

out the heart, pure and fervent, to the living God. The Turk, and Jew, cannot pray without turning in the supposed direction of Mecca, and Jerusalem, and if they do not know the direction, their religions do not guarantee the success of their prayers. The idolater cannot pray except when before his idol, and he cannot sacrifice except beside his consecrated altar. He must have his sacred times, and places, and objects of worship, and take him from his temples and his idols, and he is taken from his religion. No heathen form of worship can be exported. No heathen can travel beyond his native land and be religious too, for when he leaves his country he leaves his gods, and passes, at once, into the bleak region of atheism. The Hindoo, when taken from his sacred rivers, temples, idols, pilgrimages, and holy scenes, is rendered religiously helpless, and becomes godless and prayerless. His religion is a fixture in India, and beyond that it cannot go. But here is the contrast with Christianity. It is the same everywhere: in the burning tropics and the eternal winters of the poles, for the Christian recognising the spiritual existence of God, and holding by a spiritual worship, is ready on every spot, and at every time, to call upon his Maker. And when the mind is imbued with this principle, and let man wander where he may, and when he can lift his eyes to Heaven, and even in unwhispered language breathe out his prayer to his Great Protector, he carries with him everything that is vital in his religion. The temple of the Christian is the wide earth on which he dwells, and the Being whom he worships is a Spirit, and his own spirit pays its holy tribute to the Parent of its existence.

We read in the Book of Judges, when a company of warlike Danites carried off the gods, ephod and teraphim, from the house of Micah, "a man of Mount Ephraim," that he pursued and said, "ye have taken away my gods which I have made, and the priest, and ye are gone away, and what have I more?" His gods were his religion, and with them it went; and this is the frail foundation on which all idolatry rests. It is material. It is perishable. It is liable to disaster. But Christianity exalts its head above all changes and accidents. It carries in itself the very essence of immortality: for take from a Christian his churches, his ordinances, his long accustomed forms, aye, take from him even the Bible itself, and yet his religion will live. It is in his heart, and the heart will find its God. It is this spirituality that adapts it universally as the religion for man; but take that from it and it would be like Samson shorn of his locks, or by another comparison, deprive it of this, and it would be like taking the very sap and vigour from the tree of life.—It was because the heathen systems had no spirituality; because they had left the spiritual and taken to the visible that they decayed so rapidly, and were so perpetually changing; and, on the opposite, had it not been for this spirituality in our religion—we may call it the very soul of its existence—it could not have been maintained. Persecution could waste it were it bound down to earth, or did the earth contain one visible object essential to its life, but, as it is, it carries in itself its own indestructibility. It is thus immortal, for being spiritual, it is beyond the reach of men to destroy it. The Christian may be persecuted, he may be exiled, or suffer on the scaffold, or in the flames, but there is deeply and safely lodged in his heart, that which an enemy's wrath cannot reach, nor his tortures extract. He may be fettered in the dungeon, but no power, or manacles of man can chain down his spirit, as it rises to the very throne of God, to pay its unconquered homage of devotion. There is the electricity of mind and thought, as on a telegraph of faith, that cannot be restrained; or, if you will, there is the law of spiritual gravitation, as well as the natural one, and by which the mind of the Christian is drawn to the Great Centre Mind, and no human power can break, or derange, the mysterious, and noble, and holy principle.

Now, to sum up this part in a sentence:—Man can form only systems like himself, full of errors, and liable to decay; but here is a spiritual faith adapted for man, for mind, for every place, and for perpetuity; and from the contrast we have only one conclusion we can draw, and it is, that this is the true religion, and that its Author is divine. Other systems, like the grass of the field, have already either withered and decayed, or, by their very nature, are destined to perish, "but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you."

Miscellaneous.

SUBMISSION.

There is a secret in the ways of God
With His own, which none others know,
That sweetens all he does; and if such peace
While under His affliction hand, you find,
What will it be to see Him as He is!
And past the reach of all that sin distils
The tranquil soul's repose, to contemplate,
In retrospect unclouded, all the means
By which His wisdom has prepared His saints
For the vast weight of glory which remains!
Come then, Affliction, if my Father bids,
And be my frowning friend; A friend that frowns
Is better than a smiling enemy.
We welcome clouds which bring the former rain,
Though they the present prospect blacken round,
And shado the beauties of the opining year,
That, by their stores enriched, the earth may yield
A fruitful summer and a plenteous crop.

THE COMPASSES.—Charity and faith make up one perfect pair of compasses, that can take the true latitude of a Christian's heart: faith is the one foot, dicated in the centre immovably; while charity walks about in a perfect circle of beneficence: these two never did, never can go asunder. Warrant me your love. I dare warrant your faith.—*Bisk Hill.*

HAPPINESS.—Wherever lies the path of duty, wherever you may be most useful, there the Almighty will make you most happy. Happiness is not the offspring and growth of indolent repose in this world; self-denying exercise is necessary to its production. The imagination of a state where everything will be to our taste is pure folly. We must be content to take our share in the ills of life, and look for our chief happiness in this world from seeking to do our duty.

He that would improve the world must be one whom the world cannot reprove.—*Bishop Horne.*

THE BEST IS LEFT.—"I am fallen," cried Jeremy Taylor, "into the hands of the publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me. What now? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me; and I can well discourse; and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance—and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience. They have still left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too. And still I sleep, and digest, and eat, and drink; I read and meditate; I can walk in my neighbor's pleasant fields and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself."

RECEIPTS FOR MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

Brandon—Rev A D, £3.
Brampton—Mrs W.
Newcastle—J McP.
Perryton—J G, S M, J R, S C, J C, Jh L, J G, Jh L, W D.
Port Hope—S G, J W, N D, W A, J L, S H, D McL, G H, Miss P, R R.
Indiana—P E.
Cumboro—A T, S C.
Barrie—Rev T L.
Toronto—J B.
Scotland—Rev R R.

VOL. II.

Toronto—R P, J S, Mrs B, J A, W M, W B, W T.
Rosehill—M C.
Paris—R L.
Galt—R L.
St George—R C, four copies, J A, S L, J B, D R, J G.
Glen-Morris—W I.
Bond Head—Rev W F.
Bradford—A G.
Lloydtown—W A.
Fiamboro—S N, A P, R I.
Rockton—J A, A I, W D.
Quebec—P P.
Hamilton—G McK, R R, T F, J Y R, W C.
Ayr—Rev A R, J C, W M, R C A, J B, W S, W R.
Crowland—F M O, A R, J H.
Chippewa—Rev W C, J D, Dr A, J S, Miss D.
Lambton—R B.
Mohawk—R R.
St Catherine—J W.