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Religious Miscellany.

Not Now.

"But he hath been questioned with the devil prayed him that he might be with him."—Mark v. 18.

Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billows' foam,—
Not yet the soothing of thy Father's Home.
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now,—for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now,—for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who pend thee in their lonely sorrow,
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now,—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing;
Not now—for orphan's tears are thickly falling;
They must be gather'd 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now—for many a hungry one is pining;
Thy willing hand must be outstretched and free;
My Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives His answering message to thee.

Not now,—for dungeon walls look stern and gloomy,
And prisoners, sighs sound strangely on the breeze—
Christ's pris'ners, but thy Saviour's noble freemen;
Hast thou no ministry of love for these?

Not now,—for hell's eternal gulf is yawning,
And souls are perishing in hopeless sin;
Jerusalem's bright gates are standing open—
Go to the banished ones, and fetch them in—
Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with me one little hour?

One little hour!—and then the glorious crowning—
The golden harp-strings and the victor's palm,
One little hour!—and then the Hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

C. P.

Waiting on the Lord.

BY REV THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint." This passage from Isaiah sings like the blast of an Alpine horn. The phrase "to wait on God" implies a great deal more than mere patient passivity. There is a world of *meiu* in the Hebrew original. It primarily signifies to be *strong*—strong enough to endure. The word expresses *endurability*, that quality of heart which is typified by a steel spring—one which never bends or breaks under the hardest pressure. Thence the word came to signify *patience* as the opposite of despondency or faithlessness. In the text from Isaiah the word denotes a permanent *habit of mind*—a determined habit that loves to pray—a patient habit that submits to God's discipline—an obedient habit of mind, as we ever says, "Speak Lord! thy servant hearetb." A submissive habit that is ready to receive what God sends, and to bear just what burden of duty God may lay upon it. Waiting on the Lord is *grace*; just as much as the grace of faith in Jesus Christ.

When I see a child on its mother's knee, with its mouth receiving such food as the mother chooses to give, I see a type of this grace; for the child that waits on God is nourished by his living God. When one of my baby-boys stretches his arms for me to carry him on a walk, I see a type of this grace; for the soul that waits on God is carried by him over life's dark and perilous places. When I see a docile pupil listening to her teacher's voice, I behold a type of the humble docility that sits down in God's school to be taught the hardest lessons of adversity and the most precious revelations of divine love. When I once met a soldier's wife waiting with her petition in Abraham Lincoln's antechamber, I there took away a striking emblem of confiding faith that waits on God in prayer, knowing how ready he is to grant the fullest blessing.

This blessing hangs as heavily laden with grapes as a Hamburgh vine with its generous clusters. In the first place, waiting on the Lord gives us *strength*. Those who were spiritually weak are strong; those who had some degree of strength grow stronger. When I go every summer to Saratoga, languid, weak and unstrung, I linger long place by one of its tonic springs, and "wait" upon the bubbling waters until I find a new life creeping out through my ten fingers, until exertion becomes a perfect joy, and until I can mount a pulpit as a lark rises singing to its tree. All this vitality ran into me from that vital spring. Just such a well spring to the soul is our heavenly Lord. He restores, he heals, he makes our weak will as with iron, he unstops our mouth to speak as with tongue of fire; nay, he can do all things through Christ which strengthen us. Here is the secret of the power of such spiritual giants as Elijah, Daniel, Paul—of Luther, Knox, Bunyan, and Lyman Beecher. If we inquire where they got their emphasis of action, and such victory over the devil, we shall find that their power all lay in their constant waiting on the Lord. They were eminently men of prayer. They walked and talked with God. They lived in the omnipotent element of his grace. They possessed the spirit of the knees, and through a fervent wrestling prayer, they drew down into their own souls a fulness of strength which gave them the victory. "I have so much to do," said Luther, "that I cannot get on with less than three hours a day in praying." *Bene oraisse est bene studuisse*, was his favourite motto; it bespeaks a constant waiting on the Lord.

But not only does the man who waits on God renew his strength, he also gets "wings like eagles." Naturalists tell us that the special power of the eagle is in his wings. He can fly in the teeth of a gale, and after playing the monarch for many long hours, he wheels down from the clouds, unwearied to his mountain nest. His "conversation is in the heavens." Bats haunt the caverns, owls flit about among gardens and shrubs, and owls hoots from midnight forests; but eagles are children of the skies and playmates of the storm.

So God means that every soul which waits on him should soar. Not creep—not burrow in the muck and mire of worldliness; not crouch in abject submission as the slave of men and Satan—but soar. When a soul binds itself to God, and lives a life of holy consecration, is is enabled to take wing and dwell in the atmosphere of heaven. He catches inspiration. He rises to the best thoughts, gains a wide outlook, and reaches to a companionship with the spirits of the glorified. He *outlives* the petty vexations and low grovelling desire that drags earthly souls down into the mire. His soul-life is hid with Christ in God. What to him are the fear of man, the greed for gusting mers, the hunger for applause, the fear of poverty, or the dread of death itself. Why should he chafe and fret his spirit with the petty worries and anxieties of the worldling? What cares the eagle, as he bathes his wing in the translucent gold of the upper sky, for all the turmoil, the racket, the clouds, or the lightnings that play far beneath him? He flies in company with the sun! So a heaven-bound soul flies in company with God!

You may do this, my brother, if you will but wait on God; if you will link your inner life to Jesus. You will be amazed at the power of such a religion to lift you up, to carry you clear of low, base, sensual desires; to inspire sweet, pure, holy meditations; to enkindle joy in the darkest seasons of affliction, and to keep you serene and shining as the stars. Try it. Try more prayer. Try more to live with God. Set your affections on things above, and fasten your heart-treasures in heaven. So shall waiting on the Lord renew your strength. You will mount up with wings as eagles; you shall run and not grow weary, you shall walk and not faint.

The Inscription.

"*This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for me?*" Such was the inscription under a picture of Christ on the cross.

A young man stood gazing upon it. He was the son of Christian parents; had been trained in the knowledge of truth and duty; had from childhood been an attendant at the sanctuary and on the means of grace, and at times more or less thoughtful, though he had not given himself to his Saviour.

But now as he read that inscription, "This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for me?" it went like an arrow to his heart, and the thought of a wasted and wasting life rose up before him, with all its guilty ingratitude, its neglect of the Saviour, its unfulfilled obligations, and its pressing duties; and he resolved, in dependence on divine grace, to begin from that day a new life in Christ Jesus, devoting himself to love and serve him, and do his will for time and eternity.

This inscription still repeats its message: "This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for me?" "I have come from heaven to earth; have assumed thy nature; have taught and laboured and suffered and wept and died is the agonies of the cross, lain in the grave, and ascended to heaven—all for thee. And what hast thou done for me? Nothing but to grieve, neglect, disobey, and crucify me afresh, and put me to an open shame. I have died for thee; and dost thou live only for self and the world and sin? My mercies are showered upon thee, but they melt thee not. My truth is ever calling after thee, but you heed it not. Your probation is wasting, your opportunities diminishing, your final account drawing near, and still are you doing nothing for your own salvation, or for the Saviour who died that you might live? Look upon him whom your sins have pierced, and lay to heart the earnest appeal: "*This have I done for thee; what hast thou done for me?*"—*American Messenger.*

A Healthy Religious Life.

In our boyhood we went to a seminary of learning, many miles from home, were the vigorous appetite and robust health taken from a backwood's farm, occasioned us no little discomfort, owing to the idea, then quite prevalent at the institution, that a stomach which would scarcely endure toast and tea, a thin pale face, and legs attenuated almost to invisibility, were marked signs of intellectuality. Little was hoped for the young man whose appetite craved large quantities of beef, potatoes, and bread, and whose superabundant vitality rejoiced in long rambles and the most trying athletic sports. We actually tried to thin down and grow pale; but nature was too strong for our resolution. Of late years, we are happy to know, such foolish errors in regard to health have been exploded in many sections of the country, and are becoming unpopular in others. A sound body, well-developed muscle, pure blood, and capacity for physical endurance, are regarded as in nowise allies of Satan, but gifts of heaven, to be prized not only by the man of business and labor, but by the student, the divine, and even the saint.

If we are not mistaken, ideas of religious life, analogous to those above noticed, prevail in some minds and in some communities, to the no trifling injury of true religion. Christians are instructed, like some of the ancient Gnostics, to hate their own flesh, as though that were possible, and at the same time to love God and their fellow-creatures. They are exhorted to encourage morbid religious views and feelings—to be rough and impolite,—to see all the shadows, and none of the sunshine of life. They are taught that man, at his best estate, is a criminal—and the earth a penal colony, where, under heavy burdens and in chains, it is his duty to drag out life. The eye must not be delighted with landscape and sky; the ear must be closed to the sweet influence of music; the palate denied the luxuries with which the earth abounds. The necessary result of such teaching is most unhealthy. It forms a character thin, withered, and sapless—a feeble religious consumptive, a morbid spiritual dyspeptic, or a croaking misanthrope, and not a genial, noble Christian.

A healthy religious life implies

1. *The new birth.* This is the *beginning*. This is the strong 'ingrafting' into Christ the 'vine, without which the 'branch' cannot grow. Seek first a new heart,—a union with Christ, who is emphatically the Life.

2. The *knowledge and love of the truth*—not all truth, but revealed truth—the divine Word—first its 'sincere milk,' and afterwards its strong meat. Say what you will, there is little hope for a hearty religious growth *which is not largely derived from the nutriment of Bible truth.* Sound doctrine in a church is one of the first things. Error, even in homeopathic quantities, vitiates the blood, and saps the life.

3. *Activity.* He who would enjoy spiritual health, must exercise all his powers vigorously. He must sing, pray, read, think, give and go about doing good. 'By works is faith made perfect,' and not by meditation, self-examination, and prayer alone. By work is spiritual muscle developed, and not by gloomy introspection. Religious activity gives tone to the appetite, purifies the blood, kindles the eye, paints the cheek, and beautifies the whole person.

4. *Malaria.* If you are always breathing malaria, how can you avoid fever? So if you are always in the society of the wicked, and are breathing in the fumes of error, how can you enjoy good spiritual health? Seek, then, as you prize a healthy religious life, good society. It is of infinite importance.—*Telescope.*

How Prayer was Answered.

On my last charge resides a precious family named L——. Since my first acquaintance with the family—ten or twelve years ago—two of its members have been removed by death: the grandfather, who had served God for many years, and one of his daughters, who had suffered severely from epilepsy. The family at present consists of the aged grandmother—ripe for the Church above—one son, his wife and three children. Several years since one of the children was attacked by epilepsy. The fits were strong and frequent, and told powerfully on the child's mind and nervous system. Medical help was procured, but alas! failed. The disease progressed rapidly, and the loving parents had the melancholy conviction fastened upon their minds, that their child was a confirmed epileptic. They saw the gulf into which their little child was sinking, and felt their utter inability to stop her descent. The mother was particularly distressed. The thought of the mental night, starless and hopeless, whose dreamy shadows *were* thrown across that little mind, burdened her soul. Days and nights the subject engrossed her attention, so much so that she found temporary relief no where but at the "throne of grace."

A weekly prayer meeting was held in the house of Bro. L——, where a few of God's little ones met to "trim their lamps" and renew their strength for the trials and conflicts of life. Sister L. had seriously and prayerfully pondered the important question: could it be God's will that her child should sink into imbecility by the influence of epilepsy? She believed that it was not God's will, and resolved to secure the prayers of the little band, at the weekly prayer meeting, in her child's behalf.

The evening for the prayer meeting arrived, and one by one the worshippers, at the time and place of meeting. The service opened as usual with singing and prayer—prayer, united, earnest and believing. At the first opportunity Sister L—, with deep emotion, arose and stated her confidence in God to cure her epileptic child; and requested the prayers of all present in its behalf. The mother's confidence inspired all present, her tears moved every heart, and her impassioned request met a response in every soul.—They prayed. God answered; and from that night until the soul that child has not had a fit nor the symptoms of one. I have seen the child many times since, and conversed with her—a bright intelligent child she is. That's a miracle say some. Call it what you wish. I state the *fact* which I am prepared to prove by a dozen competent witnesses, whose evidence would be taken in any court of justice in Canada.

To the praise and glory of our God we chronicle the statement, that others who are bowed and burdened, may take their case to God and find deliverance. Poor sufferer, God has not changed. Empires and thrones have perished, but God still answers prayer. Hast thou a beloved child in whose soul sin is deeply rooted, enfeebling, destroying and corrupting the soul? O pray. God can break that obdurate heart, change that stubborn will, and save that immortal soul. 'Be not afraid, all things are possible to him that believeth.'

Do financial difficulties burden thee? is thy way hedged up? Have pledged friends proved false? Go to God, brother. He can help thee. Get up, throw off your despondency, there's light beyond the cloud.

Do thy sins burden thee? Is life bitter? Take thy case to the Master, and thou wilt realise his power and willingness to save thee. I repeat it, and ten thousand angels join in the repetition.—Hallelujah, God can save thee and save thee now. "Only believe."

Fellow-labourer, art thou desponding and weary? Cheer thee, brother, thou hast not laboured nor prayed in vain. Stars shall gem the brow of Jesus forever, won by thy toils. And there is more for thee to do. God has engraven thee upon his palms, loves thee, and hears thy cries.

One of the great and pressing wants of our time is prayer. O, for the spirit of prayer! Our class-meetings are formal, our prayer-meetings thinly attended, and our revivals few and short-lived, for want of prayer. O, for more prayer. Brother, will you pray more? Sister, will you pray more? Class-leader, will you pray more? Minister of God, will you pray more? Sinner, on the margin of hell, will you pray?—Will you pray now? You must pray or perish. O, for the spirit of prayer.—*Cor. Christ. Journal.*

WIDOW'S MITE?—Covetous people often seek to shelter themselves behind the widow's mite, and to give a paltry sum to benevolent objects under cover of her contribution. The following incident has a moral for all such. A gentleman called upon a wealthy merchant for a contribution. "Yes, I suppose I must give you my mite," said the rich man. "You mean the widow's mite, I suppose?" replied the other. "To be sure I do." The gentleman continued, "I will be satisfied with half as much as she gave." "How much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars," he answered. "Give me, then, a check for thirty-five thousand; that will be just half as much as the widow gave, for she gave all she had." It was a new idea to the wealthy merchant.

Religious Intelligence.

The Bible in China.

A grand work meditated. Read the following paper, one of the most remarkable of these missionary times:

FUHCHAU, Dec. 30, 1864.

To the Protestant Missions in China:

DEAR BRETHREN,—At a meeting of the American Methodist Episcopal Mission, held in this city November 30th, 1864, the undersigned were appointed a committee to correspond with the other Protestant Missions in China with regard to initiating measures for procuring, as soon as practicable, in the general language of China, a standard version of "The Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments; translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised."

In calling your attention to this subject, we deem it necessary to dwell upon the many considerations which will readily occur to your own minds in its favor. We are happy to believe that all the Protestant missionaries laboring among the Chinese are united in opinion as to the propriety and importance of having one uniform and standard version of the sacred Scriptures in the general language of China. The evils resulting from circulating, in the same language, different versions of the word of God, are so great and manifold that no Christian mind can reflect upon the subject without profound sorrow. You, doubtless, have deplored the apparent antagonism which have existed for years between the great representative Bible Societies of Europe and America, and also between the different Protestant missions in China on this subject. You have lamented the fact that the Chinese converts to Christianity, instead of studying and imprinting on their minds one uniform version of the sacred Scriptures, are now using translations differing widely from each other; translations which their respective advocates admit to be imperfect, and which they say ought to be at once improved.

In view of these considerations, we cannot refrain from expressing to you our solemn conviction that the time has come, when a general and earnest effort should be made by Protestant missionaries to obtain a uniform and standard version of the Bible in the general language of China; and we believe that the accomplishment of the proposed object is entirely practicable. We believe also that such an effort is demanded by the spirit of our holy Christianity that it will be approved by the Christian Church throughout the world, and that it will receive the indorsement and support of the Bible Societies in Europe and America.

We are not insensible to the difficulties in the way of the proposed enterprise. We are aware that to some the existing differences of opinion among the Protestant missionaries in China with reference to the terms for God and Spirit, and the principles of translation, appear so divergent and irreconcilable, that any effort to procure at present one uniform and standard version of the sacred Scriptures must inevitably fail. But we cannot believe that the present conflicting views of Protestant missionaries are to become stereotyped, and indicate for all coming time the normal state of the Christian Church in China. Christianity is indeed "militant" as against its enemies; must it in China be "militant" as against its friends? If it is to destroy the works of the devil; in China must it, Saturn-like, devour its own offspring? We have had experience in all our own missions, and in the missionary corps at this station, of the difficulties with regard to terms and principles of translation, and yet we have prepared and are now putting to press a uniform version of the New Testament in the Fuhchau colloquial dialect, which is to be used as the standard version in our respective missions and the native Churches under our care. The members of the undersigned committee represent, in their personal sentiments, the two classes of opinion which prevail among Protestant missionaries in China with regard to the terms for God and Spirit, and the principles of translation; and yet we have been able cordially to co-operate in preparing the above named colloquial version of the New Testament. At Peking, we learn, that Protestant missionaries of different opinions unite in preparing one uniform version of the New Testament in the mandarin colloquial. At other mission stations in China there is, we are happy to learn, a growing disposition among the missionaries to harmonize, as far as practicable, in carrying forward their common work. In view of these facts, we conceive it to be entirely practicable for missionaries, who entertain different views on the controverted points, to unite in preparing one uniform and standard version of the entire Bible in the general language of China. We believe that some fifty years of research and discussion have developed sufficient light on these subjects to guide us, even now, to the proposed standard version of the sacred Scriptures; and it is our conviction that the present is as favorable a time for making the effort as any we may expect for years to come.

If it be expected of us that, in making the foregoing proposition, we should indicate the general principles on which the proposed version should be made, we may briefly say: That it should be as close, in spirit and letter, to the inspired original as the character of the languages will allow; that it should be idiomatic, and adapted to the taste of the educated reader, while it is also intelligible to the common people.

If called upon to suggest a plan for the practical execution of the work, we beg to present the following outline:

1st. Let the work of preparing the first draft of the proposed version be distributed among the co-operating stations; the work to be performed within a specified time.

2d. For the final revision of the work and the setting of the text of the proposed version, let there be a general committee elected by the co-operating stations, allowing say one member to each station. This committee shall meet at some designated place, and shall have plenary power, under the general principles of translation indicated above, to revise and change the first draft of translations submitted to them, so as to give consistency and uniformity to the version; and their decisions shall be final.

Without further remarks, we now beg to bring the subject directly before you by soliciting your early reply to the following questions:

1st. Do you consider the accomplishment of the proposed object to be desirable and practicable?

2d. What plan, or modification of the plan suggested above, would you offer for its accomplishment?

3d. Will you co-operate in any general effort that may be made on the basis proposed above, or any other to secure the desired object?

Commending the subject to your earnest and prayerful attention, we are, dear brethren, yours very truly,

R. S. MACLAY, } Committee.
O. GIBSON. }

General Miscellany.

The American Situation.

John G. Whittier writes in the *Village*, Amesbury, Mass., his views of the present danger of the country and duty of her loyal people, from which we quote as follows:

"In spite of all the revelations of the utterly barbarous character of slavery and its direful effect upon all connected with it, we were on the very point of trusting to its most criminal defenders the task of re-establishing the State governments of the South, leaving the real Union men, white as well as black, at the mercy of those who have made hatred a religion and murder a sacrament. The nation needed one more terrible lesson. It has it in the murder of its beloved Chief Magistrate and the attempted assassination of its honored prime minister, the two men of all others prepared to go farthest to smooth the way of defeated rebellion back to allegiance.

"Even now, the lesson of these terrible events seems but half learned. In the public utterances I hear much of punishing and hanging leading traitors, fierce demands for vengeance, and threats of the summary chastisement of domestic sympathizers with treason, but comparatively little is said of the accursed cause—the prolific mother of abominations, slavery. The Government is exhorted to remember that it does not bear the sword in vain—the Old Testament is ransacked for texts of Oriental hatred, and examples of the revenges of a semi-barbarous nation—but, as respects 4,000,000 of unmistakably loyal people of the South, the patient, long-suffering, kind-hearted victims of oppression—only here and there a voice pleads for their endowment with the same rights of citizenship which are to be accorded to the rank and file of disbanded rebels. The Golden Rule of the Sermon on the Mount is not applied to them. Much is said of exacting justice upon rebels; little of justice to loyal black men. Hanging a few ringleaders for treason, it seems to be supposed, is all that is needed to restore and re-establish the revolted States. The negro is to be left powerless in the hands of the "white trash," who hate him with bitter hatred, exceeding that of the large slaveholders.

"In short, four years of terrible chastisement—of God's unmistakable judgments—have not taught us, as a people, their lesson, which could scarcely be plainer if it had been written in letters of fire on the sky. Why is it that we are so slow to learn, so unwilling to confess that SLAVERY is the accursed thing which whets the knife of murder, and transforms men, with the exterior of gentlemen and Christians, into fiends? How pitiful is our exultation over the capture of the wretched Booth and his associates! The great criminal, of whom he and they were but paltry instruments, still stalks abroad in the pine woods of Jersey, where the State has thrown around him her legislative sanction and protection. He is in Pennsylvania thrusting the black man from public conveyances. Wherever God's children are despised, insulted and abused on account of their color, there is the real assassin of the President still at large. I do not wonder at the indignation which has been awakened by the late outrage, for I have painfully shared it. But let us see to it that it is rightly directed. The hanging of a score of Southern traitors will not restore Abraham Lincoln nor atone for the mighty loss. In wreaking revenge upon these miserable men, we must see to it that we do not degrade ourselves and do dishonor to the sacred memory of the dead. We do well to be angry; and, if need be, let our wrath was seven times hotter, until that which 'was a murderer from the beginning' is consumed from the face of the earth. As the people stand by the grave of Lincoln let them lift their right hands to heaven and take a solemn vow upon their souls, to give no sleep to their eyes nor slumber to their eyelids, until slavery is hunted from its last shelter, and every man, black and white, stands equal before the law.

"In dealing with the guilty leaders and instigators of the rebellion, we should beware how we take counsel of passion. Hatred has no place beside the calm and awful dignity of justice. Human life is still a very sacred thing; Christian forbearance and patience are still virtues. For my own part, I should be satisfied to see the chiefs of the great treason go out from among us homeless, exiled forever, with the brand of Cain on their foreheads, carrying with them, wherever they go, the avenging *Nemesis* of conscience. We cannot take lessons, at this late day, in their school of barbarism; we cannot starve and torture them as they have starved and tormented our soldiers. Let them live. Perhaps that is, after all, the most terrible penalty. For wherever they hide themselves the story of their guilt will pursue them—they can have no rest nor place save in that deep repentance, which, through the mercy of God, is possible even for them.

"I have no disposition to stand between these men and justice. If arrested they can have no claim to exemption from the liabilities of criminals. But it is not simply a question of their deserts that is to be considered; we are to take into account our own reputation as a Christian people, and the humane instincts of the age, which forbid all unnecessary severity. Happily we are not called upon to take counsel of our fears. Rabbinical writers tell us that evil spirits who are once baffled in a contest with human beings lose from henceforth all power of further mischief. The defeated rebels are in the precise condition of those Jewish demons. Deprived of slavery, they are weaps who have lost their stings.

"As respects the misguided masses of the South, the shattered and crippled remnants of the armies of treason, the desolate wives, mothers and children mourning for dear ones who have fallen in a vain and hopeless struggle, it seems to me our duty is very plain. We must forgive their treason and welcome and encourage their returning loyalty. None but cowards will insult and taunt the defeated and defenceless. We must feed and clothe the destitute, instruct the ignorant, and, bearing patiently with the bitterness and prejudice which will doubtless for a time thwart our efforts and misinterpret our motives, aid them in rebuilding their States on the foundation of freedom. Our sole enemy was slavery, and slavery is dead. We have now no quarrel with the people of the South, who have really more reason than we have to rejoice over the downfall of a system which impeded their material progress, perverted their religion, shut them out from the sympathies of the world, and ridged their land with the graves of their victims.

"We are victors—the cause of all this evil and suffering is removed forever—and we can afford to be magnanimous. How better can we evince our gratitude to God for his great mercy than in doing good to those who have hated us, and in having compassion on those who have despitefully used us. The hour is hastening for us all when our sole ground of dependence will be the mercy and forgiveness of God. Let us endeavour so to feel and act in our relations to the people of the South that we can repeat in sincerity the prayer of our Lord: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,' reverently acknowledging that he has indeed 'led captivity captive and received gifts for men; yes, for the *rebellious* also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.'

J. G. W."

Mr. Lincoln's Story about Daniel Webster.

The artist Carpenter, says that Mr. Lincoln once told him the following story: While gazing at a procession of Sunday School Scholars, Mr. Lincoln said, "I heard a story about Daniel Webster when a lad, which was new to me, and has been running in my head all the morning." "When quite young at school, Daniel was one day guilty of a gross violation of the rules. He was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was the old fashioned 'feruling' of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk he *spit* upon the palm of his right hand, wiping it off on the side of his pantaloons. 'Give me you hand, sir,' said the teacher very sternly. Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said, 'Daniel, if you will find another hand in this school room as filthy as that, I will let you off this time?' Instantly from behind his back came the left hand' 'Here it is,' was the ready reply. 'That will do, said the teacher, 'for this time you can take your seat, sir.'"

Welsh Pronouns.

A late inspector of Her Majesty's schools while on a tour in Wales, was examining a class. One of the questions asked was, "Repeat the Lord's Prayer," and he was much surprised to find they did not know a single word of it, so he had it written on the black-board, and then set the class to learn it. On his again asking them to repeat it, they did so, with the exception of one little girl, who seemed as if it were really beyond her powers of comprehension to do so. Turning to the master he asked the reason, and received for his reply the following: "Yes, sir, him be very dull. I often beat she, but it won't learn." The same inspector once put up at an hotel and called for a boot-jack. When the maid brought it she said, "Here she is, sir." "Stay," said our traveller, "you should not call it she, because it is a Jack, and therefore must be a he." "Ah, sure, sir," said the girl, "I should not call him she, because her name is Jack."

Got.

The word "got" is often used superfluously and incorrectly in familiar expressions. When, in reply two my "Lend me a shilling," you say, "I've got no money," you simply say what you do not mean. Omit the "got" and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a cold," is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but if you merely want to say, as you probably do, that "you are suffering under a cold," "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here, "got" is an interloper, for you do not mean to say that she has produced a fair complexion," but simply that she had one. "I've got to go to town to-morrow." Here "got" is redundant and incorrect. "I have to go" expresses the idea.

Ministerial.

Hints to Ministers.

APPLICATION OF THE SERMON.

I was the other day much struck with a singular fact, in looking into the "Masterpieces of Pulpit Eloquence," in regard to that wonderful sermon of Jonathan Edwards, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God." It was this—only six pages were occupied in the main body of the sermon, while the *application filled seven pages!* I wonder how many sermons now-a-days would furnish a parallel?

It set me thinking. I looked into the biographical sketch of Edwards, preceeding the sermon, and read this: "In vain did any one attempt to escape from falling a prey under his mighty *appeal*. It was in the *application* of his subject that he specially excelled. The part of the sermon before this was only preparatory. Here was the stretching out of the arms of the discourse upon the hearts and lives of his audience. It was a kind of moral inquisition, and sinners were put upon argumentative racks, and beneath screws, and with an awful revolution of the great truth in hand, evenly and steadily screwed down and crushed." I recalled, also, speaking I happened to know as to how Lyman Beecher preached. He, too, spent the best part of his sermon, very much, in getting ready. His rods are soon brought forth, and all laid before the people, in plain sight. Now look out! If heretofore there have been any leaves on those rods, like a genuine Yankee school master, he strips them off; and quick those whips are thrust back and forth through the hot embers of his own soul, and then plied with redoubled strokes upon the backs of the offenders! Blow upon blow! and tighter as he glows! He is all astir! He is terribly intent! He gives the sinner no room—presses upon him—narrows his way—hems him in—smites him harder and harder, and holds not till quivering and breathless he crouches between Sinai and the Cross. Here is power—in the *application*.

Bishop Burnet says, a sermon, the application whereof makes the auditory look pleased, and sets them all talking with each other, was certainly not rightly spoken, or not rightly heard; it has been fine, and has probably delighted the congregation, rather than done it good; but that sermon that makes every one go away silent, and grave, and hastening to be alone to meditate and pray the matter over in secret, has had a true effect. The conclusion ought to be lively and animating, full of great and beautiful figures, aiming to move the affections, and excite to immediate action. The fire of the preacher should blaze there; he should concentrate the arguments and ideas of his whole sermon into this part, as the rays are collected into the focus of a burning-glass. Every part of the sermon should be brought to bear upon this point, so as to form an irresistible and overwhelming moral force—sweeping away the refuges of lies—blazing with the light of the meridian sun upon the darkness of the spirit—and rousing forth, by the omnipotent energy of truth, its slumbering energies.

In conversation with an American clergyman, Dr. Chalmers said, a sermon, properly considered, consists of two parts, *exposition* and *application*. The hearers, first of all, must see what is the mind of God in the text, and then, that mind of God is to be used for their reformation. The power does not lie simply in the truth, but in the truth perceived to be of God. When this point seems to have been gained, then the power of preaching is the power of God. Hence, careful exposition, showing beyond all question what is the mind of God in the text, is the indispensable first thing in every sermon. Without this, the sword of the Spirit is, practically, not there. The sword sheathed is of no avail. Let it be first drawn by exposition; and then, let it be wielded with a will.

A caution, however, may here be in place. The desire to render the application effective, may make the sermon too long. We are not living in the seventeenth century; when, as Bishop Burnet says, on a fast day there were six sermons preached without intermission. Philip Henry used to begin at nine in the morning, and never leave the pulpit until about four in the afternoon, spending all that time in praying and expounding, and singing and preaching, to the admiration of the house that heard him. John Howe's method was as follows: he began at nine in the morning, with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, read and expounded Scripture for about three quarters of an hour; the people then sung a quarter of an hour, during which he retired, and took some refreshment; he then went into the pulpit again, preached another hour, prayed an hour, the people then sung a quarter of an hour, and a prayer of a quarter of an hour concluded the service. This will not do to-day! Commonly, sermons are long enough; some, far too long. As a rule, in my opinion, they should not go much, if any, beyond half an hour. The criticism upon a popular preacher, "He is a finished sermonizer, with a fine imagination and a good deal of genuine pathos, and if he only knew when he got to the right stopping place, would be just the preacher I should like; each time when I heard him I said to myself, 'There, if you would stop right there, you would leave just the impression I want to retain;' but he always had some one or two other 'remarks' which he must make, as he said to do justice to the subject, and before he was through I was weary; he is popular with his congregation in every respect but this—he preaches too long sermons;"—this criticism, I say, might be applied to a great many preachers.

Therefore, let not the wish to give power to the ending of the sermon, betray one into too great length. An application may be all the more effective for being short. But short or long, let the remark of William Taylor in his "Model Preacher," be borne in mind—"Often when a preacher has driven a nail in a sure place, instead of clinching, and securing well the advantage, he hammers away till he breaks the head off, or splits the board." When one has preached the hearers into a good frame, why keep on till he has preached them out of it?

Versus Tobacco.

Of every hundred persons who use tobbacco in any form, ninety-nine are injured by it, some in a greater, and some in a less, degree. The common use of it is an evil for which there is no apology—an evil on an enormous scale, enfeebling the bodies and minds of millions of our people and annually wasting millions of dollars. It is no apology for this to say that other practices are greater sins. Indeed there are few practices working greater ruin of mind and body in our land than the practices of chewing, and snuffing. Thousands of children whose very countenances show that they are being poisoned with tobacco meet us upon the streets of the cities and town. They are doomed to die prematurely, or grow up with rickety bodies and shattered minds.

Will the christian world never awake to a sense of the enormity of the evil of the use of tobacco?

The following facts and opinions are submitted to the consideration of the candid:

MINISTERS AND TOBACCO

The Revd. Bishop Ames, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, while holding a conference recently, expressed the opinion that, 'a very large proportion of the funds which are collected for superannuated preachers are paid to men who, by the excessive use of tobacco, have mentally and physically disqualified themselves for the itinerant work.

A religious journal, commenting on this remarks: 'In the body, mind, and usefulness of God's ministers to be sacrificed to this indulgence, and then are churches to be called upon to sustain them when laid aside.'

POOR COPY