

and an immortal. The slaves belong to Adam's race; are by nature under the wrath and curse even as others; subjects of the same promises, partakers of the same blessings in Jesus Christ, and heirs of the same eternal inheritance. How the last great day will dissipate unscriptural and inhuman prejudices against these children of the common brotherhood!

It is an error to suppose that the *African slave trade ought to be revived*. Among all the popular errors of the day, this is the most mischievous and wicked. God denounces the traffic in human flesh and blood. It has the taint of murder. Our national legislation righteously classes it with piracy, and condemns its abettors to the gallows. And yet, in Conventions and Legislatures of a number of the slaveholding States, the revival of the African slave trade meets with favor. This fact is an ominous proof of the demoralization of public sentiment, under the influence and operation of a system of slavery.

Another error is, that *slavery is a permanent institution*. Slavery in the United States must come to an end. Christianity is arraying the public opinion of the world against it. The religion of Jesus Christ never has, and never can countenance the perpetuity of human bondage. The very soil of the planting States, which is growing poorer and poorer every year, refuses to support slavery in the long run. Its impoverished fields are not often renovated, and the system must in time die the death of its own sluggish doom. Besides, the competition of free labor must add to the embarrassments of slavery.

In short, slavery is compelled to extinction by the operation of the natural laws in the providence of the ever-living God which laws act in concert with the spirit and principles of his illuminating word.

Another popular delusion is, that *slavery will always be a safe system*. Who, that has knowledge of human nature, does not tremble in view of future insurrections, under the newly devised provocations of reviving the slave-trade, banishing the free blacks from the soil, and prohibiting emancipation. The future of slavery in America will present, in all probability, a dark and gloomy history, unless our beloved brethren exert themselves, in season, to arrest its progress, and to provide for its extinction.

TRAVELLING HOMEWARD.

Men, when travelling homeward, turn their eyes in the direction in which home lies, scanning the way as it winds before them, counting the coming miles. When they reach it, they delight no less in looking back upon the road by which they have reached the dwelling of their fathers, remembering all that befell them, whether of evil or of good, as they passed on.

So it is with us. Our route is homeward: and our eye turns to the New Jerusalem. It is our joy to think of the eternal day we are there to spend with God and with the Lamb.

Ere long, we shall be within its courts, or pacing over its streets in holy company. And when standing on its bright walls, we shall look backward upon the path that brought us to the kingdom, brief as it was, but very wonderful, we shall recall each struggle, each weary step, each dark or lonely turn, each rugged ascent, each valley of affliction, with its wells or pools; we shall remind ourselves of Jehovah's dealings with us by the way, as he led us, sometimes in sorrow, sometimes in joy, with sure but mysterious guidance to the "joyous city;" or we shall tell our story to others to some angel, perhaps, or some redeemed one that left earth in infancy, and knew no such rough passage to the "rest" as that which we have to speak of; and pointing to the different windings of the earthly path, we shall say, There, and then, and thus, I first drew near to

God, and loved that he was gracious;—there, and then, and thus, I endured that conflict, I got entangled with that snare, I lost my way, I stumbled and fell, I was overshadowed with darkness,—yet out of all the Lord delivered me.—*H. Bonar, D. D.*

THE EARTH FULL OF THE GLORY OF GOD.

Sin has to some extent blighted the beauty of creation, still, to borrow the words of the Psalmist, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Nor is it distance here that lends enchantment to the view. On the contrary, the more closely the works of God are examined the higher our admiration rises, and the less we fear that true science will ever appear as the antagonist, and not the ally of the faith. Whether we turn the telescope on the heavens studied so full of stars as to prevent the appearance of gold dust scattered with lavish hand on a dark purple ground, or turn the microscope on such comparatively humble objects as a plant of moss, a drop of ditch-water, the scaly armour of a beetle, a spider's eye, the down of a feather, or the dust of a butterfly's wing, such divine beauty, wisdom and glory burst into view, that childhood's roving mind is instantly arrested; the dullest are moved to wonder, the most grovelling soulstake wing and rise to God. He rushes indeed into our souls by the open portal of every sense. We see a divine glory in worms and unapproachable excellence in the Almighty's lowliest works. And in the grand roar of the storm, the everlasting boom of ocean-breakers, the sudden crash and far rolling peals of thunder, the soft murmurings of gentle brooks, the gleesome melody of budding woods, the thrilling music of the lark, as like a parting spirit she purges the earth, and wings her flight to heaven; nature echoes the close of the Angel's hymn, "The whole earth is full of his glory."—*GERMAN.*

FROM APPARENT ILLS OUR BLESSINGS FLOW.

In one of the most romantic and delightful villages of England stood the lordly mansion of Mr. G——. Situated on a rising ground, it reared its bold towers in proud defiance of wind and weather, and for miles was surrounded with well-arranged grounds, tastefully intermingled with bowers and grove, while to the right a group of ragged urchins thankfully received the daily alms bestowed by the inmates of this mansion. For, be it remembered, Mr. G—— was in the opinion of the world, a most virtuous and estimable person, ever willing to assist his suffering fellow-men, provided it interfered not with his own comfort or selfish interests; and he was moreover, a most scrupulous attendant on Divine Service. I had heard much of the harmony and happiness, which prevailed in this family; and being of rather an inquisitive disposition, I determined, if possible, to see and judge for myself. With this intention, I decided to remain one day at least in this enchanting abode. Hardly had I been seated in the superbly furnished apartment, entitled to which was ushered, before I perceived in one corner, half hid by the rich tapestry which decorated the walls, a youth reclining on a couch, and who seemed to be revolving in his mind some important matter. I had but just begun to conjecture, what could have occurred to agitate one so delicately nurtured as he had been in the lap of affluence and splendor, ere

my attention was arrested by approaching foot steps. At this moment two individuals entered, but so busily were they engaged in conversation as to be unaware of the presence of any one.

From parts of the conversation which I now and then heard, I gathered that a hunting party had been proposed for that day; but the lady fearful of some accident was endeavouring to persuade her husband to decline the invitation. Knowing his wife's great aversion to this kind of dangerous amusement, he seemed to waver, when the youth seeing his father hesitate, rose, and advancing toward his mother, said, "Surely you would not mar this day's enjoyment merely because of some idle fancy; besides we will return to dinner, and I am sure a little recreation will be productive of health to all." The mother said no more, but with a heavy sigh left the room.

On her withdrawal, it was decided that Mr. G—— should remain, and that Alfred might go, only on condition of returning early. All things being arranged, the parents could not but admire the noble figure and dignified mien of their only child, as with masterly hand he grasped the reins, and springing lightly on his prancing steed, rode off full of life and hope. Shortly after Mr. G—— left to transact some business in one of the neighbouring villages. Meanwhile the anxious mother continued to gaze on the retreating steps of her darling boy, until he was lost in the distance, when, with a sorrowful heart, she turned from the window, and strove to dispel the quickly gathering gloom. First one thing, and then another was tried but in vain. As the dinner hour approached, she watched with intense anxiety, time sped on, but neither husband nor son appeared. With the first falling shades of night were her fears increased. Unconsciously she wandered from apartment to apartment; now advancing to the window, and vainly endeavouring to pierce the impenetrable darkness, which had suddenly overshadowed the face of smiling nature, then retracing her weary steps, would she halt, scarce daring to breathe, that she might the better catch the first sound of coming footsteps. Long, long did she endure this suspense and agony, until at length wearied in body and mind, she sank exhausted on a chair. Accidentally taking up a book, which appeared to have been but little used, she opened its pages, and her eye lighted on the words "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." With wonder and amazement, she turned to see, who could possibly be the author of this neglected but precious volume. How was her astonishment increased, when she saw in characters not to be mistaken, "The word of God." She was speechless. Was it true? Could it be that God, of whom she had heard in childhood but of whom in consequence of the vanities and follies of the world, she had rarely since heard or thought? Yes! 'twas the same God, who ever merciful and kind, did not now in the evil hour, leave her to eat the bitter fruits of disobedience, but with affectionate counsels and promises strive and not in vain, to bring back the wanderer to His fold. Becoming more and more interested in the work, she read on, regardless of the flight of time, when she was suddenly startled by a knock at the door. Could she be mistaken? No, that knock was too familiar, and ere she had laid aside the volume, her husband entered. His first question was, Where is Alfred? She looked at him doubting if he was not jesting, but seeing the grave expression of countenance, she trembled lest her worst fears might be realized. Without saying more, Mr. G—— hastily left the house. Hardly had he proceeded a quarter of a mile, were he not by a company of men, bearing on a litter, the mangled and apparently lifeless body of his son. Who