

### Palestine.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Best land of Judea! thrice hallowed of song,  
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like  
throng;  
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of the  
sea,  
On the hills of thy beauty my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit I look on that shore,  
Where the pilgrim and prophet have lingered  
before;  
With the guide of a spirit I traverse the sod  
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills! in my spirit I hear  
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear;  
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat  
down,  
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was  
thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,  
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadaree;  
And I pause on the goat-grass of Tabor to see  
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in thy valley! where swollen and  
strong,  
Thy river, O Kishon! is sweeping along;  
Where the Canaanites strove with Jehovah in  
vain;  
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of  
the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulun  
came,  
And Naphtali's stag, with his eye-balls of flame,  
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,  
For the arm of the Lord was Abimeon's son!

There sleep the still rocks and the caverns  
which rang  
To the song which the beautiful prophets sang,  
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,  
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo! Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,  
With the mountains around and the valleys be-  
tween;  
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there  
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air,  
And Bethlehem's palm-trees in beauty still  
threw  
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;  
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet  
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring  
steed;  
I stand where they stood with the chosen of  
God—  
Where his blessings were heard and his lessons  
were taught,  
Where the blind were restored and the healing  
was wrought.

O, here with his flock the sad wanderer came—  
These hills he toiled over in grief, are the same—  
The founts which he drank by the wayside still  
flow,  
And the same airs are blowing which breathed  
on his brow.

And thronged on her hills its Jerusalem yet,  
But with dust on her forehead and chains on  
her feet;  
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath  
gone,  
And the holy Shekinah—it's dark where it  
shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode  
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God?  
Where my spirit but turned from the outward  
and dim,  
It would gaze even now on the presence of him!

Not in clouds and in torrents, but gentle as when  
In love and in meekness he moved among men;  
And the voice which breathed peace to the  
waves of the sea,  
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me.

And what if my feet may not tread where he  
stood,  
Nor my ear hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,  
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him  
to bear,  
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden in  
prayer;

Yet Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near  
To the meek and the lowly and patient here;  
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,  
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh! the outward hath gone!—but in glory and  
power  
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour;  
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

### An Infidel in India.

The Rev. J. Statham, an excellent Baptist minister in England, who for some years a missionary, in his "Indian Recollections," relates the following fact, which is awfully illustrative of the folly of neglecting the Scriptures:

It was about the middle of July, after a most sultry day, when, unable to sleep, I had taken a turn backwards and forwards in the verandah of my dwelling at Gussurah, and was about to retire, more, to seek repose, when my attention was engaged by an unusual noise at the door before me, and presently a gruff voice calling out, "House, a-hoy! House, a-hoy!" Looking out, I inquired what was wanted, when two sailors approached, and said, "Your honor, are you the minister that preaches in the place below?" I said, "Yes, my good friends; what is your pleasure with me?" "Why, if your honor will just come and say a bit of a prayer to our chief mate, it will be a charity, for he is sadly taken aback, and we don't think he'll ever get out of his berth again." "Did he request you to come for me?" "No, your honor. He does nothing but groan, and rave about hell and such things; but the second mate thinks a bit of a prayer will do him good."

"Will not the morning be a better time to visit him, think you?" "Why, it may be he will not see the morning, we are thinking your honor." "Well, then," said I, "I shall be as you wish; I will go with you."

In a few minutes I was seated in the stern of the captain's cutter, and six sturdy hands soon brought me alongside a large vessel at anchor in the middle of the strait. There was something peculiarly solemn and impressive in the scene—the time was midnight, all around was still and calm, save the rippling of the water, and the noise occasioned by the slow pacing of the watch on deck, and the heart-rendering groans which were uttered by the sick man; these at intervals had reached my ear during our way to the ship, and which I mounted the gangway with a very loud ino.

The second mate met me on the quarter deck, and stated that the chief mate was pronounced by the doctors to be in a dying condition; and that, as his mind seemed to be in a most distressing state of alarm, he had sent for me at this unreasonable hour to see if any consolation could be administered to him. I told him that no time was to be lost, and that I would pray for him, but immediately conducted me to the dying man. For the sake of air, his cot was lying in the cuddy, and several persons surrounded it, apparently endeavoring to soothe his mind; but, alas! in vain. When informed who I was, he eagerly stretched forth his hand, and grasping mine with great strength, said, "Dear sir, pray for me!" I begged him to be calm, and said, "I will pray for you, but let me beseech you not to waste your breath in vain exclamations and lamentations—pray for yourself; I will offer prayer—you may join with me." "Oh, no, sir, I cannot pray—my God! I never have prayed; no, sir, I never shall pray. I feel I cannot—I cannot—I am lost; I am lost; oh that I had never been born!" I entreated him not to indulge in such a strain. I pointed out the value of the atoning blood of Christ; told him of the willingness of Jesus to save the vilest of the vile; told him of the dying thief; in short, all that I could possibly say to encourage a hope of salvation. I did say; but he would still cry out, "Sir, this is not for me. I am lost! My father is in heaven. My mother with me. I broke my father's heart. I despised their prayers, their counsel, and their entreaties, and now I cannot pray, I cannot hope, and now I cannot pray, I cannot hope. I began to read the scriptures. He stopped me, saying, 'Pray for me directly.' I prayed; but, alas! every petition for mercy seemed only to aggravate his misery, and I could not proceed for his groans and cries.

In this awful state he continued till about three o'clock in the morning, when he appeared to be more calm, and he seemed to listen very attentively to my words; but just as I was kneeling down to pray again, he started up in his cot, and looking fearfully around, grasped my hand with all the energy and convulsive power of a drowning man, and, wildly shrieking and falling backwards, expired in agony indescribable.

What my feelings were can be more easily conceived than told. I spoke seriously to all present on the vast importance of the word of God, and pointed out the only means of salvation, and exhorted them to take warning how they despised the word of God, or the counsel of parents and friends. Just as I was leaving the ship, the captain, who had been sent for from some distance, arrived. He appeared to be much affected at the intelligence, and expressed his gratitude for my coming. From him I learned that the deceased was the son of pious parents, and of great talent, but, unfortunately, had in his youth become acquainted with a company of rich prodigals, and had, by keeping pace with them in their extravagance, brought his parents nearly to ruin; and this had so preyed upon the mind of his father, that he died quite broken-hearted. The captain thought the infidel principles the son had imbibed were the great source of sorrow, rather than the loss of property. The remains of this unhappy man were consigned to the house appointed for all living, on the afternoon of the same day; and the address then given was the means, under the divine blessing, of the reformation of one of the many persons who attended at the grave.

### The Friars at Home.

GAMBLING IN A CONVENT.

(From Mexico and its Religion.)

After supper, some of them began to speak of cards and dice, and they invited us to play, in order to contribute to the entertainment of their guests, one hand at a rubber. Almost all our party excused themselves; some for want of money, others from not knowing the play. At length they found two of our religious that would place themselves hand to hand with two other Franciscans. The party being arranged, they commenced playing with admirable dexterity. A little was put down at first; it was doubled. The loss varied the one the gain stimulated the other. At the end of a quarter of an hour, the convent of the Angelic Order of our father of San Francisco had converted itself into a gaming house, and the poor religious (friars) into profane workmen. We who were simply spectators, had occasion to observe what passed in the play, and to acquire matter for reflection upon such a Sabbath. As the game went on engrossing in interest, the scandal continued to increase. The draughts of liquor were repeated with such frequency; the tongue unloosed itself; oaths mingled themselves with jests, white loud laughter made the edifice to tremble. The vow of poverty did not escape from the sacrilegious mirth.

One of the San Franciscans who had of late been much with his fingers and his feet in the game, and who had gained any considerable sum, in order to divert the company, opened his broad sleeve, and with the hem he swept the table of all the stakes, amounting sometimes to more than twenty gold ounces, into his other sleeve; saying at the same time, "Take care of it, though I have made a vow of never to touch it." It was impossible for us to listen to such imprecations, and to witness such scandalous lives, without being moved; more than once I was on the point of reproving them, but I considered that I was a stranger, a passing guest, and besides, what I should say to them would be like preaching to the desert. I therefore rose up without making any noise, and went to my sleeping-place, leaving the friars to their own devices until the dawn. The next day the friar who had played his part with so much facetiousness, with more of the manner of a brigand than a religious, more suitable for the school of Sardanapalus, or of Epicurus, than for the life of a cloister, said that he had lost more than eighty ounces, or gold ounces—appearing that the King's money on that particular occasion had made a vow of never possessing.

This was the first lesson that the Franciscans gave us of the New World. It clearly appeared that the cause of so many friars and Jesuits passing from Spain to regions so far distant, was libertinage rather than love of preaching the gospel, or zeal for the conversion of souls. If that love, if that zeal were the motive of their conduct, they would be their own depravity as an argument in favor of the truth of the gospel. Wantonness, licentiousness, avarice, and the other vices which stained their conduct, discovered their secret intentions. Their anxiety for enriching themselves, their vanity, the authority which they exercised over the poor Indians, are the motives which actuated them, and not the love of God or the propagating of the faith.

### Tyrannical Act of a Catholic Priest.

The New Haven Palladium narrates the particulars of a case in which a Catholic priest attempted to prevent a marriage between an Irish Protestant and an Irish Catholic. It appears that an Irish Catholic named Connolly, a harness-maker by trade, and of considerable intelligence as well as some pluck, paid particular attention to an Irish Protestant girl named Mary Ann Gibbons, who was far above the average of her country-women in intelligence. When Connolly offered her his hand, it was accepted with certain conditions. She was to be left undisturbed in her Protestant religion, and to be married by a Protestant clergyman, but was willing, if it pleased her, to be married also by a Catholic clergyman. Matters being thus understood, Connolly, who had been working at the Sonnet's to New Haven to be married. The couple invited their bridesmaids and groomsmen to accompany them to witness the ceremony, and proceeded to the residence of Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, to have it performed, but that gentleman being absent, they repaired to the Catholic priest of New Haven. The scene there is thus described:

"What in the presence of the Popish priest, he asked the woman if she belonged to his church, and she said 'No!' that she was a Protestant. He then inquired if she did not intend to adopt the religion of her husband, and she said 'No!' She answered 'that she did not.' He then asked her if she 'did not intend to bring her children to his church for baptism, and allow them to be brought up in that faith?' She said 'she had no children, and might not have, and if she did, she could make no pledges on that subject.' Upon which the priest brought his hand with great force upon her book and said roughly—'Connolly, why don't you put away this woman, and get one of your own church? I will not marry you, and I forbid you going to a Protestant to be married. I forbid it, on pain of excommunication;—and you, who have come in this company, if one of you go to see these persons married by a Protestant, I will excommunicate you!'

The bride and groom then rose, left together with one of their companions, who was not afraid of his soul's salvation, under the ire of his ghostly father, and proceeded to the residence of Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, where they were joined in holy matrimony. The affair has created a good deal of another indignation among the better class of Catholics, and it is quite probable that it will be the means of making a 'heretic' for life of Connolly.

### The Evangelical Conference at Berlin.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 12th, the King of Prussia made for himself an opportunity to be present at that evening's sitting of the Evangelical Conference. His Majesty's arrival and entrance to the *loge* reserved for him were arranged so noiselessly as not in the slightest degree to interrupt the proceedings; but he found the whole church filled to overflowing with anxious hearers, crowded with men of every rank connected with this movement. On this occasion also some of the Ministers, as well as the President of the Ober Kirchenrath, Chevalier Bunsen, and several officers of high rank friendly to the movement, were present in the royal *loge*. The transactions of this sitting consisted of statements from different members of foreign religious communities as to the state of Protestantism in their respective countries. Le Pasteur Grandpierre in French, and Prediger Fisch in German, laid the whole state of Protestantism in France before the meeting. An Armenian thankfully recapitulated all the services that Prussia was rendering to Protestant Christianity in Turkey; and his discourse, delivered as it was in Turkish, was translated into the language of Protestantism in their respective countries. The last part of the sitting was followed by a German clergyman from Milan, who portrayed the melancholy state of Protestants in Italy, and besought the sympathy and assistance of the Evangelical Alliance to support and assist the feeble spark of evangelical truth in those benighted countries. The least dark portion of this melancholy picture was Sardinia; the darkest of all the Italian territories under Austrian rule, such as Venice, and most of all Parma, and Modena, where thousands of Protestants are living without any Protestant priests, and where the children necessarily received baptism into the Roman Catholic Church, and can only be taught in Protestant truths. The last of these discourses were delivered by a Spaniard in his own language, and from his account the state of the Protestants in Spain was only a little less gloomy than that of the Protestants in Italy.

It had been represented to Chevalier Bunsen by a prominent member of our nation how many had brought their wives and daughters over with them to share in the fatigues as well as the gratification of these Conferences, and how much they would be gratified by an opportunity of seeing the King's presence on that particular occasion, and it was by Chevalier Bunsen's kind attention, (shown in this and numerous other instances,) that the King's invitation was on Friday morning extended to the gentle sex, telegraphed from Potsdam to Berlin and brought instantaneously by the police force to the knowledge of all whom it may concern. The fair representatives of the Anglo-Saxon Protestantism were invited, and largely of the extended invitation, and finding the Queen present at the reception, they in several instances were presented to her. This unexpected rencontre served to develop, at any rate, a dormant accomplishment on the part of the Queen, who had hitherto been believed at Court not to understand our language at all, for on this occasion she answered the most kindly in English. Possibly this rencontre—which, from its very impromptu nature and disregard of all Court etiquette, was not without a species of the comical in it—may serve, in connection with the King's clearly pronounced sympathies for our country and the approaching marriage, to remove what little ill-will towards us remains in certain remote corners of the Court.

During the period of these Conference arrangements had been made for the most celebrated Preacher to occupy four, five, or six pulpits throughout the town every evening, while for Sunday the local clergy seem with but very few exceptions, to have decided upon occupying their posts themselves. Our countrymen, who have not largely availed themselves of the liberty accorded by the Consistory of Brandenburg for any clergyman of the Church of England or Scotland or of the Moravian Brothers (and this has been subsequently extended to the Wesleyans) to preach in any church of the Prussian metropolis, appeared in considerable force on Sunday, and by their paper-meetings, celebration of the Lord's Supper, and numerous attendance at divine service, offered a marked contrast to the pleasure-seeking manner of spending the Lord's day which obtains at Berlin. Never since the opening of the very convenient and well appointed chapel which the King some three years back made over to the use of the English residents, after putting it into the most thorough repair, and decorating it, has the English chapel, since then enriched by a handsome organ presented by Lord and Lady Bloomfield, been so numerously attended, or so amply served as it was on that Sunday morning; not only had two clergymen undertaken to assist the resident Minister, the Rev. R. Bellon, by taking the communion service, but also the Rev. Mr. Jackson, of Beestly, in Hampshire, preached. At the afternoon service the sermon was preached by the Rev. B. Phillot, of Great Cressingham. But this scene of our chapel filled to overflowing even in its vestibles, gratifying as it was, was of feeble interest compared with the administration of the Lord's Supper to more than two hundred English speaking communicants of various nations at a public room which had been taken for devotional purposes. It may have been as much a matter of practical necessity with so large a number of communicants, and in the absence of a communion-table and rails, as an intentional concession to the differences of practice with different denominations, that on this occasion the sacred elements were administered to the recipients sitting; but certainly no deficiency in the usual attentiveness and furniture of the altar will have been felt by those participating to have in any degree weakened the interest attached to this reception of the Lord's Supper under these peculiar circumstances. The foreign style and decorations of the interior reminded every one present of their absence from home and their present sojourn in the centre of a country whose language and customs are unknown to them, and where their venturing to meet together for this holy purpose, equally with the assembling of the body of Protestants in Berlin, has been

made possible solely by the warm encouragement and firm support of the Sovereign of the land, but otherwise opposed by many in power and obnoxious to police regulations, the fact of this sacrament being administered by clergymen of all denominations that composed the entire Protestant Church in England—all combined to impart to the whole a deep and unusual interest. The Dean of Canterbury and the Rev. Messrs. Brook and Carr Glyn, of the Church of England; Dr. Steane and the Rev. Baptist Noel, of the Baptist denomination; and the Rev. Mr. Scott, a Wesleyan; and the Rev. Mr. Sherman, an Independent Minister, divided with each other the labours of celebrating this sacramental rite. The amount of £27 was collected on this occasion, and designed towards a fund for the relief of poor Protestants in Syria. This sum was further increased at a Bible meeting, held in the same room in the evening, with Mr. Wright, the new American Minister, in the chair, where an equally numerous party met together for mutual edification.

Another account states that, on Sunday week, Mr. Jackson preached an excellent sermon in the English chapel in the morning, and Archbishop Philpot in the afternoon. Bishop Simpson, of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, preached at one of the parochial churches. Mr. Noel officiated at a small Baptist chapel in the suburbs. In the evening a large gathering of English Christians took place. The Rev. W. M. Bunting opening the proceedings by prayer and some excellent remarks on a chapter read from the Epistle to the Ephesians. Dr. Merle d'Aubigne gave an interesting account of the paper he had read before the Conference. He was interrupted by Mr. Smith of Poplar, who, in a not very devotional spirit, said that the meeting ought to be solely a devotional character.

The forenoon of Monday week was devoted to the consideration of the following question—'To what is the observer indebted for perceiving, that in spite of the return of theology to the standard of church profusion, so little spiritual life evinces itself in the population?' In the afternoon there were reports read as to 'the state of ecclesiastical and religious matters in Switzerland,' and also in the United States of America. In the morning sitting of Tuesday the question was treated, 'What course Evangelical Christians have to take with respect to the aggressive tactics of the Roman Catholic Church?' and in the evening several reports were read of the progress and working of Missionary labour among the Jews, and also among the heathen. In the morning sitting two of our countrymen, the Rev. James Lord and the Dean of Canterbury were speakers, and their English sermons were necessarily translated for the benefit of the assembly. The Dean of Canterbury bewailed his unacquaintance with the German language, and offered the best he had in his stead, good Saxon English. He expressed his warm recognition of the kindly welcome extended here to himself and countrymen, and regretted their inability duly to express this to their German friends, and pointed out that England, which had already obtained a political consistency with Germany, was now desirous of obtaining a union with her in matters of religion. None had contributed more to these two results than Chevalier Bunsen, who had lived so long among us, and whom it had been a great source of pleasure to us all to see again in Berlin, the honored guest of the course of the Conference, who had translated the course of the German theologians as of receiving instruction in sciences at the hands of German investigators.

In the evening a Scotch clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Edwards, delivered a most eloquent and energetic address in German on the subject of missions to the Jews, and Dr. Caird, a Scotchman also, who presided on the occasion, interpreted the various communications that were made on this subject by English missionaries. The Secretary of the Berlin Branch of the Evangelical Alliance has repeatedly, in the course of the Conference, been interpreted discourses from German into English, and vice versa, but has communicated important notifications impromptu in German, French and English. Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, the Genevese historian of the Reformation, has also discoursed in all three languages. That is what is wanted in an international conference.

### Where is your Bible?

Alfred Bell, when the fever for emigrating to California was at its height, did not escape the contagion, and, though not nineteen years old, nothing would do but he must leave a pleasant home, and a kind mother and a little sister, and go to dig for gold in the newly found state.

After three years he returned, and his mother and sister greeted him with warm embraces.

"I have something pretty for you in my trunk, Minnie," he said to his little sister. "You see I have but little baggage. That one small trunk has been with me through sunshine and storm."

"Let me unpick it, brother, please," said Minnie; "I will be very careful and not tumble any of your nice clothes," and taking the key from Alfred's hand, she proceeded to take out carefully one article after another, and put them on one side, until she came to the bottom of the trunk. She paused a moment, and, seeming to distrust herself, she put her hand first upon one article and then upon another; then looking up earnestly in her brother's face, while she still sat on the floor besides his unpacked things, she said:

"Where is your Bible, brother?"

"I have none," he said, quickly.

"No Bible, Alfred?" said Minnie, as she arose and put her hand upon his arm; "no Bible, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he said, a little impatient at her questions. "I left all my books in New-York when I started for California; they took up too much room."

"And have you had no Bible for three whole years, brother?"

"No, Minnie," he answered.

### The Topaz.

I was walking one day by the sea-shore at one of our western watering-places, when my eye was suddenly attracted by a stone of rather an unusual appearance lying among a heap of other stones. The tide was washing over them, and it was with some little difficulty that, by the help of my walking-stick, I at length succeeded in obtaining possession of the stone. No sooner however, had I got it than I felt tempted to throw it away again, it looked so trumpery and common. However, after the labor it had cost me, I determined not to treat it as my own power of discrimination, but carried it straight to the lapidary's shop. I was rewarded for my prudence by being told that my stone was one of no ordinary value: "But," added the lapidary, "the cutting will be a long, and difficult, and expensive process." "Never mind," said I, "if the stone is worth it I am quite willing to incur the expense." So I left my stone in the lapidary's hands, and went several times during the next few days to watch the progress of cutting and polishing. I was greatly interested in seeing it gradually assume a more beautiful form, but on my last visit I almost failed to recognize in the bright, transparent, and well-defined topaz that lay before me, my old friend of the beach which I had saved from a watery grave.

It suggested some thoughts to my mind. What a picture, thought I, of the Christian, and of God's dealings with him. First, there is the Father's hand separating him from his fellows, and drawing him forth from the waves of this troublesome world which are ready to overwhelm him. But God does not leave him there. By His Spirit, during which he seemed to minister His Providence with him. He purifies, and sanctifies, and enlightens him, till, like the sun in the firmament, he shines more and more unto the perfect day, and is at length fit to form one of the jewels in God's own diadem. It seems to me that Christians do not always think as they ought of the pains (if one may so speak) that God is taking to make us to render them not only fit but beautiful, for His kingdom. They look to His Word, to all the means of grace that He has appointed, and to His more striking Providences, but do they regard every incident of every day—every little trial, every little joy, every little blessing—as coming with a purpose from their Father's hands,—that purpose the increase of their faith, the purifying of their affections, the sanctification of their lives, that they may grow more like the Saviour who died for them, and "who is not ashamed to call them brethren?"

REV. JOHN NEWTON'S IDEA OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING.—Some have observed that I preach short sermons on a Sunday morning, and with more caution; but this I do upon principle. I endeavor to imitate the apostle. "I became," says he, "all things to all men;" but observe the end—it was in order to gain some. The Fowler must go cautiously to meet shy birds, but will not leave his powder and shot behind him. I have to do with men, says the apostle; but there are some that are not only for forcing strong meat, but bones too, down the throat of the child. We must have patience with a single step in the case of an infant; and there are one step books and sermons, which are good in their place. Christ taught his disciples as they were able to bear it.

HELP OF THE SPIRIT IN PREACHING.—To the glory of the Divine faithfulness, I declare that some of my happiest pulpits opportunities have been when I have gone up, with trembling knees and dejected eyes; nay, twice or thrice, when I had been so far reduced as to be unable to fix on text, till the psalm or hymn was about over. These are desirable trials; but they recur to the praise of Him who has said, "without me ye are nothing." At times of doubt and barrenness cast yourself at large upon God, and distribute the word as you are enabled. In all probability the fishes and leaves will increase in your hands, and God will administer bread enough and to spare.—*Topaz.*

### A Contrast.

PREPARED OR UNPREPARED.

A few days since, in one of our Western States, a condemned and sentenced murderer was led forth to die. As he stepped upon the gallows, he was so depraved as an argument in favor of the truth of the gospel. Wantonness, licentiousness, avarice, and the other vices which stained their conduct, discovered their secret intentions. Their anxiety for enriching themselves, their vanity, the authority which they exercised over the poor Indians, are the motives which actuated them, and not the love of God or the propagating of the faith.

### The Needle's Eye and Camel.

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

There are thousands who read this passage, but receive from it no definite idea. Various explanations have been given of it, none of which ever seemed to us to convey the true meaning—showing the beauty and force of the figure. All admit that it is impossible for a camel to go through a needle's eye, yet we cannot doubt that some men who are rich will be saved. We have met somewhere in our reading, with an explanation that we regard as probably the true one which was this:—We are informed by travellers that all the cities of the East are surrounded by high and massive walls. At certain points these walls have passageways for the exit and entrance of the inhabitants. The passageways, in times of peace, were open to the day, but at night, by the side of these large entrances, were those that were much smaller, used by foot-passengers or those who had occasion to go in or out at night—they were called the "needle's eye." A camel, without any burden, can pass through these, yet with much difficulty. Now, it is not impossible for a rich man to enter heaven for we trust that there are many already in the paradise of God, who consecrated their wealth to the service of Christ, and looked to Him alone for salvation. But just as the camel must be relieved of his load before he can pass through the "needle's eye," so the rich man must lay off his heart the riches of the world, and consecrate them, as well as himself, to the service and glory of God. For it is utterly impossible to serve him and mammon. It is much easier for a camel to go through the "needle's eye." What then, will become of those professors whose hearts are set on this world. Worldly-minded, money-loving Christian, we leave you to ponder the solemn question. It is one of deep and eternal importance to you.

### The Pantheistic Spirit of the Age.

Numberless pleasant and flowery paths tempt the inquirer from the temple of truth, by easy gradations to the cloud-land of Pantheism. Inasmuch as we are invited to part with a person in exchange for a principle, the tempter offers to set us on a pinnacle of the temple, from which, in serene repose, we may look down upon the religious systems that agitate and engross inferior minds. He represents to us Christianity—to use the words of the foremost exponent of the school in this country—as a Theophany, yet not *de* Theophany; and bids us contemplate its various phases—not to consider which is most true, but which is most adapted to the temperaments of different nations. It is impossible to read the most favorite works of our modern poets, or the debates in Parliament, or the leading articles in our newspapers, without seeing how widely this spirit is pervading all classes.—*London Quarterly Review.*

THE CHRISTIAN MUST HAVE A CROSS.—Coleridge remarked that the temper of the present age inclines to every kind of enervating indulgence. Men appear to think the Christian armor an unnecessary incumbrance, they have no desire to engage in any combat, to undergo any trial; if religion is to be cultivated, it must be one of the fine arts, as an element of belles-lettres; they forget or despise the saying of Bishop Patrick, the cross is no passage to celestial glory but by some cross; that we must suffer with Christ as well as confess him, if we would be with him in paradise.

### Do I Live a Life of Faith?

I see much in the Bible about faith. If I haste to its pages with guilt on my soul, and ask him how I shall be forgiven, it tells me to have faith in Christ. If I go burdened with afflictions and trials, it tells me to have faith in Christ: if I enquire how I shall overcome the world, it still points me to faith as my means of victory; and if I go to seek the means of success in my daily warfare, pilgrimage, and pursuit of Heaven, it sweetly tells me I must look to Jesus.—Hence, I believe that faith is not merely one act, performed when God for Christ's sake, forgives a sinner, but a succession of acts repeated every moment until faith is the *habit* of the mind, and I am believing and rejoicing every moment on the blood of my Saviour. Then I live a life of faith.—*Rev. D. Wier.*

### REV. JOHN NEWTON'S IDEA OF RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

Some have observed that I preach short sermons on a Sunday morning, and with more caution; but this I do upon principle. I endeavor to imitate the apostle. "I became," says he, "all things to all men;" but observe the end—it was in order to gain some. The Fowler must go cautiously to meet shy birds, but will not leave his powder and shot behind him. I have to do with men, says the apostle; but there are some that are not only for forcing strong meat, but bones too, down the throat of the child. We must have patience with a single step in the case of an infant; and there are one step books and sermons, which are good in their place. Christ taught his disciples as they were able to bear it.

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