

very bones.—for they cast a man into the sepulchre of Elisha; “and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of Elisha, he revived, and stood up on his feet.” Thus making true of him, in an especial manner, what is said of another scripture worthy, “he being dead, yet speaketh.” This is he, who, at the outset of his mission, said, “Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.” In very deed, the prayer of Elisha, son of Shephat, was plentifully answered.—*Hal. Guardian.*

### WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

An important question! and, reader, it is directed to you personally. As in the sight of God, what reply can you give to it? The Son of God has been revealed from heaven in a character, and for a purpose, which none should dare lightly disregard; and yet, when he tabernacled in our flesh, he was a stumbling-block to the Jew, and foolishness to the Greek. He came to his own, and his own received him not, but esteemed him as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness. Men differed about his character—some esteeming him a good man, but most regarding him as a deceiver.

The religion which he taught has now been eighteen hundred years before the world, and we find the same differences of opinion concerning its author still prevailing. To the question, What think ye of Christ? one will reply that he doubts whether such a person ever existed. Another will admit his existence, but deny his divine mission, and regard his religion as a cunningly devised fable. Still another will pretend to reverence the Lord Jesus as a perfectly wise and good man, who had intimate intercourse with heaven, but no just claim to a divine character. Another will satisfy himself that he entertains the most orthodox faith respecting the Son of God, and yet you see nothing of the spirit of the Master in his life. Another will tell you, if he speaks candidly, that he is so absorbed in the pursuit of worldly things, that he seldom, if ever, thinks of Christ at all, either good or bad. But setting aside the views of the atheist, infidel, unitarian, formalist, and worldly, we ask the humble Christian what he thinks of Christ. He is one who can speak intelligently. He has received light from heaven, which has dissipated his prejudice, and scattered his darkness. He can speak what he knows, and testify what he has seen; and what testimony does he bear?

He regards him as the chief among ten thousand, and as altogether lovely; as Creator, King, Redeemer; and when he speaks of him with a full heart, he testifies to the whole world of the excellency of his Lord:—“Is it not he who sought me when a stranger—reclaimed me from the degradation and ruin of sin—touched my heart with true penitence—opened my eyes to my danger, and pointed me to his own cross for relief? Did he not whisper peace to my perturbed bosom, and subdue the fierceness of an envenomed conscience? When trembling on the verge of hell, did he not pluck me as a brand from the burning? Am I not an heir of salvation by his grace, in the hope of the full revelation of which, I daily and joyfully live? Has not he soothed me in sorrow—helped me in difficulty—delivered me in temptation, and imparted to me the foretastes of the heavenly rest? In every step of my toilsome pilgrimage, am I not permitted to lean on his arm, and pour out all my sorrows into his bosom? Have I any friend like him, who sticketh to me closer than a brother? If I offend him, he forgives me; if I stumble, he upholds me; and under a thousand provocations, which would alienate any earthly friend, he reproves, and then wipes away my tears. He has never disappointed me when I have trusted him, and he has promised to be with me even to death, and beyond the grave. And shall I not love him? Is he not dearer to me than all the world besides? Is not my sweetest meditation of him, and is not my principal quarrel with my proud and obdurate heart, that it does not love him more? Can I not endure the troubles of life, because he is near to help and soothe me? Can I not comfortably look into the grave, because he has sanctified it? And is not heaven rendered infinitely delightful, because there I shall see him face to face? What think I of Christ! He is all my salvation, and all my

desire. His law is my rule of life—his righteousness my justification—his intercession, my pledge of acceptance in the last great day. He has imposed on me an unspeakable obligation, and I consider it my reasonable service to present my body and spirit as a living sacrifice to him.”

### THE RESTING-PLACE.

HOWEVER dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, when the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled, if this resting-place, instead of the bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more, the tears are dried up in their fountains, the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosom of the pale nations of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trump, or respond to the rending shouts of victory.

How quiet these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth. The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought, and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.—[There is, however, but one class of persons who may derive comfort from these reflections—those only who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Ed.]

### PECULIAR SEASONS.

You are aware of what consequence it is, in worldly concerns, to embrace opportunities, and to improve critical seasons; and thus, in the things of the Spirit, there are times peculiarly favourable—moments of happy visitation, where much more may be done towards the advancement of our spiritual interests than usual. These are gales of the Spirit—unexpected influences of light and power, which no assiduity in the means of grace can command, but which it is a great point of wisdom to improve.

If the husbandman is attentive to the vicissitudes of weather, and the face of the sky, that he may be prepared to take the full benefit of every gleam of sunshine: how attentive should we be in watching for those influences from above, which are necessary to ripen and mature a far more precious crop! As the natural consequence of being long under the guidance of another, is a quick perception of his meaning, so that we can meet his wishes before they are virtually expressed; something of this ready discernment, accompanied with instant compliance, may reasonably be expected from those who profess to be habitually led by the Spirit.—*Robert Hall.*

### DEATH.

THE funeral was over—the dead shovelled away. What a strange thing it does seem, that that very form which we prized so dearly—for which we prayed the winds to be gentle—which we lapped from the cold in our arms—from whose footsteps we would have removed a stone—should be suddenly thrust out of sight—an abomination that the earth must not look upon—a despicable loathsomeness, to be concealed and to be forgotten! And this same composition of bone and muscle, that was yesterday so strong—which men respected, and women loved, and children clung to—today so lamentably powerless: unable to defend or protect those who lay nearest to its heart; its riches wrested from it, its wishes spat upon, its influence expiring with its last sigh. A breath from its lips making all that mighty difference, between what it was and what it is!

EARTHLY things are to be employed; heavenly things to be enjoyed.—*Augustine.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### MEMORIAL OF MRS. HEMANS.

A BETTER memorial of this gifted and excellent woman than any from her own pen, or from the recollections of her family, will be found in the following beautiful testimony of an attendant, who has since followed her beloved mistress to the haven of rest. It occurs in a letter written by her a few months after Mrs. HEMANS' death; and it is a remarkable instance, not merely of innate susceptibility and delicacy of feeling, which are not confined to any particular rank or station, but of an intellectual refinement, like that of the “Dairyman's Daughter,” which is not usual among persons of the writer's station in life. It seems as if her intercourse with Mrs. HEMANS had etherealized her; and who can say how much the Scriptural knowledge, and humble faith of the dependent, were blessed to her highly-gifted mistress.

“It is a continual cause of thankfulness to me, that I was so wonderfully supported, even to the last sad hour—sad it must ever be to me; it is a thing not to wear off. Oh, no! with me it seems to deepen daily—remembrances grow dearer. My thought of her is like some hidden, treasured thing, which no power could win from me. I feel it would be downright selfishness to wish her back: it may well be said this was not her rest. She ever seemed to me as a wanderer from her heavenly Father's mansion, who knew too much of that home to seek a resting-place here! She often said to me, ‘I feel like a tired child—worn, and longing to mingle with the pure in heart.’ At other times she would say, ‘I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly.’ And then she would say, ‘Oh, Anna, do not you love your kind Saviour? The plan of redemption was indeed a glorious one; humility was indeed the crowning work. When any body speaks of His love to me, I feel as if they were too slow; my spirit can mount alone with him into those blissful realms, with far more rapidity.’

“My heart gets too full for utterance when I think of her affectionate manner to me. She often told me that she believed I had been sent to her, in answer to her earnest prayer, and said that, whatever might be her fate, I might always feel that my being with her had not been in vain. These were her words; and the Searcher of Hearts only knows how thankful, yet humbled, I feel for such an inestimable blessing. It is one for which I feel I shall have to render an account. May it prove a blessed one! I wish I could tell you more of what she said; but my language is so poor, so weak, that when I would try, it is as if I were robbing her words of their brightness; but then I know that none can speak as she did. These are not words of course; no, I can truly say, ties to earth are weakened, because she is no longer here.”—*London Christian Observer.*

## SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

THE office of Sunday School Teachers is honourable before God and before man, for the labours and sacrifices which it involves. Of all human duties, theirs who teach the Sunday School, when faithfully performed, are farthest from a sinecure. They require patience—they require perseverance—they require self-denial—they involve contact with the most disagreeable persons; collision with the most unruly tempers, exposure to the most uncomfortable circumstances; and, worst of all, they are but too often—such is the waywardness of human nature—resisted, or ungratefully received. Now, to persist against all these adverse influences, in the service of any good cause, would be accounted worthy of honour by all. How much more so in this, which of all others is freest from human observation, and least encouraged by the thought of human applause. Its duties are emphatically done in secret. The