

RELIGIOUS.**CREATION.**

After the Creator had accomplished the purpose of his will, and had finished the creation, He examined and pronounced that it was good. All things made, answering the end for which they were brought into existence. Among other animate things of the new world, I imagine I see a form in the Garden of Eden, like that of its Maker, which personage attracts the notice of celestial spirits, and raises a melodious note of admiration from the harp of angelic hosts. I take another view of this dignitary, and see him placed on an eminence far above every other earthly creature—the Lord of the world. He is clad with innocency, and spotless white—he holds fellowship with Deity—he converses with angels. Such was the love and harmony universally prevailing, that the morning stars sang together and the Sons of God shouted for joy.

I gazed on the many glories in his character, and among others I imagined him a being without numbering of days or end of time. I now sat in solitude for contemplation, and amused myself with the beauties of nature; but none appeared so amiable as the being named by the Lord, Adam, or dust. Here my mind was lost in wonder and astonishment, and I cried with vehemency, great art thou, the Maker of these things.

I now began a retrospect of the things I had already viewed: but the Lord of creation I could no longer see—his place was made vacant. I was now at a loss to find out the cause that gave birth to this great and sudden change—the once beautiful face of nature wore a frown on every feature, and the very place where I stood was cursed of the Almighty. I began to accuse myself of wickedness, supposing my intrusion had disorganized the creation of God—during which time I heard an audible voice rehearsing in my hearing the following—‘It is Beelzebub, the once messenger of God, but now the prince of the infernal host that has done it.’ I could no longer suppress the feelings of my heart, but cried from the bitterness of a soul laden with sorrow, Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I may lament the departure of the glory that composed the character of this once noble personage.

So great was the change, that the sun hid in obscurity its animating rays, and the heavenly host seemed to mourn in sackcloth and ashes for the fall of this once noble prince, from his throne of eminence to become a groveling insect of earth—a creature whose days were numbered, but few and full of sorrow.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE FAMILY.

Order is Heaven's first law. God himself is the example of it—and by nothing does he bless his creatures more, than by the steadiness of the order of nature and the regularity of the seasons. What uncertainty is there in the ebbing and flowing of the tides—what deviations in the changes of the moon. The sun knoweth his going down and his rising up. Even the comet is not eccentric; in traveling the boundlessness of space, he performs his revolutions of fifty or a hundred years to a moment. And in all the works of God, what seems disorder, is only arrangement beyond our reach. “For in wisdom he has made them all,”

Hear the apostle, “Let every thing be done decently and in order.” The welfare of your household requires that you should observe times. Every thing should have its seasons—your business, your devotional exercises, your rising and your rest. It is important to peace, and temper, and diligence, and economy. Confusion is friendly to carry on evil work. Disorder also multiplies disorder. For no one thinks of being exact with those who set at nought all punctuality. The same principle requires that you should keep every thing in its place,—Subordination is the essence of all order and rule. Never suffer the distinctions of life to be broken down. All violations of this kind injure those who are below the gradation, as well as those above it. The relinquishment of authority may be wrong as its excesses. He that is responsible for the duties of any relation should claim its prerogatives and powers. How else is he to discharge them? Be kind and affable to servants, but let nothing divest you of the mistress. Be the tenderest of fathers but be the father, and no sensible woman will, I am sure be offended if I add, be the most devoted of husbands, but be the husband.