

of the Divine support ! The first idea of infancy is resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick-room experiences confirm the impression when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our Heavenly Father the arms are felt but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness and trouble ; for God knoweth our feebleness, He remembers that we are but dust.

We often sink very low under the weight of sorrows. Sudden disappointments can carry us, in an hour, from the heights down to the very depths. Props that we leaned upon are stricken away. What God means by it very often, is just to bring us down to "the everlasting arms !" We did not feel our need of them before. We were "making flesh our arm," and relying on human comforts or resources.

There is something about deep sorrow that tends to wake up the child-feeling in all of us. A man of giant intellect becomes like a little child when a great grief smites him, or when a grave opens beneath his bedroom or his fireside. I have seen a stout sailor—who laughed at the tempest—come home when he was sick, and let his old mother nurse him as if he were a baby. He was willing to lean on the arms that never failed him. So a Christian in the time of trouble is brought to this child-feeling. He wants to lean somewhere, to talk to somebody, to have somebody love him and hold him up.

One great purpose in all affliction is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. What new strength and peace it gives to feel them underneath us ! We know that far as we have sunk, we cannot go any farther. Those mighty arms can not only hold us ; they can lift us up. They can carry us along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a resting on the everlasting arms. The sublime act of Jesus our Redeemer was to descend to the lowest depths of human depravity and guilt, and to bring up His redeemed ones from that horrible pit to His loving arms. Faith is just the clinging to those arms and nothing more.—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

BOOTH'S THEATRE.

Mr. Booth, a few years since, built his theatre avowedly for the purpose of proving the possibility of maintaining successfully a legitimate drama in New York City. He was reputed to be one of the finest living tragedians. His theatre—we speak from common rumour, not from personal knowledge—was freed, as far as possible, from those incidental evils which have made the ordinary theatre a disgrace and a danger. The author most popular on his stage was Shakespeare. No pains or expense was spared in auxiliaries. If ever a theatre was unexceptionable, it was Booth's. If ever there was a temple dedicated to histrionic art which the scrupulous might attend, it was this temple. Many who never went to any theatre went thither, either without scruple, or with scruples silenced and sung to sleep. Theological students went—to study elocution. Deacons and elders went—to impart to their children a love for Shakespeare. It was to be an educator. Here the drama was to be made the handmaid, if not of religion, at least of good morals. Here the precepts of humanity and philanthropy were to be preached through all the week. Here neither the French melodrama nor the shameless ballet should shock the sensibilities of the virtuous.

The result is bankruptcy. The proprietor is insolvent ; the theatre passes into other and less scrupulous hands. We do not exult over the future. Nay ! such a failure is far more honourable than the ordinary theatrical success. But we can hardly err in drawing the conclusion that the hopes of those who aim to purify and preserve the drama are chimerical. Repeated failures demonstrate the impracticability of the well-meant attempt. The theatres live by the patronage of those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God ; and even in such a metropolis as New York city, there are not enough who desire a purified drama to keep one theatre from bankruptcy.

We believe it was Mr. Beecher who said, There is one serious difficulty in the way of a moral theatre, the difficulty of finding a treasurer.