

tide, we know whither it will bear us, and are surely determined to commit our fortunes to its guidance, we are apt, when it subsides, and the calmer reason begins to look around, to find ourselves where we little expected, and have no right to be.

The same thing is true of the inexplicable magnetic atmosphere of crowds. The very pressure of a multitude seems to generate an emotional heat. The air of a congregation is often as densely charged with excitement as a thunder-cloud with electricity. It can be felt in an almost oppressive suspense. None but the strongest mind can resist the power of such an air; and even the strongest is touched and swayed more easily while he is breathing it. The words that move a vast audience to tears or laughter would seem tame and flat, if recited to a single listener. Spiritual excitement and fervor is often only a result of that unconscious sympathy which pervades a mass of people.

But granting that this peril has been safely passed; granting that, by whatever means, genuine religious emotion has been excited; there is

then another and more subtle danger; the mistake of accepting the emotion as "the be all and the end all;" of regarding religion as a matter of feeling, not of principle. Mysticism, and that weak, watery dilution of sentimentalism called the gospel of manhood, lie in that direction. The experience of practical life, if it teaches anything, teaches that the feelings of the moment are no safe guide to action, and that, even in the social world, the man who relies upon impulse and sentiment to regulate his conduct is worse than a broken reed. There must be an underlying basis of deep-settled conviction; an organized body of principles, through which the emotional nature may pour its vivifying and energizing force. A purely sentimental religion is as unnatural and flabby a thing as that infant phenomenon who recently made his *debut* into the world, destitute of a spinal column. And it is just this framework, this hard and uncomely skeleton of doctrine and discipline, that is apt to be forgotten in the religion of revival times.—*Selected.*

## Christian Life.

### THE COBBLER OF HAMBURG.

On a fine summer evening, in the city of Hamburg, a shoemaker sat at work beneath an awning in front of his shop-window. Crowds of artisans were passing in the street; and above his head was a starling, which seemed to keep up a busy talk with its kind owner; for while it sang and chattered, the happy cobbler would sing one of his fine old German psalm tunes.

While thus engaged, a young Jewish student stopped, and said: "Well, friend, you seem a merry fellow."

Hans looked up, and replied: "Merry! to be sure. I am right merry, my brother; and why should I not be so?"

"All are not so," replied the student, with a sigh; "and your poverty might afford a sufficient excuse for sadness. I confess, friend, I am surprised to see a poor man like you so cheerful."

"Poor!" exclaimed Hans; "how knowest thou, friend, how my account stands with the bank? Poor! I am richer than thou knowest."

"It may be so," said the student, with a smile. "I must have heard of