

have their sufferings ceased to thrill the general heart. Long have some of their softest whisperers at the stake, been oracles to support the suffering, and watch-words to animate the valiant for the truth.

The time will come, when Christ will be taken, not one island only, but the earth for his possession. The price has been paid—the transfer made—the time for actual possession appointed—the approach of that time divinely indicated. Let us imagine that future period to have come. There is Christendom purged of its corruption; India without its caste; China without its wall of selfishness; Africa without its chains; earth without its curse. All its kingdoms consolidated into one vast spiritual empire, are happy in the reign of Christ and prostrate at his feet. And will it form no part of the employment of that blessed time, to trace back that grand consummation to all the trains of instrumentality which led to it? It will doubtless form a part of the occupation of heaven itself. And in the prosecution of that inquiry, will there be one period whose annals shall be referred to with surpassing interest? One, from which that great ocean of result will be found to have derived many of the most important springs and streams of Christian influence? That period will doubtless prove our own. And will not he be among the happiest Christians then, who perceives that by embarking his all in the cause of Christ, he has an ample revenue of glory to lay at his Savior's feet.—*Dr. Harris.*

BLESSED EFFECTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

When subjected to the multifarious ills which flesh is heir to, what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation! What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief, that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardship you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this, only let me trust in my Saviour, and pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence, and I will fear no evil; I will rise superior to affliction: I will rejoice in my tribulation. But let invidious interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and

all my expectation to a few years, as uncertain as they are short, and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burden of distress? or where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell, but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of cold water to refresh me in the weariness and the faintness of my pilgrimage.—*Thomson.*

READING.—Among the amusements that can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an interesting newspaper or book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has already had enough, or perhaps, too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness. It transports him into a livelier and gayer, and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself the next day with the money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and family—and without a head-ache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if what he had been reading be anything above the idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of, besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure. If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading.—*Sir J. Herschell.*

POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

Review the history of our religion. See it, on the day of Pentecost, "beginning at Jerusalem;" melting into penitence the bigotted and cruel multitude whose hands were yet reeking with its author's blood; spreading, in despite the power and malice of its enemies, through Judea and the surrounding provinces; gathering its trophies in the idolatrous cities of Asia; crossing into Greece, confuting the philosophy of Athens; reaching Italy, entering the palaces of the Cæsars, flying with the Roman eagles, to the farthest corners of the earth; and reforming the habits and moulding the polity of nations, the most diverse in their origin, circumstances, and laws. See its influence on the character of individuals; how it turns the proud, unsocial Jew into the disinterested lover of mankind; the persecuting Saul into the affectionate apostle: the heathen of Antioch into Christian confessors; the scoffers of Athens—