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Where is Rest?

"The dove found no rest for the sole of her foot." — GEN. VIII. 9.

I ask'd the sea whose spacious bosom slept,
Unto us'd by tempests, or the surge's swell,
Can rest be found upon its silvery breast,
Where billows rove their power above the quest?
It answer'd in a low and murmuring sound,
Sent hoarsely onward by the gathering blast,
That ceases working uncontrolled by me,
Proclaim my hour of seeming quiet past.

I ask'd the queen of night, from heaven's blue arch,
In full orb'd beauty, lending towards the west,
O'er such a frown so fair, so mild, so bland,
Whisper of aught save peace and holy rest?
But clouds in gathering blackness soon pass'd
O'er,

Vailing that fair, that beauteous, smiling face,
Casting in frowns their shadows 'o'er the plains,
Denied that there could be a resting place.

Amid the gloom of night now musing dear,
I stray'd from home the dwellings of the dead,
And stroll'd from mound to mound with sacred awe,

Where they whose dwellers heedless of my tread,
Thy all around betoken'd silent rest,
And long repose—this truth in gentle sound,
Broke on the silence of the still hush'd scene,
"Not rest perpetual can 'e'en here be found!"

As if that secession, turn the enquiring eye,
And look to faith above your mortal part,
And there in vision, by its ken beheld,
Those fair and peaceful motions of delight;
O list to you seraphic voices tuned,
To notesymphonic—'tis there the bliss,
Toll that within their walls perch only dwell,
Here trials come not—here the weary rest!"

On Dancing.

"Is there any man dancing?"

The only instance of dancing for amusement, mentioned in the New Testament, was that of "Herodias, whose dancing pleased Herod, and which set terminated in the murder of John the Baptist." See Matthew xiv. 6, 10.

We have before shown that dancing was suppressed by the Senate of Rome 185 years before the Christian era, in consequence of which, it lost its popularity in Europe for more than a thousand years; but it was continued in the East, and troops of dancing girls are found belonging to every Temple of Brahma and Vishnu, who bring large revenues to those Temples by their dancing.

The revival of dancing in Europe, was in the fifteenth century, at the marriage of the Duke of Milan with a Spanish Princess; and was a theatrical performance by men only.

On the 21st of January 1681, the first dance was performed in Europe, in which females took a part. It was in the licentious Court of Louis XIV.

The females engaged in this dance gratified the spectators by acrobatic antics; and from this time, females always accompany the male dancers, and are to be seen in the dance, whether in the Theatre, the Opera, or at the private entertainment.

Modern dancing then took its rise in Paris; the great City of folly and dissipation.— From Paris still issue troops of dancing masters, and dancing girls, who appear at places of public amusement, and have an awfully demoralizing influence on the youth of populous towns.

Would you persuade me
That a mere dancing girl, who shows herself
Nightly, half makes me, in the manner,
And with voluptuous motions draws the blood
Of incandescent youth, to be held
A model for her virtue?"

From the Theatres and Operas of Paris the practice of dancing at private parties, has spread through Europe; and a practice of which the Roman Emperor said: "Nemo ferre salutaris nisi ferre insanit." No sober man dances unless he is insane.

The insanity of dancing is thus described by the Rev. John Fletcher, the learned vicar of Madely: "Follow those musical sounds, mixed with a noise of stamping and rattling, a company profusely perspiring, and violently fatiguing themselves, in skipping up and down a room for a whole night, ridiculously turning their backs and faces to each other a hundred different ways. Would not a man of sense prefer profaning ten miles on a useful errand, to this useless manner of losing his rest, heating his blood, exhausting his spirits, unfitting himself for the duties of the following day, and laying the foundation of a putrid fever or a consumption, by breathing the midnight air corrupted by clouds of dust, by the unwholesome fumes of candles, and by the more pernicious steam that issues from the bodies of many persons, who use a strong exercise in a confined place?"

The arguments usually advanced in favour of dancing are—1. "Dancing is an accomplishment by which persons acquire ease and elegance in company."

If this were correct, then we might expect the greatest accomplishments among savages, who are often most expert in this art; or among the Arabs; the girls of which country, are reckoned among the best dancers in the world.

2. "Dancing is so fashionable, and is introduced into almost all companies; that a person would be thought ill-bred, who refused to dance upon invitation."

That this originally heathen, but modernized Parisian practice, has become general is indeed to be regretted; it is a less evil because it is general; and better to be thought ill-bred, than to do wrong; but such an opinion would never be entertained by those who think of the moral tendency of the dance. A Clergyman, once known to the writer, was at a Ball of a fashionable character; his Reverence wandered for a time amidst the crowd of living beauties; who were dressed most beautiful by their mass of gems, paint, feathers, and other "poppituous" appendages; and length, with some emotion, asked: "Who will be my partner?" A gentleman suspected of infidelity, and who probably loved the dance himself, yet thought the ball-room a place for a Clergyman; sarcastically replied, "Your books in your study."

3. "But social entertainments would be very dull without a dance; how would you be my partner?" A gentleman suspected of infidelity, and who probably loved the dance himself, yet thought the ball-room a place for a Clergyman; sarcastically replied, "Your books in your study."

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at

the table, "Captain," said our young companion, as the Lord supplies our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast.

"If you please," said the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologise for the profanity of the men, saying, "It was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, Captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to this."

Hisself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain, looking surprised for an answer; but after a little hesitation replied: "I might as well attempt to sail against a head wind as to think of such a thing."

"But I mean all I said," added the young man.

"Well if you think it possible you may try it," said the captain.

"As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his childhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do anything that could be done by a sailor.

"I doubt it," said the young man.

"I can," answered the hardy tar, "and will not be outdone in any word for it."

"Well, when a sailor swears his word, he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing; and did so."

"Ah," said the old sailor, "you've anchored here, I'm fast—but I can do it."

"I know you can," said the young man, "and I hope you will anchor all your ship-mates' souls."

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul's salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

By this time I was much interested in the young stranger, who had been so long in the company of his ship-mates; he was a man of a striking appearance; his dress was plain; his manners unassuming; but his influence had, by the blessing of God, in a few short hours, totally changed the aspect of our vessel.

The crew were all devout and obedient; and peace and quiet had succeeded confusion and blasphemy.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the young man, were kneeling at the altar of heaven, and praising God with a joy and peace which words cannot describe.

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William Wilson.
Yarmouth, April 27, 1853.

The Christian Traveller.

Having tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes.— Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About 9 o'clock the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbour, he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it offered sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself by me, he read a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the captain uttering orders, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book in the chair, and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and thought his soul seemed to burn within him. I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as, "mercy," "dying breaths," "sinners," &c. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for those sweated, but could scarcely suppress his voice, while pleading to God to have mercy for him. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with a fellow-passenger to rest, not having spoken a word to God concerning my sins.

The sailor rose in the morning I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the companion way. "Here! whose tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against Tract Distributors, Bethels, Temperance Societies, &c.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those Tracts, sir, are mine. I have had few, as you see; but they are very good, and you may take one; if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night. The sailor smiled, and walked away making no reply.

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The Divine Providence.

To form anything like an adequate conception of the providence of God we must consider the vast diversity of individual human beings who make up at one time the intelligent, accountable population of the earth—scarcely less than a thousand million. We must observe how each one of these is a unit, totally distinct from the rest;—how he presents to our notice a separate identity—how he is possessed of a personal history, and forms the centre of a little world of hopes and interests. We must not overlook the fact that each one possesses a complex system of body and soul, a vast diversity of capabilities and necessities, a wonderful mechanism of distinct physical, intellectual, and moral elements. Now, that each separate individual of the species thus circumstanced, should be noticed and cared for; should without a moment's intermission receive the Creator's notice and kindness; and that such a process should have been going on from the day of creation till now, without any confounding of one with another,—what a view does not present of the vastness, minuteness, comprehension and discrimination of the divine regards. More particularly striking is this when the fact of man's sinfulness is taken into the consideration. The moral excellence and spiritual glory of his first estate has been lost. Sin is in the world. It abounds and has infected the very springs of our nature. This gives a marked peculiarity to the moral government of mankind. They are on their trial for eternity. This government exhibits a machinery of restoratives, corrections, and penalties, all managed by an infinitely skillful power; all adapted to the character of a fallen creature, not irretrievably lost in whom elements of grandeur and littleness, capabilities of goodness and tendencies to vice strangely mingle. The providential discipline to which he is subjected in this life of probation, is a scheme of balanced checks and stimulants. It is meant to be corrective and remedial. And while it exhibits the pains taken by our heavenly Father for the recovery of his fallen offspring, at the same time it clears up the seemingly inexplicable phenomena of our mortal condition.

McCook gives us the following apt illustration.—An intelligent visitor, let us suppose, from a remote island of the ocean, or a distant part of our system alights on the shore of St. Helena, at a time when Napoleon was confined to it. Totally unacquainted with the previous history of that wonderful man, he has to gather all his information from personal observation and inference. Himself unnoticed, he walks about and surveys the strange circumstances which present themselves to his view. His attention is soon fixed on an individual, discovered by him to be the prisoner. He has a certain degree of liberty allowed him, and he is ever asserting and seeking its extension, while he is jealous in the extreme of the supposed attempts to deprive him of it, and complaining loudly of the restraints laid upon him. It is observed that the person by whom he is surrounded pays him all respect and deference; while they are at the same time watching and guarding him, and ready, if he go beyond prescribed limits, to resort to bolder measures. This personage, it is further observed, has in his hand a certain air of dignity which impresses the spectator with awe, while he has also an air of restlessness and discontent which moves him to pity. What reasonable conclusion can the traveller draw from this strange combination and jumble of seeming contradictions? He knows not for a time, what this man is. There are times when he is confident that this individual, on whom all eyes are fixed, is a kind; but then he sees him watched and suspected as if he were a felon. He concludes that he may be a bondsman or a prisoner; but this conclusion is contradicted when he reflects that a certain freedom is permitted him, that great honour is paid him, and that there are traces of greatness and power in his manner and character. It is possible that the traveller, after perplexing himself for a time, may give up all ideas of resolving the mystery. Perhaps he may not occur to him that the opposite and seemingly inconsistent phenomena may be combined in a consistent result, in higher unity; but should the idea occur, and he prosecute it sufficiently far, it will at once conduct him to a solution of his difficulties. The trait may now open to him and show him in this personage a fallen monarch, with remains of former grandeur, confined here for a time; and with only a certain degree of freedom and authority allowed him. In particular, he is struck with the appearance of the traitor; the previous history of Napoleon, dwelling especially on his greatness and degradation, he is prepared to credit his informant; and he feels now as if the mystery was unfolded, and that all difficulties have vanished.

The scheme of a special providence thus adjusted to the acknowledged condition of mankind, and which requires nothing less than infinite wisdom and power to carry it out, embraces arrangements as vast as general laws, and at the same time as minute as the individual wants of the meanness of God's responsible creatures. Uniformity and variety, certainties and contingencies, the settled order of things and the fortuitous occurrences which transpire every day and are beyond the reach of ordinary agency—these are the mingled elements out of which the divine government forms its combinations in the administration of the world. There is the established and ascertainable connection between physical causes and effects.—Fire will burn; water will drown; poisons will destroy life. Summer follows spring; reaping is the result of sowing. Results of this kind may be calculated and foretold. But overruling this whole region of established cause and effect, there is another in which occur those innumerable events denominated fortuitous; events which, as they cannot be foreseen or calculated, cannot be provided against. Here are many a special Providence arranged in its combinations and works its disciplinary designs. The miscarriage of a letter, a casual meeting with a stranger, a shower of rain, some unexpected hindrance in a journey—how often the favours of God do shine to lighten it; and the Lamb is the light that

Union of Good Men in Heaven.

IF THE mere conception of the reunion of good men in a future state, infused a momentary rapture into the mind of Tully; if an airy speculation, for there is reason to think it had little hold on his convictions, could inspire him with such delight, what may we be expected to feel, who are assured of such an event by the true sayings of God? How should we rejoice in the prospect, the certainty thereof, of spending a blissful eternity with those whom we loved on earth?

"Yes, yes," said he, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to rest in that belief, he never until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And I have since," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven as if imploring the Spirit's influence, and then briefly explained the nature and responsibility of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, my soul! O how have I sinned against God! I see it—I feel it—yes, I have sinned all my days."

"Oh yes, yes, if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something in an hour like this; his heart was melting; he was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God; I will do it."

After a time his feelings began to become calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven with both hands raised, he broke out in singing:

"There shall I balm my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of sorrow
Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept and said, "O, yes, Jesus precious Saviour."

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his master's service, he had stolen our hearts, and each

A Philosopher Corrected.

At the late anniversary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, Mr. Bayley (Wealeyan Missionary from the South Seas) said that he wished it were in his power to say that English sailors were the only persons who in other lands sunk the Christian character. He had met with a great number of persons, not sailors, who acted in a way directly calculated to disgrace the name by which they were called. Many years ago he was dining with Sir Thomas Giesborne, who was a truly Christian gentleman, at Paramatta. An English philosopher was present, who had contracted a habit of view of ascertaining what kind of beings the aborigines were. He set about examining the graminians of the blacks, and having examined all the bumps of their skulls, he pronounced them to be of the corrupting outgoing species. He (Mr. L.) of labor among them two or three years ago, and a young man who had become the subject of pulmonary disease was then dying a Christian. He invited the doctor to accompany him on the following morning, stating that he could produce an argument quite new to him in his investigations. He accompanied him, and on entering the room where the young black was lying, he (Mr. L.) said to him, "Now, Thomas, relate to this gentleman what you were, what Christianity has done for you, and what are your hopes and views concerning another world." He gave a clear account of his heathen, wretched, polluted condition, as any man could do in a few words. He then detailed the operations of the Spirit of Christ upon his heart, giving him to feel that he was a sinner, and needed a Saviour. He next spoke of embracing Christ by faith, and concluded in the language of the apostle: "The sting of death is the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." He (Mr. L.) then thought that he had a fair opportunity of coming into direct contact with his antagonist, and asked him whether he ever saw a monster like that young man. One might easily guess what he looked like. With some difficulty he obtained this answer from him: "Sir, my philosophy stands corrected by your Christianity."—N. Y. Observer.

If men have been termed pilgrims, and life a journey, then we may add that the Christian pilgrim far surpasses all others, in the following important particulars:—In the goodness of the road—in the beauty of the prospects—in the excellence of the company—and in the vast superiority of the accommodations provided for the Christian traveller, when he has finished his course.