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Religious Miscellany.

For the Provincial Wesleyan.

Twilight Musings.

Slowly now the day is closing,
Shrouding earth with mystic shade.
Evening shadows are reposing
O'er the glen and grassy glade.

Gold and crimson shades are gleaming
O'er the daylight's western grave.
Rays of glory now are streaming
O'er the dancing rippling wave.

From the sky one star is peeping,
Watching daylight's burial rite.
Earth beneath is calmly sleeping,
Glistening in the silver light.

But at evening's holy hour,
Sadness o'er my spirit steals.
Memory with her magic power
Many a hidden thought reveals.

And I think of those now sleeping
Dreamless in the silent grave,
Where the willow droops while weeping,
And the gentle flowerets wave.

For as twilight's hour is clouded
By the gathering deepening gloom;
Life's short day will soon be shrouded
In the shadows of the tomb.

L. C. K.

Hopewell, N. B.

A Year in Heaven.

Is a year among the angels, beloved, thou hast been:
A year has heaven's white portal shut out the sound of sin;
Not yet no voice, no whisper comes floating down from thee
Tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven would be.

Our hearts before it listen—the beautiful closed gate;—
Silence yearns around us: we listen and we wait.
On thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom;
What immortal garlands canst find for these no room?

Our loveliest all things lovely when waiting with us here;
Oh, from the heights of heaven, seems earth no longer dear?
We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar;
Or think our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer; therein can be no loss:
To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross;
No adamant between us rears up its rockey screen;
We will before us only—thou in the light serene.

We veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft aside,
Breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide.
Lifted into vision, out of our mists and rain,
We meet how sorrow blossoms; how peace is won from pain.

Half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of bliss
Joy of earth, "Beloved, how beautiful it is!
Lilies in this splendour—the green leaves in this dew!
Earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed anew?

When the sky seems bluer, and when the lilies wear
Some tender mystic shading we never knew was there,
We say, "We see things earthly by light of sainted eyes;
She bends where we are gazing to-day from paradise."

Because we know thee near us, and nearer still to Him
Who fills thy cup of being with glory to the brim,
We will not stain with grieving our fair, though fainter light,
But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in years of beauty the swift years come and go
Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow,
Hearing from that sweet country where blighting never came,
Love chimes the hours eternal, in earth and heaven the same. —*Congregationalist.*

The Christian in his Armor.

Why represent the disciple of the Prince of Peace as a mailed warrior? Why speak of the salvation secured by faith as though won by sword and spear?

The world is full of repellant and opposing forces; and only by steady, heroic faithfulness can the believer maintain his birthright. The Apostle gives the foes which confront him, and the arms with which he can "stand in the evil day." "Stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." He speaks of flesh and blood as though scarcely considered, a view of the more deadly opposition of controlling spiritual forces. The Neros and Hildebrands of persecution are the minions of these. The real conflict is with the strategy of the commanders. "The wiles"—method, schemes "of the devil," the adversary, "the prince of this world," "the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience." The same sway, though doubtless subordinate, is attributed to other evil spirits, who are termed "the world rulers of darkness," "spiritual wickedness," or "spiritual things of wickedness." Acute forms, opposed to the success of Christianity—"in high places"—above or out of their prison.

These assault in every form, with all weapons, at all hours. Now with allurements, and now with persecution; now with popularity, and now with fiendish opposition. Forewarned, forearmed. Not to prepare for such an attack were madness. Hence the direction: "Therefore take unto you the whole armor of God *(panoplia tou theou)*." It is emphatically the *whole*, complete panoply of God which secures the soul. Any part wanting, or maladjusted, impairs the safety of the rest. The defensive armor is the girdle, baldric or belt, covering the person from the hips to the ribs; the breastplate, covering the breast and shoulders, the vital seat; the greaves, worn as long ago as the days of Goliath, protecting the limbs; the shield, worn upon the arm, and turned hither and thither, receiving alike cuts from the sword, thrusts from the javelin, or hurtling darts, heated or charged with fire; and the helmet, for the protection of the head.

For offensive war there is the soldier's ancient weapon, with which he came face to face and fought hand to hand with his foeman.

What are the elements of Christian life corresponding with this ancient panoply?

The girdle or baldric—*truth*. In the lowest possible interpretation, *love of truth*, as opposed to the indulgence, for a moment, of a single sophism, or compromise with error. But higher in significance is that interior truthfulness, incorruptible rectitude, which is opposed to the falseness characteristic of Satan. Jesus said, "I am the truth," and when the "Prince of this world" came to assail Him in the agony, he said "he findeth nothing in me." "The breastplate of righteousness." From the term employed we think the reference is to moral renovation, and the experience of justification by grace. It is essential to confidence in the evil day that there be an evidence of amicable relations with God, that the spirit stands accepted in the beloved.

Yet we concede the importance of righteousness in its practical sense. He may face the accuser who is conscious of having maintained his integrity, but unfaithfulness in life weakens the soul and leaves it liable to be overborne. Many a man is conquered here. His Christian experience loses its power because of unfaithfulness.

The Greaves. Shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. That is, as many of the old versions rendered it, with the *readiness* of the gospel of peace. Stripped of metaphor, the readiness to dispense the gospel, to bear its blessings to others, is, of itself, an almost invulnerable safe-guard. He who has it is in communion with Christ so intimate that none can destroy him. It is active, ready obedience which confirms the feeble knees, transforms the weak man into strength and renders the child a giant. It is seen in the history of the Church. The aggressive Church is always united and vigorous; the conservative Church cumbrous and unwieldly, if not torn and divided.

"The shield of faith."—"Beside all, or above all." Faith is the hero-grace of the soul, and so is it the covering or securing grace. It is turned in every direction that arrows of fire may be caught and quenched. What but strong living faith, every moment, can subdue the evil thoughts showered upon the soul? What else can quench them ere they kindle desire?

"Without faith it is impossible to please God;" without it we cannot "walk." It is "the victory which overcometh the world," for the soul that believeth has conquered. Broader and more invulnerable than the Vulcan forged shield of Thetis' son, it may be ventured in any conflict.

"The helmet of salvation." "For a helmet the hope of salvation." "We are saved by hope." Yet we think that here the apostle specially refers to possessed, enjoyed salvation. Saved—who can destroy? Saved—Christ indwelling—who can overcome? The hope of coming, perfected salvation is, however, essential. The future must be read. We will interrogate it. Hope interprets its answer, and gives assurance of being "Forever with the Lord."

Thus defended, the sword of the Spirit, the word of God is in his hands, using which he not only stands, but waxes valiant, putting to flight the armies of the aliens.

One thus panoplied is the *safe Christian*. He is one of Heaven's iron-clads, which ride past all batteries. Invulnerable is he in the hottest fire of hell. He is an *active Christian*, for this suit of proof-mail sits upon, as easily as the air envelops him. With it he can run through—not *from*—a troop, and in charge, not *retreat*, he can leap over a wall.

Wielding that sword "with all prayer" he becomes the *resistless Christian*. So too, thus panoplied and weaponed he becomes the *perfect Christian*, for what can be more expressive of perfect character than *doing all*, and *standing* in the evil day? Such are the Great-hearts and Faithfuls of every age, and such are they who ascend, through much tribulation, it may be, to the mouht of God.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—*N. W. Advocate.*

The Two Gardens.

Eden and Gethsemane! How intimately the condition of the world is related to these two gardens! In the first man was placed in his state of innocency. There he was placed on trial for himself and all his descendants; there he fell. In that garden started the bitter fountain, formed by tears of regret over a ruin which man had caused, but which he had no power to restrain. That fountain has coursed its way down through the ages, augmented continually by tears of suffering and sorrow. The world can never forget Eden, both for what it was, and for what it became by reason of man's sin.

After four thousand years had elapsed, and the world had experienced the consequences of sin the second Adam enters another garden—the garden of Gethsemane. He enters it by night. It was the night of man's sin and guilt. He entered it to place himself on trial also for the world. When God called to the first Adam, Where art thou? He hid himself from his presence. He was ashamed because he was guilty. When God called to the second Adam, he answered. Here am I, in the volume of the book it is written of me, to do thy will, O God. If much depended upon the trial of the first, we may say that even more depended upon the trial of the second Adam. There was a possibility of repairing the ruin of the fall, the world was not irrecoverably lost. But if Christ had refused to drink the cup of suffering put to his lips in the garden of Gethsemane, there could have been no salvation for man.

From the garden of Gethsemane started another fountain that courses its way through the world. That fountain has its source in the drops of bloody sweat that fell from the Saviour's brow. It was augmented by the stream that flowed from his hands, his feet, and his side, on Calvary. Whoever plunges in this stream, is cleansed from the stain of sin and guilt.

Down to the latest generation these gardens will continue to be remembered, and perhaps throughout eternity the scenes that transpired in them, will be studied with ever increasing interest.—*Gen. Ref. Messenger.*

The Anchor.

If the great ship have a reliable anchor, it is safe. If the anchor be of sufficient weight, and have a secure cable, it will hold the ship against the fury of the storm. Its sharp flukes will lay hold on the rocks in the ocean's bed, and then, although the wild tempest scream with all its fury, and the huge billows dash against it, it will be firmly fixed and defy their power.

We have noticed times of trial on the stormy waters. We have stood on the rocky cliff, when the elemental storm was raging in all its fury The wind and the storm have urged the great deep into its wildest commotion. Near this rugged cliff is some frail bark, freighted with human beings. Their only security is the good anchor that has grasped the rocks at the bottom. At each appalling reverberation of the storm, we have looked to see the frail ship torn from her moorings and hurled on the breakers or buried in the waters. The death shriek of the hopeless passengers seems almost in our ears, as we hold our very breath in agony at their peril. But the storm at length begins to subside. The awful voice of the tempest has been hushed, until it has become like the zephyr's murmur. The sun has come forth and wreathed dull nature in smiles. That little bark is resting as safely and confidingly on the ocean's bosom as the bird on the bosom of some sequestered mountain lake. Its anchor proved faithful and true.

And there is a like security for every voyager "sailing o'er life's solemn main." It is the hope of the gospel. It will be as an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. If Jesus Christ has said "Thy sins are forgiven thee," and washed in his blood, then we have that anchor, that will never give way, amid the fiercest ocean's storms. It is fixed in the living Rock—the Rock of Ages—and heaven and earth will pass away before it will lose its hold. Seek this Anchor, then, O mariner o'er the soundless waters of time. It is your only safety from eternal shipwreck. Cling to it, you who have already secured it, for it will bear you safely through all the storms, until you find eternal peace.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Editorship of a Religious Paper a Pastorate.

The Rev. Dr. Curry, (Meth. Ep.) has recently left the pulpit to assume the chief editorship of the *N. Y. Christian Advocate and Journal.* In his salutatory he makes the following reference to the character and duties of his new post:

"Considered as a form of the pastoral relation, in which view of it alone is the Christian minister justified in assuming it, the conduct of a religious family paper is both a sacred and a delicate trust. In exchanging the pulpit for the religious press, an audience counted by a few hundreds is exchanged for one of tens of thousands, who week by week are to be supplied with food for thought and the means of moral and intellectual culture; and though the aggregate power of the pulpit may be incomparably greater than that of the religious newspaper, yet no one man can from the pulpit exert so wide an influence as he ought to do at the head of a widely-circulated denominational paper. It is therefore especially needful that one to whom such responsibilities are given should duly appreciate them.

Religious Intelligence.

India.

LETTER FROM REV. T. V. SCOTT.

My work, besides the study of the language, consists in overseeing two schools for boys, and maintaining the interests of a little native society. We have our preaching, Sabbath-school, Bible-class, class-meetings, and prayer-meetings just as at home. All these give a round of duty not unlike the regular pastorate at home.

Our society only numbers half a dozen, some of whom seem to be soundly converted in the old Methodist sense of the word. It is interesting to see how uniform the manifestations of experimental religion are in every clime. How grateful I have felt at times for the evidences of God's grace in hearts that once were all blindness and darkness. These are the first fruits; the harvest will come.

My native helper is a faithful and devoted man, and a good example of the power of Christianity on the heathen mind and heart. Still there is much here to try one in many that become Christian in name. Their follies and weakness and foibles are often astonishing and very patience-trying. In Christ's aid and presence alone are we enabled to toil on in patience and hope. Thank God for *some* bright examples of Christianity's power, and of its universal adaption to man's heart.

Hindoo Converts.—We have some Christians here converted from Hindooism, a religion that was hoary with age when Christianity was born, and they live, and breathe, and act a Christianity just as pure as may be seen in the brightest Anglo-Saxon converts of Protestant Europe or America. I rejoice in this fact, as an evidence that Christianity has that in it which will yet make it as universal as our race. Let no man say that it is lost labor and expenditure to attempt planting Christianity in Hindoo soil, or that the day has not come for it yet.

In my schools instruction is given in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, and history. We have about eighty boys in all, under instruction, and they make interesting progress. This strikes me as a peculiarity. The native mind is finely adapted to mathematics, at least to arithmetical calculations. Indeed, I am told by some of the European government officers, that among the natives, are found some of the most splendid accountants in the world. But this point has no very vital connection with the spread of Christianity among this people, though I think the matter of *general* education has. I believe that in the education of the rising generation is our chief hope.

Stubbornness.—Before coming to India I had often heard of the stubborn obstacles with which Christianity has to contend in advancing among this people; but it is only by coming among them, and getting in contact with the mighty barriers that oppose themselves to Christianity, that I have had anything like a just conception of truth in the matter. Such is the hardness and blindness of the adult masses that I have but little hope for *them.*—It is a common remark at home, that when persons pass the age of twenty or twenty-five years the chances of their becoming converted are much decreased; that after thirty or thirty-five they are quite small, and that after forty or forty-five they are fearfully small. All this, while true at home, is vastly more so here. There is not only the natural fixedness of mind and heart acquired by age to be overcome, but there are hosts of prejudices, selfish feelings, and oppositions to be overcome, which are unknown to the unconverted at home. Hence I have but little hope for the adult population of this country. I fear they will go down in masses to an idolater's grave, and meet an idolater's retribution. I do not lose sight of the power of God's grace, but I believe that education is to be one, and a *leading one*, of the agencies that will be "mighty through God to the pulling down of strong-holds." I do look for conversions from among adults; but it is for the youth and rising generations that I hope for all things, and that hope beams through a sanctified education. Such education will *preoccupy* the youthful mind, and develope in it a soil in which the seeds of Gospel truth may find root and live. And the present progress of missions in India justify this statement.

The vast majority of our good native Christians is the fruit of early instruction. They had the advantage of mission schools and mission training when young. I am not adopting the theory that civilization must go before Christianity. Far from it. Facts and circumstance point to what is and will be the most successful *means*, in the order of God's providence, in reaching and evangelizing a people like this.

General Miscellany.

The Shepherd's Dog and Child.

One day a shepherd, on going to his flock, which were feeding on the higher parts of the Grampian Mountains, took his little boy with him, as well as his dog. The child was only three years old. The father left him alone while he looked after some sheep, when suddenly a thick fog came on. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child; but it was so dark that he could not see him, and unfortunately he missed his way. After a search of many hours among the caverns and holes in the mountains, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on, he discovered by the light of the moon that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was within a short distance of his cottage. He hoped the child had gone home; but when he inquired he found that his wife had not seen him.

To renew the search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was, therefore obliged to remain where he was, having lost both his child and his dog, which had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning, by daybreak, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbours, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, they were at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, the shepherd found that the dog, which he had lost the day before, had been home, and, on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still on returning at evening disappointed to his cottage he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day, and when the dog as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the strange conduct. The dog led the way to a waterfall, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left the child. The shepherd stepping from crag to crag, crossed the roaring stream. The dog at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions when he beheld his little boy eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him, while the faithful animal stood by watching his young master, with love and pleasure in his looks!

From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave, which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for his food, and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

A Lesson from the Cricket.

We are apt to believe in Providence, so long as we have our own way, but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, he is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the Spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plow a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plow comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over without a home, his heart says, "Oh the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman who walks behind his plow, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plow. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is gone to ruin.—*Beecher.*

The Popular Creed

Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down give him a thrust,
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling,
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's a buyer!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth;
But the maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a woer cometh whose charms are these,
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with the brandy's red,
A soul well trained in villany's school,
And cash, sweet cash—he knoweth the rule,
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian plan;
But poor he is, and poor will be,
A scorned and hated thing is he:
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth a leper's life;
They struggle against a fearful odds,
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

So get ye wealth, no matter how!
No questions asked of the rich, I trow!
Steal by night and steal by day,
(Doing it all in a legal way,)
Join the church and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your maker;
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor—remember the rule;
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

The Rock of Gibraltar.

The value of Gibraltar to England, above that of all other fortresses, above all other conceivable fortresses, arises from the peculiarties of its situation and its character. Other great strongholds, such as Cronstadt, Comorn, and Ehrenbreitstein, have their values, which can be expressed in money, in regiments, in war ships, according to the strength of each. But, these great strongholds have no value beyond what can be expressed. They are military stations purely. Constradt protects the approaches to St Petersburgh, by the sea; Comorn protects Vienna from the assault of an army ascending the Danube from Silistria and Belgrade; Ehrenbreitstein defends the Middle Rhine against France. Each has its military function, and when that function is discharged there is an end of its utility. But the chief office of Gibraltar is political. Look at it on the map. It rises between two continents. It separates the region of the Crescent from the region of the Cross, making itself the empire of the powers, and chaining up the fanatical passions of each. The evening gun whose magnificent roll along the waters of the straits is heard alike at Ceuta, at Abyla, and Tarifa; heard by the Riff pirate in his lair, by the Cabrita smuggler in his xebec, by the Rondo bandit behind his rock, and by the Tetuan Jew in his Bazaar, announces to each and all that on the great Rock stands a power visible, audible, swift to protect and swift to punish, which will have peace in those waters, and so far as may be, along these shores. Were we away from Gibraltar, there would be rapine and piracy in those beautiful bays and river mouths. The fanaticism of Spain is as fresh, the hatred of Morocco as fierce, as when the last defenders of the Koran fled from the walls of Ujijar. The Andalusian burns to be at Fez, the expelled Moors keep the keys of their old palaces at Seville and Granada. While we are at Gibraltar, our evening gun is enough to preserve tranquility, as a rule, on either side. Vacate our post, and we make way for a French garrison, or restore the Straits to the anarchy of the Middle Ages. Then, again, Gibraltar gives us political power in the courts of Paris and Madird. The Rock is the key to both France and Spain; cuts each as it were, into two portions; divides the Mediterranean from the Atlantic ports. While we hold the Straits, the princes of these two countries are but half possessors of their own naval power. Fancy what would be our position if an impregnable fortress, held by a stranger and a rival separated Chatham and Portsmouth from Plymouth and Pembroke, so that no ship could pass from one port to another without his leave! We cannot even illustrate the disadvantages of such a situation, for the world's surface does not show us a strait like that of Gibraltar, closed by such a fortress as the Rock. If we were established in Cherbourg, we could not hurt the French so deeply as we can at Gibraltar. There is in fact, no point on the coast of France or Spain, the occupation of which would give us such political advantage. Calais in our hands would be an irritation to France, but it would not be a vast positive weakness to her. The possession of Cadiz would be a source of pride to us rather than of strength. It is perhaps within the truth to say that in case of war the hold of England on Gibraltar is a more serious fact for France than the loss of Piccardy or Guienne. It divides her line of battle, and she knows it. Hence her many efforts for its reduction by force was considered possible, and her many negotiations for its restoration after negociation was proved by Elliott to be the only means left.—*Sayer's Gibralar.*

ITS IMPREGNABILITY.

No engineer doubts that Cronstadt or Comorn might be taken. It is only a question of cost—so much time, so many men, so large a park of artillery, and that is all. The elements are known, and the calculations would come out like an eclipse. Not so with Gibraltar. It cannot be taken. The resources of mighty empires have been wasted on that solid rampart of limestone. The cannon balls showered upon it would make another mountain. In the great seige everything was in favour of the besiegers; England was far away, her arms were engaged in every quarter of the globe, the Franco-Spanish navies masters of the Straits, the princes of Morocco for a time unfriendly to the English, and two mighty armies led by able engineers, supplied with lavish means, stood ready for assault. Yet for four long years, during which this memorable siege lasted they never made it. Regius Professors of Modern History may talk of a regenerated Spain, and of our inability in presence of a regenerated Spain to keep our prize; but were Spain twenty times as strong as when she returned from Tetuan she could not disturb the Rock. Elliott beat the French and Spanish fleets and armies with ninety guns. What our present force of artillery on the Rock may be is not stated. Many of our batteries are masked; of some the guns are being exchanged for pieces of larger callibre and longer range; the exact truth is only known to the officials of the artillery service. Captain Sayer thinks we have 700 guns in position. We believe he underrates our strength. About a year ago there were 10,90 guns mounted. Some changes may have been made in consequence of the arrival of Armstrong guns, but the number of guns fit for service may be counted at upward of 1000. But the additions to our guns, and even such improvements in our batteries as the new sea line (about which Captain Sayer is discreetly silent,) are not so important for the defense as our vast increase of range. The six-pounders by which Elliott had to silence the forts of San Carlos and burn the Chevalier D'Arcon's floating batteries had a range of half-a-mile. The Franco-Spanish cruisers lay safely in the bay, and passed round Europa Point beyond the reach of his shot. No fleet could live in the bay now. Shells might be thrown into San Roque on the one side, and perhaps into Algesiras on the other. No ship could pass Europa Point. In fact a fleet could not now take up a sheltered position to beleaguer the fort.—*English Paper.*

Jupiter and Saturn.

Here we are on the surface of Jupiter. When we left Mercury and Venus, we removed from the intense torrid heat of the system. We could not but notice, as we swept along, how kindly the atmosphere girdles our own planet; how she in fact occupied the very choicest place in relation to the solar light and heat, situated in the Temperate Zone, and guarded by more loving influences than those waiting on her sister planets; here, on the contrary, it would seem we are in a vast ice world, a mighty realm of Antarctic snow and waste of water. What awful regions; and yet how gorgeous! The stars rise, and in three or four hours they set from our vision; but not as we have seen them on our earth—gradually, but precipitately, they rush down, dazzling the eye and bewildering the sense; and thus, most strangely to the eye, the heavens keep up a perpetual pantomimic dance, or everlasting mercurial activity, and yet heavens never so gorgeous as we have seen them on our home planet, because we are now so much further from the sun. Strange, indeed, and vividly beautiful those four moons, two white and one blue, and the fourth orange; and how marvelous; for look, do not their shadows fall in four different directions at once? Or, darting from the planet itself, let us visit one of the satellites; and then what a scene! Three moons rising over our head in succession in their diversified phases. See a crescent moon, a gibbous moon, and a full moon shining in the same sky, and the nearest with twice the diameter of our moon to us; and there see Jupiter, hanging vast and magnificent in the sky. That sky how black, since no atmosphere surrounds us; and over the wild and marvelous waste each star that pierces through the dark, shining with the brilliancy of ten thousand concentrated diamonds. Such are the commingled dreams of science and imagination. We can not refuse to indulge in them. Who has not speedily been lost, as walking on the lonely heath, or among the starlit hills, his eye has wandered to Saturn! The mind loses itself in speculation on its rings—those stupendous annual appendages arching over the heavens of that superb planet—it would seem to the understanding a Hindoo realm of grotesque and startling inequalities. What vast Himalayan solitudes are demonstrated to cover its surface; desert realms with the mighty cleft and hollow, never the receptacles of sunny light like our planet, and many, we may suppose, the whole year of fifteen periods, equal to one year, the abode of dreamless darkness—a planet broken by mountains, where no verdure shines, no greenness, no plant, eternal sterility: the terrific idea, the terrific sensation, the wild, capricious, and grotesque thoughts will haunt the spirit as we fancy Nature in her rudest form, in scenes,

"Stiff with eternal ice, and hid in snow
That fell a thousand centuries ago."

For over those planets sweep tempests like those which vex our world; thunder rings there, if it peals amid mountains uninhabited and solitary save to their own echoes; the lightnings gleam and play, if they strike only the still cliff, rearing itself in a waste of waves; fearful seas! what moons tremble over and mirror their forms upon them! What skies and stars, and ambrosial murmurings run along their cliffs with the still sweet murmur we have known on own shores and seas, but shall we say, touching no heart, and awakening no mental or sympathetic response.—*London Eclectic.*

Benefit of Knowledge.

With God, knowledge is an attribute; it is essential to his nature to know.—With man, knowledge is acquired, and the period of human life is the normal school in which elements of a Divine education are obtained. Knowledge, to be complete, must be experimental. Consciousness is the highest type of evidence. To bathe in the stream, to drink at the fountain consecrated to the memories of the past, is a source of joy unknown to such as have failed to walk that way. Is it not the knowledge to which we have already attained that nerves the limbs of the eager traveler. It is the unseen—that which lies just beyond his vision, or which looms up in the dim distance—that invites him forward in the unknown path. It is the breaking in upon the soul of beauties before unseen that enraptures the heart. What an intensity of joy comes with the acquisition of a new fact—one that has not been hawked about, the common property of all, but dug fresh from its native mountain; a secret drawn from the bosom of God. *Glory*, the richest, gladdest word that ever created lips have spoken, means *God revealed*—divinity flowing into the enraptured soul. To learn to speak it is the highest privilege of man. That it might be learned in the most effectual way, mankind are put in the school of experience, being brought in the world in the most helpless condition, ignorant of the knees which support them or the hand which gives them food.

What is man? Is he but this system of flesh and blood and bones; this walking tabernacle of clayey texture, which eats, and drinks, and sleeps, and dies, and is forgotten? Thank God, we learned in childhood to reject this epicurean faith which would bring mankind down to a level with the brutes, and send him soulless to eternal night. Man is that intellectual something—the offspring of the breath of God—a kind of half-way house between earth and heaven, formed for a living temple of the Holy Ghost.

Ministerial.

Influence over the Young.

The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher, to a young minister, in the N. Y. *Independent*, will be perused with deep interest. There is much profound wisdom in it:

LETTER TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

My Dear ———,—There are two natural departments of influence in ministerial life—the social or personal, and the professional or teaching. He is fortunate who can with ease and skill act in both. I am under the impression that few clergymen aim to do much for the young of their flocks, except by some form of meeting But, without disparaging catechetical classes and gatherings for discourses, it seems to me that much may be done by personal influence. Do you not recollect when you were a boy, any larger boy, or some young man, who inspired you with admiration? The influence which some persons exert over the young, amounts almost to fascination. They accept their decisions, admire their style, copy their manners, court their approbation, and are made happy in their smile. The influence is not always beneficial. Children are taken out of their parents' hands, and carried away from teachers, by the social influence of companions. It is this tendency of the young to become social enthusiasts that pastors might direct to the highest end. A boy is often conscious that he is following some leader, against his conscience, and yet cannot disengage himself or break his influence; but how much more potent would such an influence be if he went with his conscience?

Boys are hero-worshippers. They delight in a master. A minister may become their friend—may pour into their ears such wealth of knowledge, such narratives, may initiate new sports, set on foot expeditions and enterprises—and, in the accomplishment of these, develope a hundred questions of honor, rectitude, magnanimity, generosity, lawful rivalry; or, he may awaken their minds to discussion, to criticism, and judgment of conduct; and, at every ease, adduce some precept or command from Scripture, which would not only teach them how to settle practical causes of conscience, but how to use the Bible, not merely for a reading book. And if, to do this, it should be found necessary for the minister himself to become more familiar with the wealth of ethical lore in the Bible, it would not be the least of benefits.

A minister can gain the sympathy and confidence of children by an easy familiarity with them in their sports and daily duties. There is no danger of detracting from his dignity, or of lessening his influence in the pulpit. Kindness inspires affection, and affection respect.

I would have you to know every child in your parish by name and disposition. I would have you win their confidence, secure their love. It is a good sign if children, when they see you, run to you with eager and pleased faces. You are their natural, and ought to be their best friend, and they ought to think so.

I do not say that all have this gift of social influence. But no minister should take that for granted until after thorough and persistent trial. Where there is an easy and natural social power, to no other more does the injunction apply, Neglect not the gift that is in thee.

It is bad to see children afraid of their minister. You ought to have the confidence of the youth committed to you, to such a degree that to you, next to their parents, and in some cases even before them, they should spontaneously apply in emergencies.

You cannot well exaggerate the moral power of such social influence. It will often transcend that of a formal and direct teaching. The person will be more than the pulpit. And even the pulpit will find itself richer, and fresher, and more fruitful in subjects for discourse.

You speak of a difficulty in finding topics for your children's meetings. Of course, every one must consult his own disposition and circumstances in this matter. But there are certain things that all may do. It is the custom of some pastors once a month to have a service on the Sabbath for children. The life of Christ, or some portion of Biblical history, is taken up and gone over in a regular course. Sometimes the catechism is taken, and, instead of formal question and answer, an illustrative and even parabolic lecture is given. It might be well to select from children's life a series of duties, or trials, or temptations, and make them the subject of familiar remark. But, while life and catechism are to be used, the Bible, after all, furnishes the chief store of materials, and in a form best adapted to interest and instruct children or adult; and you can scarcely be in danger of employing that too much, even if you employed it exclusively. I do not know why a collection of children should not be as much fascinated by Scripture narratives, detailed by the pastor, as they are wont to be at home, when some parent, or nurse, or aunt, of a Sunday afternoon, reads or recites from the sacred pages. Nothing ever so filled and excited our heart and imagination as the simple reading to us of the Scriptures by a revered aunt. Sermons, in our boyhood, were lost upon us. We do not recollect being impressed with a single sermon till after we were twelve years old. But long before that, read-