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Religious Miscellany.

TO THE FOSSIL FERN LEAF.

BY REV. W. MCKINSON.

And thou didst rove beneath this very sky, E'er Adam sang his Eden hymn of praise; And far too beautiful a thing to die, Thou reap'dst after many days.

Many long days and months and years have flown, And ages countless in their ebb and flow, Since first thou didst those pale green leaves unfold Mithiling thine the Cahuilites below.

The mighty forests waving proudly then, Now turn the paddle by the steamer's side, And rest as lofly as the palm trees main, Break into fragments for the pavement's vein.

When yet there was no man to till the earth, Thy leaf was wet with morning dew; And ere the eldest Adamite had birth, New forests waved where once the fern leaf grew.

The fern leaf changed transfixed on changing time, Entombed forever in its rocky cast, Destined to triumph o'er all age and time, And binding each creation with the past.

Old leaf thou hast outlived the world's young age, And things less frail and beautiful than thou, Yet hast thou art upon the rocky page, And every fibre of thy form we see.

Oh, thou art all change unchanged by time, Above all time and reigning God forever; Thou art the same in every age and clime, And that thou didst live shall perish never.

Say to this body as to this frail leaf, Thou shalt live when days have come and gone; Thy soul shall waken from the dreams of grief, Thy body rise and put her glory on.

We publish the following at the request of a subscriber:—

MOTIVES TO ENTIRE HOLINESS.

Where shall we not go to find them? Are they not everywhere? Do they not come down from the heavens, and spring up from the earth? But, turning away from general reflections, let us invite attention to a few of the motives we desire particularly to bring to your consideration.

I. What ought to be an irresistible motive to holiness is found in its own intrinsic excellence and glory. If we pause to contemplate with delight a solitary grass, blooming alone amid a desert waste, with what greater delight should we behold an oasis, where all the graces bloom in perfection of beauty together, shedding their blending fragrance over one lovely spirit? What would you not give if that spirit were yours? You attach value to wealth, beauty, learning, good name, happiness, it is well. These are all desirable; but how less than dust in the balance are they compared with conscious, inviolable virtue! Would you not prefer to be the hero of a single virtue rather than conqueror of the world?—a martyred Paul, shining in radiant vestments, rather than a bloody Alexander, dazzling with the splendors of a conquest? Why do you attach the idea of beauty and glory to angels? Is it not because they are holy—because they love with perfect love, adore with perfect adoration, and glow with perfect fervour? Is it not holiness which spreads joy over all the celestial regions? which causes the gush and rapture of the skies? which kindles the lustre and adorns the seraphim? which suffuses the very spirit of Jehovah with His ineffable glory, and the spirits of all His holy worshippers with inexpressible and everlasting bliss? Surely, if this be so—and who can doubt it?—are we correct when we assume that there is in the very nature of holiness, an infinite motive to its gain. Rubies are not so precious, and nothing that can be desired can be compared unto it. Holiness always begets happiness. Would you possess the one, you must not fail to gain the other. How great was your bliss when you heard the voice of pardon, when you felt the upspringing of purity within! But this was only a prelude, a foretaste of that deeper, sweeter, ever-increasing joy of the heart all filled with God. Receive Him, and with Him you receive all things.

II. But if holiness is urged upon us from a consideration of its own intrinsic excellence, much more is it from the fact that God requires it. Hear Him, and ponder: "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." Remember who it is that speaketh. What will you say to Him? He commands you to be holy. Who will you answer Him? Know that His hand touches you, His eye is fall upon you. He waits your answer. Your decision is demanded now. Do not procrastinate; do not hesitate; do not, above all, at your peril, refuse.

III. The interest of your Master's cause requires it; and the common glory of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. How can we glorify God fully without entire consecration and perfect conformity to His entire mind and will? Will not every manifest, may even every secret defect, mar and sully the cause and honor of our Redeemer? The lives of Christians, practical exponents as they are of the principles and spirit of our religion, are among the great agencies for the conversion and sanctification of the world. Books and sermons may be despised; even tears and entreaties may be resisted; but the silent and unobtrusive influence of the lives will speak a language to the heart that cannot easily be gannay. There are men whose vineyards bear abundant clusters, but who do not know how to make wine out of them. How is it? What is the matter? Why are not men happy? What is it that distresses them? How large an element of care enters into common life! How large an element of discontent! How large an element of fear! How large an element of greediness!

How distressed men are because their success is not so large as they desire! How much life and joy do they lose among them! One looks out of his place, and sees other places going up that are finer than his, and that are owned by men who own more than he does; and though he has more than heart could wish

is undoubtedly approximating; never, therefore, did the Christian Church need to be so wide awake, so much alive, as now. Like a majestic vessel riding into the harbor under the pressure of a fierce storm and full sail, the world seems nearing the port of destiny; she needs now, if ever, experienced and adroit hands to bring her safely and speedily to the mooring. The great harvest is ripe, waving with world-wide expanse. Sturdy reapers are wanted. The Church is not ready to meet the demands of the times. And her want is in a vital point, it is radical—at the heart. Not that she is more deficient now than formerly. This she do not believe. The Church of the present, compared with the Church of former centuries, even in her palmy periods, makes one's heart leap up within him; her soundness in the faith, her enlightened enterprise, her real piety, all fill us with hope. But, after all, there is a want growing out of the present crisis—a want which nothing outward can supply—which Bible Societies, missionary phalanxes, universities, and even a martyr's devotion and zeal, will not make up; it is the want of that higher life which the Church must have before the consummation of her mission; that deep and entire consecration to God of her means—that yielding up of her whole heart—that quenchless love—that unabating concentration, and universal effort for the salvation of souls—the abandonment of self, and recognition of the doctrine of stewardship, which will lead us to live for God and for the race; the loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves. Soon—it is but little in the advance every family on the globe will have the bible; will read it in the mother tongue; every neighborhood will have a minister, and Church and Sabbath-school; missionary societies will cease, for there will be no dark corners un-supplied; the sound of the Sabbath bell will echo round the globe; superstition will give way, and the temples of idolatry will cease; light will invest the earth. But what then? There will remain the same work to be done for the whole world which now remains to be done in nominally Christian countries, in the most Christianized countries now on the globe—Great Britain and the United States. The full and undimmed splendors of Christianity will still remain to be developed—her complete influence and power, her superior blessings; and this can only be realized by a more thorough baptism of the Church with the spirit of Jesus.

Now the world wants men, full-grown Christian men, not babes or dwarfs. The man who will dignify his position at this crisis, or ever hereafter, must be worthy of it. O that we could awake and see and feel the mighty verities thronging around us, and display for that noble and glorious spirit which be-comes sons and daughters of the Most High!

And let us look for a moment into that glorious eternity; is there no motive here? You may live without holiness here—you cannot hereafter. Pursue the upward destiny of a soul brightening under the smile of God for ever, see its ever-increasing and unfolding beauty, hear the ravishing melody of its triumphant song. The ages flee away; but mightier than decay, stronger than death, the soul lives on, ascending, widening its circle, becoming more and more like God, and losing itself ever in His ineffable radiance. Such is the destiny of a soul washed in the blood of Jesus. Behold, on the other hand, a soul darkening under the frown of Jehovah. Ages fly away; its darkness broods darker still, its sorrow gathers down in denser folds; it is lost. The lengthened periods of eternity roll by, but they bring no redemption; deep, dark, dismal gloom settles around its sphere for ever. Learn by the contrast the value of holiness. Its presence is life—its absence is eternal death.—R. S. Foster in Christian Parity.

THE EFFICIENT PASTOR.

He is the true, wise and efficient pastor who best succeeds in enlisting all the members in Christian work—who finds out what needs to be done, learns the special capacities and adaptations, and then organizes and directs the forces of his soul, and keeps them thoroughly busy. If he fail here, his success can never be more than partial, and its promise may never be a cheat. Many of our church members are ready for such service; and even waiting and longing for it, though only half knowing what they want. But they need guidance and encouragement; they expect it; they should have it. Each new comer within the church circle should understand that church life means service not only to the church, but to the world; and that there should be no season of inaction long enough to allow the lesson to be unlearned or drop out of the thought. Taking prompt and resolute hold of real service, such as Christ calls for and the world waits to receive, the feebleness of the churches would give place to vigor, religion would round out into fuller meaning, prayer would be something better than pious confession, sight would be swallowed by joyful thanksgiving, and the church would be a living, ever active, ever thoughtful, ever busy, ever doing, even though the work presses like a burden, and the sluggish soul pleads for slumber.—Morning Star.

ONE THING NEEDED.

I may mention one other consideration—namely, that in this life, men while they are perpetually achieving success, are far from being happy. There are men whose vineyards bear abundant clusters, but who do not know how to make wine out of them. How is it? What is the matter? Why are not men happy? What is it that distresses them? How large an element of care enters into common life! How large an element of discontent! How large an element of fear! How large an element of greediness!

How distressed men are because their success is not so large as they desire! How much life and joy do they lose among them! One looks out of his place, and sees other places going up that are finer than his, and that are owned by men who own more than he does; and though he has more than heart could wish

he loses the favor of his own affairs because somebody has more property than he. And so with unsatisfied ambition, with over-greediness, with complaining discontent, and with narrow selfishness, men are perpetually cutting themselves, as the old heathen did in their worship. So men, by care, by envy, by malign passions, are taking away the favour of true content from themselves. Men seldom have peace in this great discontented world. In the din and rush of human life you can seldom find peace.

In the battle of Gettysburg, while a thousand cannons shook the hills, and the whole heaven quivered with reverberations, during a moment's pause, in a cemetery, a sparrow sang sweetly out from a bush-tree which was growing there. When the cannon again split their voices, the sparrow was silent; but it sang at every pause. And what that sparrow's voice was amid the wild roar of war, that is peace in the discord, discontent and din of human life.—Becher.

MARVELLOUS RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN SCOTLAND.

The latest papers from Scotland bring news of a religious awakening in many cities in that country, which is said to be unparalleled since the days of Whitefield. The movement commenced in Edinburgh, and has now extended to Glasgow and other cities. In Glasgow meetings numbering several thousand assemble daily for prayer and religious exercises. These are presided over by some of the ablest ministers of the Establishment, Free and U. P. Churches. The public journals observe that while the movement is apparently deep and serious, it is characterized by an absence of everything boisterous or of any particular excitement. Neither is the movement confined to the low orders, but has extended over all ranks of society, embracing members of the bar, merchants and clergymen of all protestant denominations. To show the opinion entertained of the movement, we quote the following remarks made by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan, one of the leaders of the Free Church:—

Dr. Buchanan referred to the daily prayer meetings being held in the city, and said the Presbyterians would pardon him for suggesting that they, as Presbyterians, should recognize God's hand in movements, and express their thankfulness for the awakening which was visible, and which they hoped would make far greater progress. He spoke of the large attendance at these meetings, one striking feature of which was that they could not be said to have been brought together, or kept together, by the presence of any particular excitement, but by the sentiment abroad in the community for the need of some special blessing.

General Miscellany.

THE COURAGEOUS LITTLE MAID.

Along the pleasant country road, Where crickets made a merry noise, Chirping their little chirps, One evening walked two little boys.

The sun had set, and happy birds, Were calling to their mates "Good-night!" When through the avenue of trees, A little maiden came in sight.

Up spoke the little boys, and said, "How are you pretty little maid? Walking along so late at night Along the road, aren't you afraid?"

With round blue eyes, she looked at them, And shook her curly, yellow head, And smiled. "Afraid! And what is that? I don't know what you mean," she said.

Then laughed those roguish little boys; And when the maid had gone her way, Said one of them with bright blue eyes, "Let's teach her what we mean, I say."

"We'll quickly hurry home and get Some sheets and put them on, and so We'll set upon the fence, and when She comes, 'twill frighten her you know."

'Twas almost dark, as down the road, The little maiden came along Homeward, and singing as she came Some pretty little bits of song:

And in the twilight's hazy gray, Like shadows loomed the trees and posts; And on the fence wrapped up in sheets, Perched two white, naughty little ghosts.

"What is it sitting on the fence, With wonder said the little maid; And when she laughed a merry laugh: "O that, I think must be a fraud!"

As she sat strolled down the road, As she went going on elsewhere, and I was hurried to see the Presbyterian minister and make arrangements for a union temperance meeting on the following Sunday evening. At the first of all signed the druggist's pledge.

The band of men, embracing all the first ladies of the town, organized and visited every saloon, about twenty-five, including the hotel, and sang, read the Scriptures, prayed, and exhorted them to desert from their death-dealing work. Where the doors were closed against them they have quietly taken their position on the pavement in front, and in the most solemn manner conducted their services. It has been impressive to see highly accomplished and delicate ladies of wealthy families kneeling in mud or snow, calling on God earnestly, to arrest these men in their murderous work. The number daily varies from 75 to 100. Crowded meetings have been held every night since the first night was held. The second to turn his attention to science, the third delighted his intellect, and set him to making "such simple

experiments in chemistry as could be defraved in their expense by a few penny worth of work."

Here, then, we see how a loving Providence helped young Faraday, and how he co-operated with it. Though it closed the doors of academy and college against him, yet it guided his feet into a business, which, yet it guided a good school in which to build up a hardy character, in a fitting place for bringing him in contact with superior minds, whose writings contained the precise amount his hungry soul needed for his development. To these heavenly provisions of his habit he earnestly responded,—first, by patiently submitting to the discipline of ungenial labor, and then by eagerly feeding on the ideas and facts presented to him in books. The result was, a remarkable beautiful moral character, and equally remarkable growth of his intellectual powers.

HIS CHOICE OF COMPANIONS.

Nor did he confine himself to the ministry of books alone. As he advanced in years, he used much of his very small pecuniary means in attending scientific lectures. He also made the acquaintance of such learned men as frequented his master's store, several of whom soon recognized him as a youth of uncommon promise. He chose companions, too, not from among his associates in labor—but most of whom were beneath him morally and intellectually—but from a class of young men interested in their own mental improvement. He was fortunate in finding two especially, the one named Huxtable, the other Abbott, whose admirable character and enthusiasm in scientific pursuits were in exact harmony with his own. Young Faraday never "walked in the counsel of the ungodly, stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seat of the scornful." But with those thoughtful young men he frequently spent his evenings; not in idle chit-chat or useful amusements, but in earnest discussions of great truths, and in making scientific experiments. They wrote also to each other frequently, both for the purpose of communicating information as to improving their style of composition. Faraday's letters are found in his "Life," by Dr. B. Jones, and are eminently worthy of study by every young man who is aiming to make his mark.

STRUGGLES FOR ESCAPE.

This course of life increased his aversion to trade, and begot in him a very ardent desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind. "No doubt his spirit was ruffled at times, toward the end of his apprenticeship, by chafing against the yoke of his business cage. This is evident from the fact that he one day wrote, as he afterward said, "in my ignorance of the world and the simplicity of my mind." To Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Institution, describing his feelings, and soliciting his assistance. We can easily imagine our now enthusiastic young man approaching the gate of Sir Joseph's mansion and inquiring: "What is the name of the man who has written this message from Sir Joseph for Michael Faraday?"

"No answer," is the curt response of the well-fed porter at the gate.

He turns away crestfallen. With face elongated and heavy gait, he walks back to his place of toil in Blandford Street. It was not a pleasant thing to be so rebuffed, and for a little while he is discouraged. But his nature could sense soon teaches him that nothing else would be his own folly, presents both work and study with his wonted cheerfulness, and, in due time, honorably completes the term of his apprenticeship.

In our next paper we will see how Michael found the third step in the ladder of renown.—Western Christian Advocate, Englewood, N. J.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

Thinking my old friends in West Virginia would be interested in the great temperance revival that has been prevailing in Southern Ohio during the last six weeks, I ask space for a brief description of the work here, which is similar to that in other places, where God has been working so gloriously through the agency of woman's influence.

London is a pleasant place of about 3,000 inhabitants, having more than the usual proportion of wealth. It is twenty-five miles south west from Columbus, at the crossing of two railroads, both leading to Cincinnati, and branching in various directions westward. We have a large and flourishing congregation.

At the close of our prayer meeting, Jan. 15th, the Mayor inquired if it would not be proper for us to take some action in the movement, as far as going on elsewhere, and I was requested to see the Presbyterian minister and make arrangements for a union temperance meeting on the following Sunday evening. At the first of all signed the druggist's pledge.

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Nor did he confine himself to the ministry of books alone. As he advanced in years, he used much of his very small pecuniary means in attending scientific lectures. He also made the acquaintance of such learned men as frequented his master's store, several of whom soon recognized him as a youth of uncommon promise. He chose companions, too, not from among his associates in labor—but most of whom were beneath him morally and intellectually—but from a class of young men interested in their own mental improvement. He was fortunate in finding two especially, the one named Huxtable, the other Abbott, whose admirable character and enthusiasm in scientific pursuits were in exact harmony with his own. Young Faraday never "walked in the counsel of the ungodly, stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seat of the scornful." But with those thoughtful young men he frequently spent his evenings; not in idle chit-chat or useful amusements, but in earnest discussions of great truths, and in making scientific experiments. They wrote also to each other frequently, both for the purpose of communicating information as to improving their style of composition. Faraday's letters are found in his "Life," by Dr. B. Jones, and are eminently worthy of study by every young man who is aiming to make his mark.

STRUGGLES FOR ESCAPE.

This course of life increased his aversion to trade, and begot in him a very ardent desire to be engaged in scientific occupation, even though of the lowest kind. "No doubt his spirit was ruffled at times, toward the end of his apprenticeship, by chafing against the yoke of his business cage. This is evident from the fact that he one day wrote, as he afterward said, "in my ignorance of the world and the simplicity of my mind." To Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Institution, describing his feelings, and soliciting his assistance. We can easily imagine our now enthusiastic young man approaching the gate of Sir Joseph's mansion and inquiring: "What is the name of the man who has written this message from Sir Joseph for Michael Faraday?"

"No answer," is the curt response of the well-fed porter at the gate.

He turns away crestfallen. With face elongated and heavy gait, he walks back to his place of toil in Blandford Street. It was not a pleasant thing to be so rebuffed, and for a little while he is discouraged. But his nature could sense soon teaches him that nothing else would be his own folly, presents both work and study with his wonted cheerfulness, and, in due time, honorably completes the term of his apprenticeship.

In our next paper we will see how Michael found the third step in the ladder of renown.—Western Christian Advocate, Englewood, N. J.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL.

Thinking my old friends in West Virginia would be interested in the great temperance revival that has been prevailing in Southern Ohio during the last six weeks, I ask space for a brief description of the work here, which is similar to that in other places, where God has been working so gloriously through the agency of woman's influence.

London is a pleasant place of about 3,000 inhabitants, having more than the usual proportion of wealth. It is twenty-five miles south west from Columbus, at the crossing of two railroads, both leading to Cincinnati, and branching in various directions westward. We have a large and flourishing congregation.

At the close of our prayer meeting, Jan. 15th, the Mayor inquired if it would not be proper for us to take some action in the movement, as far as going on elsewhere, and I was requested to see the Presbyterian minister and make arrangements for a union temperance meeting on the following Sunday evening. At the first of all signed the druggist's pledge.

The band of men, embracing all the first ladies of the town, organized and visited every saloon, about twenty-five, including the hotel, and sang, read the Scriptures, prayed, and exhorted them to desert from their death-dealing work. Where the doors were closed against them they have quietly taken their position on the pavement in front, and in the most solemn manner conducted their services. It has been impressive to see highly accomplished and delicate ladies of wealthy families kneeling in mud or snow, calling on God earnestly, to arrest these men in their murderous work. The number daily varies from 75 to 100. Crowded meetings have been held every night since the first night was held. The second to turn his attention to science, the third delighted his intellect, and set him to making "such simple

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its issue, than that contributed by a correspondent of the New York Tribune in the following apologetic:—"Once upon a time (after the passage of the Legislature) I came upon a summer-house where two little children were playing at keeping shop. Their merchandise was of little intrinsic value, but the currency was still more worthless, for it consisted of pieces of old newspaper, having some confidence in my own knowledge of finance, I said, with a smile, 'Children, you cannot play that game long, for one of you has only to tear up a few more old newspapers, and he can buy the other out in no time.' 'Oh!' said the children, both together, 'we ain't so silly as you think; before we began to play we agreed just how much newspaper we would have, and how little children played that game out honestly, and they didn't water their currency a bit.' It is but fair that the holiday tasks of Congressmen should be put