

POWER OF BAD THOUGHTS.

Great is the power of thought over one's self, great when from his mind it escapes in the form of words. It goes with the image of its author to stamp the same image on the minds perhaps of millions—of millions yet to live and yet to die. Somebody has spoken of thought moving around the earth incessantly from mind to mind, wielding its circle daily, moving thousands and thousands whom its first projector never embraced within the sphere of his imaginings, until the whole race of civilized man are brought under its influence and impressed with its power. I would not ask that this shall be the actual result of a spoken word, in order to convince me that spoken words have power that no infinite mind can estimate. Follow in the foul train of one of the obscene thoughts of the latest imported novel of the French school. See its effect in the snow-white breast of her whose hands tremble as her heart never tainted with the thought before—no leaves with emotion as the thrilling passage comes beneath her languid eye! The poison is at work; sweet it was to the taste, and to be desired like the fruit that was first forbidden, but there is agony yet to come when the poison works, as it will, and the fast victim writhes under its power. Follow the same thought on and on from one heart to another, one family to another, for oceans are no barriers, till millions of just such bosoms have been pierced, and the same virus has been planted, and the same winding-sheet has been woven around the deathless spirit.

Thought, the image of its author! There is something in its worth looking at a moment. A bad man, like Balver or Sue, perpetuates himself by sending out his thoughts, the world over; they are like him, and those who adopt them become like him; the image is in the soul, and the likeness speaks not to the outward eye, but vivid to him who sees within. And when the guilty author of these thoughts meets in the world of spirits those whom he has ruined by his licentious pen, may it not be one of the keenest tortures of that just doom, that he meets his own image haunting him, like ghosts of murdered friends, whichever way he turns his eye in that dungeon of despair? And if a lost spirit thus destroyed were armed with scorpions, and long eternity employed in scourging him who brought it there, justice would never suffer, though every stroke were laid in blood and fire. Nor would justice be reproached if those who aid in this work of ruin were doomed to bear a part of this fearful penalty.

THE SAILOR A MISSIONARY.

Does not their calling mark them out for extensive usefulness, as well as their character? In a liberal sense, their "field is the world." They are citizens of the world. They are the missionaries of commerce to the ends of the earth; and, whether the Church of God avail itself of their agency or not, to the ends of the earth they will continue to go. What an instrumentality is here!—What a magnificent agency for good! And shall it remain comparatively unemployed? Is there not ground to believe that one of the reasons why Britain has been allowed to possess the commerce of the world, is that she might possess the necessary facilities for the evangelisation of the world? Is it not remarkable that the three nations in which reformed Christianity chiefly prevails—Britain, America, and Holland—should be the three most commercial nations?—and should not the obvious design of Providence in this marked arrangement force itself on every reflecting Christian mind? Had Britain acted in accordance with this design; had we duly regarded the welfare of our sailors, and trained them up in the fear of the Lord, how different an aspect might the world, at this moment, have presented!—How much, for instance, might we have done for China by this time, by the mere distribution of tracts; whereas those very sailors themselves are there perishing for lack of knowledge. The ancient Jews were designated *God's witnesses*—to give evidence to the world in his behalf: Christians are called the *epistles of Christ*, and are said to be known and read of all men. Pious sailors would eminently realise this purpose. If unable to be *witnesses*—to proclaim the gospel with their lips, they would yet be *epistles*—speaking to the eye by the silent eloquence of a holy, useful life.

And this is a language which needs no translation, no interpreter; men of every tongue can understand it; it is the only true universal language. In some instances, indeed, our sailors already answer this purpose; "the Christian natives in the South Sea Islands are delighted with the arrival of a *praying-ship*, or a *believing sailor*." Seamen might often precede our missionaries, and prepare the way for them.—*Harris*.

LIFE, NOT A PARENTHESIS.

This life is not a parenthesis, a parenthesis that belongs not to the sense, a parenthesis that might be left out as well as put in. Upon every minute of this life depend millions of years in the next, and I shall be glorified eternally, or eternally lost, for my good or ill use of God's grace offered to me this hour. Therefore, when the Apostle says of this life, *We are absent from the Lord*, yet the Apostle says of this life, *We are at home in the body*; this world is so much our home, as that he that is not at home now, he that has not his conversation in heaven here, shall never get home. And therefore, even in this text, our former translation calls it *dwelling*; that which we read now, *pass the time of your sojourning*, we did read then *pass the time of your dwelling*; for this, where we are now, is the suburb of the great city, the porch of the triumphant Church, and the *grange*, or *country house* of the same landlord, belonging to his heavenly palace, in the heavenly Jerusalem. Be it but a sojourning, yet thou must pay God something for thy sojourning, pay God his rent of praise and prayer; and be it but a sojourning, yet thou art bound to it for a time; though thou sigh with David, *Woe is me that I sojourn so long here*; though the miseries of thy life make thy life seem long, yet thou must stay out that time, which he, who took thee in, appointed, and by no practice, no, not so much as by a deliberate wish, or unconditioned prayer, seek to be delivered of it; because thy time here is such a sojourning as is quickly at an end, and yet such a sojourning as is never at an end, (for our endless state depends upon this,) fear him, who shall so certainly, and so soon be just judge of it, fear him, in abstaining from those sins which are directed upon his power.—*Dr. Donne*.

PAY YOUR MINISTER.

Paul, in speaking of the relation between minister and people, says, that they that preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel, and that, in sowing spiritual things for others, they are entitled to reap of their carnal things; or, in plain words, the ministers of the Gospel are entitled to support from their people. The doctrine is generally admitted in theory, but too often denied in practice. Perhaps a large portion of ministers in our country have no adequate support. In some cases, it may be admitted that this results from necessity, but in many more instances it is the result of sheer neglect, if not of cruel indifference. In the Presbyterian Church the pastoral relation implies a previous contract in which there is a solemn pledge of adequate remuneration for ministerial services, that he that stands up as a teacher sent from God, may be free from worldly cares and avocations, and give himself wholly to his work. A failure in the fulfilment of this promise is pregnant with mischief, for it not only implies a want of integrity upon the part of the people, but becomes a serious hindrance to ministerial usefulness. It is deeply humiliating to a minister of Christ to be constrained to say to his creditors that he is unable to meet obligations, because his congregation withholds his due, upon the presumed payment of which his obligations to others were assumed. His credit is destroyed, his character suffers, his peace of mind is disturbed, and his usefulness is impeded. In our extensive correspondence we often hear this complaint, and we never hear it without being grieved. One will say, "my people have promised four hundred dollars a-year, but I have never received more than half the sum;" another will complain "that in lieu of salary he receives, in articles of produce, a bare subsistence for his family;" and still another will plead "my people are two years in arrears in the payment of my salary." But how so? are the people too poor to pay? No, but they are negligent and indifferent. All debts are paid before that due to the minister. A contract for farming utensils is met to the day, because the law would be appealed to, to compel payment; but a minister never sues at law, and therefore his claim may be postponed! Is this morality? We do not ask, is it religious? That holy word is out of the question in such a connection.

THE NOBLE BROTHERS.

The Duke of Wellington was born in Grafton Street, Dublin: the Marquis of Wellesley was born at Dagen. These illustrious brothers—the

Fabius and Marcellus of the British empire—have ever evinced a heartfelt interest in the welfare of a country which their ancestors have inhabited, as distinctly traced, for more than five centuries. The Duke of Wellington conceded Roman Catholic emancipation contrary to his feelings and judgment, rather than deluge his native land with the blood of his countrymen; and for this act of self devotion he has been ignominiously taunted and reviled by those whom he has benefited. The Marquis of Wellesley twice rejected the premiership, and for four years voluntarily excluded himself from office to obtain Catholic emancipation; and when the records of his Irish viceroyalty are published, the just and comprehensive policy he endeavoured to carry into effect in Ireland, will be found equal to his glorious government of British India.—*Montgomery Martin*.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE CRATER OF LAA PELE, IN THE ISLAND OF HAWAII.

We soon arrived on the ledge, which appeared like a field of ice breaking up in the spring. It varied from five hundred to two thousand feet in width, and then abruptly terminated in craggy and overhanging precipices, which had split and burst in every direction from the action of the fire beneath. The main body of the crater had settled down from the black ledge, in some places gradually, until its own weight burst it violently from the edge, leaving gaping chasms, the sides of which were intensely heated, at others it appeared to have sunk instantaneously, tearing away and undermining the ledge, and leaving precipices of two hundred feet in height. The greatest depth was about two hundred and fifty feet. The lakes, cones, and forges remained, but were emptied of lava, and quiet, emitting nothing but smoke, excepting a lade at the southwestern extremity, of which a bend in the ledge hid from our view all but the rising flames. Evidently, a short time before, the ledge had been overflowed, as the lava was piled in masses twenty feet high, or more, on its outer edge, gradually decreasing in height as it rolled in immense waves from it; and, without doubt, the whole mass had been raised, as we could now stand upon it and pluck ferns from the bank. We walked round the crater on the black ledge, endeavouring to find a place where it would be practicable to descend, but the banks were everywhere too much broken up to admit of it. Independently of that, they were so heated that the brink could only be approached in a few places, and these only at great risk. It was cracked into great chasms, from a few feet to a rod in width, to which no bottom could be seen, and, in places, large masses had swollen up and then tumbled in, like the bursting of an air bubble, or the falling in of a vast dome. The hollow echoing sound beneath our feet showed the insecurity of where we trod, and the liability to give way and precipitate us, at any moment, to instantaneous death, and I must confess that it was with fear that I walked along this path of destruction. On the surface of the ledge the rock was black and very vesicular, but, as it descended, it grew more compact, and became of a white or leadish colour. From all these pits and chasms a white flickering flame ascended, so hot, in one place, that we attempted to cross, as to singe the hair from our hands and scorch our clothing. Nothing but a precipitate retreat saved us from being enveloped in flames. The hot air would frequently flash up from the fissure without warning, and it required much caution and agility to escape from it. The thermometer over one fissure rose to one hundred and sixty-two degrees: on the ledge, five hundred feet from the brink, three feet above the ground, ninety-seven degrees; on the lava at the same place, one hundred and twenty-three degrees; two feet above a fissure, one hundred and forty-eight degrees; eighteen inches below the surface it rose instantly to one hundred and sixty-two degrees. Continual heavy explosions were occurring on the sides, sounding like muffled artillery, throwing up stones, ashes, and hot steam two hundred feet or more into the air, and, rending away the banks, tumbled large masses of rock into the crater beneath. Indeed, the whole black ledge appeared like a mere crust, the igneous action beneath having eaten away its support, and which the slightest shock would precipitate into the gulf beneath, and thus restore the crater to