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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.

The imagination is a potent auxiliary in the discovery of truth. This sounds almost like a contradiction of terms.

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 physiologists—viz., Tyndal.

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.

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leading no-whither; but as a straight and solid path, leading to joys supernal or woes infernal.

Another office of religion is to clarify the imagination; not to destroy it.

Christianity has rendered man yet another most important service, by laying a solid basis for the imagination to build on.

This outline sketch of a subject quite too large for a single article ought to lead to practical issues.

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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 season.

It is a lofty and most philosophical notion is many liturgies; "Cleanse the thoughts" (the thoughts, 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."

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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 both 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.

Thou formedst man of earth's mould, Almighty! by thy power: Not Solomon, in gems and gold, Could match thy simplest flower:

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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

The change from spring to summer is usually imperceptible. Not so lovely and inspiring as spring, she still possesses charms of her own

So, in general, it is with the summer of man's life. If the perils of youth are past, and he enters upon 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.

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

But the pleasures of autumn have a somber cast, a tinge of melancholy for many things that are comparable to the brevity of life and the certainty of death.

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.

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.

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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, tottering tremulously towards the tomb.

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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.

Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art to dust returned 'Tis not spoken of the soul.

Sixty years only have passed, says the New York Times, since Sydney Smith tried to make all England laugh at the idea that Missions were likely to accomplish any good.

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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.

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