

immortal inhabitant will soon be admitted to the light of heaven, or "reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day." Of a few dissolving pang, and then the soul is in the presence of the Judge of all—and is solaced with—"Come blessed of my father—inherit the kingdom prepared for you." Or it hears the fearful sentence—"Depart, cursed." Surely the eternal belief of such truths, respecting the state and destiny of the soul, must cause no *small* solicitude in all who believe. And it is in the nature of man to give full credit to such truths as those which respect the soul, and yet live in a state of indifference respecting its eternal well-being. The very thought, that we enter, after death, into a new state of being, in which we are surrounded by God and Christ, holy angels, and glorified spirits, all perfect, all holy, must constrain us to desire "holiness in the inward part."

1. *The belief of those truths which respect the relation of the believer to God and Christ, will have this tendency.*

All believers are spoken of as the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. They stand in a new and peculiar relation to God. They have been bought, not with corruptible things, as silver or gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a "lamb without blemish." This relation in which they stand, is spoken of by John as a sure token of God's love, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us that we should be called the sons of God." Say then, will the belief that such a new and glorious relation as this, existing between the literal and ever blessed God and our souls, not tend directly to that end of our faith, even our salvation? The conviction that we are accepted in the beloved, is one of the most powerful motives to purity, that could be presented. It tends to the suppression of sin in every form—and leads to the cultivation and practice of all the graces of the spirit, and is the means of great and constant enjoyment. It soothes and sustains the soul in adversity, and keeps it from being hurt by prosperity. As a means of sanctification its power is great, as the children of God know by their experience. Fear may have its influence in leading us "to put off the old man which is corrupt, with the deceitful lusts." The love of happiness may constrain us to seek conformity to the image of God—but the thought of our privileges, that we are the objects of God's eternal and immutable love, that, in subordination to his glory, our salvation occupied his mind, and was embraced in his purpose of mercy which He purposed in Christ Jesus. When we see these in part fulfilled in the work accomplished in us—when we read their completion in his promises, we will put forth every effort "to live to the praise of the glory of his grace." D.

Miscellaneous.

YET THERE IS ROOM.

Room enough for thee!

Dark is the chamber of thine heart and dear,
Wayward thy path, yet there is mercy here.
For long perchance, in Superstitions chain,
A willing captive thy poor soul hath lain;
But lo! now, there is a home above,
A mansion purchased by a Saviour's love,
And room enough for thee!

Room enough for thee!

Poor aged wanderer—all thy precious time
Is gone! "Thy near the midnight chime"
Yet, in th' eleventh hour awake and give
Thy priceless soul to Christ, and it shall live;
Doubt not a moment—though unwilling, come,
For in yon heaven, the ransom'd sinner's home,
There's room enough for thee!

Room enough for thee!

Heart-broken wanderer, though thy failing faith
Hath long been tried, even night to death—
Though stern affliction's blighting power hath tamed
Each lovely gourd, ere yet, in ripeness fade;
Though the still grave closed o'er each cheering voice,
Think of the many mansions, and rejoice,
There's room enough for thee!

Room enough for thee!

A countless crowd hath hither past—they meet
In perfect bliss,—but, ah, not yet complete
Thy holy number. Spurn of my Lord,
Through earth's broad circle spread thy living Word,
And tell each fainting spirit (though forgiven)
That longs, half faithless, for the joys of heaven,
"There's room enough for thee!"

Room enough for all—

From India's plains—from Africa's burning strand—
From the wild tribes that track the desert sand—
The outcast Jew—the Indian stern and lone,
Who dwells in forest wilds obscure, unknown—
These, these will in that glorious temple meet;
These erst their blood and tears have covered his feet,
Who freed them from their thrall!

Yet, sinner, there is room!

Forake the refuge of lies—the hollow creed,
That defies weak reason. Such a road
Will easily fail thee. Or, if thou dost pray,
Through others than thy Lord, the only way,
Awake in time, be cleansed from thy sin,
For nought defiling ere can enter in
That land beyond the tomb!

Yet, Christian, there is room!

Surely, if we shall meet beyond this life,
United there in love—no jealousies or strife
To mar the scene—our spirits here should prove
That we are pilgrims to that land of love,
And its pure atmosphere each deed pervade—
Dwell in our lives—revealing we are made
Meet for that heavenly home. E. S.

SANCTIFICATION OF THE SABBATH.

[From the German of the *Flying Leaves*, published by Dr. Wichern
Translated for the *Presbyterian*]

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates."

I shall tell you what happened in the Ementhal, (a fertile valley of the Canton of Bern) in Switzerland, to a farmer who cared for neither God nor men, and who wished in every thing to have his own way. It was on a Sabbath afternoon. He had a large quantity of cut grain in his field, and observing the clouds gathering round the top of the mountains, and the spring becoming full of water, he called his domestics, saying, "Let us go to the field, gather and bind, for towards evening we shall have a storm. If you house a thousand sheaves before it rains you shall be well rewarded."

He was over-learned by his grandmother, a good old lady, of eighty years of age, who walked supported by two crutches. She approached with difficulty her grandson. "John, John," said she, dost thou consider! As far as I can remember, in my whole life, I have never known a single ear of corn housed on the holy Sabbath-day; and yet we have always been loaded with blessings; we have never wanted for anything.—Granting that it might be done if there were a famine, John, or appearance of a long continuation of bad weather; but thus far, the year has been very dry, and if the grain get a little wet, there is nothing in that very alarming. Besides, God who gives the grain, gives the rain also, and we must take things as he sends them. John, do not violate the rest of this holy day, I beseech of thee." At these words of the grandmother, all the domestics came around her; the oldest understood the wisdom of her advice, but the young treated it with ridicule, and said to one another, "Old customs are out of date in our day; prejudices are abolished; the world now is altogether altered." "Grandmother," said the farmer, "every thing must have a beginning; there is no evil in this; it is quite indifferent to our God whether we spend the day in labour or in sleep, and he will be altogether as much pleased to see the grain in the corn-loft as to see it exposed to the rain; that which we get under shelter will nourish us, and nobody can tell what sort of weather it will be to-morrow."

"John, John," said the doors and out of doors, all things are at the Lord's disposal, and thou dost not know what may happen this evening; but thou knowest that I am thy grandmother; I entreat thee for the love of God not to work to-day; I would rather eat no bread for a whole year." "Grandmother, doing a thing for one time, is not a habit; it is not a wickedness to try to preserve one's harvest, and to better one's circumstances." "John," replied the good old lady, "God's commandments are always the same, and what will it profit thee to have the grain in thy barn, if thou lose thy soul?" "Ah! don't be uneasy about that," exclaimed John—"and now, boys, let us go to work!" time and weather wait for no man." "John, John," for the last time, cried the good old lady; but, alas! it was in vain; and while she was weeping and praying, John was housing his sheaves; it might be said that all flew, both men and beasts, so great was the desire. A thousand sheaves were in the barn, when the first drops of rain fell. John entered his house, followed by his people, and exclaimed with an air of triumph, "Now, grandmother, all is secure; let the tempest rage, let the elements rage, it little concerns me; my harvest is under my roof!" "Yes, John," said the grandmother, solemnly, "but above thy roof spreads the Lord's roof!"

While she was thus speaking, the room was suddenly illuminated, and fear was painted in every countenance.

A tremendous clap of thunder made the house tremble to its foundations. "Lord!" exclaimed the first who could speak, "the lightning has struck the house!" All hurried out of doors. The dwelling was in flames, and they saw through the roof, the sheaves burning which had scarcely been well housed.

The greatest consternation reigned among all these men, who, but a moment before were so pleased. Every one was dejected and incap-