

These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dissolved with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly—perfectly happy and peaceful—more happy than I can possibly express to you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher, without the least uneasiness; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to revive in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know* that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last forever. And now, is all this a delusion? Is it a delusion which can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality; but no, it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I *shall* enjoy all this,—*I enjoy it now.*”

Reader, which death would you choose, that of Paine or Payson? Remember, then, that Infidelity led to the former, and Christianity to the latter.

SUNDAY.

We have unconsciously fallen into the habit of calling the first day of the week *Sunday* without for a moment pausing to reflect on what is implied in calling our sacred festival by that heathen term. The earliest and worst form of idolatry known to our fathers, was that of the *Sun-god*. It was the first form of superstition that declared a crusade against Jehovah and His worshippers—that attempted and succeeded in all lands in raising the standard of revolt against the true and ancient faith—that aimed at the extermination of that religion, and of substituting the ritual of Sun-worship in its room. Readers of the Bible know the rivalry, the bitter hostility, the undying hatred between the followers of Baal and the worshippers of Jehovah. The greatest insult perpetrated by the apostate kings of Judah on the religion of their fathers lay in stabling the horses of the Sun in the temple of the Lord. Every country bears the marks of the struggle with the Sun-worshippers, in its history or mythology. Probably the divine reason for creating in Israel a nation to serve God, to restore and preserve His worship, lay in the fact that that worship had all but been suppressed in the world by the worshippers of the Sun. Now the first day of the week among the Romans, and other idolatrous nations, was the festival of the Sun—the *dies solis*, or Sunday! And strangely enough, this is the word which we Christians in England employ to indicate “the day which the Lord hath made.” Had we hunted in the dictionaries of the ages for the most offensive term that could be applied to it—had we tortured our ingenuity to discover the worst conceivable epithet—nay, had we consulted the archfiend himself as to the term that would best stand as a deep and permanent insult to his enemy, we could hardly have succeeded better than in calling the day of God by the name of the *Sun-god*? It is true, however, that none of us attach any such meaning to that word. It is one of the sins of what a great preacher terms “popular ignorance.”—*R. Balgarnie, in Weekly Review.*