

THE PILLAR OF FIRE.

The idea of a whole nation being led in all their movements by the visible presence of Jehovah, is one of the most sublime and awe inspiring ideas which the mind can form a conception. Regarded simply as a natural phenomenon, the pillar of cloud and fire is one of the most remarkable that the world has ever known. Of its nature we are entirely ignorant; but it must have been wonderful in extent and brilliancy to be seen at once by the journeying millions of Israel. Probably, during the day, it extended as a cloud over the Israelitish host, protecting them from the severe heat of the climate in which they were journeying. "He spread His cloud for a covering;" We cannot wonder that Moses exclaimed, "What nation is there so great that hath God so nigh to them."

In view of God's special providence over the Jews and the wonderful manner in which he delivered them from bondage, and led them out of Egypt, keeping ever near them in a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, we would naturally expect that their acts would be characterized by implicit confidence in God, and obedience to his will. Especially would we expect this after the summary manner in which He manifested His hatred of sin in the punishment of Nadab and Abihu, and the rebels Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. That they were not obedient, even after the special and wonderful manifestations of God's providence of love and wrath, is an illustration of the weakness of human nature, which remains the same through all time. There is in the conduct of men at the present time, a counterpart to the conduct of the Jews. God is as really by every member of the human family as though he was visibly present in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. However much guilt may be kept from the eye of man it cannot be hid from the Omniscient Eye. "For the ways of man are before the Lord and He pondereth all his goings." This thought, so terrible to the enemies of God, is full of consolation for the Christian. The world may slander us, and misrepresent actions put forth with the best intentions; but God looks upon the heart, and understands the motives by which we are actuated. Resentment can never sway his love. *Even though* our

feet deviate from the straight-forward way, He understands our weakness, and the peculiar and trying circumstances amid which we may be placed, and strives by tenderest care, or the chastisement of kindness, to draw us back to Him.

Christians! if we attempt to go in our own way and strength we shall be overcome by our foes and the enemies of God. No longer the pillar of fire goes before the armies of God's chosen people; but he hath given us His Holy word, which if it is followed by us with constancy, will light our ways, and direct our footsteps through the changing scenes of the wilderness of life. His angel will go before us to prepare our way,—the cold waves that separate us from the land we seek will soon divide, and we pass over to enjoy forever the radiance of heaven, and the balmy and fragrant odors distilled by the thornless and amaranthine flowers of the Promised land.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND:

[The following admirable lines by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener of the United States, and that it not only won him from the noisy taproom to his own domestic hearth, but that the judicious distribution of it was the means of much good.]—*English paper*.

You took me, William, when a girl, unto
your home and hearth,
To bear in all your after fate a fond and
faithful part;
And tell me, have I ever tried that duty
to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me, when
you were sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share your tear than
any other's glee—
For though you're nothing to the world,
you're all the world to me;
You make a palace of my shed, this rough
hewn bench a throne;
There's sunlight for me in your smiles,
and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my
eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, O, Parent of the poor, look down
from Heaven on him:
Behold him toil from day to day exhaust-
ing strength and soul;