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Religious Miscellany.

My Lambs.

I love them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet:
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I hid him down,
In those white shrouds, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me, that in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came, my heart grew faint;
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint.
Another! She, who, gentle as a saint,
N'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away;
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam:
I knelt to pray:

"Is it thy will
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
O! thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven;
And a sad voice said, 'Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still.'"

O! how I wept!
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child;
Her, too, I gave—the little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once, again, that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band:
Like a pale specter, there he took his stand,
Close to his side.

And yet, how wondrous sweet
The look which heard my passionate cry,
"Touch not my lambs, mine O! let me die!"
"A little while," he said, "with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, I could not see my darling go,
He had not bid me farewell; but O!
I felt farewell.

How deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame
The "O!" could I but have heard him call my name,
"Dear mother!" but in heaven 'till the same
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done;
My heart would break.

O! with what thrill
I heard him utter; but I did not know—
For it was dark—that he had robbed me so,
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O! heart, be still!

Came morning; can I tell
How this poor frame is sorrow's inmate kept?
For waking tears were mine; I sleeping wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept,
Alas! "farewell."

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bode my pillow in my sleep,
Yes; yes, thank God! no grief that clime shall
keep—
No weary years.

Ay! it is well!
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly
guide:
There pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day
They often come from glorious light to me:
I do not feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me;
Heaven is not far away.

Literary Mortality.

BOOKS THAT DIE—A BOOK THAT LIVES.
The tables of literary mortality about the following appalling facts in regard to the chances of an author to secure literary fame; out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing, &c.; 200 just pay expenses; 100 return a slight profit; and only one hundred show a substantial gain. Of these 1,000 books, 650 are forgotten by the end of the year, and 150 more at the end of three years; only 50 survive seven years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century, hardly more than 50 have a great reputation and are reprinted. Of the 50,000 now published in the eighteenth century, posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books these three thousand years, and there are hardly more than five hundred writers throughout the globe who have survived the ravages of time and the forgetfulness of man.

The vanity of young authors—though there are exceptions—is proverbial. Colton, in his *Laocoon*, aims at the most stinging of his arrows. Every year a thousand writers imagine that they have something to say which the world ought to hear. They hurry into print, and ask men to listen to the new oracle. But the great world goes on its way, and pays no more heed to their modest request, than the ox in the fable to the fly on his horn.

Of all books published, the great majority are dead to begin with, and it is a work of supererogation for critics to kill them. They

fall from the press like autumn leaves from the tree, to perish and be forgotten. Of the few books which can be said to have a living mission, many perform it in a year, or even a month. It is once in a century that a really great genius rises up to write a book, which he is confident without presumption—like Milton—that "the world will not willingly let die." A really live book is a rare production. It is one that will not winter kill—one that will read when the author's grave-stone crumbles—ones that kindle in action minds that come in contact with it—one that has in it the seed of coming centuries. Such a book cannot be made to order. Literature has no patterns by which plodding imitators can shape it. The attempt will always prove a failure. Time is sure to detect the cheat. Even of works of real merit in their day, how few survive their own age! It has been said, with no little point, that all the honey of antiquity might be stored in a single beehive. Take the great writers of the classic age of the Greek and Roman periods, —Aristotle, Plato, Cicero, Seneca, and others,—and how little of real vitality there is in them! They are curiosities for the scholar; but after all, for the most part, intellectual mummies.

Take the great lights of the English literature, Bacon and Addison, and Bolingbroke, and Johnson, &c. and how the coils their early ashes. How low they read, even at this early period, are the writings of Burke, or the most philosophical of English—or of Fisher Ames, almost his peer, of American statesmen; and in reverting to the speeches and letters of Webster, how readily one recalls what is almost sure to be his inevitable fate in the general estimate of posterity, that the time may yet be when some curious traveller from New Zealand might be seen sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge sketching the ruins of St. Paul's cathedral.

Once in a while there comes along a book like Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, or Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, that has more vitality in it than the whole pyramid of metaphysicians and novelists of the modern stamp. But where is this? The vital element is borrowed from "the living words" of Christ. By force of this they live themselves. Almost all else is buried by the waves of time, and the only other great island of living literature, is the dozens of the volumes of Walter Scott and James, and Dickens and De Quincy, and a score of other modern literatures, and who imagines that they have the staff of immortality in them? Already they are drifting away on the sea of time, like the huge admirals of the North Atlantic, and to be the next day, not already, dismasted, to leave on the rocky shore, for centuries to come, only fragments of their plundered cargo.

Now would it be difficult to name stars in the firmament of American literature that are peerless now, but are long forgotten to posterity? The names of writers and thinkers will rise up, their equals or superiors, to rival and discern them, only to be discredited in turn. In the great host that crowd the field, like the stars in the milky way, it is ever becoming more and more difficult to retain the pre-eminence. Ten centuries hence, and our names will need a Herschel telescope to detect them.

The history of books is much like that of fossil plants and races—the products of an antediluvian age. They have died to form the strata out of which others should spring, to flourish and perish in their turn. So had the world a succession—each feeding the decay of its predecessor—generation after generation of dead books. Now and then one has lifted its towering trunk, as we see in the coal quarries, showing up through generations of the dead. But after all, it was only a more distinguished fossil. The gifted and eloquent are soon forgotten. Great hearts and noble spirits, and all the skill of the binder's art only build, for the most part, the splendid mausoleums of dead books.

Meanwhile, the words of Christ are as fresh and living as ever. Time has gathered no rust on them. Age has not out-dated them. Their great power and influence were never before so great as they are to-day. Childhood has read them and owned their power over youthful susceptibility. Age has perused them, and repented them, and never found them old. Generation after generation has taken them up and poured over them, and found them fresh as ever. The words of Christ are ever new. The words of Christ are to-day what they were to Luther when he found them in his monastery buried in the old Latin Vulgate,—what they were a century earlier to Clemens, when turning from Greek and Roman classics to the Scriptures, he declared that he had metred words from the last hours, than from the first in years.

What if there should rise up other orators, like Demosthenes, or Chatham, or Webster; or other thinkers, like Pascal, or Locke, or Bacon; or other poets, like Dante or Milton; or other investigators, like Franklin, or Herschel, or Faraday,—who imagines that any or all of them would be able to supplement by a single line, "the living words" of Christ? These stand alone by themselves, forever unapproachable, inimicable.

Most great writers and speakers have had their crowns of immortality, and have been forgotten. The words of Christ, however, have made himself ridiculous by counterfeiting the style, or clothing his thought in the philosophical, or rather transcendental garb of Carlyle or Emerson. Genius seems in fact to live in a world of mirrors, where if it gives light enough to be seen by, it will be reflected in a thousand places. But who has ever ventured to imitate, or rather parody, the Man of Nazareth? Who has ever produced a rival of the Sermon on the Mount, or attempted to speak like him in parables? Even if the sacrifice of the act did not forbid, no man has ever deemed it possible. One might as well attempt to rival in the heavens or simulate the splendor of the sun with a Drummond light.

Meanwhile, the most powerful minds have not been ashamed to confess their own indebtedness to those words which are "spirit and life." The wisest have studied them to become more wise. The holiest have read them to become more holy. Paul was a great mathematician, as well as a powerful thinker, but he listened with adoring reverence and child-like humility while the Great Teacher expounded to him "the

mathematics of heaven." John Locke laboured, as few have done, the depths of the human understanding, but in the ripeness of his years, and the fulness of his attainments, he was ever more anxious to come, through the study of the Scriptures, to a fuller understanding of the providence and grace of God. Milton, with a genius that could at once plead the cause of civil and religious freedom and soar to the loftiest heights of a hallowed imagination, would never have counted his own works as a feather's weight in the scale against the words of Him that spake as never man spake; and Lord Bacon, who could reason where others speculate, and could throw off his terse thoughts in striking aphorisms, was fain to make fast the girle of his arguments with golden clasps from the anxious to come, through the study of the Scriptures, to a fuller understanding of the providence and grace of God. Milton, with a genius that could at once plead the cause of civil and religious freedom and soar to the loftiest heights of a hallowed imagination, would never have counted his own works as a feather's weight in the scale against the words of Him that spake as never man spake; and Lord Bacon, who could reason where others speculate, and could throw off his terse thoughts in striking aphorisms, was fain to make fast the girle of his arguments with golden clasps from the anxious to come, through the study of the Scriptures, to a fuller understanding of the providence and grace of God.

Their very position in the Scriptures in contrast with the transient vitality and power of all other books, vindicates their unrivalled pre-eminence. They can never be superseded. They can never become obsolete. There is that in the nature and condition of man which finds in them alone the answer to its cravings.

Courtesy.
The innumerable fine and delicate threads, which true courtesy weaves, as wool and warp, constitute the strength of the social fabric. Courtesy is love embodied, and renders civility a visible; and love attracts into union and oneness, as when contiguous water drops rush into mutual bosoms and form river and lake. Conventional observances may drive men into combinations, as external hoops force the staves to become the barrel and the cask. But the drawings of love will attract, and love attracts into union and oneness, as when contiguous water drops rush into mutual bosoms and form river and lake. Conventional observances may drive men into combinations, as external hoops force the staves to become the barrel and the cask. But the drawings of love will attract, and love attracts into union and oneness, as when contiguous water drops rush into mutual bosoms and form river and lake. Conventional observances may drive men into combinations, as external hoops force the staves to become the barrel and the cask. But the drawings of love will attract, and love attracts into union and oneness, as when contiguous water drops rush into mutual bosoms and form river and lake.

Courtesy is essentially different from politeness, etiquette, manners. These may become mere marks of supreme selfishness and hatred; and they may be only exhibitions of a false and empty courtesy. Indeed, no special form or manner, and yet never was with suitable and decorous conventionalisms. Courtesy is inherent, and ever the same; but forms of politeness are shaped by accident; hence the etiquette now reigning may be destroyed in time, and the politeness of to-day become rudeness or vulgarity.

Courtesy cannot be taught or learned; it cannot be put on or laid aside. Courtesy is felt—more politeness seen. The former wins love—the latter respect. The one bows gracefully and profoundly; the other bows down, and then looks up, and looks back. Courtesy is a true politeness, and indeed, no special form or manner, and yet never was with suitable and decorous conventionalisms. Courtesy is inherent, and ever the same; but forms of politeness are shaped by accident; hence the etiquette now reigning may be destroyed in time, and the politeness of to-day become rudeness or vulgarity.

Ab! he should have thought before an ill-will, that he was not to do it, and so should you think seasonably, and act too. It will be sad thinking in the prison of despair.

Religious Intelligence.
Letter from Bulgaria.
Opposition of Greek Archbishops—Privileges of the Greek Church—First Christian King—A German Physician.

We have just received the following letter from Rev. W. P. Freeman, one of our missionaries in Bulgaria. Please give it to the readers of your paper.—*Chr. Sec.*

SUMELA, Bulgaria, Jan. 25, 1860.
In entering upon the new year, we judge ourselves sufficiently acquainted with the language to make preparations for holding public service. With the opposition of the Greek archbishop, and the superstitious dread which the Bulgarians have of this matter to obtain a house in their quarters—Success was extremely doubtful; but by timing our effort and managing the surroundings, above all, by the Divine blessing in answer to prayer, we have secured a room 36 by 25 feet, in a new house near by our residences, which we have before informed you are in the heart of the Bulgarian quarter. We are not fitting up, and hope in a few weeks to declare in it the riches of grace in Christ Jesus.

In view of commencing active operations it is natural for us to scrutinize our relation to this people, and the prospect we have of imparting religious instruction to them. In many respects we could hardly imagine a more favorable respect shown us by the community in this respect than our astonishment and gratitude to the Author of all good; and this is steadily increased as they have learned more of us, our business, and our faith. One of the most pleasing features of the friendliness of the Bulgarians is that their priests are by no means backward in manifesting their good-will. It is true these are generally very ignorant men, some of them very intemperate; but others are moral and reputable, and most give promise of influence for good when elevated by Gospel truth. Our acquaintance with the priests extends into all the surrounding country, in some instances to a distance of from fifty to sixty miles. They visit our houses, and at times come and ask me to go with them to see the sick, having more confidence in a little medicine than in anointing with holy oil.

We have now greater need than ever of the fervent prayers of the Church at home, that heavenly wisdom may be given us for the prosecution of this great work, and that the Lord will sanctify his truth to the elevation of this people from "the death of sin to the life of righteousness."

It is no easy matter to decide upon the mode of operation. Several considerations have led my mind to dwell upon the plan of laboring among the Bulgarians, with a view of "leavening the whole lump," elevating the entire mass rather than forming a separate Church organization. Not that the Gospel is to be compromised, or that we are to do otherwise than plainly to preach it and constantly to urge its acceptance; but we have learned to regard the Bulgarian people in their centers, that is, in the principal cities, as a rising people, and from the course of their colonial affairs we have many reasons to expect that in a comparatively short time they will in a body demand a reformed religion. It is but reasonable to believe that our labours among them will hasten this result; or rather, with a clearer recognition of the arrangements of Divine Providence, may we not assume that they have been sent to guide them to it. This

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"No, he was the reply."
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We have just received the following letter from Rev. W. P. Freeman, one of our missionaries in Bulgaria. Please give it to the readers of your paper.—*Chr. Sec.*

SUMELA, Bulgaria, Jan. 25, 1860.
In entering upon the new year, we judge ourselves sufficiently acquainted with the language to make preparations for holding public service. With the opposition of the Greek archbishop, and the superstitious dread which the Bulgarians have of this matter to obtain a house in their quarters—Success was extremely doubtful; but by timing our effort and managing the surroundings, above all, by the Divine blessing in answer to prayer, we have secured a room 36 by 25 feet, in a new house near by our residences, which we have before informed you are in the heart of the Bulgarian quarter. We are not fitting up, and hope in a few weeks to declare in it the riches of grace in Christ Jesus.

In view of commencing active operations it is natural for us to scrutinize our relation to this people, and the prospect we have of imparting religious instruction to them. In many respects we could hardly imagine a more favorable respect shown us by the community in this respect than our astonishment and gratitude to the Author of all good; and this is steadily increased as they have learned more of us, our business, and our faith. One of the most pleasing features of the friendliness of the Bulgarians is that their priests are by no means backward in manifesting their good-will. It is true these are generally very ignorant men, some of them very intemperate; but others are moral and reputable, and most give promise of influence for good when elevated by Gospel truth. Our acquaintance with the priests extends into all the surrounding country, in some instances to a distance of from fifty to sixty miles. They visit our houses, and at times come and ask me to go with them to see the sick, having more confidence in a little medicine than in anointing with holy oil.

We have now greater need than ever of the fervent prayers of the Church at home, that heavenly wisdom may be given us for the prosecution of this great work, and that the Lord will sanctify his truth to the elevation of this people from "the death of sin to the life of righteousness."

It is no easy matter to decide upon the mode of operation. Several considerations have led my mind to dwell upon the plan of laboring among the Bulgarians, with a view of "leavening the whole lump," elevating the entire mass rather than forming a separate Church organization. Not that the Gospel is to be compromised, or that we are to do otherwise than plainly to preach it and constantly to urge its acceptance; but we have learned to regard the Bulgarian people in their centers, that is, in the principal cities, as a rising people, and from the course of their colonial affairs we have many reasons to expect that in a comparatively short time they will in a body demand a reformed religion. It is but reasonable to believe that our labours among them will hasten this result; or rather, with a clearer recognition of the arrangements of Divine Providence, may we not assume that they have been sent to guide them to it. This

view is suggested by brother Lore in his valuable articles in the Quarterly Review; and I would that we had, or some one of equal wisdom and experience, to assist us as a superintendent in deciding the momentous questions which loom up before us.

You have probably learned from the journals of the day that the contest between the Bulgarians and lower clergy with the patriarch and higher clergy has during the last year reached a crisis. A year ago the Jesuits at Constantinople commenced the publication of a Bulgarian paper, which has been widely circulated among the Bulgarians in this and the neighboring provinces. Through its influence, aided by the private correspondence of the editor, the inhabitants of the Bulgarian town of Kookosh, in Macedonia, and the Gulf Salonica, were led into open revolt against the Patriarch of Constantinople. They had long been urging their claims for a Bulgarian instead of a Greek bishop, and were persuaded that if they would make application to the Pope, Bulgarians would be ordained; they would retain their connection with the Eastern Church. The prefect of the Jesuits at Constantinople went down to counsel them. Two men were selected to be sent to Rome for ordination. Subsequently the patriarch relented, and sent a Bulgarian bishop; but the Greek archbishop, who had been waiting the return of the others with the authority of the apostolic succession through the pope. The question of following in their course is very extensively agitated through Bulgaria. The idea is not adherence to the pope, but deliverance from the grasp of the Greek archbishop, and the retention of the Eastern Church.

"Don't Think about it Now."
Why not? You have just said you knew that religion was of more importance than every thing else. Why not think of it now? If not, when will you think of it? Will you do so when disease has dulled the edge of your eyes, and turned your cheek to paleness? When, racked in agony on the bed?

"You turn, and 'tis a poor relief you gain,
To change the place and keep the pain."
Will you then think of religion?

When the death damps are gathering upon your brow, and the grim king of terror is calling; will that be a good time to think of it? You must think sooner or later, and you may defer till thought will be dreadful and full of remorse.

A convict, on being removed from one prison to another, was asked how he liked his new home?
"No, he was the reply."
"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"
"Yes, better."
"Is your labor harder?"
"No, not so hard."
"Are you not treated with kindness?"
"Yes."
"Then why not like it?"
"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think; and at night the iron door shuts me up in my solitary cell to think! think! think! and I cannot endure it!"

Ab! he should have thought before an ill-will, that he was not to do it, and so should you think seasonably, and act too. It will be sad