

I am sorry to find "J. H." needs to explain himself for quoting Dr. Macknight as favouring his views. Of course if I quote an author, I produce the impression that he favours my argument.

"J. H." may ask for what purpose does St. Paul quote a prophetic passage from Isaiah, if not to show that the entire nation of the Jews would never at any time be restored to the Divine favour? I reply, that in the opinion of Dr. Macknight, THAT could never have been the intention of St. Paul, as appears from his own subjoined words on the apostolical declaration, "And so all Israel shall be saved." The Doctor's language is: "The future restoration of the Jews to their privileges as the people of God, in consequence of their embracing the Gospel, is expressed by their being 'saved;' because by their coming into the Christian Church they shall have the means of salvation bestowed on them." Again, "The conversion of the Jews being spoken of in this passage as a thing future, the conversions of that people made by the apostle Peter (mentioned Acts ii. 41, iv. 4, v. 15.) though numerous, was not in St. Paul's opinion the conversion of the Jews foretold by the prophets." Once more: "As this deliverance of 'Jacob' from the 'ungodliness' of unbelief was not accomplished by Christ at his first coming, it will be accomplished in some future period, by the presence of 'the power of the Lord to heal them.'" See Macknight on Rom: xi.

This quoting of men's names by parties professing sentiments they would have abhorred, reminds me of a story. A little boy, very fond of talking, and hence liable not always to talk profoundly, had often reared his father's ears with his unsubstantialities, and was one day enforcing his notions with "I think, papa—I think, papa—" "Yes, child," said his father, "I dare say you do think; but read, my child; read—READ—READ!"

I remain, Mr. Editor, yours,

AN HUMBLE BELIEVER IN A MILLENNIUM YET TO BE PRODUCED BY THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

Near Lake Champlain, }  
August, 1843. }

## TEMPERANCE.

### THE DYING SON!

WILLIAM CARLTON, the subject of our tale, was fatherless! When but a child, death deprived him of a kind and indulgent parent, and although unable then to appreciate his loss, year after year, as it rolled with Time's swift chariot into the eternal past, revealed to him the full extent of his bereavements. With a father's care and protection he was unacquainted. But, although deprived of the required instruction and guidance of one so capable of shielding him from vice and folly, by wholesome advice and proper restraint, he was not, however, a stranger to a mother's ever watchful and anxious solicitude.

But, not only had he lost an affectionate father, but the sure, unerring shafts of death had also been hurled at an only and beloved sister. When life was gay and its prospects shone brightest—when in dazzling hues fancy painted to her young mind, sweet fields of happiness in the far-distant future, and Hope, exalting forth the native energies of the soul, threw the shining bow of prosperity athwart her sky—it was then that the ruthless "king of terrors" plucked the opening rose from mortality's shoot, while angel hands conveyed the seed up to heaven, there to spring forth and blossom in sunny fields of Paradise.

Thus, William and his mother were alone in the wide world, and forsaken by those who once made glad the little family circle. Mrs. Carlton was poor, for since the death of her husband, she depended upon the individual exertions of herself and son for a livelihood, so that at an early age, William entered the "world of business," in order to provide the necessary comforts of life, and prepare, by a close and strict application to the duties of his calling, for the changing scenes of future years. Of course, it became necessary for him to associate with the gay and giddy—to mingle with the vicious and depraved, and to hold intercourse with those inferior to himself in point of moral principle, in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of business and of men, and

become acquainted with the *modus operandi* of success in the world!

Years passed away, and manhood perched upon his brow. Youth's gay scenes had faded, and boyhood's illusive dreams were things of romance; and although the prospects of none in early life were brighter than his, yet as he attained to the years of maturity, they lost their brightness and now a melancholy darkness spread itself over his moral sky. During the years of his minority, and while engaged in worldly pursuits, the sure foundation of future ruin had been laid. He had contracted a fondness for places of public resort and amusements—demoralizing in their character: he had formed associations calculated to lead the young away from the paths of rectitude, and chose for his companions, those whose course of life led to the whirlpool of dissipation! The theatre, the ball-room, and the horse-race, possessed allurements sufficiently strong in their nature to claim his attention.—Habits were thus formed which could never be destroyed, except by the benign influence of religion, and soon his feet were in the slippery paths of the foolish, and so far from hastening to a place of security, he continued to descend sin's declivity till he stood upon the precipice of *Intemperance*, erected by that scourge of the human family "King Alcohol," and gazed with a burning eye and bloated countenance, upon the roaring vortex beneath, lashing with its mad waves the rocks upon which he stood, as if impatient for its unhappy victim! Ah! who can imagine, much less describe, the soul-withering feelings of Mrs. Carlton as the prospect of a mournful and heart-breaking solitude seemed to look her in the face?

The mother, with a fearful look of anguish—a countenance strongly marked with sorrow, and a heart torn with grief, bent over the wasted form of an only son, once the cheerful partner and soother of her afflictions, but now a blasted, ruined being! The blight of dissipation was resting upon his fair and noble brow. The cheek, no longer glowing with health's rosy tint, was pale from the ravages of alcoholic consumption. The eye was sunken, and no longer flashed the fire of youthful ardour, or sparkled as it once did when "bright-eyed hope" and smiling happiness had their dwelling place within the unstained soul! Alas! as time rolled on, bearing with it the record of misspent moments, and displaying life's vicissitudes, a fearful change had taken place both in the life and prospects of the young man.

He could no longer fix the bright-beaming eye, which speaks a conscience void of offence towards God and man, full upon the care-worn features of a fond but injured mother. He could not lift a smiling face, portraying the loveliness of innocence within, and pray, as once he did, when a gay, light-hearted, happy boy; neither could he stretch forth his firm unwavering hand to those who came to counsel and to save, for it was palsied by the tyrant's heavy chains, and the enervating power of intemperance, which had seized fast hold of the vitals and springs of his existence.

Thus, like a vessel wrecked, he lay upon the rugged shore of time, and the heavy breakers of death came dashing with wild and ruthless furr upon his frail house of clay, while the afflicted mother, (like the sailor's wife watching with all the anxiety of fruitless despair, the tempest-beaten and billow-tossed ship containing her beloved,) bent over the wasted form of her son, to catch the last whisper which tells of the spirit's departure. But, alas, his reason was gone—hurled from her throne by the tyrannical usurper! There he lay quite senseless; life spending itself in every breath—its sands wasting fast! Oh! what were the feelings of that woman as she read the destiny of her fallen son, once a prattling innocent child, but now senseless in the fearful struggle with death, unable to give her a parting look, or to bid her the last adieu?

The young man died! He spoke not—his eyes opened not, but—oh, dreadful thought!—in the deep sleep of intemperance—he rolled from its giddy precipice into the awful chasm below!—*Phil. Temp. Adv.*

ENGLAND.—Our latest accounts from England state that Father Mathew appears to be pursuing his temperance career almost as triumphantly in England as he did in Ireland. Thousands, heretofore votaries of Bacchus, have signed.

## RELIGIOUS LITERATURE.

### ARE THERE FEW THAT BE SAVED?

(ISAIAH xvii. 6, 7:—"Yet gleanings of grapes shall be left in it, as the shaking of an olive-tree, two or three berries in the top of the uppermost bough, four or five in the outmost fruitful branches thereof, saith the Lord God of Israel. At that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel."—xxiv. 6, 13:—"Therefore hath the curse devoured the earth, and they that dwell therein are desolate: therefore the inhabitants of the earth are burned, and few men left. When thus it shall be in the midst of the land among the people, there shall be as the shaking of an olive tree, and as the gleanings of grapes when the vintage is done."—Luke xiii. 24, 30:—"Strive to enter at the strait gate: for many I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. When once the Master of the house is risen up, and hath shut the door, and ye begin to stand without, and to knock at the door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and he shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are: then shall ye begin to say, We have eaten and drunk in thy presence, and thou hast taught in our streets. But he shall say, I tell you, I know you not whence ye are; depart from me all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God. And behold, there are last, which shall be first; and there are first, which shall be last."—Matt. vii. 13, 14:—"Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because, strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

### IMITATE CHRIST.

LET Christians, whenever they are tempted to be proud, or to act contrary to the example of the Lord Jesus, suppose him once more addressing them individually, in such terms as these: "How ill does pride or haughtiness become thee, O my disciple! when thy Master is meek and lowly, and so much debased himself! Was he so poor? Blush, then, to think that thou art ashamed of poverty, or so anxious to avoid it. Did I condescend to wash the feet of my apostles? and can you reckon the meanest office of charity, self-denial or condescension, beneath you? When you hear me, in my word, ascribing all glory to God, will you seek and delight in the applause of mortals? If I please not myself, do you deserve the name of my disciple, when seeking to please yourself? Did I drink off my cup of unmingled bitterness without repining; and shall a small drop of gall, in affliction and disappointment, cause thee to murmur or complain? Why, O why, has the example of your Master so little influence upon your temper and conduct? Remember me, and be humble, patient, and mortified to yourself and the world."—*H. Hunter.*

### THE UPRIGHT MAN.

THE man of integrity is one who makes it his constant rule to follow the road of duty, according as the word of God and the voice of conscience point it out to him. He is not guided merely by affection, which may sometimes give colour of virtue to a loose and unstable character. The upright man is guided by a fixed principle of mind, which determines him to esteem nothing but what is honorable, and to abhor whatever is base or unworthy, in moral conduct. Hence we find him ever the same at all times; the trusty friend, the affectionate relation, the conscientious man of business, the pious worshipper, the public spirited citizen. He never assumes a borrowed appearance. He seeks no mask to cover him, for he acts no studied part; but he is indeed what he appears to be—full of truth, candour, and humanity. In all his pursuits, he knows no path but the fair and direct one; and would much rather fail of success, than attain it by reproachful means. He never shows a smiling countenance while he meditates evil against us in his heart. He never praises us among our friends, and then joins in traducing us among our enemies. We shall never find one part of his character at variance with another. In his manners he is simple and unaffected; in all his proceedings, open and consistent.

Be not ashamed to serve others for the love of Jesus Christ; nor to be esteemed poor in this life.