

"My Spirit shall not always Strive with Man."

There is a time we know not when, A point we know not where, That marks the destiny of man, To glory, or despair.

There is a time, by us unseen, That crosses every path, The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die, To die as if by stealth, It does not quench the beaming eye, Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease, The spirit light and gay, That which is pleasing still may please, And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God hath set Indelibly a mark, Unseen by man, for man as yet, Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below, Like Eden, may have bloomed, He did not, does not, will not know, Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows he feels that all is well, And every fear is calmed; He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not duly doomed, but damned.

O, where is this mysterious bourne By which our path is crossed? Beyond which, God himself has sworn, That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin, How long will God forbear? Where does hope end, and where begin The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent, 'Tis that from God's depart; While it is called to-day repent, And harden not your heart."

Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D.

From the London Waterman

The life of ROBERT NEWTON, by one of his oldest surviving friends, is now before the public.

As the spring draws on, we think of the coming Anniversary, and leave scarcely get familiar even with the idea that Robert Newton will extend no more. For the second time, Exeter Hall will this year be without his presence. On Monday, the first of May, 1854, his usual engagement stood for the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; but he was not seen on the platform, and before the meeting closed, its assembled thousands heard with solemn emotion that the most laborious, popular, and successful of the advocates of Missions, had peacefully fallen far away from us and had entered on the previous Sabbath morning into that rest which the Sabbath is a type. On the last Monday in the present month, when this year's Annual Meeting comes round, Dr. Newton's memoir will have been read by many of those who will deeply feel his absence. The work which he had written, but which was not published until after his death, has been a source of grief to the severest domestic loss which could befall his venerable friend and biographer. Owing to this bereavement, Mr. Jackson fears that an air of pensiveness may have been thrown over some parts of the narrative, and if so, our readers would have claimed; yet we have not ourselves found any undue shadow attending the course, as here delineated, of the most energetic, cheerful, and unwearied itinerant of all the Ministers of the present century. Mr. Jackson's tone and style are both pure and clear, and that Robert Newton himself is heard seen and in every portion of the biography. There is neither gloom nor languor to be traced on any one of these delightful pages; but there is, towards the close, an affecting solemnity, due not only to the laboured effort of the biographer, but to the fidelity and grandeur of the picture of Robert Newton's parting hours, seen in "the setting sun's pathetic light."

This work was judiciously committed to the Rev. Thomas Jackson, as one not only in every other way qualified, but as the observer of the ministerial and platform labours, from the commencement of his evangelical career at Pocklington to his close at Eastington in the same district; and as his bosom friend, his colleague at Wakefield, and by that intimate fellowship which extends to the same degree and extent, in the ministry of Methodism alone. It was so committed by the family of Dr. Newton, who furnished Mr. Jackson with data and documents which give the work an authority and interest it could not otherwise have possessed, and which will make it, as long as Wesleyan literature endures, the only standard and authentic memoir of Robert Newton. Of these indispensable aids to his undertaking, the biographer observes:—"The materials for the life of Dr. Newton have been found to be far more rich and ample than they were apprehended to be. Knowing that his was a course of incessant activity, I concluded that he had kept no diary, and that his daily journal of his proceedings, and that his correspondence consisted of scarcely any letters, but that he had written a few, which I have been pleased to find. He did not, indeed, keep any journal, except during the time of his visit to America; but his letters to Mrs. Newton, which he wrote when he spent any considerable time from home, are so kindly placed at my disposal, that I find to be singularly copious and interesting."

The best use, we cannot doubt, has been made of these resources; and we have the greatest reason for satisfaction and thankfulness for the volume which has been produced. Yet so ubiquitous was Dr. Newton, and so well known to tens of thousands in a circle of acquaintanceship wider than any other man has possessed since the days of Wesley, that in every place each of Mr. Jackson's readers will remember something of Newton which has not, and the whole thereof could not have been recorded, unless the biography had been worked to the extent of a cyclo-

pedia. From the fact that the memoir is presented under a twelvemonth from the death of its subject, it is equally inevitable that here and there, something relating to the dead must have been suppressed from you, for respect to the private feelings of the living. Time, which might heretofore have permitted such details to be produced, would have obliterated others; so that, if anything is lost to the minuteness of the portrait, much more is gained by the freshness; and we believe it will be allowed by those best able to judge, that no lineament is wanting, or left defective, in the likeness here given of Mr. Newton as he was in public and private life, in ministerial and personal character.

The volume opens in the midst of rural scenes, such as existed in the last century in a hamlet of the North Riding of Yorkshire, near the shores of the German Ocean. Francis and Anne, the parents of Robert Newton, occupied a farm at Roxby, between Whitby and Guisborough, and here they were early Home-Missionaries of Methodism. Mr. Newton, senior, became in time a Class Leader, and hired in the neighbourhood a room for religious worship.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton were greatly blessed with respect to their offspring, having six sons and two daughters, all of whom became examples of Christian godliness, and four of their sons remarkable for their talents and usefulness as Ministers of the Gospel. The following are the names of the gifted children whom God graciously gave to them, and over whom their hearts yearned with parental joy and affection:—Isaiah, (who was born Feb. 24th, 1768.) Mary, Francis, Thomas, Ann, Robert, Jacob, and John; of whom only Francis and Thomas now remain. The rest have followed their parents to the world of spirits.

Robert inherited from his parents a vigorous constitution, and the example of an unassisted life; but the facilities for his intellectual improvement were limited at first to the scanty instructions of a village schoolmaster. For a short period afterwards, he was placed as apprentice to a person who appears to have carried on the business of draper, grocer, and druggist; "the energies and health of young Newton, however, soon drooped in a shop, and he returned to follow the plough and tend the cattle on his father's farm at Roxby. Here the religious character of his life was determined, partly through the instrumentality of the late Rev. John Kershaw, whom he was wont to call his spiritual father. At so early a period did he feel persuaded that he should become a Methodist preacher, that his first outline of a sermon, which is a very fair representation of his text according to the analytic method,—and which was carefully preserved by him, was drawn out before he was twelve years old. It was not until some time after his intercourse with Mr. Kershaw that he was sent fully to enter into newness of life. The memorable day was the 26th of February, 1798, and we are thankful to Mr. Jackson for mentioning that it occurred during one of those periods of religious revival which the Holy Spirit marks with His power, and which have left their mark on the pages of our sacred Scriptures. It was not long before he began to preach, after the example of his brother Boeth;—"He preached his first sermon in a cottage at Lyth, a village near Whitby. An aged man now living, who was present on the occasion, and to the text which he selected as the foundation of his discourse was, 'We preach Christ crucified,' a subject to which he adhered with unwavering fidelity to the end of his ministerial life. Upon the site of that cottage now stands a small Methodist chapel, the pulpit of which is still the same as that which the youthful evangelist, standing behind a chair, proclaimed salvation through the sacrificial blood of the cross."

In the following year Robert Newton was accepted as a candidate for the itinerant ministry, and he was appointed by the Conference to the charge of the Pocklington Circuit, he not having then fully completed the nineteenth year of his age. On his way to the Circuit, he met a physician, who advised him to return home, and not throw away his abilities, as he would "never get anything among the Methodists." Several times afterwards he had better counsel, though accompanied by offers which would have led him from Methodism. At Stirling, in 1804, the Independents offered to build him a chapel, and a few years later his wife's uncle promised to be at the expense of erecting an Episcopal church in London or elsewhere, if he would leave the Wesleyans; but such proposals never occasioned him a moment's hesitation. Returning to the account of his first setting out, we find this description by Mr. Jackson:—"In those times a Travelling Preacher, generally speaking, was expected to be provided with a horse, and a pair of saddle-bags, in which he carried his bible, and such other books as he might need, his shaving apparatus, and a change of clean linen. Before Robert left home, his father bought him a horse, and when the day of his departure arrived, considerable excitement prevailed, not only in the family, but among the neighbours. Ann Newton inscribed on the wall of her brother's room, 'This is the Lord's charge, and it is marvellous in our eyes.' He left his home with the tears and blessings of many; his father's heart yearned over him, and he accompanied his son a few miles across the moors, and with a faltering voice at length took his leave, saying, 'Fare thee well, my son, and holiness, my lad; to which the young evangelist responded, 'I will father.' They then parted; but before Robert had completed his journey across the moors, he dismounted, fell upon his knees on the ground, and earnestly invoked the blessing of God upon himself and his future labours."

Mr. Newton's father survived until 1816, and it deserves to be mentioned that the only literary effort which his son ever attempted was on the occasion of that father's death. Mr. Newton's father was a man of a beautiful memory of his father's death, which he published in an octavo pamphlet of twenty-seven pages, and which is the only production of his pen which he ever committed to the press. It affords ample proof, however, that he had a mind of a high order, and that he was a man of a high order of talents. Mr. Kershaw survived Dr. Newton, and died at Stone Newington so recently as in January of the present year. An outline of his father's labours will be found in the funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Newton, and published by Mr. Bacon. We have much pleasure in referring to this record, and would have thought it a most interesting volume if it had not been made by a blind man, and if it had not been made by a man who had seen and conversed with his father and mother of his own life.

So to it, my soul, that thy life of faith, and thy life of hope, are both founded in Jesus, and not the sense that thou hast of these precious things. The things are the same, how different soever, at different times, thy view of them may be.—Zanber.

Keep your Promises.

The man in the Bible, "I go, sir," and went not, had his counterpart, at the present day, in every department of life. Nothing is more common than for persons to make promises or excite expectations which are never realized. It is an easy thing to give one's word, but a harder thing to keep it. An unwillingness to discharge a disposition to keep on good terms with all, a desire to get rid of importunity, together with a carelessness and indifference as to what constitutes an obligation, lead many to say "they will do a thousand things which are never done, and which, indeed, if they had looked into their hearts, they would have discovered they had no real intention of doing. Some amiable people seem to lack the nerve and moral courage to say "No," even when the contrary importunity is an untruth. One is asked to be present at a public meeting where important measures are to be discussed, and his counsel and co-operation are regarded as important. He is not cordially in favour of the object, or is pressed with other engagements, or prefers spending his evening with his family circle, or with his books, and in his heart has no purpose to accede to the proposition. Unwilling, however, to show his real sentiments, or to appear disobligeing, he gives his word to be present, or so frames his speech as to leave that impression on the minds of those who are actually he has given his promise; but the occasion comes and passes without his ever having harboured a serious thought of obeying it with his presence. A mechanic is engaged to do a piece of work. It is important that he should attend promptly, and arrangements involving the convenience and comfort of the family depend upon it, and except for the positive assurance that it should be done at the appointed time, some other person would have been engaged. But the appointed day comes, and notwithstanding repeated applications and new promises, weeks pass on before the first hammer is struck, or the first nail driven.

The result of this looseness of speech and conscience is, first, great vexation and disappointment. The party to whom such promises are made, and who are often dependent on the fulfilment of them, are disappointed, and the faithfulness of the other party has damaged all his plans, and subjected him to much inconvenience. He is impatient and vexed, gives way to unpleasant tempers, says many hard things, and perhaps, even, strikes his wife and children.

Then, also, confidence is destroyed in the word which he made the promise. The word of the latter had been pledged, and if he has failed to keep it once, he may fail again. The victim of his deception, having discovered that he is not to be relied upon, fixes a mark upon him, and takes care to put himself in the way of future disappointments, and advises his friends in like manner.

Hence, too, the man who makes and breaks promises is a loser in the end, so far as mere self-interest is concerned. In order to keep his promises, or not to discharge customers or friends, he pledged himself for what he knew, or might have known, would not be done. Instead of promoting his end by this deception, he has frustrated it. The loss of customers, and their adverse advice and influence does him a hundred-fold more harm than frankly to have told the truth at the outset.

The worst result of all, however, is the injury done by the faithless promiser to his own moral principles. Whatever interpretation he may put upon his language, and however he may endeavour to excuse himself, he is not to be deceived. The repetition of such obligations deadens his moral sense, so that, after long practice, he thinks nothing of giving and breaking his word. At last, he can tell an untruth every day of his life, and not even be conscious of impropriety.

The lessons to be drawn from this subject are:—1. That we should weigh well our words. Strictly interpreted, perhaps, our language may not have necessarily implied an absolute obligation; but if such an impression was made, the injury is done. And, 2. That in all transactions if we best, in every sense the term to be conveyed to accompany them. Be the subject a request, cannot be complied with say so. You may fail, for the time, to please a customer or friend, but in the end you will have gained his respect and confidence. It is a great thing to have men say of you, "His word is as true as God's name," it will be done." "A good name," says the wise man, "is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Visit the Sick.

Go to the hushed chamber, the darkened room—go and breathe words of tenderness and sympathy. Shrink not from the pallid face, the wasted form; for you, who are the sympathy you may so cruelly deny. Plead not excess of sensibility; that heart is only truly sensitive that never shrinks from duty, and draws only the wrong. Go not with kind words alone,—let such, if possible, accompany them. Be the sufferer a Christian, you shall supply oil to his fainting spirit;—be he impotent, you will never find so easy access to his heart; you will never plead more successfully with him to yield to the will of the Saviour. "It need not heart to show a kind heart to show," and I have known the gift of a few wild flowers to cause tears of joy to flow from the eyes of an invalid. The long watching hours of disease are hard to bear, notwithstanding all that human kindness may do to soften them. Let not harshness of manner be ever shown to the sick; but with gentleness remember that God "breaks not the bruised reed." "O it is so lonesome,—I am so glad to see you and there are so few come to see me," said a young invalid friend of mine, "I am afraid," she continued, "that my friends have got tired of seeing my pale face, and listening to my complaints; but I never tire of those I love." And it is a well established truth that some of the noblest and purest spirits of Jesus, are called to walk in the shadow of these precious things. The things are the same, how different soever, at different times, thy view of them may be.—Zanber.

The old Church Bell.

I hear once more those mournful bells Break on the Sabbath air, And to my lips come back again The long muffled peal; My heart reverberates with them, To old forgotten chimes, For with those mournful bells are linked The thoughts of other times.

The steeple where, a boy, I climbed, The toms, the bending yew, The pulpit and the solemn aisle, The moor upon the sloping roof, The porch, the lowly door, Are linked with forms whose memory They only can restore.

Like voices of the past they speak To unaccommodated ears, And bitter thoughts come swelling up With heart-subduing tears! And though their tones seem sad to me, My bosom waxes their.

Missions and Missionaries.

I confess myself surprised and grieved that you should regret the absence of hands from which the little wit had been rubbed off by flippant wit—against those who give money for missions of Christianity to distant heathen, as though they neglected the poor at home. In preaching, he would richly deserve the ridicule and the condemnation for the same Lord, who died for the salvation of the world, while he was on earth, went about his native Judea and neighbouring Samaria, doing good. But it is not true. The very men who are the apostles of the Gospel to every creature, are, with rare exceptions, the people whose hearts, and hands, and purses are most open to the needs and sorrows of the needy. Take the subscription-list of the various societies, and of the various societies, and you will find a majority of the same names on both. Take the men most active in the noble association for the systematic relief of the poor in New York, or other Christian cities, and they are men who sustain Christian missions most liberally. The same men who are the most zealous for the orphans, the widows, the aged, the outcasts, are I venture say all of them contributors to Christian missions. Who sent first into that region of the shadow of death, the Five Points, and shed the life-giving light of the vine and the grapes, but advocates of Christian missions? Whose a solemn cademy demands immediate contributions for assistance—like that in Hague-street, for instance—of the poor, and the aged, and the infirm, and the blind, and the deaf, and the dumb, and the lame, and the maimed, and the orphaned, and the widowed, and the aged, and the outcasts, are I venture say all of them contributors to Christian missions. Who sent first into that region of the shadow of death, the Five Points, and shed the life-giving light of the vine and the grapes, but advocates of Christian missions? Whose a solemn cademy demands immediate contributions for assistance—like that in Hague-street, for instance—of the poor, and the aged, and the infirm, and the blind, and the deaf, and the dumb, and the lame, and the maimed, and the orphaned, and the widowed, and the aged, and the outcasts, are I venture say all of them contributors to Christian missions.

Weeping Ministers.

A correspondent of the Congregationalist relates the following:—"One of the most popular effective living pulpit orators in London never got through a public prayer or sermon without floods of tears. In the matter of sensibility or personal piety, he does not differ, probably in any considerable degree from many of his brethren, who never weep in the pulpit at all. The immediate cause of his tears is a peculiarly stated of the *lachrymal gland*. It is related that once, in conversation with the witty and sarcastic Richard Winter Hamilton, he spoke of his habit of weeping as a thing which he could not help, and he had sometimes thought of submitting to a surgical operation as a means of restoring the diseased gland to its proper healthy action. 'Not for the world,' replied Hamilton, 'never think of such a thing; that gland has been the making of you.' As I have listened to this weeping preacher in a crowded London congregation, he has made me feel how much there is in the most familiar fruits of Christianity, which ought to move men deeply. His simple, fervent utterance, enforced by tears, have seemed to me far more effective than the logic and logic and solemn magnificence of the profound and learned Richard Winter Hamilton. And I do not believe that any man, who was himself a preacher, ever listened to him without thinking that if the *lachrymal gland* was his he would keep it. There was a minister in the south of England, a few years ago, who had the gift of tears in a remarkable degree, both in the pulpit and out of it; according to what physiological principle, I am unable to say. I have seen him, on meeting in the street a young man who was a member of his father's house, take one of the youth's hands in his, and address him in a strain of almost paternal tenderness, while his tears flowed with the readiness and freedom of an April shower. Yet his feelings certainly were not deep, if they were not the precise opposite of that. And in the pulpit, he had neither large thoughts, nor any peculiar effect of demonstration. But he had a persuasive voice, he had tears; and withal he had the largest congregation in the city, numbering ten or twelve hundred, somewhat characterized by intelligence; and he had a numerous church, eminently active and generous; and he retained his popularity almost to the time of his death, which was when he was old and full of days, while the astute and brilliant Henry Rogers, not having the sunny countenance, nor the mellifluous voice, nor the tear, found it expedient to retire from his co-pastorate with the good old man, and fight the battle of life on another quite different ground. Countess Winter says of Whitefield: 'I hardly ever knew him to go through a sermon without weeping more or less; and again, 'it was only by holding his attitude and tears, that a person could well conceive of the effect.' It may be readily granted that there was something in Whitefield's tears and his seraphic piety. But it may be ascertained with equal confidence, that with a different constitution, temperament, though with a piety still more seraphic, his impassioned sermons would have been dry. I therefore feel, let me weepeth despite him that weepeth not; and let him that weepeth not judge him that weepeth."

The Jew.

Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman, give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing the lineaments of his face; his was well dressed and his face was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention while the stranger was often seen to wet his main chugk. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare, and the good minister going up to him said,—"Sir, am I correct in not addressing you in the name of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The following narrative was the substance of his reply: "I was a very respectable man of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and was a native of the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe; and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love—she was surrounded by beauty as a mantle, but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education, she could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manner charmed every beholder; no wonder then that a dotting father whose head was now sprinkled with gray should place his whole affection on this only child of his love—so affectionally he he knew no source of happiness beyond this world, being a strict Jew, he had educated her in the strictest principles of his religion and he thought he had presented it with an ornament. Not long ago this child was taken sick, and she faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, his strength decayed, and it was apparent to all that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish, he often attempted to converse with her, yet he seldom spoke but in the language of tears; he spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his

tears, when he was smitten by the striking dagger of the thought which he started, was soon to be the entrance of death; and his religion gave him a terrible idea of meeting her hereafter. She extended to her parent her wasted hand,—"My father, do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world besides."—"But father—do you love me?"—"Why, my child, do you give me pain so exquisite—have I never given you any proofs of my love?"—"But my dearest father, do you love me?" The father then could not answer. "You shall—I know my dear father that you love me—that you have been the kindest of parents—and I tenderly love you—will you sign me one request—O, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—who you know I am—My dearest child, do you will it—though it take all my property—whatever it is, it shall be granted—I will grant it."—"My dear father, I beg of you never to speak against Jesus of Nazareth." The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught, but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick—even for the salvation of my soul—I feel that I am going to him; I shall ever be covered with his blood, and I shall ever be saved by his blood. I beg of you, do not deny me, I beg that a will never again speak against Jesus of Nazareth—I entreat you to obtain a new Testament that tell of him, and I pray that you may know him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on him that love that you have so dearly loved. The exertion overcame the weakness of her feeble body, she expired, and the father's heart was too full even for tears; he left the room in great horror of mind, and ere he could again summon sufficient fortitude to return, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight, as I trust to that Saviour whom she had loved and honoured without seeing or knowing. The first thing the parent did after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a Testament, that he might read to his child, and that he might be numbered among the meek and humble followers of the Lamb,—*Todd's Simple Sketches.*

Threshing-floor in the East.

We left the plains of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zank, in the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hill summit of a high peak overlooking the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the mountain we had an uninterred view of the Sudan Dhan. From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the grain on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen, with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of Eastern travel which leave an indelible impression on the mind. The threshing-floor was a scene of indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The threshing-floor had been gathered in and the corn was now to be threshed and stored for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heap, or standing upon a sledge, stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were the threshing sledges armed with teeth, mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and the young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn into the air, and the wind carries the chaff, while the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps, and left on the threshing-floor until the sun has taken his partion.—*Lytton's Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.*

Prayer for Christ's Presence.

The prayer for a revival of religion is almost a stereotyped part of our public and social petitions. But do we realize all that the answer to this prayer involves? Are we ready to take home that answer to our hearts and lives? Would not the coming of Christ into our churches with the special manifestation of his holiness, involve a purifying process, which would consume our worldliness, and burn up like dew our carnal pleasures? We pray that Christ would come in the denunciation of the Spirit and of power. "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth?" Are you, Christian reader, of whatever name and standing, are you willing that Christ, in all the severity of spirituality of his doctrine and precepts, and the bright holiness of his character, should come into your place of business, your shop, your factory, your store, your counting-room, your office—wherever you conduct your worldly affairs—and search each transaction with those eyes which are as a flaming fire—that he should be near you when you buy and when you sell, when you speak and when you act; that your whole business life should be subjected to his order and his law? Are you willing that Christ should come into your domestic circle, and see your deportment when you are least reserved and cautious, and most like yourself—that he should mark your intercourse with the family, your habitual conversation, your manner of discharging all relative duties? Do you really desire the inspection, the constant presence and watch of Him who is infinitely holy? Are you willing that Christ should come into the social circles which you frequent and the scenes of recreation to which you resort? Is there no company that you choose, and pleasure that you seek, where

might read it before the American Philosophical Society, but abandoned the task, because he could not give a large catalogue of mere specimens in less than more than one hour. And all this he to be sneered at, under Dickens's extravagant table of Borroballa Gha—or whatever the absurd word be—and the making of flannel night-caps for little negroes.—*Kickerbocker for April.*

Weeping Ministers.

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The Jew.

Travelling lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an old and highly respectable clergyman, give a short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing the lineaments of his face; his was well dressed and his face was noble, though it was evident that his heart had lately been the habitation of sorrow. He took his seat, and was all attention while the stranger was often seen to wet his main chugk. After service the clergyman fixed his eye steadily upon him, and the stranger reciprocated the stare, and the good minister going up to him said,—"Sir, am I correct in not addressing you in the name of Abraham?" "You are." "But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?" The following narrative was the substance of his reply: "I was a very respectable man of a superior education, who had lately come from London, and was a native of the fertile banks of the Ohio. He had buried the companion of his youth before he left Europe; and he now knew no pleasure but the company of his endeared child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love—she was surrounded by beauty as a mantle, but her cultivated mind, and her amiable disposition, threw around her a charm superior to any of the tinselled decorations of the body. No pains had been spared on her education, she could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manner charmed every beholder; no wonder then that a dotting father whose head was now sprinkled with gray should place his whole affection on this only child of his love—so affectionally he he knew no source of happiness beyond this world, being a strict Jew, he had educated her in the strictest principles of his religion and he thought he had presented it with an ornament. Not long ago this child was taken sick, and she faded from her cheek, her eye lost its fire, his strength decayed, and it was apparent to all that the worm of disease was rioting in the core of her vitals. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish, he often attempted to converse with her, yet he seldom spoke but in the language of tears; he spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance, but no human skill could extract the arrow of death now fixed in her heart. The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his

Threshing-floor in the East.

We left the plains of Hinnis by a pass through the mountain range of Zank, in the valleys we found clusters of black tents belonging to the nomad Kurds, and the hill summit of a high peak overlooking the road is occupied by the ruins of a castle, formerly held by Kurdish chiefs, who levied black mail on travellers, and carried their depredations into the plains. On reaching the top of the mountain we had an uninterred view of the Sudan Dhan. From the village of Karagol, where we halted for the night, it rose abruptly before us. This magnificent peak, with the rugged mountains of Kurdistan, the river Euphrates winding through the plain, the peasants driving the oxen over the grain on the threshing-floor, and the groups of Kurdish horsemen, with their long spears and flowing garments, formed one of those scenes of Eastern travel which leave an indelible impression on the mind. The threshing-floor was a scene of indescribable feelings of pleasure and repose. The beauty and interest of the picture at Karagol, had been seen in all the villages we had passed during our day's journey. The threshing-floor had been gathered in and the corn was now to be threshed and stored for the winter. The process adopted is simple, and nearly such as it was in patriarchal times. The children either drive horses round and round over the heap, or standing upon a sledge, stuck full of sharp flints on the under part, are drawn by oxen over the scattered sheaves. Such were the threshing sledges armed with teeth, mentioned by Isaiah. In no instance are the animals muzzled—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn," but they linger to pick up a scanty mouthful as they are urged on by the boys and the young girls, to whom the duties of the threshing-floor are chiefly assigned. The grain is winnowed by the men and women, who throw the corn into the air, and the wind carries the chaff, while the seed falls to the ground. The wheat is then raked into heaps, and left on the threshing-floor until the sun has taken his partion.—*Lytton's Discoveries in the Ruins of Nineveh and Babylon.*

Prayer for Christ's Presence.

The prayer for a revival of religion is almost a stereotyped part of our public and social petitions. But do we realize all that the answer to this prayer involves? Are we ready to take home that answer to our hearts and lives? Would not the coming of Christ into our churches with the special manifestation of his holiness, involve a purifying process, which would consume our worldliness, and burn up like dew our carnal pleasures? We pray that Christ would come in the denunciation of the Spirit and of power. "But who may abide the day of his coming, and who shall stand when he appeareth?" Are you, Christian reader, of whatever name and standing, are you willing that Christ, in all the severity of spirituality of his doctrine and precepts, and the bright holiness of his character, should come into your place of business, your shop, your factory, your store, your counting-room, your office—wherever you conduct your worldly affairs—and search each transaction with those eyes which are as a flaming fire—that he should be near you when you buy and when you sell, when you speak and when you act; that your whole business life should be subjected to his order and his law? Are you willing that Christ should come into your domestic circle, and see your deportment when you are least reserved and cautious, and most like yourself—that he should mark your intercourse with the family, your habitual conversation, your manner of discharging all relative duties? Do you really desire the inspection, the constant presence and watch of Him who is infinitely holy? Are you willing that Christ should come into the social circles which you frequent and the scenes of recreation to which you resort? Is there no company that you choose, and pleasure that you seek, where

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