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IMAGINATION AND RELIGION.

BY CYRUS D. FOSS, D. D.

What is religion? It is the subjection of every part of man's complex nature to the will of God, through the inworking of the spirit of God. This is a searching and sweeping definition; but the Bible does not permit one less so. God requires the man—every power and faculty of his nature—"give me thy heart." "Let the same mind be in you which was in Christ." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." He proposes also to renew and reorganize. He would have no foothold left for Satan within the town of Manassah. Some people seem to think of the soul as a mansion, with one secret apartment assigned to the angel of religion, and all the rest to be used according to circumstances, but chiefly for secular purposes. They have not risen to the sublime conception that the entire man may be and must be a temple sacred to God alone. Especially do they assume that the imagination is a sort of irresponsible faculty, without moral quality. They talk of "idle fancies," "wayward thoughts," "vagrant imaginings," as though there were a class of mental phenomena beyond the control of conscience and law. We invite attention to this faculty of our nature, which is so often misconceived and undervalued, believing that it has very interesting and influential relations to religion. The existence of such relations is, to say the least, rendered not incredible by what we observe of its power in other things.

The imagination is a potent auxiliary in the discovery of truth. This sounds almost like a contradiction of terms. We are accustomed to think of the great discoverers as painfully collecting solid facts, and by careful induction from these arriving at new truths. Of all the faculties of the mind this surely one is the last that most men would think of summoning into the chemist's laboratory, where a Faraday is sending over retort and crucible; or into the solitary philosopher's chamber, where a Newton is toiling over his diagrams. And yet, of all the faculties of the mind, there is not one of which the pioneer in science stands in more absolute need. It is this chiefly which distinguishes him from the mere scientific plodder, of whom the world hears not. He may and must tread the path of solid fact up to the extreme verge of ascertainment truth; but the difficult step from the known to the hitherto unknown—that step which not one in a million ever takes—must be taken by the imagination. Almost every great discovery was conceived in the powerful and disciplined imagination of some great genius, before it was seen by his eye or wrought out by his hand. Newton saw the law of gravitation seventeen years before he proved it. Just now, when there is so strong a drift of the educated intellect of the world toward physical science, and when spiritual facts are derided as figments of the brain, it is refreshing to find the truth we have thus announced admitted, and even strongly asserted by one of the acutest if not the ablest of living physicists—viz., Tyndal. He has lately published an elaborate essay on "The Scientific Use of the Imagination," in which he shows that the undulatory theory of light and sound, and many other important truths of science, could have been discovered and can be comprehended only by the imagination. Inventors as well as discoverers are largely beholden to this regal faculty. It, then, science has soared aloft in adventurous flight, and brought back rich treasures from the realms of the unknown, may not religion, with far better guidance, do the same? What Kepler, LaPlace, Watt, and Morse have done in one department of truth-seeking, may not David and Paul do in another? Is it past all belief that the Christian, as well as the scientist, may find "faith" the evidence of things not seen?

In the formation of character the imagination plays a part no less conspicuous. In childhood it is one of the first faculties that awakes to activity. Long before the reason assumes any sway the imagination is restlessly busy. Walking is not more natural to a child than delight in fables in which brutes speak and men fly. Pictures addressed to the eye and mental literature addressed to the mind are now recognized as necessary appliances of early education. A large part of the work of moral training at this period lies in filling the imagination with noble and inspiring pictures, and keeping it pure from all that is unjust, unchaste and vicious. One of the most distinguished of American divines says that: "In numerous cases, if not in all, the imagination has more to do with the formation of character than any other faculty of the mind."

It is through the imagination chiefly that society is corrupted. Most temptations would appear in vain to the other faculties. The insinuating, tainting powers of the Satanic pest, the opera, the theatre, the gambling-hell, the dance-house, the ball, the extravaganzas of fashion, and the pleasures of dissolute society, all make their appeal to the imagination. There are poets, who, with serene notes, charm the unsuspecting victim into the jaws of destruction—poets

—who poisoned song And held with sweet but cruel art Their incantations o'er the heart, Till every pulse of pure desire Throbs with the glow of a son's fire."

There are novelists and actors, who, by similar methods, wield influences most potent for corruption and ruin. And all this measureless mischief is wrought through the imagination. It would be strange, indeed, if religion should stand aloof from a faculty so mighty both for good and for evil. The first effect of religion on the imagination is to sober it. It does this by excluding the reason and the conscience which have been overborne by the rush of the passions, and enabling them to reassert their supremacy. It breaks in upon the wild carnival of fancy and pleasure by which the world is swept along, and cries into the depths of the spirit: "Man, thou hast a soul, a Judge, and an eternal destiny." Conversion dissolves a man's gay but misleading dreams, and sets before him grand realities. It shows him the insane folly of putting pleasure before duty, and the passing hour before the endless ages. It interprets life not as a butterfly, zig-zag

leading no-whither; but as a straight and solid path, leading to joys supernatural or woes infernal. It proves this brief span so full of meaning and moment as to make it a thrillingly glorious or stupendously awful thing to live. Another office of religion is to clarify the imagination; not to destroy it. God put no wrong faculty into our nature, and sin has introduced no new one. Grace does not obliterate nor repress our powers. It restores their balance; it guides and energizes them. There is a lofty and most philosophical petition in many liturgies; "Cleanse the thoughts" (not the minds, i. e., which spring up in the glowing regions of imagination and affection) "by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name."

Christianity has rendered man yet another most important service, by laying a solid basis for the imagination to build on. It found the mind of the world occupied by numberless unreal deities, many of them impure. It swept them all away, and substituted for them the one only and holy God. It ended the reign of fable. Instead of wild and corrupting myths, it gives us solid and ennobling facts. It deals not in fancies, but in realities. It tells us what has been, what is, and what is to be. Its great themes, from Genesis to Revelation, are all real; and are presented not with exhaustive amplitude of detail, but in such general outline as to leave abundant room for the imagination to work on them and even to require this.

This outline sketch of a subject quite too large for a single article ought to lead to practical issues. Jealously guard the imagination of your child. Do all you can to keep it pure. Protect it against the "slops for lambs" with which many Sunday-school libraries abound. Fill it with Scripture imagery. There is nothing better nor more entertaining. I know by experience that a child not five years old can be profoundly interested by the hour in listening to well-written Scripture stories, such as make up that admirable series, "The Peep of Day," "Line Upon Line," "Precept Upon Precept," and "Here a Little and there a Little." Scrutinize with the utmost care and with the most merciful self-examination the picture gallery of your own soul. Cast out of it every picture which you would not hang on your parlor-wall. Young man, don't read a book you have to hide, nor a paper you would blush to show your mother see. Keep the chambers of imagery pure and sacred to Jesus. And, when weary pilgrim, pressed by the toil and trial of a temptation of life, regale thy spirit with anticipations of the coming glory. Let imagination work on those "things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," think on which read about them; sing of them; and, as they grow large, and fill thy vision, thou shalt understand that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.—*Independent.*

THE PREACHING THAT PROMOTES REVIVAL.

The time has already arrived, or will very soon come, when in many of the churches special services will be held to the end that God's cause be revived and sinners converted. That special services are attended with blessed results is well known—experience proves their utility. We hope that the season now commencing may be full of the richest mercy to all the churches; that Christians everywhere and of every name may be quickened and reinvigorated, and that thousands of those now in darkness and sin may be brought into saving fellowship with Christ.

In the conduct of revival services great care is required. If at one time more than another the minister needs the wisdom that cometh from above it is then. An exchange says:

To lay down rules, or point to models of the style of preaching needed, would but trammel the thoughtful minister. Yet there are a few characteristics of all successful efforts of this kind which can not be too carefully kept in mind by him who would equip himself for such a conflict with the hosts of sin.

Simplicity is one of these. At a time of religious interest people are not in a mood to follow long lines of argument, or to appreciate displays of rhetoric. And their souls are hanging in the balances. Each sermon may decide the destiny of some of these. The minister's business is so to present the great truths of the gospel, and that the humblest mind can see them, and feel their power. And this is not hard to him who makes the Great Teacher his model.

Directness is not less important. The most effective revival sermons have but a single point, and hold the attention to that until the intellect is convinced, the conscience roused, the heart moved, and the will brought to immediate action. If this can be done in fifteen minutes, all the better. There will be more time for prayer and the work of the Holy Spirit.

Earnestness is, if possible, of still greater moment; not rant, but that intensity of interest which affects the whole man, and impresses all who hear. But it must be the earnestness of love, not of anger. Christians can not be scolded into holiness or activity, nor can sinners be driven to the cross. Nothing will more certainly stop a revival, than the impression that a minister is vexed because the people do not seek religion. *Faith* is essential. Not a mere assent to the truths uttered, however cordial, but the conviction that the word is a message from God, and an expectation that He will make it effective. Here is the secret of many failures. "The sermon is the end not the means." We do not look for results, and of course do not seek them. But that which after all is indispensable in revival preaching is the "unction of the Holy One." To quote from one of the Methodist fathers, all this scriptural and rational preaching will be of no avail unless another means of God's own choosing be superadded to give it effect, the light and influence of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit of life and fire penetrates in a moment the sinner's heart, draws out to the view of his conscience those innumerable crimes

which lie concealed under successive layers of deep and thick darkness, when under that luminous, burning agency he is compelled to cry out, "God have mercy upon me a sinner." These words of Dr. Adam Clarke stirred the heart of the youthful Canby, and led him to seek earnestly, believingly, constantly for the direct influences of the Spirit to attend every sermon. The result is a life of wonderful usefulness. May the same Spirit fill the hearts and sermons of all ministers now. Then above the strife of tongues in this time of political excitement, will be heard the cry, "What most I do to be saved?" and the shouts of multitudes redeemed.—*The Pulpit.*

HUSBANDRY—NATURAL AND SPIRITUAL.

There is a mystery in all husbandry, which it is manifestly the purpose of God to keep clear before the eye of the soul. He will not suffer us to forget it. "And he said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise again at night, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth the fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." (Mark iv. 26-29.) This is the daily miracle of nature, the "sign" which is done daily before our eyes. There are those, and they constitute a large and powerful school of thinkers in our day, who refuse to admit of any miracle, and who see the sign of an unseen energy at work around them, and within them each moment, but feel powerless to feel from what fountain it springs. It is deeply unjust to brand the Positivists school of philosophy as explicitly either materialistic or atheistic. They are by no means blind to the fact that there is a hidden mystery in nature; they see quite as clearly as we do its marvellous depths. There is something quite as wonderful in their sight in the daily growth of the corn and the assimilation of our daily bread, as in the feeding of five thousand in the lonely wilderness by the word which came forth from the mouth of the Saviour. But they say this region is impenetrable by the human intellect; in all its efforts at discovery it simply meets with shadows projected under various conditions and at various angles by itself. Our fair charge against them is, not that they are blind to the fact of a mystery in nature, but that they dishonour the royal faculty of the reason which God has given them, by distrusting its ability to deal with a vast class of phenomena—the manifestation of the working of unseen powers with which God has surrounded them—which are as definite and substantial as the physical facts of which they educe their laws. The world of spiritual experience and activity with which mainly the Bible deals, claims from us, at any rate, observation, thought and deduction, as reverent as that which we joyfully devote to the phenomena of nature; and we accept as eagerly the thoughts and suggestions of seers who have insight into this world of mystery, as we accept the teachings of science concerning things which are beyond our sight. And it words come to us from this higher sphere, which harmonize discordant elements, and make the chaos of our spiritual consciousness and experience a cosmos ruled by intelligence and love, we joyfully accept the truth which sustains and explains the phenomena, and feel that in proclaiming it we are "holding forth a word of life" to our fellow men. And the Scripture miracle is to us a flash of sunlight, which illumines the darkness of the unknown; we see unveiled the Hand which is working each moment these signs within and around us; and studying the nature, the mind and heart, by which that Hand is guided, we rest in the assurance that the power whose awful manifestation in nature might well appal and overwhelm us, is under the absolute rule of One whose declaration of Himself is that He is Love. We receive our emancipation from both the terrors and the idols of the imagination, when we learn that the daily bread of our lives comes to us from the hand of the Father and is crowned with His benediction. The poor believe it quite simply; they have a beautiful sense of dependence on the Hand which feeds the birds and clothes the lilies. As a child hangs on the mother's breast, which sustains as trustfully on the bounty of the Lord. And they are more free from fancies herein than the philosophers. It is the wise and the scribe who are in bondage to idols; simple hearts, which have received the revelation of the relations of the two worlds which the Bible offers; walk free in the sunlight, and dwell quiet from the fear of evil.—*Rev. J. Baldwin Brown.*

THE HELP OF THE LORD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF JOHN FREDERICK OBERLIN.

"Be careful for nothing." Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Uplift thee and be strong: Thy care upon thy Maker roll; Thy sadness hath Him wrong, Beneath his eye, Thy going lie, Thy God who rules above, His child doth know and love.

Come, gaze on yonder vaulted sky: Say, can thy glance embrace, The worlds where with the Lord most high Hath won the fields of space. Though skill of thine And strength combine, Yet never shall thy hand Create one grain of sand.

Thy helper is the Lord of all; He marks thy lightest sigh: A thousand thanks at his high call, For thy defence are nigh: Safe in his care, No storm shall break One hair from off thy head, Though nature quails in dread.

Thou formedst man of earthy mould, Almighty! by thy power: Not Solomon, in gems and gold, Could match thy simplest flower: Thy single word, Sufficed O Lord, To fill heaven's boundless sphere; And lo! I faint and fear!

The worlds which run their course on high, This blossom sweet and fair, The stars in voiceless harmony, Yon leaflet falling there— Shall these obey One law, one way, And I aside be thrown, The sport of chance alone?

Then with thy cares, my soul, have done: Thy grief bedueth thy view: How shall not He who gave His Son Give food and raiment too? The life is more Than roof and store; No fear lest thou his child Be from his care exiled!

Long as I live, my hand in thine, I to thy side will cling; For life is gain, O Guide divine! While safe beneath thy wing: Lo! all is well, Each ill shall tell For blessings moulded still By thy controlling will.

If thou give ear when I inspire, I'll praise thy tenderness; And if thou cross my heart's desire, I will thy wisdom bless; All gracious One, Thy will be done! Thy love I know, I see; And I can trust in thee!

And when thy solemn call I hear, And yield my latest sigh, Then, O my Father, draw thou near, And give me grace to die! So while at rest Upon thy breast My spirit shalt thou keep, My dust in hope shall sleep.

—*Sunday Magazine.*

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

Life may be compared to a year with its four seasons. First we have spring, the most beautiful and interesting season, when life is buoyant and full of hope. Then the sun shines in its mildest radiance, the breezes are most balmy and refreshing, the verdure of the fields and the tender leaves just bursting from the buds, are fresh and beautiful, and the blooming trees and flowering meadows fill the air with sweet perfumes and cheer the eye with varied and delicate hues. Then the ear is delighted with the full tide of song, pouring from the throats of the feathered choirists just returned from their southward journey. One every hand their merry voices may be heard, as they select sites for nest building and begin to construct their temporary homes. On trees and garden shrubs, on the house-top, even upon the fence posts, the robin, the blue-bird, the thrush, or the black-bird liveliest of all, may be heard singing his cheerful airs, which thought never changed are ever new.

And these sweet influences men's hearts grow young again. The merchant oppressed with care and anxiety, disheartened by the dullness and gloom of winter, is encouraged to new ventures. The mechanic, whose tools were suspended by frost and cold, resumes with a light heart, the implements of his craft, and rejoices once more in the sound of hammers, saws and planes. The farmer, retired under long confinement, hastens to his fields full of hope of a bounteous harvest, and sings as he drives his plough through the moist earth. The thrifty housewife reinvigorates her domain, throws open the windows and rejoices in the sweet breath of spring. The schoolboy revels in delightful anticipations of shady groves and murmuring brooks. Old men think of their boyhood, and wish they were young again.

"Revering sickness lifts her languid head Life flows a-fresh, and young-eyed health exults The whole creation roars, contentment walks The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss Spring o'er his mind beyond the powers of kings to purchase."

The analogy between spring time and youth is obvious. Youth is the beginning of life, when the form is yet tender, round and fair. The affections just springing into life, like the tendrils of a vine, 'twine themselves round the objects of life. Then the heart is full of song and gladness. You may have a gay and picturesque garden with many a rare and beautiful flower, and it may be visited by many sweet singing birds, but no flower is so beautiful to

you as your child, and no bird song equal to the music of its laugh or childish prattle. And yet, as an untimely frost wipes the tender plant of your garden and turns all its beauty in a withered ruin, so death, that dread enemy may enter your household and cut down the tender life you prize highly. It is sad to see the young suddenly wither and die; but there is consolation in knowing that they who die in the young escape many of the sorrows of life and the old man's death may be warm with love and carry with them more of their native innocence than those who leave the world at more advanced age.

The change from spring to summer is usually imperceptible. Not so lovely and inspiring as spring, she still possesses charms of her own. The sun reaches his highest power and drives the last chilling blast from the land. Doors and windows are thrown fully open, and man and beast seek refreshing shades. The bloom upon many trees has given place to tempting fruits. The birds have lost some of their frolicking humors, but the cricket and other insects fill the evening air with their varied music. The summer too has its charms more numerous than we have power to describe. But it is also the season for toil and care. The labor which in the spring were delightful from their novelty have become, under the heat of the sun, somewhat irksome. The high hopes which animated the heart and nerved the hands have become somewhat moderated.

Some disappointments have already come to clip the wings of ambition. The heavy bloom upon the trees has been followed by a scanty fruitage. The hot sun perhaps threatens destruction to the growing crops. The birds have lost the spirit of song, and sunk into a sober quiet, or distress themselves over a sober quiet, or distress themselves over the perils of their young. The brooks have ceased their babbling, and lie quietly in their pools almost exhausted by the heat.

So, in general, it is with the summer of man's life. If the duties and responsibilities of manhood, he still finds many joys, and much pleasure, but they are of more sober cast than those which cheered his childhood and youth. Many of the "castles in the air" which fancy created, have vanished away before the stern realities of life. Then he thought it was all of life to live and be happy, now he finds it best to look forward and prepare for old age, or eternity. Then like the butterfly he soared from flower to flower; or like the grasshopper, sang his life away, careless of the future, now like the ant he is busy building, and storing, and laying up treasures for the future. Summer has its joys, and its beauties, and its inspirations, but it begins already to show a tendency of decay. Many a blooming flower it withers and dies, many a luxuriant plant is suddenly cut down. So it is with the inspirations of human life. It too has joys, high inspirations and noble purposes; but with them come its cares and disappointments, and reminders of our mortality. Many a man, strong, buoyant and full of life has been called suddenly to join the silent dead.

Autumn, in some respects, is the most delightful season of the year—often filling the contemplative mind with pleasure. The sun receding toward the winter solstice, becomes mellowed in its radiance and his slant beams are less sultry than when they fell vertically upon us. The foliage tinged by frosts, bears a richly dyed by many hues, and nature wears her gayest livery. There is a calm and peacefulness about early autumn which harmonizes pleasantly with the state of the mind, which seeks rest after the activities of spring and summer. Men gather up the fruits of their labor, count their gains, and for a time are less under the influence of hope. They are looking backward rather than forward, and there is great tenderness in autumn to cause us to think of our childhood and early home.

But the pleasures of autumn have a sadder side. The pleasures of melancholy for many things are comparable to remind us of the brevity of life and the certainty of death. The flowers have disappeared, the foliage of trees and shrubs is silently dropping to the earth, leaving their branches bare and unlovely. The birds have flown to warmer climes, leaving our groves and forests silent as the grave. There is a melancholy music in the winds, as they hum their requiem over departed joys. "They wave their parti-colored banners over the dying worlds," and as they whistle through the crevices of our dwellings foretell the coming of the cold and barren winter.

There comes an autumn in man's life. When once he has passed his prime, and begins to descend the hill upon the other side, he knows that in the course of nature the time of his departure must be drawing near. The countenance becomes furrowed with care, the hair once so deeply dyed, is fringed with premonitions of decay, leaving him shorn of his glory. The eyes now lose their piercing sight, and call for artificial aid. Pains are more frequent, and a tendency to weariness is becoming evident. The ambition which fired the soul has become extinguished, hopes which scattered round like the decaying leaves of autumn, the heart finds a melancholy pleasure in remembering the past, and calling to mind the scenes and associations of youth. It is now that Christian faith begins "to show its transcendent worth, for when earthly hopes have failed, it enables us to look beyond the grave, and anticipate a home that shall be eternal.

Winter has a character well defined and peculiar. It is the season of cold, snow, and storm. Nature is divested of her glory, and lies, as it were, in the cold embrace of death. The currents of her life are chilled, the streams that have watered and enriched her, have frozen up, the sun has withdrawn his warmth, clouds obscure the bright prospects, and the earth covered with snow, seems wrapt in her winding sheet. Then men love home, cultivate the domestic affections, and spend their evenings in their parlors, and spend their evenings by the cosy fire-side. Without it is chill and drear. No voice of bird or bloom of flower comes to cheer the heart, but the gusty winds moan their hollow dirges over the dead world.

Winter also has its analogy in human life. In some respects it seems rather to symbolize

the state of the dead. In others, however, it illustrates that extreme old age when life has become a burden, when the vital currents have become sluggish, and the frame weak and palsied, totters tremulously towards the tomb. But in a withered ruin, so death, that dread enemy may enter your household and cut down the tender life you prize highly. It is sad to see the young suddenly wither and die; but there is consolation in knowing that they who die in the young escape many of the sorrows of life and the old man's death may be warm with love and carry with them more of their native innocence than those who leave the world at more advanced age.

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is one of the religious marvels of the age. A native preacher named Quail has been peculiarly blessed in bringing souls to the Saviour. Beginning his missionary labor among his own people in 1858, he was the means during the first year of adding 741 converts to the native Churches. Within three years he had founded thirty Churches, with 2,127 members, of whom more than 2000 were baptized by Quail himself. This faithful servant of God, in thus devoting himself to the salvation of his countrymen, is only an enlarged type of many of those converted Karens, who, in entire villages, rejoice in what God has wrought for them by means of Missions.

It may be remarked that the greatest, we might almost say the speediest conquests by the gospel have been those among those who were the most savage and the most degraded. The instances already given are abundant proof of this. What has been wrought already through the missionary spirit and work of the Church is but a slight foreshadowing of what is to be accomplished in the future. At the present time the various Missions of Europe and America employ 16,000 ministers, teachers and native assistants. Nearly 600,000 persons are under their direct charge as either converts or pupils, and perhaps 1,500,000 more are now brought within the reach of their influence and labors. The money received by the various missionary societies here and in England, amounts to more than \$5,000,000 a year.

—*Nashville Adv.*

A PREACHER EATING HIS HORSE.

In a letter from Arkansas to the Western Methodist, Bishop McTear gives the following piece of local Church-history. It is well to keep before our preachers and people such instances of faith and courage:

The history of the planting of Methodism in Van Buren interested me. I tell the tale as 'twas told to me, for it is part of the chronicles of the place. It reminds one of a chapter in the Acts of the Apostles.

There was no Church in Van Buren. A Methodist itinerant was sent there. One house only was open to him—the tavern—and to that he went and put up. He interviewed some of the people, and found that the people were in a state of heathenism. He was told that the people were in a state of heathenism. He was told that the people were in a state of heathenism.

He went to work, and before the horse was sent up, the town capitulated. The people were all his, all charges paid, and his own bill beside; fitted out "the parson" in a new suit of clothes; and from that day Christianity has had a firm footing in Van Buren. Two churches, a Methodist and an Old School [Presbyterian, with good brick houses to worship in, and good congregations, furnish the gospel and ordinances to that excellent people.

The Rev. John J. Roberts, one of the oldest members of the Conference, is the man. He introduced me to the venerable matron, "Mother Gross," who, when she heard the young man's courageous purpose in the tavern, was touched with a woman's kindness, and soon had the tumbled and crumpled wardrobe of his saddle bags washed, mended and ironed out. Was religion ever known to be introduced into a town or city, but a woman was the first on the list of disciples? Lydia, at Philippi stands not alone.

It is refreshing to see and to recall such plain, simple instances of the power that overcomes the world. Here is courage to enter, confidence to venture, constancy to persevere. Behind all lies faith; faith in the power of the gospel to save, faith in a co-operating Holy Spirit, faith in a Saviour who has pledged that his ambassador shall never go forth alone. Here is the clear type of the good preacher, not sent for, but sent.

How different a preacher, not sent for, but sent. How different a preacher, not sent for, but sent. How different a preacher, not sent for, but sent.

Two men I knew very well, some years ago, on the streets of New York, were talking about the matter of benevolence. One said to the other: "You give too much, and then I will give." "No," said the other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel. The former lives in New York city to-day, the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I believe that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. It is man gives in a right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the Church, he is insured for time and for eternity. The bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any Christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him. Mark that: the man who stands by Christ will find Christ standing by him.—*Talbot.*

IMMORTALITY OF A THOUGHT.—Beautiful it is to understand and know that the original never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole part, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still sees and feels in us of the latest; that the who man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as all the history of the world.—*Carlyle.*