence of God more distinctly before the mind than the presence of the people. Unconsciously to ourselves, we are shaping our language with reference to what the audience may think or say of the exercise. Alas, how many prayers, offered in the sanctuary or in the social circle, if closely analyzed, would be found wanting in sincerity! May God forgive the iniquity of our holy things! And may we always remember, as we take the posture of prayer, that great is the guilt of him who draweth nigh unto God with his lips, and honoureth him with his mouth, while his heart is far from him!

But in the closet there is no such temptation. We mean, there is no inducement to show off—to pray in fine language,—to use tropes and figures,—to be eloquent. When the door has been shut, the first thought, is, "I am alone with God." No mortal eye is upon me; no human ear can hear what I say. "This is the house of God; this is none other but the gate of heaven." Be it remembered that Jacob used this language when he was alone with God. Great, then, is the advantage of the closet in promoting sincerity in our devotions. If we enter it with a desire to worship God, we shall be very likely to have the desire fulfilled. We do not say that the Christian will at no time find the tempter invading his closet; nor that when entering it under the influence of the best of motive, he will always find it as the gate of heaven. We recollect that Hannah More says, she sometimes found herself catching flies when she ought to have been calling upon God. Even in the closet, Satan will first divert the thoughts, and then deaden the heart. But one thing he cannot tempt us to do, and that is, to play the hypocrite. Here, when we kneel in secret, with none but God to see and hear, we surely can indulge in no language but that of sincerity.

The closet, too, has charms for those who wish to unburden all their souls, to confess all their sins, to make known all their desires. Who is there that does not feel, pressing on the heart and conscience, burdens which no human sympathies can alleviate, or human power remove? We do not wish to make others unhappy by imparting a knowledge of them; but we can retire into the secret chamber, and make them known to Him who can remove them, or can impart the grace that will enable us to bear them. There are sins to confess, of thought and feeling, which we would not and could not disclose to our dearest earthly friend; which can only be whispered in the ear of Him who seeth not as man seeth. We want a place of prayer so secluded, that we may ingenuously and with deep contrition lay open all the tortures and deceitful windings of the heart. Such is the closet. There can we fall upon our faces, and tell our God all our weaknesses, all our sins, and plead for mercy and forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. "The closet," says Kempis, "seldom visited, becomes disagreeable: but often and daily resorted to is delightfull." The closet is the soul's armory. Here it is that the panoply is stored; and here must we come to select it, to fit it, yes, and to burnish it. Soldier of the cross, you cannot contend without the closet!

Every Christian should have his closet. This we said in the beginning, and we say it again. When you are hiring a house, among all the conveniences regarded, don't forget to have a place for secret prayer. When you are engaging lodgings, let this idea of a closet enter into the arrangement. Have an eye to it when you are travelling. A part of every day should be spent alone with God. Piety cannot thrive on any other condition. Having made this arrangement, enter daily into thy closet. Be there found at the dawn, and at the eve of day. Let not thy closet mourn thy absence. Let not its silence for days rebuke thee. Be it thy home—the most sacred spot to thee this side of heaven.—*(Edinburgh) Christian Treasury.*

YOU ARE SUSPECTED.—Are you a clerk? Does your employer of necessity repose weighty trusts to your keeping? Is it in your power to appropriate his property to your own uses? If so, and you wear very fine clothes, attend expensive balls, ride abroad on the Sabbath, lounge around the bowling alley or the billiard saloon, drink drams, and obviously spend more money than your income, you may depend upon it, you are suspected. Disguise it as you may from yourself, depend upon it, you are suspected. Your character stands on a slippery place, and if not speedily reformed you will ere long lie in the gutter.

The Evening Prayer.

"Our father." The mother's voice was low, and tender, and solemn.

"Our father." On two sweet voices the words were borne upward. It was the innocence of reverent children that gave them utterance.

"Who art in heaven."

"Who art in heaven," repeated the children, one with her eyes bent meekly down, and the other looking upward, as if she would penetrate the heavens into which her heart aspired.

"Hallowed be Thy name."

Lower fell the voices of the little ones.—In a gentle murmur they said, "Hallowed be Thy name."

"Thy kingdom come."

And the burden of the prayer was still taken up by the children—"Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done in earth as it is done in heaven," filled the chamber.

And the mother continued—"Give us this day our daily bread."

"Our daily bread" lingered a moment on the air, as the mother's voice was hushed into silence.

"And forgive us our debts as we also forgive our debtors."

"And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. For Thine is the kingdom, and the power and glory, for ever.—Amen."

All these holy words were said piously and fervently by the little ones, as they knelt with clasped hands beside their mother. Then, as their thoughts, uplifted on the wings of prayer to their heavenly Father, came back again and rested on their earthly parents, a warmer love came gushing from their hearts.

Pure kisses—tender embraces—the fond "good night." What a sweet agitation pervaded all their feelings! Then two dear heads were placed side by side on the snowy pillow, the mother's last kiss given, and the shadowy curtains drawn.

What a pulseless stillness reigns throughout the chamber! Inwardly the parents' listening ears are bent. They have given these innocent ones into the keeping of God's angels, and they can almost hear the rustle of their garments as they gather around their sleeping babes. A sigh, deep and tremulous, breaks on the air. Quickly the mother turns to the father of her children, with a look of earnest inquiry on her countenance. And he answers thus her silent question:

"Far back, through many years, have my thoughts been wandering. At my mother's knee thus said I nightly my childhood's evening prayer. It was that best and holiest of all prayers, 'Our Father,' that she taught me. Childhood and my mother passed away. I went forth as a man into the world, strong, confident, and self-seeking. Once I came into great temptation. Had I fallen in that temptation, I would have fallen, I sadly fear, never to have risen again. The struggle in my mind went on for hours. I was about yielding. All the barriers I could oppose to the inrushing flood seemed just ready to give way, when, as I sat in my room one evening, there came from an adjoining chamber, now first occupied for many weeks, the murmur of low voices. I listened. At first no articulate sound was heard, and yet something in the tones stirred my heart with new and strange emotions. At length there came to my ears, in the earnest, loving voice of a woman, the words—'Deliver us from evil.' For an instant it seemed to me as if the voice were that of my mother. Back, with a sudden bound through all the intervening years, went my thoughts; and a child at heart again I was kneeling at my mother's knee. Humbly and reverently I said over the words of the holy prayer she had taught me, heart and eyes uplifted to Heaven. The hour and the power of darkness had passed.

I was no longer standing in slippery places, with a flood of waters ready to sweep me to destruction: but my feet were on a rock.—My mother's pious care had saved her son. In the holy words she taught me in childhood, was a living power to resist evil through all my after life. Ah! that unknown mother, as she taught her child to repeat this evening prayer, how little dreamed she that the holy words were to reach a stranger's ears, and save him, through memory of his own childhood, and his own mother's! And yet it was so. What a power there is in God's Word, as it flows into and rests in the minds of innocent children!"

Tears were in the eyes of the wife and mother, as she lifted her face and gazed with a subdued tenderness upon the countenance of her husband. Her heart was too full for utterance. A little while she thus gazed, and then, with a trembling joy, laid her head upon his bosom. Angels were in the chamber where their dear ones slept, and they felt their holy presence.—*From "The Home Missions," by T. S. Arthur.*

Randolph's Mother.

The mother of John Randolph taught his infant lips to pray. This fact he never could forget: it influenced his whole life, and saved him from the dangers of infidelity. He was one day speaking on the subject of infidelity, to which he had been exposed by his intercourse with men of infidel principles, to a distinguished southern gentleman, and used this remarkable language:

"I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing—the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and cause me to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

Every mother who reads these anecdotes, may read an important practical lesson, which she ought to put to use in the case of her own children. No mother can ever know how great and salutary will be the influence on her little son, on all his future life in this world, and in the world to come, of teaching him to pray. How appropriate, how beautiful the conduct of that mother, who teaches her little son to kneel by her side as he retires to rest, to lift up his young heart to the God that made him, and on whose care and mercy he must rely in all the future years of his existence! If all mothers would teach their children to pray, and pray with and for them, how soon would this world's aspect be changed, and bud and blossom as the rose! And the mother who does not teach her children to pray, has no good ground to believe that she shall ever meet her children in heaven, or that she will ever reach there herself. Prayerless mothers never find admittance to heaven.

Nothing is Lost.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

The little drift of common dust,
By the March winds disturbed and toss'd,
Though scatter'd by the fitful gust,
Is changed, but never lost;
It may bear some sturdy stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or crown with verdurous diadem
Some ruin of the past.

The furnace quench'd, the flames put out,
Still cling to earth, or soar in air;
Transform'd, diffused, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere;
Haply, to make the beacon-blaze,
Which gleams athwart the briny waste,
Or light the social lamp, whose rays
Illume the home of taste.

So with our words, of harsh or kind,
Utter'd, they are not all forgot;
They leave their influence on the mind—
Pass on, but perish not;
As they are spoken, so they fall
Upon the spirit spoken to—
Scorch it like drops of burning gall,
Or sooth like honey-dew.

So with our deeds for good or ill,
They have their power scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good;
Like circles on a lake they go,
Ring within ring, and never stay;
O, that our deeds were fashion'd so
That they might bless alway!

Than, since these lesser things ne'er die,
But work beyond our poor control,
Say, shall that suppliant for the sky,
The greatest human soul?
Ah, no! it still will spurn the past,
And search the future for its rest;
O, joy, if it be found at last
Among the pure and blest!

Religious Controversy.

IT is much to be desired that correct views should obtain in the Church and in the world relative to controversy on matters of religion. If we rightly scan the signs of the times, there is a special necessity for making this subject prominent at the present day. A fair moral estimate of the true nature and legitimate ends of controversy is, we believe, of less and less frequent occurrence. Persons of amiable and pacific tempers are apt to be offended with the very term. The argumentative discussion of any topic of religion is unhappily associated in their minds with the encounter of angry passions—with bitterness and evil-speaking—with an entire direliction of the charities and courtesies of both Christian and civil intercourse. And candour compels us to admit, that too much occasion has been given in all ages for connecting these repulsive attributes with religious debates of every kind. But they are by no means its inseparable adjuncts; and no plea for the necessity of controversy ought to be construed as a plea for its common evils. We know not why the truest spirit of meekness and kindness towards the person of an opponent may not be coupled with the utmost force of reasoning in the defence of opinion; yet, in the minds of many, these ideas appear to be wholly incompatible with each other; and to say of a tract, a treatise, a sermon, a book, it is controversial in its object or complexion, is at once to fix an indelible odium upon it. No matter how clear and luminous its exposition of error, or its defence of truth—no matter how engaging or conciliating its spirit, still it is controversy—hated controversy; and wormwood and coals of juniper, and firebrands and arrows—all rush into the imagination as through an open door, and forbid it the least favour.

This surely is not calling things by their right names, nor judging righteous judgement. What is the scope of religious controversy but the vindication of religious truths? Is not this truth liable to be denied, distorted, corrupted, or fritted away? Is it not often entangled with specious errors, and charged with false consequences? Are its friends required to stand silent by and see its dearest interests jeoparded, without coming forward to its defence? Is there any alternative left them, but to enter the lists, and to endeavour to show truth triumphant? By this, we do not intend to advocate the belligerent spirit of controversy, however polemical or warlike may be our terms. But, as to the thing itself, we see not but controversy is as inevitable as error, and as harmless as its refutation. If there are fundamental truths in the Gospel, and these truths are liable to be assailed, they must be defended; and, if they are continually assailed they must be continually defended.

For this we unquestionably have the high authority both of Scripture precept and example. Mention is made of some 'whose mouths must be stopped,' and 'gainsayers are to be put to silence'; and it ought to abate very considerably our aversion to every form of controversy, when we find several of the Epistles written with the express design of confuting certain errors which had sprung up in the Church, and were making head against the Apostle's doctrine. If inspired men stand foremost in the ranks of controvertists, it is a sickly or sinful sighing for peace that keeps us, not in the back-ground merely, but off the ground altogether.

Now, we have yet to learn that the day in which we live is so happily distinguished above former periods as to absolve us from the necessity of controversy. Are errors less rife over the whole length and breadth of our land at this moment than in the times of our fathers? Is there a more general and cordial yielding to the pure principles of religion and morality? Are the advocates of the unadulterated doctrines of the Gospel listened to and reported of with more candour? Does the weekly press teem with a more hopeful issue, and send out through its thousand channels, a better influence over the bosom of society? Are the prejudices naturally engendered by sectarian divisions melting away, and the hearts of good men panting to break through party pales and flow together? Are the smaller points of difference more frequently viewed as smaller than ever before, while all the true holders of the one Head are rallying round the central points of union?

If these auspicious omens were indeed visible, we might begin to think of discharging ourselves from this duty; but we do not see them. On the contrary, we see what we are taught in prophecy to expect, growing indications of a more powerful spirit of error. With more real liberality than formerly, we believe there is also more false. There is a disposition to relax the rigor of truth. And here, if we mistake not, beauded in the fragrant flower of lovely charity, lies the baneful canker-worm—an aversion to controversy. It is, in many cases, we are persuaded, the product of a spurious catholicism, which would bid us embrace error as well as truth—which would blind our eyes to the everlasting and indestructible distinction between them.

But we have wandered into a longer dissertation than we intended, though well aware that much, very much, remains to be said on the subject, in order to present it in all its bearings. At present, our aim has been to intimate that a dislike of all controversy, in every form, is exceedingly unreasonable, inasmuch as a wholesale reprobation of it is very apt to be connected with an indifference to truth, which has a bad aspect.—*Pandect.*

Departed Children still Members of the Family.

The following is extracted from an excellent little book, just republished by Mr Martien, with the title, "Asleep in Jesus; or, Words of Consolation to Bereaved Parents," by the Rev. W. B. Clark, of Dumfries, Scotland:

The souls of our departed children, though invisible to the eye of sense—though removed far from us, and cut off from all possibility of farther intercourse with us in this life are in a conscious state of existence, and, it may be, occupied with nobler pursuits in a higher sphere. They have been removed from the Church militant to swell the ranks of the Church triumphant. They have been taken away from the small suffering remnant here, to join the great, ever-increasing multitude, which no man can number, who are before the throne of God and of the Lamb. But though now enrolled actual members of the general assembly and Church of the first-born which are written in heaven, they have not ceased to be members of our families on earth. You would not say that a son absent in a foreign land had ceased by this circumstance to be a member of your family; and why should sons and daughters, because absent in heaven, cease to be regarded as members of our families? You would not say that a child, because it is fallen asleep, is no longer a member of your family; and why should you regard in any other light the child that is fallen asleep in Jesus? It is but a deeper sleep into which his mortal nature has fallen, and a longer night through which it must continue; but there is a glorious morning coming, on which you and he shall both awake, satisfied with the Redeemer's likeness. It has often occurred to me, that it is a violation of true feeling, and an indication, if not of weak faith, at least of less profound and accurate views, to call two children of the same family by the same name, merely because one of them is absent in heaven. "I would not put little Willie out of his place," was the beautiful remark once made to me by a true-hearted mother, who had lost a lovely little boy, when, after the birth of another son, some of her relatives wished him to be called by the same name. It is the same feeling that is exquisitely expressed by Bengel, when, in allusion to the name of a child that had some resemblance to that of the departed one, he says, "We would not choose quite the same name; because we thought it ought to have some distinction from hers, whom we still regard as one of the family, though she is fallen asleep."

Gems of Thought.

I sorrow that all things fair must decay.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Man—poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour.—*Young.*

The way of the world is to make laws but follow customs.—*Montague.*

At twenty years of age the will reigns, at thirty the wit; and at forty the judgement.—*Grattan.*

Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.—*Bible.*

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

Beauty is a transitory flower; even while it lasts it palls on the roving sense when held too near or dwelling there too long.—*Jeffrey.*

That is true beauty which has not only a substance, but a spirit; a beauty that we must intimately know, to justly appreciate.—*Colton.*

For a man to be able to speak his best to the men of his time, he must have in him the life-blood of his time. Paul had that, and so had Luther and Latimer: and so all the best poets had—Chaucer, Shakespear, Spencer.—*Mountford.*

The Lone Sparrow.

A poor waiting-maid called on her pastor one rainy night, at an hour which he had appointed for religious conversation. She was a member of the church, and there was nothing in her religious state which called for particular direction. But she had thought that no one would call on the minister in such a night, and therefore she ventured into his study. The pastor listened awhile to her conversation, hoping to discover her errand. At length he saw the object of her call.

She had joined the church some six months before. On her examination by the session, she showed an extraordinary simplicity and strength of faith. She was proof against all hard questions, because she believed as a child. Her answer to inquiries which might have troubled others, was this: "Jesus says, 'Come unto me; and *I do come unto him*.'" It was not without some misgivings and solicitude that she was received into the church. But a few months showed that her love for instruction was intense, that she was rapidly matured in Christian experience.

At length she went to live at another place. Here her religious privileges were very much diminished. She could not attend the Sabbath school as she had done before. She was often prevented from going to church on the Sabbath; and the evening services were nearly abandoned by her.—But she felt the change most painfully. Her sole resource and luxury had been when she could enter the sanctuary, or take a retired seat in a prayer-meeting. Now she felt deserted. Although her wages were much higher than before, she resolved to relinquish her place, that she might regain her religious privileges.

As she sat with her minister, pouring out her troubles, "*the Lone Sparrow*" seemed almost to break from her lips. She exemplified the prophet's complaints, "I am like a pelican in the wilderness; I am like an owl in the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop. My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh cried out for the living God." That poor woman, whose whole living for the year would be spent in a week by many families of the church to which she belonged, had resolved to make sacrifices for the sake of religion. She was going into a new and untried sphere of labour, where her wages would be less, that she might not be debarred from the Sabbath and the sanctuary. May she have her reward in riches that fade not away, in bread that satisfies, and in water from the river of God!

Reader! Christian! living at ease, with a pre-ordained seat in the sanctuary, you were not seen in your place last Sabbath a fortnight. True, untoward, some snow-flakes or raindrops fell at the hour of service, and to have gone to church would have been a trifling act of self-denial. But did you know that God was in his holy temple to meet you? The minister was there with a sermon prepared with special reference to your profit. Many were there whose faces were doubly pleasant and encouraging to their pastor, because he thought they had come from principle or desire, and not from custom or the want of other occupation. The Lone Sparrow, too, was there, in a remote seat in the gallery.—And how she listened to the truth! It was indeed meat to her soul.

Shame on thee, indolent Christian! Thou wilt not have, for nought, the privileges for which she has paid so dearly. Never speak of sacrifices, nor grudge to give at the call of duty, till thou hast emulated the Lone Sparrow—till some act of thine is worthy to be compared with the true noble and Christian conduct of that obscure church-member, who thought she might go into her pastor's study on a rainy night when no one else would go! "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Title of Redeemer.

There is no name of Messiah more significant, comprehensive, or endearing, than the Redeemer. The name of Saviour expresses what he does for sinners. He saves them from guilt and wrath, from sin, from the present evil world, from the powers of darkness, and all their enemies. He saves them with an everlasting salvation. But the word "Redeemer" intimates likewise the manner in which he saves them. For it is not merely by the word of his power, as he saved his disciples when in jeopardy upon the lake, by saying to the winds and seas, "Peace, be still, and there was a great calm;" but by price, by paying a ransom for them, and pouring out the blood of his heart as an atonement for their sins.

The Hebrew word for Redeemer, *Goel*, primarily signifies a near kinsman, or the next of kin, he with whom the right of redemption lay, [Numbers xxxv. 19, 21; Ruth iv, 1–3;] and who, by virtue of his nearness of relation, was the legal avenger of blood. This Messiah took upon him our nature, and by assuming our flesh and blood, became nearly related to us, that he might redeem our forfeited inheritance, restore us to liberty, and avenge our cause against Satan, the enemy and murderer of our souls. But thus he made himself also responsible for us to pay our debts, and answer the demands of the justice and law of God on our behalf. He fulfilled his engagement. He suffered and died on this account. But our Redeemer, who was once dead, is now alive, and liveth for evermore, and has the keys of death and of Hades.—Rev. i, 8. This is he of whom Job saith, "I know that he liveth," (was then living,) though he was not to stand upon the earth till the latter day. He is the living One, having life in himself; the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Such was his own language to the Jews: "Before Abraham was, I am." Therefore the Redeemer is mighty, and his redemption is sure. He is able to save to the uttermost. His power is unlimited, and his official authority as Mediator is founded in a covenant ratified by his own blood, and by the oath of the unchangeable God. P. [illegible]—*Ed.*

An Infidel Mother.

Can it be? can you look into the depths of those clear blue eyes, that seek yours in such confiding, innocent trust? can you kiss those dimpled limbs, so "fearfully and wonderfully made?" can you watch with him the first faint streak of light, that ushers in another happy day? can you look upward with him to the shining host? or place on his eager hand the field flowers that bend their dewy eyes with grateful thanks, and NEVER name "Our Father?"

When at dead of night you watch beside his sick couch; when you hush your very breath to listen to his pained moan; when every gust of wind makes your cheek grow pale; when you turn with trembling hand the heating drops; when every tick of the clock seems beating against your heart; when the little path I have been hardly into yours, for the "help" you cannot give; oh! where can you turn the supplant eye, if you see not the "great Physician?" When health slowly returns; when the eye brightens, and the red blood colors cheek and lip; when the vacant chair is again filled; when the little feet are again busy; when I twine arms, in playful glee, twine again around your neck; comes there from that woman's heart of thine, no burst of grateful thanks to Him who knows even the sparrow's fall?

Suppose Death come! You fold away the little useless robes; you turn with a lingering eye from toys and books, and paths those little feet have trod; you feel ever the shadowy clasp of a little hand in yours; you turn heart sick from happy mothers, who number no missing lamb from their flock; a sunny ringlet, a rosy cheek, or a piping voice, gives your heart a death pang. You walk the busy street, and turn your head