

fused; they would not. He knew better than any one else, the dreadful consequences of refusing to seek forgiveness for his sake. He wept that so many must endure the wrath of God forever, because they would not come to Him that they might have eternal life.

"We have examined only one instance in which our Saviour exhibited a compassionate spirit, and our hour is spent. Next week we will take up the same topic again, and the more distinctly we have before us evidence of Christ's affectionate interest in others, his sympathy with all kinds suffering, the more reason we shall find to love Him with all our heart, and to possess the same spirit that He had."

The testaments which had been opened before them were now closed. Mrs. Allen knelt with her children and Lucy, to implore the blessing of the God of the widow and of the fatherless, and the burden of her prayer was, that her own heart and the hearts of those kneeling with her, might be filled with a deep sense of the love and compassion of the Redeemer; that the gracious evidence the Bible gives of it, might be so treasured up, that the soul should safely and securely rest its eternal welfare upon it; and that during the coming week, love to the Saviour might be burning stronger and brighter in every heart, leading each one to watch against every wrong feeling, every unkind word, or doubtful action, lest their gracious, compassionate, ever present Friend, the Saviour, should be displeased.

In concluding this chapter, we have a few words to say, on the prevailing neglect of the Scriptures, even among christians who profess to make them their only rule of faith and practice. With how many men of business—with how many mothers—with how many who cannot plead pressure of cares in excuse, is reading the Bible a mere form. Pressure of cares can, however, never be an excuse for reading the word of God as a mere form. It may be a reason why comparatively little time can be devoted to it, but never a reason why, during that little time, the heart should not feel that it is listening to the instructions of its Maker.

We cannot suppose any one to be a christian who does not habitually read the Bible. But many, it is feared, read it only in the family, and how is it read there? Without having the mind or the heart interested—its threatenings alarm not, its promises cheer not, and its precepts, intended to guide in the common affairs of life, are unheeded. A chapter is read at family prayers, and the Bible is laid aside; the attention may have been arrested for a moment, but the impression was transient; it fades away as the regular business of the day commences, and is felt no more. The father goes forth to his stated employment; he is governed, to be sure, in all his business transactions, by general, established principles of rectitude, that secure his christian character from any blot in the eyes of his fellow-men, but in what state has his heart been? Has he resisted successfully all temptations to promote his own interests, by means honorable in the opinions of many, but dishonorable in the eye of a holy God? Has "thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" influenced him in his intercourse with others? In the few minutes of leisure, that occur here and there in the busiest scenes, have his affections risen to his God, seeking his blessing upon his pursuits?

The mother, who carelessly listened to the chapter read, and yet made that listening a substitute for private reading, engages in her household duties.—The portions read, contained, perhaps, precepts which, if they had been felt at the time, and remembered afterwards, would have enabled her to preserve a calm, untroubled spirit, amidst the cares, and trials, and petty annoyances of a housekeeper; but they were forgotten as the sound died away from her husband's lips. And now the impatient tone, the irritated look, the hasty action, are sad evidences that the words of her Saviour have not been hid in her heart—that his spirit is not there.

If parents thus read and hear the Bible, what is to be expected from the children? Can those who never, or who but seldom pray over its pages, and ponder its truths in secret, recommend such a course to others? Can children of pious parents be expected to reverence the Bible, unless they plainly

see that it is revered and studied and obeyed by those to whom they look up as examples of what is praiseworthy? and who so ready to detect inconsistencies between word and action as children? Let the Bible be read and studied by christians, so that every one could say from the heart, "How love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day;" "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path;" "Thy word is very pure, therefore thy servant loveth it;" "Through thy precepts I get understanding, therefore I hate every false way;" and what a happy change would be effected in the religious community! Let individuals, who have read the Bible only from a cold sense of duty, and to quiet the murmurings of an uneasy conscience, read it day by day, as they would read messages from God, which are to govern them in their intercourse with others, to lead them to form right views of their own character and of their Creator, to make known their duties to themselves, to their fellow-creatures, to their God—let them read it as their only guide to permanent peace here, to happiness in eternity; and let it be accompanied with earnest prayer for the teaching of the Spirit, and then the strong language of the Psalmist will but express the emotions of their own hearts. The Bible will become a precious book indeed. Its influence will be carried into all the relations of life. In trial and difficulty, it will guide alike the old and the young, the day-labourer and the high in office: in sorrow and sickness it will alike comfort and sustain the peasant in the humble cottage, or the monarch on his throne.—It takes away the bitterness of death from every age; the timid child and the hoary head, trusting in its blessed promises, alike walk fearlessly through the dark valley, in the sure hope of a blissful home.

#### A NEW BIBLE.

The Baptist denomination have now taken the singular stand of being the first rejecters of that good old English Bible, which was so well translated that it has been a subject of devout thanksgiving to God by thousands of the best Christians in the protestant world. Henceforward, the Bible, like the Church is, to feel the effects of schism. The word of life, from this time forward, must speak the multitudinous language of division. The infidel will now raise the shout of exultation, and talk sarcastically about two Bibles.

The most serious objection to this measure, which we see, arises from immense obstacles which it is likely to throw in the way of ultimate Christian unity. The state of the different bodies of dissenters, while all employed the same Bible, appears to us much like the conditions of colonies which go out from the mother country, but build no cities and enact no laws to bind them together or to give them a permanent residence; and hence are continually sending back to the fatherland, such as become tired of instability and change, and finally move back in a body. But the several dissenting denominations, each having its own version of the Bible, would be like colonies which build cities and enact laws, and thereby render their expatriation permanent and perpetual.

Let any body of protestant Christians rally around its own translation of the Scriptures, and make that, as it unquestionably would, its exclusive rule of faith and practice, and it would require more powerfully uniting agencies than have yet been in operation, to draw it out of the narrow circle of its own sympathies and bind it to a large, and more catholic brotherhood.—*Chr. Wit.*

Something must be left as a test of the loyalty of the heart—in Paradise, the Tree; in Israel, a Canaanite; in us, Temptation.

#### CHILD AT THE MOTHER'S GRAVE.

My mother's grave! 'Tis there beneath the trees,  
I love to go alone, and sit, and think  
Upon that grassy mound. My cradle hours  
Come back again so sweetly, when I awoke  
And lifted up my head, to kiss the cheek  
That bowed to meet me.

And I seem to feel

Once more the hand that smooth'd my clustering curls  
And led me to the garden, pointed out  
Each fragrant flower and bud, or drawing back  
My foot, lest I should careless crush the wort  
That crawl'd beside one.

And that gentle tone

Teaching to pat the house-dog, and be kind  
To the poor cat, and spare the little flies  
Upon the window, and divide my bread  
With those that hunger'd, and bow meekly down  
To the gray-headed man, and look with love  
On all whom God hath made.

And then her hymn

At early evening, when I went to rest  
And folded closely to her bosom, sat  
Joining my cheek to her's, and pouring out  
My broken music with her tuneful strain:  
Comes it not back again that holy hymn,  
Even now upon my ear?

But when I go

To my lone bed, and find no mother there,  
And weeping kneel to say the prayer she taught,  
Or when I read the Bible that she loved,  
Or to her vacant seat at church draw near.  
And think of her, a voice is in my heart,  
Bidding me early seek my God, and love  
My blessed Saviour.

Sure that voice is her's;

I know it is, because these were the words  
She used to speak so tenderly, with tears,  
At the still twilight hour, or when we walked  
Forth in the spring, amid rejoicing birds,  
Or whispering talked beside the winter fire.  
Mother! I'll keep these precepts in my heart,  
And do thy bidding.

Then, when God shall say,

My days are finished, will he give me leave  
To come to thee? And can I find thy home,  
And see thee with thy glorious garments on,  
And kneel at the Redeemer's feet, and beg  
That where the mother is the child my dwell!

L. H. S.

#### ASIA MINOR.

Mr. Evangelis, a young Greek educated in the United States, writes from Smyrna to the editor of the New York Gazette:—

"I cannot but inform you of the melancholy condition to which the Turkish population of the interior of Asia Minor has been reduced by the plague. Villages of large population have been entirely depopulated and from large towns two or three only escaped death. The fairest apples we here buy for a trifle a bushel, because every one goes and gathers them from the orchards of those who planted them but who are now numbered with the dead. The wheat is perishing in the place where it grew, and the Government has offered the farms to those who would go and reap the wheat and save it."

#### SCRAPS.

God denies a Christian nothing, but with a design to give him something better.

Looking back is more than we can sustain without going back!

A christian will find his parenthesis for prayer, even through his busiest hours.

We treat sensible and present things as realities, and future and eternal things as fables: whereas the reverse should be our habit.—*Cecil's Romances.*