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WHOLE No. 689.

Religious Miscellany.

Use Me.

BY DR. DONALD.

Make use of me, my God!

Let me be not forgot;

A broken vessel cast aside—

One whom thou needest not.

I am thy creature, Lord,

And made by hands divine;

And I am part, however mean,

Of this great world of thine.

Thou usest all thy works—

The weakest things that be;

Each has a service of its own.

For all things wait on thee.

Thou usest the high stars,

The tiny drops of dew,

The giant peak, and little hill;

My God, O use me too!

Thou usest tree and flower,

The rivers vast and small,

The eagle great, the little bird

That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,

The little hidden lake,

The pine upon the Alpine cliff,

The lily in the brake:

The huge rock in the vale,

The sand grain by the sea,

The thunder of the rolling cloud,

The murmur of the breeze—

All things do serve thee here—

All creatures, great and small;

Make use of me, my God,

The weakest of them all.

Stories for the Young.

BY A WIDOWED FATHER.

NO. III.

One of the most striking features in Eastern lands is the continuance of manners and customs of old. Various causes may be assigned for the absence of change. The sublimity or sameness of the scenery; the traditional respect for ancient usages; the primitive simplicity of the people's tastes and wants; the poetical style of their legends and literature; the condition of their life, and the steadiness and regularity of the seasons all contribute to produce the effect referred to. In the Western world fashion in dress finds scope for change in colours and winter—of seed-time and harvest; and the constant variations of heat and cold—of drought and rain. It is otherwise, however, in countries where for the most part the sun shines with oppressive force, necessitating the use of light and colourless fabrics as materials for clothing, and of these only to the extent required by an oriental idea of decency, rather than by a regard for appearance. Thus, things as they were seen in existing circumstances, and it is substantially true of the prevailing practices and habits in the East that "all things continue as they were from the beginning." It is in this that makes the Bible so intelligible in its allusions and the imagery it employs in its teachings and lessons of life, and gives it even in this respect an interest for all time. The ceremonies attendant on an eastern marriage are still as striking as when incidentally described by our blessed Lord as narrated in the 25th chapter of Matthew, and elsewhere, and in the main features they are altogether unaltered. Let my young readers imagine themselves accompanying me to witness an occurrence of this kind which took place some time ago, and its reproducing it for them I will suppose myself their guide to a spectacle on which I have often gazed with something akin in feeling to the mingled interest and curiosity common to youth. Like all similar spectacles in the East this occurs at night. We start about ten o'clock and are led to the neighbourhood of the scene by a blaze of light that illuminates all around as well as by the swelling tide of human beings, chiefly natives, setting in from the distance, some on foot, and some on camels, and some on mules, and some on dromedaries, and some on elephants. The house where the bridegroom lives is at some distance beyond, but stretching on as far past it as the eye can reach, the street seems a brilliantly lighted and decorated avenue or gallery, thronged with people, many of whom appear in festive attire, some being mounted, others in carriages or palkeys, but mostly like ourselves for better observation, on foot. The arrangement of the lights is at once simple and effective. A temporary canopy covers the wooden frame of about three feet in depth, supported by posts at regular distances, extends along the line on both sides at an elevation from the ground of five or six feet. Projecting from, and profusely distributed, are rows and groups of lamps made of tale or mica, a transparent mineral substance very suitable for the purpose, serving not only to display to advantage the representations rudely painted on the sides, but to irradiate the whole locality. The subjects on the canvases are all of a nature to be readily understood by the native on-lookers, being all more or less significant of the heathen customs, and seem to excite admiration in proportion as they offend good taste, and shock every moral sense of propriety. The bridegroom's house which is the centre of attraction is a large and massive mansion with a row of Corinthian pillars in front, and surmounted by the usual open balcony. We have reached this point in our progress, and on looking up, we see the female members of the family trying, while themselves unobserved, to obtain through the interstices of the balustrades, an occasional glimpse of the gaily and splendidly adorned and noisy bride. There, probably among the slightest spectators on the housetop, is the mother of the joyous bridegroom, only permitted to look at a distance and furtively on a scene from which she is excluded, although so closely interested. How monstrous the social laws that build up such a partition wall in the domestic life of the people of India, and how long it is yet to continue! When, O when will an accepted gospel really the wrongs of suffering and abject women, and assign her the position to which she is entitled and for which she is appointed in the domestic relation, and in social intercourse? Never

will then will India be what she ought to be, nor will any thing else or less than the gospel of light and love accomplish the end. But we must not linger. The human stream rolls on, and on we go as still the bridegroom tarries. Receding from the centre we begin to move more freely. Presently we have to stand aside to give passage to a grotesque, moving, mimic representation got up for the occasion with more regard to effect than skill. At intervals in the procession, stages or platforms placed on bamboo frames are borne along on the shoulders of coolies, or human beasts of burden, giving locomotion to musicians, who play and sing in honour of the celebration. Then there are some in the guise of grotesque specimens of the brute creation in which the monkey occupies a prominent place, while others impersonate faithful or martial characters, such as story tellers, fakirs, soldiers, &c. There is also a model steamboat of native build, and large enough to afford room for the operations of a crew that keeps the funnel supplied with smoke and the paddle wheels turning in the air. With much mirth and good humour the pageant passes along, apparently answering the design of pleasing the crowd, and at the same time proclaiming the munificence of the nuptial party. But clear the way once more! Make room! Make room! It is the King of Terrors that claims the right of passage now. In the midst of the boisterous merriment and laughter, as if to show that even the voice of the bride and the voice of the bridegroom are but a variation of the voice that said "Cry, All flesh is grass," the wasted and shrivelled form of a fellow creature who has just expired, is carried back to be consumed at the burning Ghaut. Ay, while the festive song was sung outside, and the shouts and shouts of pleasure echoed back the common and tumultuous joy, he heard the solemn midnight cry that summoned his lone spirit to go forth to meet the Son of Man—to meet an other bridegroom. Happy he if then his lamp was burning and the vessel filled with oil! And happy we if such shall be our preparation! Of him and his destiny we are ignorant—may we know ourselves and through the efficacy of the Redeemer's blood be found in a state of readiness when the starting summons comes to go to meet him!

"Behold the altar priests confess
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness
And his blood that made them so."

"The midnight now, and still the bridegroom tarries!" The attendants stand with girdled loins in waiting posture. "Watchman! what of the night? what of the night?" "The night is far spent and the day is at hand," but hark! he comes—the bridegroom comes at length! See how the weary watchers, overcome by the heat and drowsiness, now rouse themselves to action! Instantly they trim their lamps and replenish them with oil for, while they waited, their lights burned dim and down, and some of them went out. With lamps relumed the attendants stand in rows on the procession accompanying the bridegroom, or to join with those who go to meet him. We move with the mass and turn our eyes in the direction where all are looking. The way is opened up by well mounted Officers of Police who are present in their official uniform to use their authority for the preservation of order. Native retainers clad in wedding garments follow, bearing lights of varied forms and arrangement. Some carry branching stems of tall transparent crystals artistically designed; others a portable fire on the top of a pole—a kind of light common in all Eastern countries and called a Cresset—while others again display cotton fanbearers, or the combustible mass is saturated with oil from the vessel attached to each of the glaring torches. Now soon those lights would go out if they had not oil in their vessels with their lamps! We try to count the flashing fire-fountains as they come and go in quick succession—tens, hundreds—their number baffles and bewilders us—we must give it up. But here comes the bridegroom! Where? where is he? There he is; that childish looking boy of twelve or fourteen years, reclining idly in the canopyed coach borne along on the shoulders of his bearers, while others of his retinue, keeping pace with his progress, are industriously employed in fanning him, and by the action of the whisks carry away the annoyances of the ubiquitous mosquitoes and flies that swarm around. Poor child! What can he think of all the din and glitter of the scene? He seems at a loss to understand what it all means, but evidently feels himself the master of the situation, the matter what it may. Flanked and followed by more mounted officers, forward through a lane of light the canopyed coach comes along on the shoulders of his bearers, the lights behind are extinguished and the lamps smashed, probably with the poetic significance that in leaving the condition of celibacy and entering into the married state he is happily escaping from gloom and darkness to a future of brightness and joy. But we have passed our standpoint we are left to grope our way in the dark, and following him with our felicitations and best wishes for the fulfilment of the symbolized experience of married life, we succeed in length in making our way out of the scene, musing as we go on the grandeur and solemnity of another event, full of interest for us all, and of which the pomp and tinsel—the noise and show of this can only give but a faint fore-shadowing. The following lines, suggested by the occasion, may appropriately conclude our story of an eastern marriage procession.

"BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH"

Hark! upon the midnight air
Breaks the warning word "Prepare!"
Behold the bridegroom comes!
Behold the bridegroom comes!

Behold the bridegroom comes!
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Let them go with voices glad
Should the bridegroom friends be sad?
Long they for his coming sped;
Long they for his coming sped;
Now he comes with rapture crowned,
Scattering choicest gifts around,
Comes his guests to own and bless
With the robes of righteousness.

Let them in salvation's hour
Go to greet Him in His power;
With exultant songs go forth,
Glads to testify His word.
Not as once before He came
Strained till he breathless with shame;
Now with pomp He well becomes
Lo! the Royal Bridegroom comes.

Yes! the Bridegroom comes at length,
Travelling in His glorious strength—
Comes with triumph in His tread—
Comes with triumph in His tread—
Comes to claim His joyous bride—
Comes to place her by His side.
Let the Church obey His word
And go forth to meet Her Lord.
—Glasgow.

A Christian's Right Place.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

In a well-organized army every man has his place, and every man in his place, is as much the motto of the Church as it is of the camp; the wrong place is well-nigh as fatal as no place at all.

Now what is a Christian's right place? Manifestly it is the place that his Creator made him for and trained him for. To mistake it is a misfortune; to desert it is a disgrace and a crime. The Bible answer to our question is given in these words: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith, or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principle here laid down is that every true Christian, after a candid, honest inspection of his own physical and mental and moral qualifications, should take the post of duty or the line of labor for which his gifts best fit him that is in him.

Some men were manifestly created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, and strong lungs, and a love of Jesus, and a love of a divine call for the ministry; for such to stay out of the pulpit (if strong inclination draw them thitherward) is as grievous a mistake as it has been for hundreds of others to enter the pulpit.

But because a man is not called to preach in the sacred desk, must he preach nowhere else? Is all the earnestness, and all the persuasive power, and all the hunger for souls which a pious lawyer or a pious mechanic may possess, to run to waste? No! Let him tell his neighbor of the great salvation wherever he can find him—whether in the public meeting for conference, in the prayer circle, by the way-side or the roadside, in the sick room, or in whatever place God brings a soul within his reach. And how successfully this work may be done, let such as have Harlan Page, and Robert Haldane, and Cranfield, and the good Methodist Carver, answer. Let the powerful lay exhortations heard in Fulton Street answer. God is opening a wide door for lay exhortation in our time. Brownlow North, in Great Britain, is proving what can be achieved by a practical man throwing himself upon practical men without any professional technicalities, and pouring Gospel truth into their hearts in the every-day language of life. This course in Christ's army will bear enlargements singly or in squads upon the enemy wherever a point is left exposed, or a straggler can be "sighted."

What our Churches sorely need is the development of the members. Too much is thrown upon the ministry. The Church becomes Dr. Tynge's Church, or Mr. Beecher's Church, or Mr. Barnes's Church instead of being the people's Church, with those gifted men as its ministers. A pastor is expected to make two thousand converts, the public devotions of his flock, to conduct the public devotions of his flock, to labor at the bedside, in the sick room, and the house of death. During our early ministry we were called to do all these, and to superintend a Sunday-school and teach a Bible-class besides. Now we love to work better than anything else, unless it be to see other people work. And no member of our Church has any more right to turn over his spiritual labors on me than he has to turn over his market basket, or to ask me to eat and drink his dinner for him. He needs to do his duty as much as the cause of Christ needs to have it done. And when, in seasons of revival, the latent lay power of the Church is brought out, we see how much may be done by the Pricillas and Aquillas, by Onesiphorus, and by Lydia, and the "faithful Persis" who labor in the Lord. The Church then is a hive without a drone, and the air is musical with returning bees bringing in their blessed spoil.

A Christian who is kept for his work will find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," let him have the knack of breaking the truth up into small morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon send his way into the Sabbath-school. Another one his way and love of souls; to see on one tract-distribution is a welcome work. It requires only health enough to walk, and Christian courtesy enough to talk acceptably to the family visited with the Bible or the tract. It is not too much to say that Harlan Page, with his Gospel under his arm, is equal to many a learned divine, with his ponderous columbiads aimed forty degrees above the hearts of the people.

Here again is another whose "gift" is a melodious voice—that "most excellent thing in women," and hardly less so in a man. A homely woman becomes beautiful while she is singing; and a melodious voice will outlive a plump form or a rosy complexion. Whoever can sing belongs to God's great multitudinous choir. Who ever can sing, and will not sing, does not deserve a seat in the Church or the feast of a good sermon. They will be ashamed to sing in heaven if they were too indolent or too fastidious to sing in the earthly temple of God's praise.

Not are these the only gifts. We can now recall a number of our first flock who possessed no qualifications to exhort, or to teach in the Sabbath-school; he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. All his garments were small of myth; he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. He did not possess a rare earnestness and Bible-fulness and soul-ferver in prayer. That good

old man's single prayer saved more than one evening meeting from death and desolation. A blessed gift was that veteran's power of pleading at the mercy-seat; and a fountain of blessing did it prove to the Church for which he brought the heavenly baptism.

Reader! have you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there, even though it be in the humblest corner of the most-out-of-the-way vineyard. An idle man in the Church is a monster. And you cannot give a cup of Gospel-water to a beggar's child without receiving Christ's smile in return for it. Wherefore "neglect not the gift that is in thee," and whatsoever thou dost for the Lord, "do it heartily."—Independent.

The Watchword.

In one of the great galleries of Gibraltar two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking, rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own inquietudes and doubts. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former, and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which the moment filling his heart. The next moment he perceived himself, and the officer, do not doubt, passed on. But the words he spoke had rung through the gallery and entered the ears of his fellow-guard at the other end of the message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" the soldier's watchword, never to be forgotten. For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

Religious Intelligence.

A Camp Meeting in Ireland.

Mrs. Dr. PALMER writes a friend of hers an account of a camp meeting held recently near Enniskillen, Ireland, which has been published in the Central Advocate:

The meeting is held in a beautiful leafy grove belonging to a wealthy gentleman who is agent for the estate of Lord Belmore. The grounds through which we pass, extending the whole length, and within its range over three hundred acres, varying at different points from nine miles to less than a quarter in breadth. To reach the ground halloved by holy service, we crossed the lake at one of its narrow points, in boats provided for the purpose by the committee of arrangement. The whole scene is charmingly picturesque. Let me give you a sketch of one among other similar scenes in which we have participated, which I am sure you would have enjoyed much. By way of explanation, I must say, that many of the services were entered by a porter's lodge, as is usual in approaching the mansions of the aristocracy of Ireland and England. Beautiful trees of various sorts and richly cultivated grounds, with seats at convenient distances, inviting the weary to rest, are here and there interspersed. To add to the enchanting scene, the sparkling Lough Erne lies just beneath the bank below. This is regarded by some tourists as one of the most beautiful lakes in the three kingdoms. Taken length, and within its range over three hundred acres, varying at different points from nine miles to less than a quarter in breadth. To reach the ground halloved by holy service, we crossed the lake at one of its narrow points, in boats provided for the purpose by the committee of arrangement. The whole scene is charmingly picturesque. Let me give you a sketch of one among other similar scenes in which we have participated, which I am sure you would have enjoyed much. By way of explanation, I must say, that many of the services were entered by a porter's lodge, as is usual in approaching the mansions of the aristocracy of Ireland and England. 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