

to wander to and fro over all the earth, seeking for ease and quiet. But ere long the horizon is darkened, the clouds gather, the tempests blow, and we are amazed. Amazed, indeed! what is there here beneath the circle of the sun which heaven has fashioned like the soul! Or where does it find its centre, there to remain and be at rest forever? Is not its mate a being of to-day, whose mightiest boastings are like air, whose standing is shaken in a moment, and whose fortunes all seem gathered within a narrow space, or play around a single point of time! Can earth, or sky, or vast creation bound the stretch of thought, or fill the mighty void? No, verily:

"There's nothing here deserves our joys,
There's nothing like our God."

In him alone true happiness is to be found. He hath so ordained it, that nothing but himself can stay the aberrations of the mind, and fix the soul permanently.—God is the true centre of all happiness and enjoyment. When we arrive within the influence of his attracting love, we breathe an air, pure, untroubled and serene. We move no longer at random; but by the immutable law of love, sweetly revolve around our Father and our God, feeling full upon our souls the refracted rays of his benevolence, truth and mercy. It is God who lifts us up above the world, sets our feet upon a rock, establishes our goings, and puts a new song into our mouth. We reach by faith the suburbs of the heavenly world, and scale the mount of bliss. Are we seeking happiness from impure motives, under unhallowed influences, directed by base principles? We have no lot nor part in the matter. Let us rather raise our thoughts to heaven and fix our eyes on him who is invisible. Let us seek the friendship of the great God, he who has condescended to call himself our Father and our friend, and by our lives and conversation, show that we have indeed been with Jesus. Then we shall feel and know a happiness complete and lasting which shall never be taken away from us; but which will grow brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.—*Calvary Taken*

Brothers and Sisters.

BROTHERS and sisters should never envy each other. It might be supposed that envy would have no place in hearts so closely united; but even among children of one family it often springs up and produces the most bitter effects. The idea that one receives more of a parent's favor than the rest, or is more noticed by the world, has sometimes kindled an envy that has destroyed all the attachments and sweets of domestic life. How dreadful were the effects of this evil passion in the family of Jacob! How did it root out every kind of feeling from the breasts of Joseph's brethren, and prepare them for the blackest deeds!—O guard against this sin, which like the serpent in Eden, will, if you yield to its temptations, destroy your innocence and peace.

Brothers and sisters should tenderly sympathize with each other in affliction. If we are bound to shew pity to a stranger's, how much more to those of our nearest kindred. How soothing to a sufferer are the ministrings of a sister, or the tender accents of a brother's voice. Extend this consolation whenever you are called in the providence of God to do it; especially if you have a brother visited with sickness, let no kind attention be withheld that it is in your power to afford.

Consumption.

THESE is a dread disease which so prepares its victim as it were for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet and solemn, and the result so sure that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

The Worship of God.

For the Calliopean.

"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God," is the command of Divine Inspiration; and who that contemplates the nature and tendency of this sacred exercise but must be struck with its peculiar adaptation to man even in his fallen and depraved condition. "In order to discern more clearly the salutary influence of Divine worship upon the human mind, we need only contrast its effects with those resulting from homage paid to other deities.

The benighted worshiper of Moloch viewed without even an averted eye, or anxious brow, the writhings of her tender offspring, as it perished in the scorching embrace of her iron God. She returned from the horrid sacrifice, not with the yearnings of parental affection, but with the fountain of maternal love forever stayed. The follower of Mahomet wanders, a stranger to all the endearments of home and friends, that he may bow before the Prophet's tomb. He worships, and the baser propensities of his nature are excited to luxuriant growth, as the convivialities of a voluptuous paradise pass before his vitiated imagination. The devotee of Juggernaut falls prostrate before the ponderous car of his insatiate deity, and sinks, laden with guilt and crime, into an unknown eternity.

Not so with him who worships the Christian's God. Though oppressed with sin and borne down by transgression, he approaches the mercy seat, yet by faith he looks upward and appropriates the righteousness of a crucified saviour.

He gazes upon the perfections of a Being of spotless purity; and gazing is transformed into the glorious image of his Creator.

The storm of his tumultuous passions subsides; the asperities of a corrupt nature are subdued; and that mind, hitherto like the troubled sea casting up mire and dirt, now reposes placid and serene in the sunshine of an approving conscience, and beneath the smiles of a reconciled God.

In his pristine state, man communed with his Creator face to face, and enjoyed continually the light of his countenance. But sin, with its deforming and blighting influences entered our world, and he, who was formed in the image of God, is no longer susceptible of those high spiritual aspirations which glow in the bosoms of spotless intelligences, is compelled to view through the types and shadows of a ceremonial law, that glory, which he had hitherto looked upon with unobscured vision.

Still those who trusted in God, found his worship their delight. With alacrity the pious Abel collected together the firstlings of his flock and presented them upon the sacrificial altar. In the days of Seth, we hear the united voices of assembled multitudes calling upon the name of Jehovah.

No sooner had the waves of the deluge subsided, than he who had braved the fury of the tempest, prepares to worship the God of his salvation. Alienated from their rightful heritage, and strangers in an enemies land, the Patriarchal Fathers still adhered to their sacred ordinances.

Amid the pomp and grandeur of Egyptian loyalty, the foster Son of Pharaoh's daughter chose rather to join the worshipping throng of afflicted brethren, than participate in the festive scenes of imperial revelry and mirth.

Lost in astonishment, the wondering Israelites fall prostrate before the Holy Mount, overwhelmed with the glory which burst upon them, as they worshipped their father's God. In defiance, the intrepid Daniel shunned not to hold daily communion at the throne of grace; and strong in the power hence derived, he sits composed within the lion's den.

Thus, did the early worshippers of a typical dispensation appreciate the privilege of calling upon the name of God.

But this shadowy system is to endure only for a season. You mysterious luminary, which has already engaged the attention of eastern sages, betokens the approach of a more auspicious era. While Bethlehem's humble shepherds listen to the pealing anthem which echoes from the heavenly world, the star moves on, with undeviating course, until its rays brighten on the cheerless solitude of that lonely stable, in which is laid the Prince of Peace. There, in an infant form, the eastern Magi recognized the object of their search—the fulfilment of ancient prophecy—the only hope of fallen man. With rapturous delight they cast their of-