

called upon for your grateful tribute; and this should be nothing less than the consecration of your heart and life to Christ. Oh, let not the hand of a female ever be lifted to smite the Saviour's cheek, or employed to plait a crown of thorns for his brow! A female *infidel* is a monster in the human form. A female, too, who rejects the Gospel and remains impenitent, and will not have Jesus Christ to reign over her, is guilty of most flagrant ingratitude. No wonder that women were among the most ardent and active of Christ's followers while here on earth, no wonder they stood weeping by the cross, when even the apostles themselves were scattered like sheep; no wonder that his very sepulchre was dear to their hearts, for his coming published a jubilee to the female world. Female reader, will you not here fall at the feet of Jesus Christ, and lift your eyes, streaming with the tears of gratitude, to heaven, and cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The last consideration which will here be urged, is, that the *present state of the world is favourable* to female effort. Pious women have always done much in the kingdom of Christ. They followed the Son of God, and ministered to his necessities, while here below. In the days of the apostles, honourable mention is made of their activity and usefulness in the church of God. Indeed, in every age, the progress of the Gospel has been essentially aided by their pious and devoted labours. Who can compute, this side of heaven, the influence of Hannah More in favour of the Gospel? When will the name of Harriet Newell be forgotten in the East, or cease to be associated through the world, with the labour, and toils, and triumphs of the missionary cause? How many will find eternal rest in heaven, through the beneficence of a Norris, or the piety and prayers of a Graham? Those who have gone before you have done much; but, by the grace of God, still more may be accomplished by female effort.

There never has been a day, since the Gospel commenced its blessed career, when the exertions of females were more needed by the church, or when their influence could accomplish more good in the world, than the present. Every benevolent enterprise under heaven must be affected by the course which you pursue. If you turn away from Jesus Christ and resist his claims, and cast your influence into the opposite scale, the great work of bringing the world to the foot of the cross, must, at least for a time, and in no inconsiderable measure, languish. If this influence is called forth and made to act in a proper direction, God's providence and grace may enable you to touch every spring, and give motion to every wheel, in that great machine which is to change the moral state of the world. And there is nothing that stands in the way of successful action. Public sentiment is in favour of female zeal and effort. Numbers of your sex have already done much, and their praise is in the churches. The treasury of almost every Christian institution is deeply indebted to the beneficence and activity of females. But oh, what vast multitudes in Gospel lands, some in the church, and still greater numbers out of the church, have, as yet, done nothing! They have never put their hand to the great work for which they were made. But how can the female heart refuse? God has spread the world before you as the field of effort, and the spirit of the age invites you to enter. The signs of the times indicate your solemn duty, and in the discharge of this duty you have the promise and presence of God to sustain you. The eyes of the world—and, perhaps, of more worlds than one—are turned upon your sex. The ministers of the Gospel are expecting much of you; the church are placing great dependance upon the continued and increasing efforts of those who have already enlisted in the cause of Heaven, and are looking forward with fond hopes to a vast accession of female influence; and even the distant heathen, who have learned enough of themselves and their present condition to begin to feel their own necessities, are stretching out their supplicating hands to you.

Here, then, with life and eternity before you, make your final decision. Come around the cross, as pious women did when the Saviour hung upon it; hasten to the sepulchre, to embalm, not the *body*, but the *memory* of the Son of God; with melting hearts and flowing tears, take your places, where Mary sat, "at the feet of Jesus;" commit the entire energies of your souls to the influence and motions of that Spirit which will lead you to follow Christ, and minister to him of your "substance;" do these things, and effects the most cheering and triumphant must follow. You can do more to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of ministers; more in your closets to call down, in answer to

prayer, the blessing of God upon a bleeding and dying world; more to train up the infant and rising race for heaven; more to stay the burning tide of ruin which sets strong towards the regions of death and darkness; more to regenerate the world, and to rob Satan of his anticipated prey, than the combinations of earth and hell, with all their weapons of unholy war, and with all their deep rooted enmity against God, can counteract or undo. You may here plant, and water, and train the flowers of another Eden; and by the blessing of God, which is pledged to attend your sacrifices and efforts, you may cast around earth the sweetest smile of Heaven.

INFLUENCE OF A NEGLECTED SABBATH.

Could we for a season prosper without the Sabbath, is it possible to shake off our allegiance to God, or to evade the retributions of his righteous providence? Who wields the orb of day? Who guides the seasons? Who sends adversity, and measures out prosperity? Have we so soon forgotten the weakness of our infancy, and our cries to God when men rose up against us? Have we reached an eminence from which God cannot thrust us down? Can we dispense with his protection, and set at naught his institutions, and run successfully the race of irreligious prosperity? Be not deceived. What fleets and armies could not do, the hand of suicide may accomplish, emancipated from Divine restraint. Proud and fearless of Heaven as we may be, in one hour our destruction may come. The decree is universal, "*The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee, shall perish.*" And God has not departed from the helm of universal government, or put beyond his power the instruments of punishment. In our country's bosom lie the materials of ruin, which wait only the Divine permission to burst forth in terrific eruption, scattering far and wide the fragments of our greatness.

Give up the Sabbath; blot out that orb of day; suspend its blessed attractions; and the reign of chaos and old night would return. The waves of our unquiet sea, high as our mountains, would roll and dash from west to east, and east to west, from south to north, and from north to south, shipwrecking the hopes of patriots and the world.

Who then, is the patriot that would thrust our ship from her peaceful moorings, in a starless night, upon such an ocean of storms, without rudder, or anchor, or compass, or chart? The elements around us may remain, and our giant rivers and mountains. Our miserable descendants also may multiply, and vegetate, and rot in moral darkness and putrefaction. But the American character, and our glorious institutions, will go down into the same grave that entombs the Sabbath; and our epitaph will stand forth a warning to the world—*Thus endeth the nation that despised the Lord and gloried in wisdom, wealth and power.*—Dr. Beecher.

APPLES OF GOLD.

"Wherefore we labour, that, Whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him."—2 Cor. v. 9.

This indeed is the true disposition of a soul espoused to Christ. She has but one care, which is, to please him in all things. And this desire to do his will is, as it were, the ring and seal of her bridegroom; which she may look upon even in the absence of all spiritual joy, as a token for good, that she is his spouse. Ought not then this day, O my soul, to be a new wedding-day with Christ? He is desirous that thou shouldst be betrothed unto him, even now, and waits only for thy consent. Harken, O daughter! consider and incline thine ear; be no longer married to the world. Forget thine own people and thy father's house, and take him alone for thy husband, so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty. Will thou give the refusal to this glorious and loving Saviour? I hope not. Give it rather to the world, and resolutely say, I have done with thee, O poor world! I break the bonds of my former love; my eyes and feet shall henceforth only be directed to the blessed and eternal city of the new Jerusalem, where my heavenly Bridegroom resides. And Oh! what need I have to be duly prepared, dressed, and beautified, against his coming, and the time of his taking me home to himself! Lord Jesus, keep me longing for thine appearance.

If Christ is ours, we may despise
All rage, though hell against us rise;
His love experienced will impart
Immortal transport to thy heart!

—Bogatzky's Treasury.