

PEACE PROCLAIMED!

At the close of the war with Great Britain, I was in the city of New York. The prospects of the nation were shrouded in gloom. We had been for two or three years at war with the mightiest nation on earth; and as she had now concluded a peace with the continent of Europe, we were obliged to cope with her single-handed. Our harbours were blockaded. Communication coastwise between our ports was cut off. Our ships were rotting in every creek and cove where they could find a place of security. Our immense annual products were moulding in our warehouses. The sources of profitable labour were dried up. Our currency was reduced to irredeemable paper. The extreme portions of our country were becoming hostile to each other, and differences of political opinion were embittering the peace of every household. The credit of the government was exhausted. No one could predict when the contest would terminate, or discover the means by which it could much longer be protracted.

It happened that on a Saturday evening in February, a ship was discovered in the offing, which was supposed to be a vessel bringing home our commissioners at Ghent, from their unsuccessful mission. The sun had set gloomily before any intelligence from the vessel had reached the city. Expectation became painfully intense as the hour of darkness drew on. At length a boat reached the wharf, announcing the fact that a treaty of peace had been signed, and was waiting for nothing but the action of our government to become a law. The men on whose ears these words first fell, rushed in breathless haste into the city, to repeat them to their friends, shouting, as they ran through the streets, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" Every one who heard the sound repeated it. From house to house, from street to street, the news spread with electric rapidity. The whole city was in commotion. Men bearing lighted torches were flying to and fro, shouting, like madmen, "*Peace! Peace! Peace!*" When the rapture had partially subsided, one idea occupied every mind. But few slept that night. In groups they were gathered in the streets and by the fireside, beguiling

the hours of midnight by reminding each other that the agony of war was about to enter again upon its wonted career of prosperity. Thus, *every one becoming a herald*, the news soon reached every man, woman and child in the city; and, in this sense, the city was *evangelized*.

And now, my Christian friends, when Jehovah has offered to our world a treaty of peace—when men, doomed to hell, may be raised to seats at the right hand of God—is there not to be a similar zeal displayed in proclaiming the good news? Are men to perish around us, and no one ever personally to offer to them salvation through a crucified Redeemer?—*Dr. Wayland.*

GOING HOME.

"Going home," and going quickly!

It's a thought to cheer the heart.

Should we suffer—be it meekly;—

Soon the world and we must part,

Never more to meet again:

There's an end of suffering then,

There's an end of all that grieves us;—

How the hope of this relieve us!

"Going home,"—how sweet, how cheering!

Going to the place we love,

There in royal state appearing,

'Midst the shining hosts above;

There our FATHER dwells and reigns,

Greater He than fancy feigns;

There His people live for ever,

Theirs a portion failing never!

"Going home,"—there's nothing dearer

To the pilgrim's heart than "*HOME*:"

Drawing nearer still and nearer

To the place where pilgrims come;

Much he thinks of what will be,

Much of what he hopes to see;

Thinks of kindred, friends, and brothers,

But of Christ above all others.

'Tis the blessed hope of seeing

Him he loves, in glory there!

Blessed hope of ever being

With the Lord, His joys to share.—

'Tis this hope that lightens toil,

And in sorrow makes him smile,

Cheers him in the midst of strangers,

Keeps him when beset with dangers.

"Going home,"—then it behoves us

Here to live as pilgrims do:

When the trial comes it proves us,

Proves if we have faith or no.

Let us make our calling sure,

Let us to the end endure;

In the Saviour's love abiding,

In the Saviour's strength confiding!