

But, sir, would any of your able correspondents have the goodness to tell us (if they can) why it happens that Protracted Meetings are so very popular with the mere worldly and irreligious part of society, seeing we find that *one day*, or a *few hours* spent in the worship of God, on the holy sabbath which he has appointed, is so unpopular, and so much disliked by them? The Sabbath of the Lord! than it, what is more wearisome to them. What then would have been the case, and how would such have felt if God had or should appoint a protracted Sabbath of four, eight, or fourteen days? How comes it to pass, then, that eight, ten, or fourteen days' meetings are so cried up, run after, and desired by them? There must be an existing cause, but can it be good, can it be spiritual, can it be holy? Nay, nay; for the Apostle says the carnal mind is enmity against God; nor can it be love of religion, nor of the service and worship of God that makes those meetings pleasing and popular with the above characters, but some other cause. I wish some one would say what that cause is. Supposing, then, that instead of the present method of conducting Protracted Meetings, these characters were called upon to spend four days, eight days, or fourteen days in their closets, with their Bibles and their God, in humble contrition for sin, and supplication for mercy to themselves and others,—I do not say all the days, but just as much of each as they would be ready and pleased to spend at the Protracted Meeting, would the same rage and readiness be manifested as is for the present method? Alas! not, and yet who will deny but that this latter is the most certain way to obtain and secure the blessing of God upon *his ordinances*, and a *true* revival of religion in his churches.

OMEGA.

STANZAS,

Unto him who loved us, and gave himself for us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

REVELATION.

HOW HATH HE LOV'D US?—Ask the star
That on its wond'rous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger scene
Where he, Messiah, bow'd his head;
He, who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn—NO ROOM.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,
With legends of the Saviour fraught;
Speak, favor'd Olivet, so oft
At midnight's prayerful vigil sought—
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent his weary feet did lave.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the band
That fled his woes with breathless haste,
Ask the weak friend's denial tone
Scarce by his bitterest tears effac'd;
Yes, ask the traitor's kiss—and see
What Jesus hath endur'd for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Shrunk from that moisture strangely red,
Which in that unwatch'd hour of pain
His agonizing temples shed!
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswering lamb he bore.

How hath he lov'd us? Ask the cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky;
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cerements at his fearful cry,
O! ask no more; but bow thy pride,
And yield thy heart to him who died.

L. H. S.