

POETRY.

GOD'S CARE.

BY LEOPOLD SCHEFER.

All that God owns, he constantly is healing,
Quietly, gently, softly, but most surely;—
He helps the lowliest herb, with wounded stalk,
To rise again. See! from the heavens fly down
All gentle powers to cure the blinded lamb,
Deep in the treasure-house of wealthy Nature,
A ready instinct wakes and moves,
To clothe the naked sparrow in the West,
Or trim the plumage of an aged raven;
Yes, in the slow decaying of a rose,
God works as in the unfolding bud;
He works with gentleness unspenkable
In death itself; a thousand times more careful
Than even the mother, by her sick child watching.

A VISION.

BY M. F. TUPPER.

I went heavily for aeres, and fell into the trance of sorrow;
And behold, a vision in my trance, and my ministering
angel brought it,
There stood a mountain huge and steep, the awful Rock of
Ages;
The sun upon its summit, and storms midway, and deep
ravines at foot.
And, as I looked, a dense black cloud, suddenly dropping
from the thunder,
Filled, like a cataract, with yeasty foam, a narrow smiling
valley:
Close and hard that vaporous mass seemed to press the
ground.
And lamentable sounds came up as of some that were
smothering beneath.
Then, as I walked upon the mountain, clear in summer's
noon,
For charity I called aloud, Ho! climb up hither to the
sunshine.
And even like a stream of light my voice had pierced the
mist:
I saw below two families of men, and knew their names
of old:
Courage, struggling through the darkness, stout of heart
and gladsome,
Ran up the shining ladder which the voice of hope had
made;
And tripping lightly by his side, a sweet-eyed helpmate
with him,
I looked upon her face to welcome pleasant Cheerfulness;
And a babe was cradled in her bosom, a laughing little
prattler,
The child of Cheerfulness and Courage,—could his name
be other than success?
So, from his happy wife, when they both stood behind me
on the mountain,
The fond father took that babe, and set him on his shoulder
in the sunshine.
AGAIN I peered into the valley, for I heard a gasping
moan,
A desolate weak cry, as muffled in the vapours.
So down that crystal shaft into the poisonous mine
I sped for charity to seek and save,—and those I sought
led from me.
At length, I spied far distant, a trembling withered
dwarf
Who crouched beneath the cloak of a tall and spectral
mourner:
Then I knew Cowardice and Gloom, and followed them on
in darkness
Guided by their rustling robes and moans and muffled
cries.
Until in a suffocating pit the wretched pair had perished,
And lo, their whitening bones were shaping out an epitaph
of Failure.
So I saw that despondency was death, and flung my
burdens from me,
And, lightened by that effort, I was raised above the
world;
Yea, in the strangeness of my vision I seemed to soar on
wings,
And the names they called my wings were Cheerfulness
and Wisdom.

HUMAN PROGRESS.

Let us look in upon man while engaged in
the very act of adding to his natural strength
these gigantic faculties. See him yonder,
bending over his stone mortar, and pounding,
and thumping and sweating to pulverise his
fiaty grain into a more esculent form. He
stops and looks a moment into the precipitous
torrent, thundering down its rocky channel.
There! a thought has struck him. He begins
to whistle; he whittles some, for he learned
to whistle soon after he learned to breathe.
He gears together, some horizontally and
others perpendicularly, a score of little wood-
en wheels. He sets them a-going, and claps
his hands in triumph to see what they would
do if a thousand times larger. Look at him
again. How proudly he stands, with folded
arms, looking at the huge things that are
working for him! He has made that wild
raging torrent as tame as his horse. He has
taught it to walk backwards and forward;
he has given it hands, and put the crank of
his big wheel into them, and made it turn his
ponderous grindstone. What a taskmaster!
Look at him again. He is standing on the

ocean beach, watching the crested billows as
they move in martial squadrons over the deep.
He has conceived or heard that richer pro-
ductions, more delicious fruits and flowers,
may be found on yonder invisible shore. In
an instant his mind sympathises with the
yearnings of his physical nature. See! there
is a new thought in his eye. He remembers
how he first saddled the horse; he now bits
and saddles the mountain wave. Not satis-
fied with ruling this proud element, he
breaks another into his service. Remember-
ing his mill-dam, he constructs a floating dam
of canvass in the air, to harness the winds to
his ocean-wagon. Thus, with his water-
horse and air-horse harnessed in tandem, he
drives across the wilderness of waters, with
a team that would make old Neptune hide
his diminished head for envy, and sink his
clumsy chariot beneath the waves. See
now! he wants something else; his appetite
for something better than he has, grows upon
what it feeds upon. The fact is, he has
plodded about in his one-horse wagon till he
is disgusted with his poor capacity of locomo-
tion. The wings of Mercury, modern eagles,
and paper kites, are all too impracticable
models. He settles down upon the persua-
sion that he can make a great Iron Horse,
with bones of steel, and muscles of brass,
that will run against time with Mercury or
any other winged messenger of Jove. The
daring man! He brings out his huge levi-
athan heaped upon the track. How the
giant creature struts forth from his stable,
panting to begone! His great heart is a
furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood
is boiling in his veins; the strength of a
thousand horses is nerving his iron sinews.
But his master reins him in with one finger,
till the whole of some western village,
men, women, children, and half their horned
cattle, sheep, poultry, wheat, cheese, and
potatoes, have been stowed away in that long
train of wagons he has harnessed to his foam-
ing steam horse. And now he shouts inter-
rogatively—All right? and applying a burn-
ing goad to the huge creature, away it thun-
ders over the iron road, breathing forth fire
and smoke in its indignant haste to outstrip
the wind. More terrible than the war horse
in scripture, clothed with louder thunder,
and emitting a cloud of flame and burning coals
from his iron nostrils, he dashes on through
dark mountain passes, over jutting precipices,
and deep ravines. His tread shakes the earth
like a travelling Niagara, and the sound of
his chariot wheels warn the people of distant
towns that he is coming.—E. Burritt.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

Let us confess, then, that in all the trying
circumstances of this changeful scene, there
is something infinitely soothing to the feelings
of a Christian, something inexpressibly tran-
quillizing to his mind, to know that he has
nothing to do with events but to submit to
them; that he has nothing to do with revolu-
tions of life but to acquiesce in them, as the
dispensation of eternal wisdom; that he has
not to take the management out of the hands
of Providence, but submissively to follow the
divine leading; that he has not to contrive
for to-morrow, but to acquiesce to-day; not
to condition about events yet to come, but to
meet those which are present with cheerful
resignation. Let him be thankful that as he
could not, by foreseeing, prevent them, so he
was not permitted to foresee them; thankful
for ignorance where knowledge would only
prolong, without preventing suffering; thank-
ful for that grace which has promised that
our strength shall be proportioned to our day;
thankful that, as he is not responsible for
trials which he has not brought on himself, so
by the goodness of God, these trials may be
improved to the noblest purposes. The quiet
acquiescence of the heart, the annihilation
of the will under actual circumstances, be
the trial great or small, is more acceptable
to God, more indicative of true piety, than
the strongest general resolutions of firm act-
ing and deep submission under the most try-
ing unborn events. In the remote case it is
the imagination which submits; in the actual
case it is the will. We are too ready to
imagine that there is no other way of serving
God but by active exertions; exertions
which are often made because they indulge
our natural taste and gratify our own in-
clinations. But it is an error to imagine that
God, by putting us into any supposable
situation, puts it out of our power to glorify
him; that he can place us under any cir-
cumstances which may not be turned to
some account, either for ourselves or for
others. Joseph in his prison, under the
strongest disqualifications, loss of liberty and
a blasted reputation, made way for both his
own high advancement and for the deliv-
erance of Israel. Daniel in his dungeon, not
only the destined prey, but in the very jaws
of furious beasts, converted the king of Baby-
lon, and brought him to the knowledge
of the true God. Could prosperity have

effected the former? Would not prosperity
have prevented the latter.—More.

THE IDOL OF THE EXCHANGE.

BY REV. J. MARTINEAU OF LIVERPOOL.

In every society, and especially in a country
like our own, there are those who derive their
chief characteristic from what they have:
who are always spoken of in terms of re-
venue; and of whom you would not be likely
to think much, but for the large account that
stands on the world's ledger in their name.
In themselves, detached from their favourite
sphere, you would notice nothing wise or
winning. At home, possibly, a dry and
withered heart; among associates a selfish
and mistrustful talk; in the council, a style
of low ignoble sentiment; at church, a formal,
perhaps an irreverent, dullness; betray a
barren nature, and offer you only points of
repulsion, so far as the humanities are con-
cerned; and you are amazed to think that
you are looking on the idols of the exchange.
Their greatness comes out in the affairs of
bargain and sale, to which their faculties
seem fairly apprenticed for life. If they speak
of the past, it is in memory of its losses and
its gains; if of the future, it is to anticipate
its incomings and investments. The whole
chronology of their life is divided according
to the stages of their fortunes, and the pro-
gress of their dignities. Their children are
interesting to them principally as their heirs;
and the making of their will fulfils their main
conception of being ready for their death.
And so completely do they paint the grand
idea of their life on the imagination of all
who know them, that when they die, the
Mammon-image cannot be removed, and it
is the fate of the money, not of the man,
of which we are most apt to think. Having
put vast prizes in the funds, but only unpro-
fitable blanks in the admiration and the
hearts of us, they leave behind them nothing
but their property; or, as it is expressively
termed their "effects,"—the thing which they
caused, the main result of their having been
alive. How plain is it that we regard them
merely as instruments of acquisition; centres
of attraction for the drifting of capital; that
they are important only as indications of
commodities; and that their human person-
ality hangs as a mere label upon a mass of
treasure! Every one must have met with
a few instances in which this character is
realized, and with many in which, notwith-
standing the relief of some redeeming and
delightful features, it is at least approached.
In proportion as this aim, of possession, is
taken to be paramount in life, length of days
must no doubt be deemed indispensable to
the human destination. The longer a man
lies out at interest, the greater must be the
accumulation. If he is unexpectedly recalled,
every end which he suggested is disap-
pointed: the only thing he seemed fit for
cannot go on: he is a power lost from this
sphere, an incapacity thrust upon the other;
missed from the markets here, thrown away
among sainted spirits there. For himself,
and for both worlds, the event seems deplora-
ble enough: and it is difficult to make any-
thing but confusion out of it. An imagina-
tion tacitly filled with this conception of life,
as a stage prepared for enjoyment and pos-
session, must look on a term that is unful-
filled as on a broken tool, dropping in failure
to the earth.

BOOKS.

Books are not only the friends of individual
solitude, but also of the family circle. They
contribute to bind it together, to fill up defi-
ciencies, to cover flaws, to make it closer and
brighter and firmer. By engaging the
thoughts, improving the taste, and exciting
the kindly feelings of the members of a
household, they render each one more con-
siderate and gentle, and more useful and
agreeable to the rest. They insensibly in-
troduce mental grace and refinement, and
not only so, but refinement and grace of
manners, wherever they become favorites.
Show us a family in which the best and
purest authors are loved and read, and we
care not in what nominal rank of society
they are stationed, or what may be their
wealth, or want of it, or what may be their
daily avocations; but we will answer for
them, that vulgarity and coarseness have
no place at their meetings, and that domes-
tic peace is a dweller among them.
The domestic services which books are
qualified to perform, are particularly valu-
able when the business and bustle of day-
light are over, and the active interests of life
are hushed into slumber under the brooding
wings of night. The master of the house
comes home from his office, counting-room,
or workshop, the children come home from
their schools, or places of employment, the
mother's household duties are done, and
they sit down together. What shall they

do with the impending hours to keep them
from hanging heavily. We suppose that
there are some families, in town and country,
who find, if there is no party to go to, or no
place of public amusement to offer its attrac-
tions, such as they may be, or nothing particu-
larly interesting to discuss in the events
of the day, or the character or fortunes of
their neighbours, that the long winter even-
ings, by which we mean the evenings of
six months in our year, are apt to move off
rather slowly and wearily. This would not
be so, we are persuaded, if they would just
call in to their assistance one or two of the
friends which they would find in good books.
How much more swiftly and pleasantly, not
to say profitably, the hours would then glide
away! . . . What honest friends, what
sympathising companions, what excellent
instructors they are! How can a man be
really solitary when these and nature are
with him and around him? How can it be
said of him, that he is without society, even
though no being of flesh and blood should be
near him, when he can sit down in his closet
with the best and brightest minds which ever
dwelt, and beamed in residences of clay;
with the master spirits of all time; with the
souls of the mighty living and the mighty
dead, the dead who are yet living; with an-
cient and modern lawgivers, philosophers,
and bards; with moralists and satirists; with
civilians and divines; with navigators and
travellers; with the explorers of nature and
the professors of art; with patriots; with
saints; with martyrs; with Apostles of
Christ; with prophets of God? Who shall
say, that with these he is alone? Who shall
say that in his sorrow he is without consol-
ers; that in his trials and perplexities, and
the various conditions of his mind and feel-
ings, he is without spiritual advisers?—
Greenwood.

GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

The size of a wheel in any mechanism is
the test of its importance; and the demon-
stration is continually before us, that what
is insignificant in man's little day, is stu-
pendous when viewed in connexion with the
great year of Providence. "Behold," says
St. James, "what a great matter a little fire
kindleth!" but this is not only true in
reference to the slight causes which kindle
wrathful speech and set on fire national inter-
ests, consuming vast treasures in its flames,
but it is also true in reference to good results.
When the prairies are on fire and the floods
of flame sweep with terrific fury, like the
stormy waves of the sea when the setting sun
flashes them with red, the hunter builds a
back fire, and thereby diverts the wind and
makes an open space where the fury of the
sweeping ocean of flame is bounded and
hushes itself to sleep. A little fire kindled
the latter as the former, and so we are re-
minded of the slight causes of preservative as
well as of destructive results. The meatest
form of humanity cannot be safely overlooked
or despised. The wandering beggar may bring
the pestilence into the city, and he that is
scorned as nothing worth may be the pre-
server of the nation. It was but the voice of a
common mechanic that cried in the French
Chamber of Deputies, "It is too late!" but
the word was fraught with tremendous power.
God holds in his own hands the springs of
revolutions, and he is continually teaching
us not to despise any form of humanity by
giving the grandest influence to those who
were uncounted in the summing up of mighty
agencies. Let us learn from this; for the
linch-pin in the axle-tree is a small thing, but
what a crash sometimes follows its departure
from the place in which it was put.—Rev.
Henry Bacon.

Too True.—A dark feature in the pre-
sent age, said the late Dr. Channing, is the
spirit of collision, contention, and discord
which breaks forth in religion, politics and
private affairs—a result and necessary issue
of selfishness which prompts the endless ac-
tivity of life. The mighty forces which are
at this moment acting in society are not and
cannot be in harmony, for they cannot be
governed by love. They are discordant.—
Life has now little music in it. It is not
only on the field of battle that men fight.—
They fight on the exchange. Business is
war, is conflict of skill, management, too of-
ten fraud. Christians forsaking their one
Lord, gather under various standards to gain
victory for their sects. Politics is war, break-
ing the people into fierce and unscrupulous
parties, which forget their country in conflict
for office and power. The age needs noth-
ing more than peace-makers, men of serene,
commanding virtue, to preach in life and
word the Gospel of human brotherhood, to
allay the fires of jealousy and hate.

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