

## Sabbath Meditations.

### Good and Bad Works—Their Immortality.

The witnesses against some men we have reason to believe, will be crowding into the eternal world to the end of time, the indictment against them not being filled up till the last result of their iniquity is developed. A man, for example, who writes an immoral, but immortal book, may be tracked into eternity by a procession of lost souls from every generation; every one of them to be a witness against him at the judgment, to show to him and the universe the immeasurable dreadfulness of his iniquity. A man whose teachings or whose influence remain behind him for evil, does in a solemn sense remain sinning in this world, long after his soul has gone forward into the land of spirits. And it must be an awful reception which such a man gives to the witnesses of his guilt, as they come into his company, covered with the mantle of his sins, filled with the element of perdition ministered by his soul to theirs. It may have been the dread of that, that made the rich man in his torments beseech father Abraham to send Lazarus to testify unto his five brethren, lest they also should come into that place of torment. But the good works of good men are as immortal as the bad works of evil men. They, too, are swift messengers, but bright celestial ones, before the throne of God in judgment. They, too, come trooping into the eternal world as witnesses, long after the authors of them have entered on their reward. And who can tell the blessedness of such men as Baxter, Bunyan, Doddridge, Flavel and others, when they see, generation after generation, the results and marks of their own earthly labors, in souls that follow after them to glory. No good that they have done can ever be hid. Not a cup of cold water given to a disciple, nor a widow's mite put into Christ's treasury, nor a penitent tear, nor a fervent, faithful prayer, nor any thought or deed of self-denying love, but is recorded in the book of life, and sends on its witnesses for the great day. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*Cheever*.

### The Reign of Right.

BY A. D. RICHARDSON.

There shall come a reign of glory,  
Glory never known before;  
For truth shall hold her mighty sceptre;  
Right shall yield to wrong no more.

Many a weary eye is watching,  
Watching for that glorious day;  
But before its dawn, the eyelid  
May be closed in death for aye.

Many a care-worn soul is trusting,  
Trusting that it soon shall come;  
For then the spirit, worn and weary,  
Shall find Earth a peaceful home.

Many an aching heart is praying,  
Praying for that light to beam;  
In earnest, fervent accents pleading  
Flooding with the Great Supreme.

Many a ready hand is toiling,  
Toiling hard to bring it on;  
Though long we may await the coming,  
Earth shall one day see its dawn.

Let us ne'er be weary watching,  
Watching for that glorious light;  
It shall dawn upon the nations,  
Scatter darkness, and the night.

It will be a day of glory,  
Glory never known before;  
For truth shall wield her mighty sceptre;  
Right shall yield to wrong no more.

—*Whisper Magazine*.

### The Christian Physician.

The physician comes, not when the spirit is chafed by the collisions and disappointments of the world, not when the heart is eaten up with a burning thirst for honor or wealth, not when the ear is filled with flattery, or the heart surcharged with worldly pleasure. He comes to men when the premonitions of dissolution are about them; when earthly hopes are taking leave of them for ever; when the coffin, the mattock, and the grave, are the images that terrify the heart; when wealth has no power, pleasure no zest, worldly elevation no attraction. He comes to men, when, if they themselves have escaped, death is invading the circle of their friends, and when perhaps, though recently there before, he has returned for another victim. He comes when sympathies are excited, the ear is open, the heart mellow, prejudice subsided, conscience aroused. Easily will a great and useful moral power be exerted in these circumstances especially by one, who is offering his ministrations to remove pain and dislodge an enemy lurking about the fountains of life. The man who has received the antidote of a physical disease from his medical adviser, can scarcely refuse to respond to his representations of a grand infallible remedy, provided by Divine mercy for deep moral leprosy! Like the unseen circulations under ground, which nourish luxuriant vegetation above, the religious influence of the professors of the healing art, noiseless and unobserved, causes to spring up from its quiet operations, a refreshing, delightful scene of moral life.—*Pres. White*.

### The Healing.

I know the hand that dealt it,  
And know the stroke was kind,  
For One alone can wound us,  
And He alone can bind.

When'er He sends the angel  
To earth with sorrow's stings,  
New legions are commissioned  
With healing on their wings.

How sweet to bruised spirits  
The oil they kindly pour,  
While leading us to Gilead,  
Where we may gather more.

Thus in the arid desert  
We find the precious balm,  
And there will kindly shelter us  
The olive and the palm.

And thus though weary, weary,  
The pilgrimage of life,  
While angels hover o'er us  
We may glory in the strife.

And hope is pointing upward,—  
On wings of faith we soar,  
To the land where sorrow's shadows  
Will never darken more.

Oh, sweet that home in Heaven—  
The peace it will impart—  
Where there is no more healing,  
No binding of the heart.

—*Minnie Myrtle*.

### Evil Speaking.

Perhaps no single cause contributes more to banish the spirit of God from the houses and hearts of men than evil speaking. There are sins of more flagrant enormity, but what sin is more extensively diffused? Evil speaking! Who is without sin in this respect? How common it has become! How much of it there is every day, everywhere, in the city and in the country, at home and abroad, in every large concourse and in every lit le company, and even in the soliloquy of the closet! Who is not among its actors and its objects? We sacrifice others on this cruel altar, and then we ourselves become its cruel victims. How easily we slide into this sin!—*Nevin*.