

the land of Egypt. When we are plentifully anointed with holy oil, it will run down, not only to the honoured beard, but to the skirts of the congregation. Your prayers will abound to the glory of God and to the thanksgiving of many. Whilst you support our hands, Israel will prevail. Your shouting, in conjunction with our ram's horns, will bring down the walls of Jericho. The kingdom of hell will shake, and totter and fall, the devil will be forced out of his strong-holds, and the kingdom of Christ shall win its widening way to the utmost borders of the land.

1. You have sometimes heard Preachers, (I do not say where or when) by whom you were neither pleased nor profited. And yet these men preached the truth as it is in Jesus, the gospel of your salvation. They did not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. At least, they insisted on the old-fashioned but important points of Repentance, Faith and Holiness. They were men of God, and ministers of Jesus. Why were you so disappointed? Because you did not pray for them.

2. You have heard some you greatly admired. You were highly delighted with the music of their voice, and the harmony of their doctrine: But though you were pleased, you were not profited. Why? Because you did not pray for them.

3. Now stop here awhile. You have sinned a great sin. You have received the truth, not "as the word of God, as it is in truth, but as the word of men." Your restraining prayer, showed your unbelief. The word has not profited, because it has not been mixed with faith in you who heard it.

This sin must be expiated before you can profit much. Perhaps God has cursed your blessings because you do not lay it to heart. Oh ask pardon of God and man, and then expect a blessing.

Would you now enjoy your privilege, and find the hidden treasure? Oh begin to "pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." Whatever we be (and it is not necessary for me now to enquire) we shall profit you nothing without it. Begin now therefore to "pray for us; for we trust, we have a good conscience, in all things willing to live honestly." And may "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that Great Shepherd of the Sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,—make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, though Jesus Christ! To whom be glory for ever and ever! Amen."

**DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MARVELLOUS AND MIRACULOUS.**—A *marvellous event* is one which differs in all its elements from anything that we previously knew, without being opposed to any known principle. But a *miraculous event* implies much more than this, being opposed to what every man knows to be the established and uniform course of nature. It is further required that such an event shall be of so obvious and palpable a kind that every man is qualified to judge of its miraculous character, or is convinced it could not happen from the operations of an ordinary natural cause.—*Abercrombie's Philosophy.*

To *despair* because we are poor and wretched, is not humility, but the most abominable pride; we are not willing to owe the cure to God alone.—*Bishop Wilson.*

## LITERARY.

## ESSAY ON MAN.

BY THE REV. W. M. LEGGETT.

[THE following Essay appeared some time ago in the Temperance Recorder, and to gratify our readers, we copy it in our pages.]—

## PART I.

Qu'est-ce que de l'homme?

"MAN," as an appellative embraces the human species, omitting all minor distinctions of sex and age. There is something of critical moment involved in its Greek Etymology. (*Anthropos*) being borrowed from an expression which intimates the looking upward with his countenance; the classics have commented on its idiom with peculiar and illuminative grace: Instance a beautiful Stanza from the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, which, in the feebler language of his translator, reads as follows:

"While other creatures tow'rd the earth look down,  
He gave to man a front sublime, and rais'd  
His nobler views to ken the starry heav'n!"

Nor was this merely a rhapsodical flight urged by the adventurous muse. The most eminent philosophers of antiquity were wont to indulge in similar illustrations. Thus Cicero in the character of a Stoic, observed that man is erect, being designed to contemplate the heavens, his native and original habitation, and to receive the knowledge of the Gods.

Impossible as it is for our limited minds to fully comprehend the mystic coalition of materiality and spirit, the vegetable, animal, and rational kingdoms are blended in human composition. Man feels, reflects, meditates, devises, and performs;—he possesses the astonishing faculty of communicating his thoughts through the medium of words, and exercises a lordly prerogative over the rest of the creatures.

Whether we anatomize that beautiful structure, the body, its bones muscles, veins, arteries, and fibres; all arranged with such conducive design and proportionate symmetry:—or whether we advert to the mysteries identified with the momentary consumption and renewal of motion by the circulation of life through the heart and lungs—or whether the object of our contemplation be that active, incorporeal vicinity in man, whereby he perceives, retains, philosophises, and commands:—does not the uninspired shudder at the very thought of his own being? and even the Christian feel "that he is fearfully and wonderfully made?"

And how susceptible of improvement—how sublime the contemplations—how boundless the desires of the intellectual man? Endowed with capacity so Godlike in its nature, can he possibly have been designed to blossom, bloom, and die in this little cradle of existence? The voice of revelation answers, No! the deathless spirit itself cannot brook the insulting thought, but recoils with horror from the very dream of annihilation.

If the fumes written in characters of gloom upon our coffin lids, were never to be erased by the hand of futurity,—if beyond the gloomy precincts of the grave, one dreary blank were for ever to enshroud the loved remembrances of the old:—then might we turn to the vacated halls of our fathers, and while the tear of sensibility commingled with the dust of their oblivion, prepare to follow their silent footsteps in the lane of forgetfulness to rise no more (save in misty exhalations) for ever.

But if the blind oracle\* could dream of an immortality beyond the wasteful war of elements, the wreck

\* Vide Cato's Soliloquy.