

From the N. Y. Observer.

NATURE, GRACE AND GLORY.

AN eminent minister of Scotland, Mr. Guthrie, travelling on the moors by night lost his way. He laid the reins on the neck of his horse, committed himself to the direction of Providence, and calmly rode on, uncertain of what was before him. After long travelling over ditches and fields, and many narrow escapes from imminent danger, he reached the door of a cottage in which a light was burning. He entered, and obtained permission to sit by the fire till morning. A popish priest was administering "extreme unction" to a dying woman. Mr. Guthrie said nothing till the priest had retired; then he stepped to the bedside and enquired of the woman if she enjoyed peace in the prospect of death, in consequence of what the priest had said and done. She answered "No," and Mr. Guthrie then proceeded to speak to her of salvation through the atoning blood of the Redeemer. The Lord taught her to understand, and enabled her to believe the message of mercy, and she died triumphing in Jesus Christ her Saviour.

After beholding this scene, and the morning having dawned, Mr. Guthrie mounted his horse and proceeded on his journey homeward. When he arrived, he told his wife that he had seen a great wonder during the night. "I came," said he, "to a farm-house, where I found a woman in a state of nature, I saw her in a state of grace, and I left her in a state of glory."

Wonderful transition! Rapid, miraculous, perfect! The soul defiled by sin is washed, and sanctified, and saved; the sinner becomes a saint, the saint rejoices among the angels on the instant that angels were rejoicing over the sinner born again.

We have seen such changes, as great and gracious, if not so sudden and swift. The pastor to whom anxious sinners come that they may be led to Christ, will recal such scenes.

A young man came to my study in a state of deep despair, and asked tremblingly what he must do to be saved. I told him, and he knelt by my side, and found peace in believing. The change was not greater when Barlimous opened his eyes at the word of Jesus. It was scarcely greater when Lazarus started from the tomb and fell into his sisters' arms. To this converted youth every thing within him and around him was instantly and wonderfully made new. He saw what before had been invisible, and things familiar were clothed with beauty to which his eyes till now were blind. The word of God opened to his sight as a new revelation. The character of God in Christ was ravishing to his heart, and holiness, which he had never loved, was now the chief attraction in heaven. We walked out, and the fields and flowers, the trees and streams reflected loveliness that had never caught his eye before. All was new, but all was as it was yesterday when he had looked on it without a thought of the beauty that now covered it with almost celestial charms. A great change was this indeed; from a state of nature to a state of grace; but not so great a change as another of which I would speak.

A young lady of my charge had been thus transformed from nature's darkness to the light of grace, and with joy unspeakable had rejoiced in the God of her salvation. She was now on a dying bed, and day by day as the tabernacle of clay was dissolving, her spirit was expanding its wings for its upward flight. It was good to sit down and speak with her of the love which Jesus had shown her in her sinfulness and danger; and one day she asked me if I would permit her to receive the consecrated memorials of his sufferings and death, before she communed with him in heaven. I promised to call again and converse with her in reference to it, and the next day I was at her bedside, speaking of the prospects that would break on her view when the veil that now hung before her should be rent in twain. As she listened to the precious promises of the gospel a smile of heavenly radiance played on her pale lips. Her heart was still. Death had come silently and set her spirit free; and the smile that lingered was of triumph, as if her silent lips had cried as the soul broke away, "O death! where is thy sting? Her large black eyes were open and fastened on me though they saw me not, while she was gazing in rapt adoration on the glories of the One altogether lovely in the midst of the great white throne. The change how great, how sudden, how glorious!

I find a doctrine in these facts. The change from nature to grace is as instantaneous as the change from grace to glory. The moment of transformation may not be as perceptible in the one case as the other; but the fact is the same. The soul cannot be in a state between grace and nature, any more than it can be in a state between grace and glory. Let those who believe in a Purgatory for departed spirits hold the doctrine of gradual regeneration by outward compliance with the forms of religion, but those who are taught that the souls of believers at their death "do immediately pass into glory," will also delight in confessing that the new creation of the human heart is an "act of God (free grace)" as sovereign as that which summoned the world into being when "He spake and it was done." IRENEUS.

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

The peculiarity of a Sunday in Scotland is not owing entirely to the generally religious character of the people, though that undoubtedly contributes much. It is in the Highlands, among the hamlets of glen and mountain, that such peculiarity is observed and felt in the strongest and most pleasing manner. There, the magnificent character of the surrounding scenery—the cloudy mountain, looking like a vision of Sinai of old—the dark lake, quiet as eternity, and the indescribably solemn stillness which reigns over all;—impress the mind with an awfully reverential feeling, far higher than, though like in character to, that which is experienced on treading beneath the vaulted arches of some antique cathedral. All nature, from the highest to the lowest, seems to proclaim that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord.

The ushering in of a Scottish Sunday morn is far different from what every one must have had occasion to observe—especially in and near large towns in England. There are no shops half opened till the very hour that summons the population to its worship, no servants' work to be done at the doors and windows, though ever so early,—nothing that can remind one of the toil of the week, and the anxiety of the heart after worldly affairs. No artisans idling, unwashed, and in their working dress, about the streets, nor any of those degraded characters who may often be seen with half a dozen dogs making their way to the outskirts of the town, for the purpose of having a morning's sport in rat-hunting along the ditches. They labor six days, and Saturday night effectually closes the scene. From sunrise to broad day, the holy time steals on as quiet as though toil and the common anxieties of life were never known. Every care, save the all-important one, seems laid aside. The calmness of the atmosphere, the repose of the senses from every sound, save the slow chiming of the distant bells, seem to speak it to be truly a day of rest. When the parent and the child, the rich man and the needy, alike in the presence of their Creator, observe his appointed time, and remember the Sabbath Day to keep it Holy.

The cottages on the mountain sides, which during the week present the very picture of peaceful industry, are usually on a Sunday morning shut up and silent; as though, with the cessation of all human labor, the inhabitants had in spirit retired to that peaceful world of which a quiet Sabbath is so beautiful an emblem. But about the hour when the village bell begins to toll for the devout assembly, then may be seen issuing from the humble cottages, which hitherto appeared from their quietness almost uninhabited, each little family, from first to last; all clad in their best, clean, plain, and homely; but to the devout and meek, a far more acceptable sight than that gorgeous and costly attire, which, attracting all attention to the pomp of this life, seems to convert the temple of the Most High into a house of earthly vanity. The elderly clad in sober colors, becoming their season of life; the young in simple white, equally characteristic of their innocence and purity, one following another in a long train along the mountain side, form, together with the place to which their steps are bending, a subject on which the mind long dwells with internal satisfaction.

In the evening, while perhaps the aged—the young, who are nigh upon the brink of that dark ocean of eternity upon which they must soon embark—are engaged in the perusal of that Volume which points out their way to the distant land;

the young, to whom it is given to rejoice while yet their day is before them, often walk out on the hills together or alone, though always with that peaceful demeanor, that total absence of all tendency to unhallowed mirth, which bespeaks a heart humble in its strength, and consolous of the service it owes to Him in whom is all glory and honor.

Thus, peacefully and silently the night again steals down—closing upon a day on which ten thousands of hearts have been better taught their duty to all living.—English Puzer.

ONE TAKEN AND ANOTHER LEFT.

THE sovereignty of God is sometimes illustrated in inclining one savage community to favor the introduction of the Gospel and embrace its saving provisions; while another is left, under the influence of Satan, and their own evil hearts, to reject the gospel and perish. A striking instance of this has recently occurred. In Nov. 1839, the Rev. John Williams approached the shores of Erromanga, one of the Hebrides islands, for the benevolent purpose of telling the inhabitants of God and the way of salvation through Christ. But scarcely had he and his companions set foot on the shore, when wicked and ferocious men fell upon and murdered them.

Subsequently, some native converts of the Samoa group, animated with the true Christian enterprise and love, volunteered to go and once more offer them that Saviour who had become so precious to their own people. They went to Erromanga, began to unfold the treasures of the gospel to them, and plead with them to give up idolatry and serve the true God: but the barbarous islanders would not bear; left them in a desert place to starve and nearly to starve; and at last, when the teachers were about to be killed and eaten, they were with difficulty rescued and taken away by a vessel touching at the island.

Now mark the difference. To a neighbouring island, Mangaia, native teachers were sent to carry, to a similarly savage people, the glad tidings of salvation. To a human eye the teachers were no more likely to be kindly treated here or the message to be joyfully received, than at Erromanga. But at Mangaia God had a chosen people. They were willing in the day of his power. They listened to the gospel and believed it. The Holy Ghost renewed the hearts of many, and sited them with love; and a few months afterward, when a missionary went to see how these teachers were prospering, he was received by the lately savage idolaters with the warmest gratitude and joy. He found in one village a beautiful native meeting house, 180 feet long and 35 wide, overflowing with hearers, 700 or 800 people at a morning prayer meeting, 1,000 children in meeting for Sabbath instruction, and a church of 70 members, embracing the aged, men in the vigor of life, and a few children, adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour. So one is taken and another left.—Dayspring.

SOUND IN THE NIGHT AIR.

Every person must have observed that sounds, such as that of falling water, &c. which are faintly or not at all heard during the day time are distinctly audible at night, even when the direction and force of the wind and every other general circumstance is the same. This curious fact was remarked even by the ancients. In large cities, or in their neighborhood, the increase in the distinctness of sound has been ascribed to the cessation of the powers of animated beings, such as men, insects and birds, and also to the cessation of the action of winds upon the leaves of trees. When the celebrated traveller Baron Humboldt, first heard the noise of the great cataracts of the Orinoco, in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures, his attention was particularly called to this curious fact, and he was of opinion that the noise was three times greater in the night than in the day. The usual explanation of the phenomenon was quite insufficient in this case, as the humming of insects was much greater in the night than in the day, and the breeze which might have agitated the leaves of the trees, never rose till after sunset. Humboldt was led therefore to ascribe the diminution of sounds during the day to the presence of the sun, which influences the propagation and intensity of sound, by opposing to them the currents of air of different density, and partial undulations of the atmosphere produced by the heating of the different parts of the