The Protestant

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess., v. 21.

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The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

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BY

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Thoughts in Sickness.

Faint, and too weary o'en to think,
And just perhaps upon the brink
Which bounds eternity,
Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
For thou alone can'st comfort me.

Friends, Oh how tender, at my side
In cheerful accents seek to hide
Their own anxiety,
And patient try each skilful art
Which may fresh life or strength impart.

While I, alas! with nerves unstrung,
And heart with nameless tremors wrung,
Feel their sweet sympathy,
Yet scarce can thank them for their care,
Nor speak of what I hope or fear.

Lord, in my weakness pity me:
Lord, if thou wilt, Oh strengthen me;
Help me to rest in thee,
Leaving with thee my every care;
Scarce even can I raise a prayer.

Yet as descending from above,
Oft come sweet words of praise and love,
As if spontaneously—
As if the chords of memory
Were swept by heaven's own minstrelsy.

Oh precious thought! The Saviour reigns
Above, below: he still remains
The same who died for me;
He holds the key of life, of death;
He gives or takes my mortal breath.

"In him is life"—a Friend indeed:
He will "not break a bruised reed,"
But ever tenderly
Says, "As thy days thy strength shall be."
Yes, since thou answerest, Lord, for me.

Dear Saviour, let me *feel* thee near;
Then without trembling, without fear,
I may resignedly,
Calmly await thy holy will,
Hearing thee whisper "Peace, be still."

—*Am. Messenger.*

The Labrador Mission.

The Rev. Mr Carpenter, who, our readers may remember, went to Labrador in the Spring of 1860, with a view to spending not only the summer, as in previous years, on the Coast, but the winter also, is now, after eighteen months of labor, on a visit to this city. He reports that the mission house on Caribou Island is finished, all but the chapel, which will be completed next Spring; and the inhabitants of the Coast have subscribed to build a winter house at their village, to which they annually retire, upon the Esquimaux River about six miles distant from the summer mission station on the Coast, but owing to the failure of the fisheries this last summer, they had not yet been able to carry out their intention. One of them had, however, placed a house at Miss Brodie's for the winter, and the leading men of the village had promised her every assistance and attention in their power. It is, therefore her intention, at their earnest solicitation, to keep school in the winter village till next Spring calls the population back to the Coast. And important as is this work among the young, and much as it is appreciated by the inhabitants, it is doubtful if her visits from house to house, and instructive conversation with mothers and grown-up daughters, be not fully as important a department of her labors. Meetings for prayer, reading the Scriptures, and singing the beautiful hymns the children have learned, and of which they are very fond, are also to be kept up through the winter at this house.

Mr Carpenter had been enabled by means of his boat—a gift from the Bethel Union of Newburyport—to go about a great deal among the fishing vessels which frequent the coast, in all of which he had been well received. These vessels were chiefly from Nova Scotia and New England, and as many as a thousand fishermen were within his reach for a part of the season, the whole number visiting that neighborhood in the course of the fishing season, including crews of freighting vessels, being nearly two thousand. These seamen were much more accessible on the coast than they would be at home, and the house was usually filled to its utmost capacity with them at Divine Service on Sabbath days, whilst many of them attended the week evening prayer-meetings. The distribution of tracts and the circulation of goods books by loan and gift among this population was systematically and extensively carried on, and parcels of children's and other religious papers, books, tracts, cards, primers and hymn-books, were sent along the coast by suitable opportunities for a distance of upwards of five hundred miles. The fishermen from Nova-Scotia, Newfoundland, and other places, also took home books and papers which were highly prized, and when they returned next year they show a great desire to obtain more. The Mission-House was in this way a centre of religious and useful literature for the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Labrador coast;—thanks to the very liberal donations of Bible, Tract and Sunday-School Societies and private individuals.

The boarding-school department of the Mission had also been, so far as it went, very successful. Owing to the failure of the fisheries last summer, but few parents were able to sustain their children at it; but they had an average of about ten who had made very good progress, and were greatly interested in learning. These children had to be taught almost every thing that is so common with us—even to play. They know none of the boys' and girls' games of the United States and Canada, and it had been a pleasing part of his labors to join with them in healthful and amusing games. They had also to be taught to work, as hunting and fishing produce everywhere habits of listless indolence, which are a great hindrance to progress. They had also to be taught in the ordinary branches of education, and in the highest of all—the knowledge of the Scriptures. When they went home they took their Bibles with them, and became Bible-readers among their own families and friends. Thus was the good influence of the Mission gradually and steadily diffusing itself along the coast and among its numerous summer visitors.

The Sabbath-school is well attended by the children in the vicinity, who, when they see the Bethel flag hoisted on the Sabbath afternoon, come in their boats from the various bays and inlets where they reside, to enjoy the privilege of studying the Word of God and singing hymns of praise. This Sabbath-school is to be kept up through the winter by Miss Brodie.

One object of Mr Carpenter's return at this time is the further prosecution of his medical studies through the winter, as he is sent for when cases of illness occur among the fishermen in the vessels, or inhabitants along the coast, and finds that a knowledge of medicine renders him much more useful?—*Montreal Witness.*

Revival Scenes in Ireland.

Messrs. Editor—The *Banner of Ulster*, of the 14th ult., contains a letter from the Rev. David Magill, of Boston, now in Belfast, from which I quote some extracts that will be read with interest by the readers of the *Presbyterian.*

"Last week I walked along with a friend to the Queen's Island. Being overtaken by a shower, we sought shelter in an old, wretched saw-pit, or something of the kind, open on all sides. It was about half-past one in the day. It was in the ship-building yard. It appears that a certain number of ship-carpenters steal half an hour from their dinner-time for the purpose of exhortation and prayer. This was new to me, and I presume it is to most of the readers of this paper, though not new to my friend accompanying. But so it is; there was a large company of men, some of them black as midnight, and all of course are working near, engaged, by themselves, in conducting their thirty minutes' meeting. I add nothing; to mention this is ground enough for thankfulness.

"During the evening of yesterday I took tea with a family in Great Patrick street. Positive and absolute order forbids my mention of either host or hostess, but I can tell what I saw, for the sake of the Church at large. After seven o'clock, knocks, and knocks, and knocks, at the door repeated themselves, till about half-past the hour, when I found the parlour, hall, and kitchen filled with praying and inquiring people, as is usual on such evenings. I was asked to open the meeting with prayer and the reading of the word. I read the second chapter of the Acts, and made some comments. It was then ensued a scene such as I never in my life witnessed before. It was the application of my discourse—and such an application; I finished my exhortation by the text, 'And whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved.' Dear readers, the people took God at his word and they did call. The master of the house came forward. He asked this and the other one of the state of their soul. As the thing was new to me, I listened to a conversation between the host and one of the inquirers. The host asked, 'Have you found Christ?' The reply was, 'No.' 'Would you like to find him?' 'O, yes!' 'And what age are you?' 'Nearly seventy years old.' 'You have rejected Christ, then for nearly seventy years?" 'It is too true, sir.' 'Christ is seeking you now, however,' was the encouragement of the host, 'and he says, My son give me thine heart; and what answer do you give to Christ?' 'I am willing,' was the response. 'The Lord make you willing,' said the host. Farther it was asked, 'Do you think Christ loves you?' 'I don't know,' was the answer. 'Are these words true—Who loved me, and gave himself for me'? 'Yes.' 'Then, if Christ loved you and gave himself for you, you are saved.' The inquirer replied, I don't feel that I am saved.' 'But,' said the exhorter, 'where is it written, that he that *feeleth* shall be saved? It is written, he that *believeth* shall be saved? The moment you believe, you are saved, and have peace—for, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Do you think Christ loves you now?' With tears in the poor man's eyes, he stammered out, 'I think he does.' It was then asked, 'Do you confess the Lord Jesus Christ with your mouth?' 'Yes.' 'Do you believe in your heart that God the Father raised Jesus Christ from the dead?' 'Yes.' 'God says, Thou that dost so confess and so believe, that thou shalt be saved. Do you believe that?' 'I do.' 'Then, are you saved?' The old man said, 'I think I am.' 'But, God says, Thou shalt be saved.' The answer was, 'God's word is true; I believe it—I am saved.'

"The old man then dropped on his knees in the hall and poured out his thanksgivings in such melting strains as drew tears from the eyes of almost all who witnessed the scene.

"There were several other cases of an equally interesting character with this, which occurred before this hallowed meeting broke up; but time and space forbid me referring to them now. We doubt not that the angels of God rejoiced at another sinner's repentance; for it struck me that this old man, and most of those present, had been previously moved by the Spirit to seek this good man's house in the clouds of night, to inquire if, happily, they might find Jesus.

"I am an old-fashioned Presbyterian, but I assure the readers of this paper, that such novelty did not offend me. I never had such an application to any discourse as followed mine that evening. Young women prayed like prophetesses among soldiers and sailors, and old men shouted for joy; and with truth did one exclaim, 'This is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven.' I shall not soon forget the ship-carpenters in their old wood-shed, and the prayer-meeting in Great-Patrick street on Tuesday night."—*Cor. Phil. Presbyterian.*

Garibaldi's New Policy.

The Italians have gained a great victory, a peaceful and a modest one, without noise or bloodshed, but yet perhaps a greater victory than if they had defeated the Austrians in the field. The following is the fact, as reported by the *Monarchia Nazionale*:—

"We are assured by a very well-informed person that General Turr has been giving formal notice to the Generals of the volunteer force that General Garibaldi had engaged him to officially inform the members of the Central Provisional Committee that his motto is always the same—One Italy and Victor Emmanuel—and that it is therefore his fixed intention not to become a promoter of revolutionary efforts relating either to Rome or Venice, but rather to strive with every available means that the nation may be armed, and prepared to fulfil unitedly the great enterprise towards which its legitimate aspirations are directed. Those who do not agree with him in this firm resolution have only to quit the Central Committee, and to meet together and agitate in whatever other way they may think proper. For his part, in the meantime, he forbids any one soever to act in his name.

"We hasten to publish this declaration, because we take it to be an earnest of the concord which is desired by all, and through which alone the preservation of Italy can be accomplished."

But this was not all. General Turr, fearing that the instructions of Garibaldi might not have been made sufficiently plain and explicit, procured the insertion of the following letter in the next number of the *Monarchia Nazionale*:—

"Mr Director,—I see in to-day's journal, 7th inst., a piece of intelligence which concerns me. To avoid all erroneous constructions, I deem it necessary to repeat the words referred to of Gen. Garibaldi's which I have communicated to my colleagues and other friends:—'I do not desire that any armed insurrection should be carried into Rome or Venice, but I deem it necessary that we should arm and prepare ourselves with all our resources, to act, when the opportunity presents itself, courageously and unanimously for the re-conquest of all the rights of the nation. My motto is always, One Italy and Victor Emmanuel; whoever thinks differently may withdraw from the Provincial Committee, and act as he thinks proper, but must not use my name.' I am, respectfully, &c.,

"Turin, Nov. 7." "S. Turr.

Is not this, then, a great triumph that Italy has achieved? What will the effects of this letter be? All the self-styled Garibaldians, if they would be faithful to their chief, must now follow his policy. Those who cannot adjust themselves to it are disowned by him. The stir many have been making under the ægis of his great name proves now quite gratuitous. The people, who for the most part look upon their hero as a primary actuating and directing power, will assuredly convince themselves that it has been only by a deep consideration of the interest of his country that he has been led to descend so far from his original aspirations; and they will unreservedly support him with that unlimited confidence which they have always manifested, and with a conviction that whatever Garibaldi says or does is always the best for their native Italy. The Neapolitans who, in their grand festivals, displayed so intemperately the motto, "To Rome with Garibaldi," will yield their trust to his words, and abate their perilous eagerness.

But this is not enough. There is a party in Italy acting energetically to the detriment of Italy. It is not the party of the clergy, for that in a negative one, but the Mazzinians. These men have almost allied themselves to the clergy in opposing the Government; and their movements are so inconsiderate and violent that many of their riots, which have lately broken out here and there in Italy under idle pretexts of scarcity or the like, may as probably prove to have been excited by them as by the friends of the Church; so similar were the action and expedients of the two parties, though their ultimate objects were opposite. And there can be no doubt but that Garibaldi's name has been an effective implement in these manœuvres. What, then, will the Mazzinians now do without this prestige? They have been explicitly disavowed by Garibaldi; and they will be unable to act any longer with their former vigor. Their sinews are cut by this declaration, and they fall powerless.

But there is another point. France has provoked Italy by her obstinate occupation of Rome. The possibility of differences, of a rupture, of an actual war between the two allied powers, has been canvassed. The moment has been deemed possibly, nay, even probably imminent, in which the Italians having lost every hope through the tergiversation of France, through the machinations of the Court of Rome and of the Bourbonists and Ultramontanists, whom it secretly supported, would have burst with an armed force upon the Eternal City, and attacked the Bourbons, the French and the Papal Court in a heap. Such a catastrophe was threatened. That the consequences might, or indeed must have been ruinous to Italy, is almost certain. If Rome had been attacked, with the French in it, Rome would have been defended; if it had been defended, there would have been hostilities between the two allies; and France, urged by her natural pride and susceptibility, and perhaps by the repugnance with which many minds contemplate the regeneration of Italy, would have cried out against the ingratitude of the latter, put herself into a passion, and turned perhaps the arms, not only of the French in Rome, but of her army, against the newly risen Peninsula. A pleasing spectacle this would have been for Austria, for the Court of Rome, and for all the despots who are hostile to Italy. But Garibaldi has averted the possibility of such a crisis. What Italian will venture to move against the will of a Government which at all events is patriotic, if he be not sustained by Garibaldi? Who will venture, above all, if Garibaldi reproves him?

Nor can it be said that Garibaldi is alone in his conversion to a wiser policy. All his most faithful generals have long been converted. Sirtori, Cosenz, Turr, Medici, Nino Bixio, and others, men of highest valour and integrity, are in perfect accord with him. If he had held a different language, they would have opposed him; with moderation and respect, doubtless, but yet frankly. At present they are with him, or rather he is with them, and their union is a tower of strength for Italy.

Venice is still groaning under the Austrian yoke. But it must wait till the Austrians have accomplished their destiny. How the latter would have rejoiced if the Italians, with an army as yet unequal to the enterprise, had rushed into hostilities with them. What a fine opportunity would that have given to Austria to avenge herself, and to repair her condition, under the assurance that Napoleon would not have supported the Italians in such an imprudent and rash action. Nevertheless the Italians have been believing that Garibaldi would have approved this daring and ruinous design; that a breach with Austria was his policy, his desire, his passion. But no! the Austrians must be left to waste their strength in a ruinous inaction; time is destroying them; and if any one ventured to talk of an attack upon the Austrians in Venice, this would be his complete refutation. Let the Austrians be left, then, to plunge deeper and deeper into their ruinous policy; let their discontented provinces be more thoroughly alienated from them; and meantime Italy, in accordance with the recommendations of Garibaldi, taking the course practically entered upon by the Government, with the general concurrence of the people, will have prepared and organized an immense army, and a formidable and efficient fleet, which she is rapidly completing. The question of Venice will be solved at a more convenient time with arms, and that of Rome with the necessary abolition of the *effete* temporal jurisdiction of the Pope.

We could not with propriety dismiss this subject without noticing another feature in this declaration of Garibaldi's, as promulgated by the Hungarian General Turr. It is a reply to Kossuth's letter. Kossuth, acting with the best intentions, has been here entirely misled. He wished Italy to make war with Austria for Venice, in order to deserve the help of the Hungarians afterwards. But Italy cannot yet make war; all Europe would disapprove of that. Venice must not make a revolution to hasten the Hungarian crisis; otherwise Hungary may lend her strength to Austria against the Italians. Let the Hungarians, a warlike nation, fifteen millions strong, as Kossuth tells us, make the grand effort first, and the Venetians, who number only three millions, warlike through patriotism, but not by nature or habit, will support Hungary. The demonstration of Kossuth is a fallacy; pardonable because patriotic, but still a fallacy. And Turr, who is also himself a great Hungarian patriot, has treated it as fallacy, by publishing the declaration of Garibaldi.

In this way Italy, we repeat, has obtained a great victory, and all her friends will rejoice with her over it.—*Scottish Guardian, Nov.* 19.

The Best Stimulant.

"Give me a motive," said a young girl to her pastor, "and I can do anything," and this is the great secret of all success. Who has not felt the quickening, energizing influence of a strong, earnest purpose? Is there not some stimulant always at hand, which we may use to quicken our lagging powers, when the pulse beats low, and the spirit is drowsy with sloth? There is one stimulant which never loses its power—which always, if rightly applied, will accomplish the desired purpose. There is a watchword which, if only made our own, will ever arouse our souls to do battle manfully in the conflicts of life. That stimulant—that watchword—is duty. "Duty," which, in the language of a sweet writer, "puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may-be, into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing."

How many are constantly sighing over the long arrears of duties, which continually stare them in the face? Yet they scarcely put forth a hand to clear away the scores. O, sluggish soul, arouse yourself to a new activity, or life will close and leave your work half done! Remember, nothing is your duty which you cannot do. God is not a hard task-master. "His yoke is easy, and his burden light." "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." Do it instantly, if you would do it easily. Every new victory will give you fresh courage, and make your arm stronger. Begin by doing the trifling duty nearest your hand first. Let it be done quickly and thoroughly, and you have made a great advance. The soul grows athletic, just as the body does, by abundant exercise, and as "the sleep of the laboring man is sweet," so is the rest of any one who can close his eyes with the consciousness that he has obeyed the command, "Do all thy work." In all the round of worldly pleasures there is no joy which can compare with that which flows from the performance of duty.

It is the Christian that makes duty his constant motto, who is the strong pillar in any Church. It is he who grows most in the divine life, and accomplishes most for the honor of his Master. Let the example of our ever faithful, ever active Redeemer be always before us, and let our hearts humbly say with Him, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh, wherein no man can work."—*Cor. Phil. Pres.*

Temperance.

The following, which we copy from the *Union Temperance Journal* of California, should be carefully read by the people of this Island. "Who stops the way" to the Temperance reform in this Colony? Men who, if they really loved their country and their God would do something towards stemming the awful tide of intemperance that is setting in upon our land:—

Who Stops the Way?—Yes, who stops the way? Why does not the temperance cause advance until all opposition is swept from the field—until the use of stimulants is confined to medicine, and men, women and children shun it as they now shun other poison far less fatal in its effects? Why is it that with a full knowledge of the evil of drunkenness, so many thousands persist, day after day, in acquiring that taste and desire for strong drink that almost inevitably leads to a drunkard's grave? We all know the common excuses, that a little is good, healthy and not at all dangerous, that our greatest, wisest and most pious men indulge in it, moderately, of course, and that such wise and good men would not sanction the practice were it wrong. Yet excuse themselves as they may, not one of them believes his justification sufficient. They all know the man to whose example they look for an excuse, would be wiser and better if they did not follow so degrading a practice. But unfortunately, those wise and good men "stop the way" of the temperance reformation, not that men believe they are right, but because they consider it respectable to follow the practices of such very respectable men. One-half of mankind derive all their ideas from some idol of their own, whom they follow as blindly as though the privilege of thinking was denied them. They fancy they can pin themselves to the coat tails of their demi-gods, and escape all responsibility for themselves. It is this servile feeling of a large portion of mankind which enables rich men and persons of reputation for wisdom and holiness to lead their followers where they please, to stop the way of all reformation, either in temperance or other habits.

What Temperance can do.—In Mrs Hall's book on Ireland, occurs the following passage which a person will hardly read without emotion:

We entered one day a cottage in the suburbs of Cork; a young woman was knitting stockings at the door. It was so neat and comfortable as any in the most prosperous district of England. We tell her brief story in her own words, as nearly as we can recall them: "My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a week; he was a good workman, but the love for the drink was strong in him, and it wasn't often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound on a Saturday night, and it broke my heart to see the children too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had, out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised he took the pledge, and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! didn't I give thanks upon my bended knees that night; still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I used to, saying to myself, may be the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks had passed; and glory to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his earnings; so I felt there was no fear for him, and the ninth week, when he came home to me, I had this table bought, and these six chairs, four for the children, and one for himself; and I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his chair I put a bran new suit, and upon his plate I put the bill and receipt for them all, just the eight sixteen shillings, the cost that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a baby, but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the whole county of Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or decenter or better fed children than my own?"

Ale, Beer and Bourbon Whiskey.—The history of medical practice is a curious exhibition of the fickleness of that kind of science at least. Every few years there is some new medicine introduced and endorsed by the profession as a sort of panacea for human ills. At one time sarsaparilla is the grand panacea; at another codliver oil, and so on. These two were, undoubtedly, very harmless humbugs, and did the community no others harm than to get its money without rendering any just equivalent. This is quite bad enough, to see charlatanry and humbug endorsed and sanction by what claims the high position of science. So long, however, as it serves only to shield harmless humbuggery, the community may laugh at it with comparative innocence. But when the thing becomes an agency for the fostering of what is pernicious and strikes at the vitals of society, it can no longer be looked upon with innocent mirth, but must be regarded and treated as a grave and serious offense.

Recently medical wisdom has unfolded itself in a new way. It has become the special patron of Ale, Beer and Bourbon Whisky. A few year ago, they endorsed Rum, Brandy, and Gin, as among the important remedial agents in disease, but the progress of the temperance reform has brought these articles into disrepute, and it has sought to save its credit by shifting to other articles as a substitute, to please the traders in and lovers of intoxicating drinks, and thus keep in favor with all parties.

Ridiculous as this thing is, its ridiculousness is not the least of its sins. It has a serious character, and is fraught with an amount of mischief which no man can estimate. It has had the effect to open a multitude of shops for the sale of these articles and to induce the civil authority to wink at this violation of law. It is pretended that these articles are not intoxicating, or at least a part of them. By this false and absurd pretense, large numbers of our young men are constantly seduced from the path of strict temperance, and appetites are formed for strong drink which lead them to resort to anything that will produce the intoxication craved.

We think the time has come for friends of temperance to attend to this matter, and call the doctors to an account for their course in regard to the same, and our municipal officers for their neglect of official duty in permitting the continuance of these shops in an open and undisguise traffic in what the law clearly prohibits. We say, let the nuisance act be put in operation at once against all these places, and close them up without ceremony; for if there is or can be a nuisance in the land, surely these are among the worst. We call on our worthy Mayor to look into this thing, and see that the laws are duly enforced against such transgressors—*Exchange paper.*

Treasury.

Contrasts.

"I dote on dancing. Gay assemblies are my delight. I have no scruples about loving and enjoying the world, and I repulse the bigotry which would restrain me." She was young and beautiful—an admired belle. The earth, to her, was strewed with flowers, and the vista which opened before her was sun-lit, without a sombre shade. Thus, at least, it seemed to her excited imagination. There was a shadow, notwithstanding. The night had been spent amidst the gay festivities of a ball, and none more gay than she. That night-air, chilling her exhausted frame, bore to her an unexpected message. A disease, terrible and irresistible in its progress, seized her suddenly and rudely, and defied the physician's art. Death stood at her bedside; the reality was too stern to be set aside; utterance was choked, while her imploring and agonized look upon the sorrowful group around her spoke most intelligibly, "Save me! I am not prepared to die!" In that beautiful and marble corpse might be traced the lineaments of her who had bartered her soul for the world, and had lately shone the admired of all amidst the giddy mazes of the dance. All was mute now, and the star of hope was veiled.

In that other chamber lay one arrested with similar suddenness, but whose heart had been given to her Saviour. Often had she communed with God, and familiarized herself with death. Her youth was to be cut off; beloved friends were to be left behind; there was no shrinking, no despair; death smiled, the Saviour was near, and as heaven was brought unexpectedly near, she smiled sweetly, pointed upward, and passed hence to her eternal rest.

"I can do all I want, and enjoy all I desire," was the language of a youth, who had but recently given himself to vicious indulgence. For a few years he denied himself nothing, but plunged into every excess. In his imagining, to-morrow was to be as to-day, and to his soul he said, "Eat, drink, and be merry." His career was brief. He soon felt some of the temporal penalties of sin; and while he acknowledged that his hopes of sensual pleasure had played him false, he had hardened himself against repentance and a return to God. Although but a youth, he had grown prematurely old, and died without hope, worn out and blasted by his dissipations.

Watch that pale youth, as he slowly paces his chamber, attenuated by consumption. He had devoted himself to God and the sacred ministry, but the fiat had gone forth that he must die. He had hoped to live, that he might be useful; God had determined to recall him, before he had borne the burden and heat of the day. As he slowly totters along, in the exercise of his little remaining strength, his countenance lightens, and as he casts his eyes upward, he exclaims, "And there shall be no night there!" Soon those happy mansions received him, for there was hope in his death.

Reader, these are such daily contrasts in living and dying. How is it with thee? Have thou chosen the good part, which shall not be taken from thee?—*Phil. Pres.*