

I watched the Christian and beheld, that though his serious eye
Was often kindled up to joy by sunbeams from on high,
Yet doubt would cloud his brightest hope, and his repentant moan
Was far the saddest tone that swelled Creation's choral groan.

But there were moments when his faith seemed merged in actual sight,
And he beheld that glorious time through dark Creation's night,
When this lost world will be again to perfect bliss restored,
And every creature hail with joy the presence of its Lord!

But oh! to him the sweetest thought was that his sin would be
No more a burden, and his soul from its defilements free;
That clouds of unbelief and doubts could never, never come,
To hide his Saviour, and obscure his title to his home.

Oh, happy hour, when all will be in strong alliance bound,
The mighty chain of Christian love about each spirit wound;
When renovated earth proclaims decay and death are o'er,
And praise is glad Creation's voice—her groan is heard no more!

E. S.

THE MORMONS AND THEIR MOVEMENTS.—The movements of the Mormons is one of the most extraordinary of the day. They continue to increase and multiply at an amazing rate, and their missionaries in all parts of the world are reaping a rich harvest. A few days since, no less than 330 new converts arrived at St. Louis, from England, while six more ships are on their way, having from 2500 to 3000 on board. It is thought that 10,000 in all will cross the Atlantic during the coming year. How are we to account for this strange infatuation?

A GREEN OLD AGE.—"Age," says Ossian, "is dark and unlovely." No:—not always. It might be so among "savage clans and roaming barbarians," before they had received "the elements of knowledge and the blessings of religion." But age, with us, is often a refreshing and beautiful sight. There are old men and old women that look as bright and brisk as their grandchildren! It is delightful to see a man who, having passed the previous stages of life with credit and honour, approaches the last, and goes through it with contentment and cheerfulness. Look at him. There's a good deal of many of his wonted attributes about him yet;—force in his intellect, freshness in his feelings, light in his eye, and vigour in his limb! He reviews the past without pain and without complaint. He is not querulous, selfish, misanthropic. He does not confound and frighten the young by constantly telling them of the howling wilderness into which they have been born, and of the wretched thing they will find life to be. He has not found it anything of the sort. The world has proved to him a very pleasant place, and life an interesting though eventful journey. Life did not turn out perhaps, just what he fancied and dreamt about as a boy, or even as a man; it became a rougher, but withal a better and nobler thing. He does not therefore attempt to touch too rudely the dreams of the young enthusiasts about him. He listens to them with interest and pleasure; sometimes with a significant but loving silence, sometimes answering and encouraging with genial sympathy. He does not destroy their hopes and anticipations, for while he feels that they will probably be fulfilled in a way somewhat different from what is projected, he feels, also, that they may be fulfilled, and that life may become to his successors what it has been to him. His hoary head is a crown of glory; his name fragrant as incense. The old man looks downward, and in gazing on his grandchildren seems to become the subject of a new affection. He does so—and it is his last. The heart has none other to pour forth—life nothing further to bestow. The man's course is "crowded" and consummated by this. Whether it is that he simply likes the idea of going down in his prosperity, and rejoices in the first proof of the advancing line; or whether it is the revival of his former feelings—the gushing again towards his new representative, but with additional elements, of the love that welled around the cradle of his son; whether it may be, certain it is, that there is this exultant sentiment, described by Solomon, in the breast of the old man as he looks on his children's children: "There's a fine fellow!—that's my son's boy!—and see here, this is my daughter's girl! Bless the dears! I am quite proud of them." I dare say you are, old friend—and every one that has a heart shares your delight. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." In palace or cottage, hull or hamlet, a green and hearty old age like this is beautiful to the eye, and all its affections, and even its fancies, venerable and sacred. It is no despicable world, young men, you may be sure; that can show us specimens of its productions like that. Life is made a tolerable good thing of, when it can be used, and spent, and "crowded," so.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

NOBLE BOY.—A boy was once tempted by some of his companions to pluck ripe cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said one of his companions, "for if your father should find out that you had them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you."

"That is the very reason," replied the boy, "why I should not touch them. It is true my father would not hurt me; yet my disobedience would hurt my father, and that would be worse than anything else."

A boy who grows up with such principles would be a man in the best sense of the word. It betrays a regard for rectitude that would render him trustworthy under every trial.

MONEY-LOVING PREACHERS.

So much disposed are men to charge ministers of the Gospel with loving money, that it is scarcely safe for one of them to accept a call from a church where his salary does not meet his expenses, to another with a higher salary, even if the field of usefulness is wider. Ministers themselves sometimes countenance this mean spirit. We have now before us a pamphlet published by a layman, the title of which is, "An Appeal to the Churches, or the Cause and Cure of Remissness in the Support of Pastors, by a hearer of the Word." The writer, a man of business, draws the following contrast between the ministry and other vocations in the matter of pecuniary support. He states that after careful investigation he has ascertained, that "in every calling in life, where men are industrious and frugal, he finds them ascending from a competency to wealth. One physician of his acquaintance was in the habit of booking from *nine to twelve thousand dollars per annum!* He has since died, leaving as family a large estate, accumulated in some twenty years! An enterprising young merchant, who is doing apparently not the largest business, realized from one winter's sales, the enormous sum of *nine thousand dollars!* The farming interest is in the same prosperous condition.

Now, look at the other side of the picture. He says, "In the writer's whole experience, he has never become acquainted with a minister of the Gospel who has made a *fortune* by preaching. Nor is this all, he recollects not one instance, in which the clerical profession has yielded what the men of the world would consider a *competence*. By a competence we mean a sum sufficient for the support of a family during the life-time of its head, and which will also screen a widow and orphans from want after the husband and father has been removed. Every man may be said to be morally bound to accumulate this much for the wants of a family. Probably there is no cruelty greater than that which leaves a delicate female with some half-dozen children to buffet with the world without means. It is a sin almost unpardonable.

He adds, "In the building where the writer is penning these lines, there are now present three ministers of the Gospel who are pastors. One of them has a city charge, the other two labor in the country. Their aggregate salaries amount to but twenty-one hundred dollars, or seven hundred dollars a piece. Neither is this state of things better in other places, but rather worse. We venture to affirm, that if the entire salaries of all the pastors in our country were equally distributed, each man would not receive more than three hundred dollars."

And we may add to this testimony our own observation. Our acquaintance with ministers is extensive, and we know not one in city or country, whose salary would enable him, in an ordinary life, to make comfortable provision for old age, or for his wife and children in case of his death. Nor do we remember to have met with a solitary exception to this general statement. On the contrary, we know those who have labored hard for years in the ministry, and have supported their families, in considerable part by teaching or other labors.

Our author suggests a *cure* for this state of things; but there is no cure for it, so long as the love of money so greatly prevails in the churches and in the world.—*Presb. of the West.*

HELP YOUR MINISTER.

Help him by your prayers for him. He is a man, weak, erring, sinful, an unworthy vessel of the Gospel treasure, with all frailties of humanity, with all the infirmities of a mortal body, and a blinded mind, and a deceitful heart. Like any brother of your fallen race, he needs Christian intercession on his behalf, that he may be enlightened by the illumination of Divine Truth, sanctified by the grace of the Gospel, and strengthened by might in the inner man.

He has his trials as a private Christian, just as you have yours. He must groan with his body of death; he must encounter the ever-besetting sin of wordliness, he must struggle with the remaining evil passions of a corrupt nature. He must bide the buffets of the great adversary and all his dark servants, and fight all the battles of a Christian's conflict with his legion of foes. Steep and narrow for him as for you is the way that leads to holiness and God. Strong are earth's cords that hold him back from climbing as those that chain your mounting feet. Do you know what a Christian's trials are, of doubts, and fears, and contests, and betrayals, and griefs, and shames—then you know his, and must understand how much he needs your prayers, even as he pours forth his own for you.

But he has his own peculiar trials and perplexities as a minister of the Gospel, and these constitute a powerful appeal to you for your kindly intercession on his behalf. Many an anxious hour does he consume in selecting themes for your spiritual profit and edification. What message of Inspiration's many lessons, he asks, do the circumstances of my people next call for? What does this brother need, what that? What truth will be most timely for that straying member of the flock—what will summon the whole church most effectually to the help of the Lord? What argument shall be addressed to the impenitent? What treaty will win them by the Spirit's blessing? More time, labour, and anxiety are expended often upon this question than on the discussion of the theme when it is fixed upon.

But then again at other times, his theme being before him, he bends for many a weary hour over it without striking the vein of thought, he is persuaded it contains, till at last slowly the fire kindles, and the temperature rises to the heat of life.