

LABOR.

BY MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

Pause not to dream of the future before us!  
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;  
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus  
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!  
Never the ocean wave falters in flowing;  
Never the little seeds stops in its growing,  
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,  
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

"Labor is worship!"—the robin is singing;  
"Labor is worship!"—the wild bee is ringing;  
Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing  
Speaks to thy soul from out nature's heart.  
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower,  
From the rough sod comes the soft breathing flower,  
From the small insect, the rich coral lower;  
Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—"Tis the still water falleth;  
Idleness ever despaireth, bewalleth;  
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth  
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.  
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;  
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;  
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:  
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;  
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,  
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,  
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.  
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow!  
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow!  
Lie not down wearied 'neath wo's weeping willow!  
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Droop not tho' shame, sin and anguish are round thee!  
Bravely fling off the cold chain that luth bound thee!  
Look on yon pure Heaven smiling beyond thee!  
Rest not content in thy darkness—a cloud!  
Work—for some good—be it ever so lowly!  
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly!  
Labor! All labor is noble and holy!—  
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

A FREE PARAPHRASE OF THE GERMAN.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest angel comes;  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again,  
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,  
There's rest in his still countenance:  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;  
But ill and woes he may not cure  
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm  
Our feverish brow with cooling balm;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will.

O, thou who mournest on thy way,  
With longings for the close of day,  
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned;  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

JERUSALEM.—THE TEMPLE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"My room opened upon a little terrace,—  
the flat roof of a lower apartment in our inn  
at Jerusalem, and from this little terrace I  
was never tired of gazing. A considerable  
portion of the city was spread out below me;  
not with its streets laid open to view, as it  
would be in one of our cities; but presenting  
a collection of flat roofs, with small white  
cupolæ rising from them, and the minarets  
of the mosques springing tall and light  
as the poplar from the long grass of the  
meadow. The narrow, winding lanes, which  
are the streets of eastern cities, are scarcely  
traceable from a height; but there was one  
visible from our terrace, with its rough pave-  
ment of large stones, the high house-walls  
on each side, and the arch thrown over it,  
which is so familiar to all who have seen  
pictures of Jerusalem. This street is called  
the Via Dolorosa, the Mournful Way, from  
its being supposed to be the way by which  
Jesus went from the Judgment Hall to Cal-  
vary bearing his cross. Many times in a  
day my eye followed the windings of this  
street, in which I rarely saw any one walk-  
ing; and when it was lost among the build-  
ings near the walls, I looked over to the hill  
which bounded our prospect;—and that hill  
was the Mount of Olives. It was then the  
time of full moon, and evening after evening  
I used to lean on the parapet of the terrace,  
watching for the coming up of the large yellow  
moon from behind the ridge of Olivet.  
By day the slopes of the Mount were green  
with the springing wheat, and dappled with

the shade of the Olive clumps. By night,  
those clumps and lines of trees were dark  
amidst the lights and shadows cast by the  
moon; and they guided the eye, in the ab-  
sence of daylight, to the most interesting  
points,—the descent to the brook Kedron,  
the road to Bethany, and the place whence  
Jesus is believed to have looked over upon  
the noble city when he pronounced its doom.  
Such was the view from our terrace.

"One of our first walks was along the Via  
Dolorosa. There is a strange charm in the  
streets of Jerusalem, from the picturesque  
character of the walls and arch-ways. The  
old walls of yellow stone are so beauti-  
fully tufted with weeds, that one longs to  
paint every angle and projection, with their  
mellow colouring, and dangling and trailing  
weeds. And the shadowy archways, were  
the vaulted roofs intersect each other, till  
they are lost in the dazzle of the sunshine  
beyond, are a perpetual treat to the eye.  
The pavement is the worst I ever walked on;  
large, slippery stones, slanting all manner of  
ways. Passing such weedy walls and dark  
archways as I have mentioned, we turned  
into the Via Dolorosa, and followed it as far  
as the Governor's house, which stands where  
Fort Antonia stood when Pilot there tried  
him in whom he found, as he declared, no  
guilt. Here we obtained permission to  
mount the roof.

"Why did we wish it? For reasons of  
such force as I despair of making understood  
by any but those to whom the name of the  
Temple has been sacred from their earliest  
years. None but Mohammedans may enter  
the enclosure now; no Jew nor Christian.  
The Jew and Christian who repel each other  
in Christian lands are under the same ban  
here. They are alike excluded from the  
place where Solomon built and Christ sanc-  
tified the temple of Jehovah; and they are  
alike mocked and insulted, if they draw near  
the gates. Of course, we were not satisfied  
without seeing all that we could see of this  
place—now occupied by the mosque of Omar  
—the most sacred spot to the Mahommedans,  
after Mecca. We could sit under  
the Golden Gate, outside the walls; we  
could measure with the eye, from the bed of  
the brook Kedron, the height of the walls  
which crowned Moriah, and from amidst  
which once arose the temple courts; we  
could sit where Jesus sat on the slope of  
Olivet, and look over to the height whence  
the glorious Temple once commanded the  
Valley of Jehosaphat, which lay between us  
and it; but this was not enough, if we could  
see more. We had gone to the threshold  
of one of the gates, as far as the Faithful  
permit the infidel to go; and even there we  
had insulting warnings not to venture fur-  
ther, and were mocked by little boys. From  
this threshold we had looked in; and from  
the top of the city wall we had looked down  
upon the enclosure, and seen the external  
beauty of the buildings, and the pride and  
prosperity of the Mohammedan usurpers.  
But we could see yet more from the roof of  
the governor's house; and there we went  
accordingly.

"The enclosure was spread out like a  
map below us; and very beautiful was the  
mosque, built of variegated marbles, and its  
vast dome, and its noble marble platform,  
with its flights of steps and light arcades;  
and the green lawn which sloped away all  
round, and the row of cypress trees under  
which a company of worshippers were at  
their prayers. But how could we, coming  
from a Christian land, attend much to pre-  
sent things, when the sacred past seemed  
spread before our eyes? I was looking, al-  
most all the while, to see where the Sheep-  
gate was, through which the lambs for sacri-  
fice were brought; and the Watergate, thro'  
which the priest went down to the spring of  
Siloam for water for the ritual purification.  
I saw where the temple itself must have  
stood, and planned how far the outer courts  
extended,—the Court of the Gentiles, the  
Court of the Women, the Treasury, where  
the chest stood on the right of the entrance,  
and the right hand might give without the  
left hand knowing; and the place where the  
scribes sat to teach, and where Christ so  
taught in their jealous presence as to make  
converts of those who were sent to apprehend  
him. I saw whereabouts the altar  
must have stood, and where arose, night and  
morning, for long centuries, the smoke of  
the sacrifices. I saw where the golden vine  
must have hung its clusters on the front of  
the Holy Place, and where, again, the in-  
nermost chamber must have been,—the  
Holy of Holies, the dwelling place of Jeho-  
vah, where none but the High Priest might  
enter, and he only once a year. These places  
have been familiar to my mind's eye  
from my youth up;—almost as familiar as  
my own house; and now I looked at the  
very ground they had occupied, and the very  
scenery they had commanded, with an emo-  
tion that the ignorant or careless reader of  
the New Testament could hardly conceive

of. And the review of time was hardly less  
interesting than that of place. Here, my  
thoughts were led back to the early days  
when David and Solomon chose the ground,  
and levelled the summit of Mount Moriah,  
and began the temple of Jehovah. I could  
see the lavishing of Solomon's wealth upon  
the edifice, and the fall of its pomp under in-  
vaders who worshipped the sun; and the re-  
building in the days of Nehemiah, when the  
citizens worked at the walls with arms in  
their girdles; and in the full glory and secu-  
rity (as most of the Jews thought) of their  
temple while they paid tribute to the Ro-  
mans. O! the proud Mohammedans before  
my eyes were very like the proud Jews,  
who mocked at the idea that their Temple  
should be thrown down. I saw now the area  
where they stood in their pride, and where  
before a generation had passed away, no  
stone was left upon another, and the plough  
was brought to tear up the last remains of the  
foundations. Having witnessed this heart-  
breaking sight, the Jews were banished from  
the city, and were not even permitted to see  
their Zion from afar off. In the age of Con-  
stantine, they were allowed to approach so  
as to see the city from the surrounding hills;  
—a mournful liberty, like that of permitting  
an exile to see his native shore from the sea,  
but never to land. At length, the Jews  
were allowed to purchase of the Roman sol-  
diers leave to enter Jerusalem once a year,  
—on the day when the city fell before Titus.  
"And what to do? How did they spend  
that one day of the year? I will tell; for I  
saw it. The mournful custom abides to this  
day.

"I have said how proud and prosperous  
looked the Mosque of Omar, with its marble  
buildings, its green lawns and gaily dressed  
people,—some at prayer under the cypres-  
ses, some conversing under the arcades;—  
female devotees in white sitting on the grass,  
and merry children running on the slopes;—  
all these ready and eager to stone to death  
on the instant, any Christian or Jew who  
should dare to set his foot within the walls.  
This is what we saw within. Next we went  
round the outside till we came, by a narrow  
crooked passage, to a desolate spot occupied  
by desolate people. Under a high, massive  
and very ancient wall was a dusty narrow  
space, inclosed on the other side by the backs  
of modern dwellings, if I remember right.  
This ancient wall, where the weeds are  
springing from the crevices of the stones, is  
the only part remaining of the old temple  
wall; and here the Jews come every Friday,  
to their Place of Wailing, as it is called, to  
mourn over the fall of their temple, and pray  
for its restoration. What a contrast did these  
humbled people present to the proud Mo-  
hammedans within! The women were  
seated in the dust,—some wailing aloud,  
some repeating prayers with moving lips,  
and others reading them from books, on their  
knees. A few children were at play on the  
ground; and some aged men sat silent, their  
heads drooped on their breast. Several  
younger men were leaning against the wall,  
—pressing their foreheads against the stones,  
and resting their books on their clasped hands  
in the crevices. With some, this wailing is  
no form: for I saw tears on their cheeks. I  
longed to know if any had hope in their  
hearts, that they or their children of any  
generation should pass that wall, and should  
help to swell the cry, 'Lift up your heads,  
O ye gates, that the king of glory may come  
in!' If they have any such hope, it may  
give some sweetness to this rite of humili-  
ation. We had no such hope for them; and  
it was with unspeakable sadness that I, for  
one, turned away from the thought of the  
pride and tyranny within those walls, and  
the desolation without, carrying with me a  
deep-felt lesson on the strength of human  
faith, and the weakness of the tie of brother-  
hood.

"Alas! all seem weak alike. Look at  
the three great places of prayer, in the Holy  
City! Here are the Mohammedans eager  
to kill any Jew or Christian who may enter  
the Mosque of Omar. There are the Chris-  
tians ready to kill any Mohammedan or Jew  
who may enter the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.  
And here are the Jews pleading  
against their enemies,—'Remember, O  
Lord, the children of Edom in the day of  
Jerusalem, who said, Raze it, raze it, even  
to the foundation thereof. O, daughter of  
Babylon that art to be destroyed, happy shall  
be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served  
us. Happy shall he be that taketh and  
dasheth thy little ones against the stones!'  
Such are the things done and said in the  
name of Religion!"

"The man who places his reliance on  
friends, children, or any other frail and tra-  
ditionary object, cannot with propriety be called  
happy; for all these things are in their na-  
ture insecure; but a dependence upon God is  
the only sure and unfailing support."  
Demophilus.

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN A CHRISTIAN AND WESLEY'S  
HYMN BOOK.

(FROM THE CHRISTIAN.)

H. B.—Lovers of pleasure more than God,  
For you He suffer'd pain;  
Sweaters, for you He split his blood,  
And shall He bleed in vain?—H. 36, v. 1.

C.—God could not suffer pain; it is im-  
possible that God should suffer pain or bleed.  
I know there is a passage in Acts 20, in which  
it is said, "Feed the Church of God which  
he hath purchased with his own blood;" but  
the proper reading is, "Feed the Church of  
the Lord, [Christ,] which he hath purchased  
with his own blood." There is also a pas-  
sage in 1 John iii, 15.—"Hereby perceive  
we the love of God, because he laid down his  
life for us;" but there also, God is not in the  
original, but has been improperly put in by  
the translators. The notion that God shed  
his blood, or laid down his life, is most ab-  
surd. We sometimes hear, at missionary  
meetings, of many foolish and monstrous no-  
tions held by the Hindoos, the Hottentots, or  
the South-sea Islanders; but it is impossible  
that any of them should hold notions more  
absurd or monstrous than the notion you are  
perpetually repeating about the death of  
God.

H. B.—Young men and maidens raise  
Your tuneful voices high;  
Old men and children, praise  
The Lord of earth and sky;  
Him Three in One, and One in Three,  
Extol to all eternity.—H. 233, v. 1.

C.—David never used to sing of three in  
one, and one in three; he used to sing only  
of one. Why cannot you follow his exam-  
ple in this respect? You have no command  
to sing to "Three in one, and one in three,"  
in the Sacred writings, nor have you any  
Scriptural example for so doing.

H. B.—Father of me and all mankind,  
And all the hosts above,  
Let every understanding mind  
Unite to praise thy love:  
To know thy nature and thy name,  
One God in Persons Three;  
And glorify the great I AM,  
Through all eternity.—H. 251, v. 1, 2.

C.—You are making the matter still worse  
now. You are not content with having three  
somethings in one, and one in three some-  
things, but you are making the three some-  
things now into three persons. You have no  
Scriptural authority for doing that. The  
word persons is never applied to God in the  
Bible. The word person is applied to God  
in Heb. iii, 3, but it is by a mistranslation.  
The original is *upostatis*, substance, or un-  
derstanding. A person is a separate being,  
and a divine person is a God, and three per-  
sons in one God, and one God in three per-  
sons, is three Gods in one God, and one God  
in three Gods; which is impossible, nonsen-  
sical. I wish you would fashion your lan-  
guage after the model of Christ Jesus. It is  
a beautiful Hymn is the 251, but you sadly  
mar it, with introducing into it your Anti-  
christian, Athanasian theology.

H. B.—Assert thy glorious Deity!  
Stretch out thy arm, thou triune God.—H. 443, v. 3.

C.—You are still wrong. There is nothing  
about a Triune or three-one God in the  
Scriptures. You never hear Christ praying  
to a Triune or three-one God. When he  
prays, he prays to the Father, and calls him  
the only true God. I ask again; Why do  
you not follow his example?

H. B.—The Unitarian fiend expel,  
And chase his doctrine back to hell!—H. 443, v. 6.

C.—You are not making the matter any  
better by such language as that. I would  
advise you to avoid such expressions as those.  
It would sound better, in my judgment, if  
you were to say,—

"The fiend of INDOCTRINE expel,  
And chase INTOLERANCE back to hell."

"Truth needs not the service of passion;  
yea, nothing so deserves it, as passion when  
set to serve it. The spirit of truth, is withal,  
the spirit of meekness. The Dove that rest-  
ed on that great Champion of Truth, itself, is  
from Him derived to the lovers of truth, and  
they ought to seek the justification of it. Im-  
prudence makes some kinds of Christians  
lose much of their labor, in speaking for reli-  
gion, and drives those far off whom they  
would draw into it."—Leighton.

GUilt, though it may attain temporal splendor,  
can never confer real happiness. The evil con-  
sequences of our crimes long survive their com-  
mission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for  
ever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths  
of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness,  
are always those of pleasantness and peace.

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