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The Prayer of Faith.

The arrow that doth upward fly,
Till lost in the vaulted sky,
Descends again, with quivering force,
To earth from whence it took its course.

The lark, upspringing with the day,
Hymning aloft his joyous lay,
Soon prays in his glad strain,
And drooping, sinks to earth again.

The eagle, that with undimmed sight,
Wings toward the sun his daring flight,
Weary at length, descends to rest,
Within his airy, rock-bound nest.

But pray, the prayer of faith, doth rise
Beyond the clouds, beyond the skies;
Nor stays it in its heavenward flight,
Till it has reached the realms of light.

Ascending to the Father's throne,
Jesus presents it as his own;
Gracious acceptance findeth there
The Saviour's interceding prayer.

The Cornish Prayer-Meeting.

BY REV. J. T. BARR.

What were it now to tow upon the waves,
The vessel of the storm alone to bear,
The howling of the storm alone to bear,
The howling of the storm alone to bear,
To gaze upon the horrors of the night,
And only see the gleaming light?

Reveries of religion have been of frequent occurrence in Cornwall since the establishment of Methodism in that distant part of the country by the venerable Wesley. Among the vast number of conversions which have taken place during the last half century, how many instances might be selected, as illustrative of the mighty power of the gospel in arresting the sinner in his guilty and downward career! How many examples might be recorded as exhibiting the efficacy of divine grace in softening the hardest heart, and in pouring into the darkest and most benighted mind the light of heavenly truth!

Charles— and his wife Sarah, immediately after their marriage, retired to a decent cottage, situated in a straggling village near the sea-side, on the northern coast of Cornwall. Though brought up in a country so highly favored by Divine Providence for Christian ordinances, and where the gospel of Christ had met such rapid progress, they were utter strangers to true religion. Neither of them had ever attended a place of worship, nor had they ever bowed the knee to the altar of devotion. It was no wonder that they were ignorant of the rudiments of Christianity; for God was not in all their thoughts. It had been currently reported that Charles, in his youthful days, had been an intrepid smuggler, and that by his illicit traffic in disposing of contraband goods he had amassed a considerable amount of money. Sarah, previous to her marriage, had been in the service of a gentleman who was of deistical principles, which may particularly account for her present unacquaintance with spiritual things. Thus, "having no hope, and without God in the world," this wretched couple continued to wander in the "way of death," and their hearts, and in the light of their eyes, regardless of a future judgment.

Their cottage, which was situated on an elevated part of the village, commanded a magnificent view of the Atlantic, whose angry billows, in stormy weather, dashed furiously against the craggy cliffs, and through the caverns of the rugged rocks, with a deafening sound. When the sea was smooth and the weather propitious, Charles, accompanied by his wife, would often take an aquatic excursion in his little boat. This practice, for the purpose of amusement, was more frequently adopted on the Sabbath.

In the autumn of 18—, on a beautiful day afternoon, when the sky was clear, and the bosom of the great deep unusually tranquil, he entered his little skiff with buoyant spirits, and singing a profane ditty. The loudness of the way, the beauty of the scenery along the coast, and the smoothness of the surface of the waters, induced him to row to a greater distance than he had previously intended. When several miles from shore, the wind suddenly changed, the clouds began to gather, and some large drops of rain speedily descended—terminating at length in a furious shower. Presently a flash of lightning illuminated the gloomy atmosphere, almost blinding the eyes of the reckless Sabbath-breaker. This was instantly followed by a most terrific peal of thunder, which, for several seconds, appeared to stun their ears, and then died away in murmuring echoes among the distant rocks. The sea began to swell, and a white foam crested the rising billows.

"O, Charles!" shrieked Sarah, whose countenance was pale with fright, "what will become of us?"

"Keep your seat in the boat," replied her husband, "and I will take you safe to land."

As the waves continued, with increased violence, to agitate the frail boat, she experienced all the horrors which the prospect of speedily perishing in the waters could inspire. A feeling of deep contrition, extorted from her stricken soul an earnest cry for mercy. Casting a despairing look at her husband, who was toiling at the oars, the wildly exclaimed:

"It is impossible to reach land; we shall surely perish; and O, Charles! what will become of our wretched souls!"

"Be of good cheer, my dear," was the only reply; "trust to my skill. I have encountered rougher seas than this!"

Fortunately, the wind was favorable and the tide flowing; so that, after hard toiling and long buffeting of the waves, they at length came safe to the shore.

On passing through the village, with their garments thoroughly drenched with rain and the spray of the sea, they observed many of their neighbors flocking to the Methodist chapel. This sight, which had never before passed through her mind, desired to accompany them to the sanctuary, now created in the soul of Sarah a feeling of self-condemnation,

and she secretly resolved, if spared to see the next Sabbath, to attend, for the first time in her life, a place of worship.—The Holy Spirit continued to strive with her, deepening her convictions during the week; and on the following Sunday she was seated at attention to the truths of the gospel. Under the sermon, which was plain and evangelical, she wept much. At the close of the service, (as a great revival had taken place in the village,) a prayer meeting was announced to be held on the following evening, and to be succeeded by similar services during the week.

On her return home from the sanctuary, she found her husband in moose temper; and he began, in the most indecent language, to stigmatize the Methodists as vagabonds, and their ministers as the agents of the prince of darkness.

On the following evening, in opposition to the remonstrance of her husband, she attended the prayer meeting. On witnessing her distress, the sympathies of the whole congregation were simultaneously awakened. Many prayed with her, but apparently in vain. It seemed as if the heavens were as brass to the petitions offered up. Her soul was overwhelmed with sorrow, but she refused to be comforted. In a state of the greatest mental disquietude, she returned to her comfortable habitation.

"And have you again dared to go to that synagogue of Satan?" was the language of her husband, as she entered the cottage. Then raising his voice to the high, he uttered some expressions, betraying the malignant passions of his mind, he declared, with oaths and imprecations, that if she ever again ventured within the walls of that hated conventicle, he would hasten to the chapel, and drag her out by force, in the presence of the saintly hypocrites! Undaunted by his threats, and preferring the salvation of her soul to her personal safety, she signified her intention to go on the following evening; declaring, with tears in her eyes, that she would not in her present state. She accordingly went; and, immediately on entering the chapel, fell on her knees, with hands lifted towards heaven, and eyes streaming with tears of genuine contrition, supplicated her pardon and reconciliation with God. Nor did she wrestle long without receiving the blessing. The eye of her faith was raised to Calvary. A sense of her utter helplessness strengthened her desire to cast herself at the foot of the cross; and, while pleading the merits of a bleeding Saviour, her heart was lightened of its load. Pardon was sealed upon her heart, and she was filled with peace and joy in believing. The beautiful doxology was immediately sung by the rejoicing assembly, and the glory of the Highest seemed to fill the place.

It was at this particular juncture that the husband of Sarah entered the chapel—raged depicted on his features, and fury burning in his soul. With rapid strides he walked up the aisle, and, in the presence of the singing, continued, "The happy countenances around him arrested his attention; the heavenly smile which beamed upon the face of his wife at once disarmed his persecuting spirit; and the delightful singing, which he never before regarded his sacred duty to soften his rebellious heart. The power of God seemed to arrest him, and looking round in dumb amazement, he sunk powerless to the ground, and was soon changed from a bold persecutor to an humble, self-condemned penitent. Feeling himself on the brink of destruction, without a hope to illumine the midnight darkness of his soul, his cries for mercy became loud and continued. For the space of two hours he endured the agony of a troubled spirit. The prayers of the congregation were offered in his behalf; and when he at length rose from his knees, he was a new creature, and his wife, as familiar, as constantly recurring, as that of the material. There are spiritual existences, evil and good. A spiritual state therefore does exist. And that the human soul belongs to that state, we may infer not only from its resemblance to, its intellectual faculties, but from the fact that it is created intelligence, but from the fact that it bears the image of the Creator, a pure and infinite spirit.

To teach the doctrine of the distinct and superior nature of the soul with its important consequences, is one of the principal objects of a divine revelation. Hence we are constantly admonished to direct our chief care and attention to the interests of the soul. "Take no thought," says the Saviour, "for the body, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or wherewithal ye shall be clothed:—the body is but the inferior part of your nature. Fear not them that can kill the body, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." While the body is liable to be destroyed by mere human agency, the soul is here declared to be indestructible by any power save that of the Deity.

In the Old Testament scriptures, it must be acknowledged that the doctrine of a future state of existence is only obscurely revealed by light, dimly reflected from types and emblematical prophecies, so that in consequence of the new dispensation the very properly assumes the credit of having brought light and immortality to light; that is, of drawing the doctrine forth from the darkness and uncertainty in which it had been involved for ages, and placing it among truths absolutely known—still the separate and independent state of the soul after death, were an almost universal belief, in the popular creed of the Jews, both in the days of the ancient prophets, and in the time of our Saviour? Dr. Campbell remarks, "from the practice of witchcraft and necromancy, which prevailed among them, and the power they ascribed to sorcerers, justly or unjustly, it matters not, of invoking the ghosts of the deceased." The story of the Sadducees denied the existence of either angel or spirit, in opposition to the Pharisees, who acknowledged both—and the attempt of the Saviour after his resur-

rection, to convince his disciples that he was not a spirit—"handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have." The separate or intermediate state of the soul, was therefore most certainly believed by the Jewish people, however imperfect their knowledge respecting the nature of that state may have been.—And is it not very singular, to say the least, if no such state exist, considering the purity and simplicity of the Saviour's character, he did not correct the error in the minds of his own disciples, whom he was preparing to be the religious instructors of the world, when so fair an opportunity offered? But, that no such correction ever did take place, either on the occasion referred to, or afterwards, is manifest from their subsequent writings. They represent the Saviour as saying to the penitent, dying thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." And again, "But as touching the resurrection of the dead (or a future state of existence) have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob? God is not the God of the dead but of the living." This language was used in opposition to the Sadducees, who denied the doctrine of a future life. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, are here declared to be still living; but this could be true only on the supposition that their souls survived the death of their bodies—which was the very point the Saviour sought to establish, and which he overthrew the Sadducean hypothesis. Again, St. Paul holds the following language: "Knowing that while we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord."—"We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord." And in his letter to the Philippians he says, "Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."—Now could the Apostle, with the least propriety or truth, have employed such language, as the above, had he believed the soul to have perished with the body, or to lie dormant in the grave through long and dreary ages, till finally aroused into conscious existence by the resurrection trumpet? If this cheerful hypothesis be true, death, so far from being a blessed transition whereby the weary and suffering soul is borne from the toils and evils of the present life, into the presence and bosom of the blessing Jesus, it is a damage which sweeps away a vast quantity of his conscious existence, to be restored only in the final resurrection of all things" at the end of time. On this supposition St. Paul is not yet in the presence of Christ, and will not be judging from the developments of prophecy, until he has been raised to glory, and then he will gain his glory? Nothing—but he lost much. He lost the fellowship of saints, the spiritual presence of Christ on earth, the indwelling love of the Father and the comforts of the divine spirit—with the privilege of doing good, animated and cheered by the glorious prospect of an eternal reward. But nothing is more manifest than that neither St. Paul nor any other inspired Apostle, had any knowledge of such an intermediate state of insensibility or annihilation.

The married Stephen recognised no such doctrine as this when looking into the opening heavens he beheld the glorified Saviour, and commended to him his departing spirit. No, no, death is not an interruption, it is only a change in the mode of our existence. To the true Christian,

"Death is the gate to endless joy."
With that full assurance of faith which realizes this glorious truth, we may exclaim, "I have a Father in heaven, and a Father in earth, and a Father in my grave, and a Father in my glory." Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Thanks be to God for the unspeakable gift of such a faith.—
—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

A VOICE TO MOTHERS.—Tell the mothers to trust in God. These were almost the dying words of one who had herself been a mother in heaven, and who had trained up a family of children for the service of her heavenly Father. Some of them had preceded her to the heavenly world, giving clear and decisive evidence that death to them was everlasting gain—others still remain on earth, willing laborers in the vineyard of our Lord. "Trust in God," had been the secret of her success in rearing her children, and with her last breath she wished to encourage other mothers to bring their little ones to the Saviour. He who, when on earth, said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," is no less ready to receive them now, than he was when he was on earth. To those who are weary of the exceeding great and precious promises he has given to parents, and plead them in prayer before Him, till all your children are renewed in the spirit and temper of their minds, and become heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ Jesus. Mothers, "Trust in God!"

DYING WORDS OF SALMASIUS.—Salmasius, one of the greatest scholars of his time, saw cause to exclaim bitterly against himself when he came to die. "O!" said he, "I have lost a world of time—time, the most precious thing in the world! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in pursuing David's psalms and Paul's epistles." "O, Sirs," said he, addressing those about him, "mind the world less, and God more."

Reader, see that now you are wise enough to persevere in the Word of God, that you may not have to cry, "O for but one year to read it!" when you are about to meet your Creator, and give your account.

Take the dying advice of Salmasius, and "mind the world less, and God more." For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—When trouble comes, the Christian does not throw down his religion; now is the time he needs it most. Take from him all of earth, and he takes a firmer grasp on Christ. The stricken and broken-hearted, where are they? Hanging under the cross; crying out like Job at the altar, I will remain here, and die; or like Job, I will trust in Him though it slay me. Look at his death: a storm opens upon him, clouds and darkness are round about him, a whirl in his brain, he turns to earth a vacant, languid eye, clings firmly to the cross of Calvary, and the last thing you hear of him is grace unto it, and the last thing you see of him is his signal of victory in the dark storm; and just beyond opens an eternal day!

Religion a Necessity.
Religion is a want of human nature as imperative as any other. Food and drink are not more necessary to the health and vigor of the body than the truth of God, and his worship, to the full development, strength, and beauty of the mind.

What is the import of all this anxiety about religion; this inquiry, this discussion, this strife and contention, if you please, seen in all ages and nations? What is the meaning of all these prayers and psalms, all these sacrifices and pilgrimages, all these offerings and asceticisms? What is it but the outpouring of innate desires or instincts, which cannot be satisfied with the material and the temporal; which stretch out after something beyond and higher, to reverence, to love, and obey, rather seek, though they may not always know it, for the Infinite, the Spiritual, the Eternal?

These instincts are, indeed, in themselves blind, and may be misdirected. So is the appetite for food also blind; and left to itself, it may take poison for its nutriment. Multitudes of Americans are in the guidance and control of reason. The religious instincts need a guide. Through sin the light of truth is obscured in the soul, and the mental balance destroyed. Hence all the monstrous perversions of the religious nature; hence the degrading superstitions that have usurped the place of a pure faith, and which have led to the most atrocious crimes of the soul's cravings. But the perversion proves a truth from which the perversion came. The superstition is the corruption of a true faith. The shadow proves the substance.

The fact that some continue to pass along without any religion, does not invalidate our position, or call in question the truth of their days; but it does prove that the religious powers are debilitated and dwarfed. The eye delights to see. The beauties of form and color were designed to give it pleasure. It may, nevertheless, be closed to all its beauty, or be utterly put out, as in the case of the blind man, who, in their days, will not see the precious boon of vision. Yet the health and perfection of the eye is a want of man; its loss is a sad deformity. The almost universal manifestation of the religious element in our race, is therefore conclusive, that religion is an imperative want of human nature.

Deprived of faith, the heart is without due restraint upon its passions, and without effectual stimulus to the practice of the higher and more difficult virtues. Hence, an unbelieving age has always been as prolific in the worst and most degraded vices, as it has been barren of exalted virtues. The authority of Him who possesses all power is requisite to control the turbulence of evil desires. Human precepts may be good, but they lack authority. Legal enactments may have authority, but they respect only the outward deed—the overt act of sin. They do not touch the heart, and are, therefore, checking crime from the impossibility of discovering and convicting the secret offender. They cannot touch the culprit who works his villainy beyond the scrutiny of human vision. Religion meets this want by its faith in Him whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, to whom "the night shineth as the day," and whom "we will bring every work into judgment with every secret thing." A faith that brings the soul in contact with God, and reveals him in his holiness and love, justice and mercy, is as powerful a stimulus to the higher and more difficult virtues, as it is a restraint to the practice of popular or secret vices.

Hence, any social or educational system that does not recognize faith, conscience, reverence and love of God, as essential elements of human nature, to be developed and perfected by appropriate instruction, and a firm and pure faith, exhibits irredeemable, damning effects.

It also follows that all professions of regard for good morals on the part of those who either despise or are indifferent to religion, are evidence of shallowness or hypocrisy. And also, that all attempts at moral improvement in a community which do not adopt religion as the basis of their system, will always be partial and superficial in their results.—
—California Chn. Advt.

CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.—What sweet words to the troubled soul!—Who is it that giveth light? Not our fellow-men; nor an angel; no, not even one of the seraphim. It is Christ. "There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we should be saved."

To whom shall light be given? To thee, poor, dark, fainting heart; to thee, whoever thou art, and in whatsoever depth of sin. If thou art wish, and ask for light, it shall be given.

What the light is, that which enables the soul, hitherto groping blindly about in search of a foot-path, to see whether he shall go for refuge and peace.

The condition on which it will be given, the awakening of the soul from its torpor and death-sleep.

Then consider the blessedness, the beauty, the serenity, the unchangeable nature of this light.

Then—our need of it—our helplessness and inability to walk without it. Reason—imagination, can not guide us. What shall we do? Who will teach us the way? Christ—Immanuel—he shall give thee light. Finally, the encouragements we may take from his word.—
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THE CALIFORNIA SISTER OF MERCY.
The Sierra Nevada, in California, is considered one of the most fearful regions in the world for travellers. Its deep ravines, its solemn gorges, its glaring rocks, and its rushing torrents make it an outlying district where men will not go if they can find gold as an easier rate; and those who do go are armed to the teeth, expecting conflicts at every hour with roving robbers, quarrelsome Indians, or on a winter day, have shed much blood to be tolerated in any organized society. In that region, as well as over the exposed plains, and the half-barbaric towns of California, a woman—a delicately nurtured lady—is making her way alone, bearing fatigue and hardship, and encountering danger of every sort, in the hope of achieving a great social good. This lady's name is Sarah Pellatt. She is a native of New England. At any rate, she is best known there. In common with multitudes of her countrymen and countrywomen, she mourns over the moral blight which ruins, in almost every new settlement, the political prospects of her nation. Multitudes of Americans grieve over the spirit and habits which, in California, as nearer home, convert the finest opportunity of establishing civilization into a dissemination of barbarism; but this lady is not satisfied with grieving. Convinced, as our British magistrates are throughout the world, that the most effectual means of violent crime proceeds from intemperance, she has gone, alone and single-hearted, to try what she can do among the Californian gold-diggers, to wean them from spirit drinking, and raise them out of their gross habits and savage passions. Few of the most robust men in the country have undergone such a trial as this self-appointed missionary; and few of the bravest have had to encounter such risks from accident and violence. Yet, at the last accounts, she was safe and well, and busy, and obtaining great success in her object. She drops into a mining hamlet, talks to the men when they are at work, or calls on the women, in a familiar language; shows them how they waste their gains, their health, their respectability, their life by their indulgence in spirit drinking; and is so wholly engrossed by her object as to drive from other minds, as completely as from her own, all notion of mistaking her for a mad woman, or a fanatic.

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LESSON FROM A LEAF.—A minister, who had preached for about two years, was once greatly harassed with temptation to atheism, which continued, with few intervals, many months; and his distress, on this account, was sometimes indescribably great. At length, however, he was happily delivered of this evil, by the following occurrence:—"Passing through a wood, with a design to preach in a neighboring village, while he was surveying his hand, a leaf accidentally struck between his fingers. He felt a powerful impression to examine the texture of the leaf. Holding it between his eye and the sun, and reflecting upon its exquisitely curious and wonderful formation, he was struck into an extensive contemplation on the works of creation; and tracing these back to their first cause, he had, in a moment, such a conviction of the existence and ineffable perfection of God, that his distress was removed; and he prosecuted his journey, rejoicing in God, and admiring Him in every object that presented itself to his view.

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Then—our need of it—our helplessness and inability to walk without it. Reason—imagination, can not guide us. What shall we do? Who will teach us the way? Christ—Immanuel—he shall give thee light. Finally, the encouragements we may take from his word.—
—N. Y. Observer.

LESSON FROM A LEAF.—A minister, who had preached for about two years, was once greatly harassed with temptation to atheism, which continued, with few intervals, many months; and his distress, on this account, was sometimes indescribably great. At length, however, he was happily delivered of this evil, by the following occurrence:—"Passing through a wood, with a design to preach in a neighboring village, while he was surveying his hand, a leaf accidentally struck between his fingers. He felt a powerful impression to examine the texture of the leaf. Holding it between his eye and the sun, and reflecting upon its exquisitely curious and wonderful formation, he was struck into an extensive contemplation on the works of creation; and tracing these back to their first cause, he had, in a moment, such a conviction of the existence and ineffable perfection of God, that his distress was removed; and he prosecuted his journey, rejoicing in God, and admiring Him in every object that presented itself to his view.

ly, and judiciously exercised, will we trust demonstrate the value of a free Bible and religious liberty, and encourage the true friends of the Romanist and the foreigner to "go and do likewise." God's Word set forth by the living voice or the printed page shall never return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases, and prosper in the thing whereto he sent it.—
—Bible Society Record.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.
How much more solemn, grand and devotional is the singing of an entire congregation than the performance of a choir—however skillful and scientific. I felt this difference, a few Sundays since, when in attendance at a service in Fifth Avenue—where, I will confess, I did not expect to receive much devotional comfort, owing to my long fast from the spiritualness of such a fashionable locality. I was a stranger, and as the congregation assembled, and I saw no face that wore a welcome or a smile for me, I felt lonely and despondent, and could not realize that I was in my Father's house.

But presently the organ breathed forth a soft, sweet, hushed sound, which seemed to say, make ready for the Bridegroom, prepare your hearts for his dwelling, all ye people. Then followed rich strains of harmony, which fell upon the spirit like dew upon parched sands—strains so simple that they at once penetrated the heart, and yet so deep and grand that they raised the soul to heaven. There was none of the usual sawing and alternate dying away, in which most organists delight, and which are so painful to a devout spirit; but all was subdued and solemn, as if in recognition that the Lord was in His holy temple.

And then, when the simple, fervent prayer had been offered up, the organ rose, and, standing in front of the pulpit, commenced to sing; the whole congregation joined, and there swelled out a grand vocal chorus, permeated, and sustained, and bound together by the powerful voice of the organ, which irresistibly subdued every transient feeling, and bore the congregation's offerings directly up to the Eternal Throne.

Oh, the power, the majesty, the sweetness of that song! In unmistakable tones it said, "Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of hosts! Let all the earth be filled with His glory!" As my voice mingled in the chorus, I no longer felt that I was a stranger in a fashionable strange people. All factitious barriers were broken down; my heart warmed; my soul plumed her wings anew, and I felt that I was indeed in my Father's house, and among my own spiritual kindred.

And everything was in keeping with what I have described. The organ was not factitiously decorated, but modestly coloured, and stood retiringly in its niche, instead of obtrusively thrusting a set of brazen pipes in the face of the congregation. The sermon, too, was a genuine Bible sermon, and not a stump speech; the venerable chorister was just what such a person should be, dignified, simple, unassuming—a living embodiment of Old Testament; and the ensemble was as impressive and as unostentatious as Niagara.

How much better this, than the antics of a showy organist, and the performances of an undevout choir. Choirs we must have, certainly, for particular occasions, and organs, and they can aid in our progress at all times; and special study, and scientific accuracy, are greatly to be commended in music, as in other things. But when an oppressed and sorrowing soul goes up to the House of the Lord to renew its spiritual strength, let no artistic performances come between it and its God, but let it sorrow, and supplicate, and its aspirations be borne on the current of the congregation's song, and it shall be filled with the spirit of them who forever sing before the Throne: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—
—N. Y. Ledger.

POWER OF DIVINE TRUTH.
In a flourishing town on the Kennebec, the following illustration of the power of Divine truth occurred many years ago, in the ministerial experience of an aged Congregational pastor still living, which affords ample encouragement to the friends of the Bible cause yet to persevere, and to trust in the better virtues, as it is a living monument to the truth of that injunction and promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall both be alike good."

Among the worshippers in the Rev. Mr. E.'s church, about a quarter of a century since, were a family of seven persons intelligent Irish Roman Catholics. They were constantly visited by the pastor with the rest of his flock, but little or no allusion was ever made to the difference of religious opinions between them. As years passed away, (the sons and daughters having reached adult age,) with the advance of population and ministerial effort, a priest began to visit the settlement, who, hearing that his erring sheep had attended Mr. E.'s ministry, forbade them doing so, as inconducive to their spiritual welfare, and as a contact with error. The whole family accordingly absented themselves from the public worship of God among Protestants, and but little was seen of them for a considerable period. At length one of the sons fell sick, and Mr. E. was sent for to read and pray with him. He heard and believed, and obtained a precious hope before that holy minister committed his mortal body to the grave. A short time surviving, and a second son was taken down, and Mr. E. was again sent for, to whom he again delivered the same precious message of life. This one too was happily converted. He also died, and the priest was sent for to console his remains to the grave, but being unable to attend, that duty once more devolved on Mr. E.—The distressed father, asked of his son's condition, and when the worthy pastor informed him of the son's precious hope, he mournfully shook his head, as if doubting of his eternal peace and safety. Such was the strong power of his early superstitious training, and now revived by the visits of the priest, over his feeble mind. Again death visited the family, and a third child was struck down, with the same blessed result, spiritually to the afflicted one. Death became in this case also but a harbinger of glorious immortality. Soon after this, a revival of religion occurred in the village, and the old man's only surviving daughter became converted and joined evangelical churches, and are still living, and walking as consistent members of them. Conscience, but almost broken hearted, the aged father shut himself up for a time, and betook himself to the diligent study of the wonderful book of the Bible. Under convictions obtained by this means, he destroyed a will, long since made, by the same blessed orders, in the event of his death, for a Roman Catholic inheritance, and avowed himself openly a Protestant. And more than all this, in a short time, under the ministrations of Mr. E., he departed this life rejoicing in his hope. The wife, who is still alive, has had no connexion with Romanism ever since, although we would be pleased to record her conversion also. This single instance of the salient absorption of a whole family by Protestant influence, calm-

ly, and judiciously exercised, will we trust demonstrate the value of a free Bible and religious liberty, and encourage the true friends of the Romanist and the foreigner to "go and do likewise." God's Word set forth by the living voice or the printed page shall never return to him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases, and