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Religious Miscellany.

The Aged Saint Entering Heaven.

W. L. ALEXANDER.

At length the door is opened, and, free from pain and sin,

With joy and gladness on his head, the pilgrim enters in.

The master bids him welcome, and on the Father's breast.

By loving arms enfolded, the weary is at rest.

The pilgrim staff is left behind, behind the sword,

The armor dimmed and dated on many a hard-fought field.

His now the shining palace, the garden of delight,

The palm, the robe, the diadem, the glory ever bright.

The blessed angels round him, "mid heaven's hallowed calm,

With harp and voice are lifting up the triumph of his psalm:

"All glory to the Holy One, the Infinite I AM,

Whose grace redeems the fallen! Salvation to the Lamb!

"Another son of Adam's race, through Jesus' loving might,

Hath crossed the waste, hath reached the goal, hath vanquished in the fight;

Hail, brother, hail! we welcome thee! join in our sweet accord.

Lift up the burden of our song! Salvation to the Lord!

And now from out the glory, the living cloud of light,

The old familiar faces come beaming on his sight!

The early-lost, the ever-loved, the friends of long ago,

Companions of his conflicts and pilgrimages below.

They parted here in weakness, and suffering and gloom;

They meet amid the freshness of heaven's immortal bloom.

Behold the living waters billow to wander, hand in hand,

Rescued from the over-during of the still and sinless land.

Oh! who can tell the rapture of those to whom 'tis given

To renew the bonds of earth amid the bliss of heaven?

Thrice blessed be His Holy Name, who for our fallen race

Hath purchased by His bitter pains, such plenitude of grace.

—Sunday Magazine.

An Eclipse of Faith.

It was a bitter cold night, in the middle of a winter, when pioneers peopled the now flourishing towns and cities of Illinois, and the snow and sleet swept in from the north, and the cold sweep of prairie. It was somewhat projected by the dark background of forest trees, that rendered its appearance yet more desolate and gloomy, and the howl of the prairie-wind mingled with the shrill cries of the wind, that ran through the whole gamut of weird forest music, and ended in a diaphragm of solemn grandeur, chilling the ear of the lonely wanderer in the log cabin like the kiss of death.

Such indeed it might be, for her only child lay before her raving in the delirium of fever, or drugging in that dull stupor which is so often the prelude to death. Mrs. Miner was a Christian, but she had never felt her faith so sorely tried as now; she was making her apparently dying child, without necessary medicine, and almost without food, the last tallow candle glimmering in its socket, it seemed to her that God must have forgotten her, or was making her punishment more grievous than she could bear. It had been hard enough, when less than a year before, her husband, young and strong, had been smitten with fever at one noon, and died at the next, leaving her alone and dependent; she had suffered and endured everything, for the sake of her child, but now he lay insensible to her care, and the faith that had held her up so long gave way. She shut up the Bible she had so often opened—not read—and walked up and down the small dim room, now listening to the wild roaring of the wind, now pausing to catch the incoherent prattle of her sick boy. She had never felt so utterly alone. She forgot there was room for her Saviour, even within these walls. She forgot that angels, rather than unseen and celestial, but ever present company. The light went out suddenly, and left her in actual as well as spiritual darkness, and she drew near the bed, and clasped the hot hand of her child, and kissed his burning temples, and tried to feel indignant—hardened to what might happen. O Margaret Miner! how closely the tempter had you in his power, even while God was raising deliverance for you.

Harry, wanted a drink, and his mother, fearful of the gloom, lit some dry pine knots laid up under the roof, and made a bright fire of them; they blazed up with a wonderfully cheerful radiance, that streamed far out on the waste of snow and hardness, and scared the prowling wretches back to the forest.

They did more; amid the cold and gloom and driving sleet of that night, a pale, delicate man was wearily struggling, his path lost, his limbs enfeebled with the cold, his heart discouraged with the hours of hardship he had endured. It was so hard to lie down and die almost in view of heaven—aid—to be covered up in snow wreaths, or devoured by wolves, and his friends at home never to know when, or how he had perished! He thought of his cheerful pleasant friends, his good, gentle wife, and his precious babes. Why they would be praying for him just then. It was the hour of their evening devotions. And what then?—Was not God a hearer and answerer of prayer? And at any rate was he not in God's hands? His agent to do his work? He dismissed his fears, and struggled on with a prayer in his heart, and just then, as if for an answer, a broad red light flashed with its smile. The weary man received his almost exhausted energies,

grasped the heavy satchel he carried with him, his remaining strength, and in a short time stood before a log house, from whence the light issued. He cast one glance through the uncurtained window, and waiting not to knock ceremoniously, entered and closed the door behind him. Margaret Miner was not startled by his abrupt entrance; she was too glad of the presence of a human being in her loneliness; besides, she knew from his appearance he was a itinerant, and as such a welcome visitor. But when she scanned his face, she gave a great cry, and threw herself sobbing into his outstretched arms. "O Harry! brother Harry!" she cried, "has God indeed been so good?—and I never expected to see you again!"

"Let us thank him," said her brother reverently, and his lips moved in silent prayer, and the widow's heart joined in the petition. "You have a very sick child, her brother said, when he leaved over the boy and examined him; 'but fortunately I know something of the fever in its climate, and carry a stock of medicines with me. I see no fatal symptoms yet, and with God's help, Margaret, we will save him.'"

And they did; in less than two weeks Harry Miner was able to sit up, and able to talk to his mother and uncle, and by the time the spring had come, and his aunt and cousins had joined them, he was well and hearty, and could play with the best of them. Margaret Miner never again lost faith in God, nor forgot that her necessity had been another's opportunity, and both had been blessed. Were that light shone on that stormy night, the itinerant brother built a church, and years after preached to a small, but earnest congregation, and his labors were blessed. He has gone to his reward, but to-day, on the same spot, stands a splendid modern edifice, and a goodly show of worshippers meet there on the Sabbath to hear their beloved pastor, who grew up among them, and is yet a young man. He is earnest, and unaffected, his whole soul is in the work he has to do; he appears no pet sin—defers not to fashion or wealth, bows only before the shrine of deity, and lives as one should, who feels the shortness of time and the solemn responsibilities of life. He looks over his people with a fond affectionate affection, but there is a depth of tenderness in his reverent gaze, for the loved, old-fashioned figure stands at the head of the minister's pew. "My mother!" he says reverently to himself, and he knows that she has had much to do in making him what he is. But, never, in his life, has he stood in such dark places, or felt the eternal presence so entirely withdrawn, as she did on that night, which dawned to such a perfect morn.

"Come Thou Fount."

This hymn, "Come thou fount of every blessing,"

"Tune thy heart to sing thy praise,"

was written by Robert Robinson, who was at one time a preacher at the Tabernacle, both this and a mournful association is connected with this popular hymn. Its author, after leaving the Calvinistic Methodists, became an Independent, then a Baptist, and finally a Socinian. Mr. Cressler, in his "Methodist Hymnology," says:

"This hymn, according to the author's biographer, was originally published in Dr. Evans' or Mr. Whitefield's Hymn Book; in the latter it is entitled 'Dealing thy prayer worthily,' from several lines read differently, somewhat from the version in our collection. The following anecdote in which this hymn is referred to, is related by a correspondent in the *Christian Reflector*, on the authority of a very near relative of one of the parties concerned. In the latter part of his life, Mr. Robinson became doubtful as to his religious character; and, to say the least, was distinguished for levity. A lady one day was traveling in a stage coach with a gentleman who soon gave evidence of being acquainted with religion. She had been just before reading the poem of which we are writing, and asked his opinion of it; he waved the subject, and turned her attention to some other topic. But after that period she contrived to return to it, and describe the benefits she had received from the hymn, and her strong admiration of its sentiments. She remarked the strange agitation of her companion, but as he was arraigned in colored clothes, never suspected the cause. At length, entirely overcome, the gentleman burst into tears, and said: 'Madam, I am the individual who composed that hymn years ago; and I would give a thousand words, if I had them, to enjoy the feeling I then had.'"

Words in Season.

1. You keep looking at your act of believing. What is this for? Why, certainly, that you may be satisfied with your faith; and being satisfied with it what then? No doubt, you will rest in it and upon it, satisfied now that Christ is yours, because you are satisfied with your faith. This is making a Jesus of it, and in effect, taking the crown of crowns from His head and placing it upon the head of your faith. "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." Here is the first ray of hope, they are not to repent in order to be haters of sin and lovers of God, in order to be called free by the Gospel; but they are to obey the free call of the Gospel in order to become such. But I dare say you admit all this. Well, then, here is the weight of the objection which causes your disquietude: "If Christ be able and willing to save, and I be able and willing to come to him, where is the obstacle?" Nowhere, if such indeed be the case. But take heed. Is not laying a condition on the Gospel to say, "I am ready to accept the offers of the Gospel, if I found myself willing before I can believe that Christ will save me?" Is not our reluctance the worst feature in our unbelief? And yet you think it is because you do not remove the rest of it. Do you feel it to be comfort to believe that Christ is willing, say, waiting to receive you at the moment the offer is made? If you do not, then you do not believe the Gospel to be free. What effect ought a consciousness of your coldness and insincerity to have upon you? Why, to cling closer to Jesus, to cast a greater burden upon Him. The more you lay upon Him, the more confidence do you show, and the more do you honor Him. You mean under a hardness of heart; then cast your

self on your knees, and whilst you pray to be delivered from it, do not forget also to cast your feet to God, that He hath thus made you to grow under it, made you to feel it, and arrested you in your former levity of indifference. Alas! in our concern for more, too often forget that what we have received. I am no stranger to that most miserable of feelings—deadness in prayer; and who can describe the sensation of a soul anxiously struggling with an unseen God to fulfill his promise of mercy, and yet bitterly feeling that it cannot come to Him; sinking under dead despondency that all is vain; that you are addressing one deaf to your voice; that it is needless to persist, for at the very moment the heart is overpowered with vain and wandering thoughts, and you do not sincerely desire what you pray for? This is indeed, a feeling most miserable, but oh, how needful! Is not this praying indeed in sincerity from the very consciousness of sin and misery? Is not the thousandfold more so, but glorify this one self. "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee." We are ever forgetting that our sins are the very reason why we need a Saviour, and ought not to be discouraged by them, as proving any obstacle to his grace, when we are enabled to resign ourselves to Him, but it is then that *deign humbled* for them, and it is then that God giveth grace.

The Edge of the Cataract.
A good many years since a steambot was accustomed to make daily trips between Buffalo and Niagara Falls. The nearest point to which the could approach the mighty cataract was Chippewa Creek, about ten miles distant on the Canada side. One day there was a pleasure excursion, and several hundred men, women and children went down from Buffalo.

After spending the day in all sorts of amusements, in looking upon the falls, admiring the rainbow, passing under Table Rock and behind the falling water, they gathered themselves on board the boat toward night to return to their homes. By some misadventure of the engineer, sufficient steam had not been generated, and when, after passing out of the creek, the boat met the strong, rapid current of the river, instead of going forward, she was slowly, slowly borne backward toward the dreadful cataract.

The people on board, as may well be imagined, became instantly alarmed. The color fled from their cheeks—they stood in speechless horror at the nearness of the cataract, and with their hands in their ears, as slowly, slowly they were still borne back toward it.

At length the engineer bethought him of the oil which he lubricated the machinery. He threw it into the furnace—the flames blazed up intensely—steam was generated more rapidly—the wheel moved round with increased velocity—there was a pause as the Titanic forces were contending for the mastery. A moment more, and there was an upward movement. Not slowly, slowly the boat passed the current. In a short time the point of danger was passed, and a long, heavy sigh of relief broke from the bosom of every one on board.

A venerable, gray-haired man was there among them. He lifted his hat and said, in a voice trembling with emotion,

"The Lord has delivered us. Great is the name of the Lord. Let us pray."

And down upon the multitude, while the heartfelt offering of thanksgiving went up to God, but had wrought for them so great a salvation. But it did not end here. The feeling that had not been awakened by the near approach of death did not, with all pass away when the danger was over, as is very often the case. Even then, on the brink of that awful precipice, many found their Saviour. A revival followed in the church that night. A revival followed in the church that night. A revival followed in the church that night.

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mindful of their subject through, "the lost cause" soon became the least of the regrets of the more wise among the conquered. A lost people is an infinitely wretched subject of sorrow.

Under their defeat, it cannot be denied that the Southern people have behaved with great nobleness. Before the close of the war, men at the North as well as at the South believed that the surrender of the Southern armies would be followed by a guerrilla warfare for years, yet from the day of Johnston's surrender not one outrage has occurred such as had with reason been anticipated. The cause of this is twofold. The Southern people were always a martial people, and however we may sneer at their chivalry and of strength—we must at least concede that they possessed the virtues as well as the defects of the martial nature. If they were proud, impetuous, impatient, they were also brave, enduring, resolute; and since the war they have proved that they possessed all the good qualities in history the solidly characteristic of fidelity to their pledged word. Never were such numbers of soldiers left loose in a conquered country as their bare parole of honor. And surely never was parole more truly kept. The men of the South were chained as by a chain of adamant when they had given their word of honor to obey the government that had subjected them; and this has been the great cause of the tranquillity which has prevailed since their surrender. Another, though hardly slighter cause lies in the judicious counsel and the more judicious silence of their public men. Heretofore the leading statement of the country have been generally from the South; and though the race of giants has long passed away from both the alienated sections of the country, it is difficult to conceive a course of calmer or more dignified discretion than has been pursued by Southern public men in their late unhappy circumstances. Here or there a Poland may have rapped somewhat, and his rappings have always been extensively circulated at the North. Here and there, too, on our own side of the line some tenth rate newspaper has set itself up as *par excellence* the advocate of Southern rights; but it is not from such sources that we learn the course of Southern men of note. It is from a Lee in his college, a Stephens or a Bragg on his plantation, or a Johnston on his railroad, that we truly learn it. Even the crowd of insignificant nobodies that filled the Confederate Congress have behaved with unexpected wisdom; and the press, notwithstanding its temptation to cater to the excited tendencies of the people, has uniformly discouraged all resistance to the powers that be. Thousands of soldiers could never by any conceivable system of repression have maintained the quiet, order, and submissive resignation which everywhere prevail in the subjected States. These things are due to the intelligence of the people and the fidelity of their late soldiers.

Yet the morals of the people are very far from being untouched and untainted by their great disasters. It is a trite but true saying that poverty brings crime; and in the towns and cities of the South, particularly those whose manufactures have in times past given employment to the poor, this is manifest. We have heard much of the equality of the negro with the white man in the name of justice and mercy, let our negrohills at the North begin to do something to show that they still believe the white man to be equal to the negro. The whole course of our government has for months past been calculated to degrade our own blood in the Southern States in order to exalt the negro population. All our changes have been maintained in the cry of the equality of the negro with the white man. In the name of justice and mercy, let our negrohills at the North begin to do something to show that they still believe the white man to be equal to the negro. The whole course of our government has for months past been calculated to degrade our own blood in the Southern States in order to exalt the negro population. All our changes have been maintained in the cry of the equality of the negro with the white man.

Of the financial condition of the South it is hardly necessary to speak. The close of the war found the people stripped of everything. Without clothing, without shoes, without tools, destitute of all the ordinary implements of industry, with little credit here or elsewhere, and with the negro population demoralized, the South was poor indeed. They met their difficulties with a patient courage worthy of the highest praise. Without idle self-pity they bent their shoulders bravely to the burden, and went manfully to work. Much of the damage sustained by their plantations was repaired, and at the end of the year saw them reasonably hopeful of results from the ensuing season. Unhappily the second season did not fully realize their hopes. They had staked all on their cotton crops, and neglected to plant grain enough for the succeeding year. The consequence was mournful. In many places the amount of cotton raised scarcely sufficed to pay the cost of labor and the price of implements employed in cultivation, and during the last winter incredible destitution fell on the poor. The crop now coming to maturity was planted in the midst of death, and most of it is mortgaged to corn speculators in advance of its production. Still, the prospect of the present crop is fair. Before the war it averaged 4,000,000 bales. The yield this year will not be less, if fair weather continues, than from 2,250,000 to 2,500,000 bales. More grain, too, has been raised than last year; so that, though a great part of the price of what has been produced will be immediately consumed in paying debts contracted in producing it, considerably less outlay will be necessary to produce the crop of 1868. The country at large will be immensely benefited by the present crop, which will throw not much, if any, less than \$250,000,000 into the lap of the nation, although of this sum a mere pittance will remain in Southern hands. Another and another equally good year must follow before Southern men begin to keep the wealth which is the product of their industry. But the financial future of the South is bound up with the future of her politics; and the former has been already sacrificed before the *Mock of a political party*, the single object of whose being is to keep a few men, as we lately heard, in the enjoyment of fat salaries, "with

stealings." The corruption and demoralization of the cotton-raising negro population has now passed beyond all previous conception, though it bids fair to become so much worse that the culture of the cotton plant in any systematic way must speedily become impossible. Already we learn from private sources in which we have perfect confidence, that the negroes everywhere go armed to the teeth; that their nights are spent in secret political assemblies where the vilest of while men invite them to the most exaggerated bitterness against the planters, and, indeed, against the whole white population; that they confidently look for speedy confiscation of the landed property to give to each negro "forty acres and a mule; that on the plantations they are insolent and menacing in their demeanor; that the planters are compelled for their own safety to overlook and wink at the most flagrant intemperance and dissoluteness; that when they visit their delinquent laborers with sjction from their cabins or stoppages of rations, they themselves are threatened in reply with arson or personal violence; and neither negro nor planter look upon the present state of affairs as permanent. No industry in the world can be prosecuted under such disadvantages. While Pennsylvania and New England require not only stable government but an enormous bonus from the nation to enable them to sell their iron or their manufactures to the people at a vastly greater price than we could buy for elsewhere, it is an outrage on common sense thus by inflammatory legislation to destroy an industry that brings nothing but profit to the country, and that needs and asks for no protection other than the same laws as protect the people of the States at large. A continuation of such legislative national self-destruction as now prevails would not only ruin the iron and steel industry, but the reputation of our public debt; but, at least, it cannot fail to cause a total ruin of the agricultural productivity of the Southern States. It is necessary to the existence of industry that the relations of the laborer to his employer should be harmonious.

The plain meaning of the pseudo-Reconstruction acts of Congress, now being pushed to their most merciless consummation, is simply this: to register in the South the entire negro population and such whites as may unite with them in supporting the Radical party in Congress. 2d. To prohibit the registration of the vast majority of the whites who have a real interest in the quiet and prosperity of the country. 3d. To submit to the voters of the States at large the question whether they will or will not hold a convention for the reconstruction of their States under the congressional plan. Under this mode of procedure, it may be seen what a hopeful future lies before the South and the whole country. Either the States will vote for convention or for no convention. The white vote will be largely cast against convention; for the present military rule with all its disadvantages, at least affords protection, while reconstruction such as has been perpetrated in the State of Tennessee gives little protection but no negro brigades. The Radical whites and the negro voters who are interested in subverting all decent rule and authority will, of course, unite in favor of convention. Now, suppose, although the case is hardly possible—that the convention is by such a mockery of suffrage rejected. Then the radicals will avail themselves of the cry of Southern contumacy. Mr. Stevens' "mild confiscation" is brought into play; the South is wholly ruined by this villainous atrocity if merely saying, as our generous Congress has invited her to say, that she prefers the rule of military straps to the harder rule of uneducated negroes and white braves. On the other hand suppose—and this is the supposition justified by the registration which is being made—that a convention is desired. Then it is practically a negro convention. It will frame a constitution that will throw the whole power of the State into the hands of negroes. The proscription of white men will be more sweeping than congressional proscription. Confiscation of the property of white men by their negro rulers will be sure to follow; and the indirect confiscation will be more destructive than confiscation outright. The ruling class, having no property themselves, will look upon the transfer of their subjects' property into their own possession as the one great end of government. With a penniless negro legislature to tax, and defenseless white men to be taxed, the less cannot long be doubtful. In every county taxes will be laid in the same way by negroes upon white men. In the towns and cities negro councilmen will vote themselves large salaries, create unnecessary offices for the purpose of plunder, and for like ends undertake enormous jobs of unprofitable improvement. Justice administered by negro magistrates will be a farce; redress of wrongs will be impossible. Liberty of outrage will be simply secured. The liberty of death will be the only liberty secured to men whose crime is that they were born white.

Financial Power of the Jews.
The following passage is taken from an able article in the *Episcopian* by "a Member of the Boston Bar," on "The Present Shame and Future Glory of the House of Israel":

A few years since, the House of Rothschild was shunned by the Russian government for a loan. They had previously given offence to the Czar by representations in favor of Poland Jews; but his displeasure was forgotten in the financial armament that now impended over them. The Rothschilds were applied to. The elder Rothschild went to St. Petersburg, where he was waited upon, with reference to the proposed loan, by the Minister of Finance of the Russian government, Count Cancrin, a Lithuanian Jew of pure Hebrew descent. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain. From St. Petersburg the Rothschild proceeded to Madrid, where he had a conference with the Minister of Finance of the Spanish government, Count Mendizabal, an Aragonese Jew, of pure Hebrew descent. These he proceeded to France, where he conferred with the Premier of the French government, Marshal Soult, a Parisian Jew, of pure Hebrew descent. A final interview was held at Berlin with the minister of Finance of the Prussian government, Count Armin, a Prussian Jew of pure Hebrew descent. Negotiations respecting the loan were now ended. The Rothschilds offered the Czar their terms, and he accepted them. Such is a single instance of the financial

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