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WHOLE No. 625.

Religious Miscellany.

That City.

I know the walls are Jasper.
The palaces are fair,
And to the sounds of harpings
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees;
But, oh! to make my heaven,
It needeth more than these!

Read on the sacred story:

What more doth it unfold
Beside the petty gateways
And streets of shining gold?
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there;
No sun nor moon enlighteneth;
No darkness, then, be fair?
Ah! now the bright revealing,
The crowning joy of all,
What need of other sunshine,
Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide etherial
With glory all his own—
He whom my soul adareth,
The lamb amidst the throne?

Oh! heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me;
Dark, were the walls of Jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea.
He glida earth's darkest valleys
With light, and joy, and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
Where night and death shall cease?

Speed on, O lagging moments!
Come, birthday of the soul!
How long the night appeareth,
The hours, how slow they roll!
How sweet the welcome summons
That greets the willing bride;
And, when mine eyes behold Him,
I shall be satisfied!

In Everything give Thanks.

Grateful love is the vital element of true piety. Conscious of utter moral weakness and unworthiness we flee to Christ. In his wonderful condescension and his great atoning work he is to us "the chief among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely." We cast ourselves into his arms with a thankfulness which no words can express. All our hope is in him. "He redeemed our life from destruction. He crowns us with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Not a breath we breathe, not a beating of the pulse, but testifies anew to the fullness and the freeness of his grace. Hence every utterance of the lips, every thought of the heart, should go up bearing heavenward the incense of gratitude. Failing to give thanks continually, we become aliens and apostates.

Said a man who had been saved by another from a cruel death,—"Sir, I shall remember you with gratitude every moment that I live, for I owe all my moments to you. Every drop of blood in my body thanks you." Should not the Christian have this feeling in a still higher sense toward Christ? Without him we would be prisoners of despair. By our sins we had forfeited life and all its blessings. We had no more claim upon God than the murderer in the condemned cell has upon the Government whose laws he has violated. To that murderer a pardon is as life from the dead. Let him go out and breathe again the air and bask again in the sunshine, and he owes a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid. But if, after being justly condemned and freely forgiven, he should complain of the Government because it did not confer on him health or honour, should envy his neighbours, and spend his time in murmuring, would he not merit the contempt of all men?

Such is the case of a Christian who is ever dissatisfied and complaining. He has received a pearl of great price—a pearl which makes him rich unto everlasting life; and instead of praising it, and rejoicing in it, he envies every poor-worm around him. He longs for every base and worthless pebble. He thinks that God, who has given him so much, ought to honour him in reward to every whim—ought to pamper all his carnal lusts—ought to treat him as a foolish parent treats an only child.

The spirit of ingratitude, whether in the form of complaining or of restless longings, is a sad defect—we had almost said fatal defect in much piety of our day. The age, with its feverish activity, has invaded the Church, and God's children—his heirs—have ceased to be content with such things as they have, believing that he will never leave them nor forsake them. They have become "careful and troubled about many things," they have lost their enthusiastic love for the Saviour, and that ecstatic hope and joy in him which gave to primitive piety its peculiar and resistless charm.

We must come back to the spirit of the apostle, who could glory in afflictions, and rejoice in distresses and persecutions; who could sing the praises of God in dungeons, and "in everything give thanks." Then will the men of this generation, sick and sad, be attracted by our lives and conversation to Christ; then will He—manifested as "the desire of nations"—rest for the weary soul—draw all men unto Him.—*Central Christian Herald.*

Good for Evil.

A little boy in a public school had often been laughed at on account of his mean clothes by another boy older and richer than himself. This grieved the little fellow very much, and he was afraid to venture on the playground at all from a fear of the bad boy who so roughly treated him, and so he would go away alone, and spend his playtime in reading or learning his lessons.

One day he had been so employed, when he heard the large boy say in tones of distress:—
"I have learned the wrong history lesson, and now I shall be sure to lose my place; for I have left my book at home, and there will not be time to go for it, and learn my lesson, too, before the class is called."—What shall I do?

Most of his class-mates only laughed, for they were envious of him for keeping at the head of the class, and they rejoiced at the prospect of displacing him.

Not so Edward, the little boy he had so misused. Edward felt and acted just as he would

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The effect of *asperity* in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which is laid in the State of "steady habits," and the events of which transpired there several years since. Two clergymen were settled in their youth, in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had been very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, (both of these pastors being D. D.'s) Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that while I have laboured as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remain strong and unbroken?"

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The Human Face.

The human face is a wonderful teacher. On infancy it is almost omnipotent. The little babe receives its bias of feeling and temper in this way. Oh, then, how holy a place should be the nursery of infancy. Its approaches should be carefully guarded. Never let an impatient, impatient look of the eye, a harsh, excited tone of voice, a rapid motion of the hand or foot, appear within the sacred portals. Why dagger-point these things so carelessly on the little stranger? No hours of its life are more momentous in the formation of habits and character. Many a fond mother wonders why her darling is afflicted with so quick a temper. She forgets that it was implanted in the little being, in her thoughtless, hasty reprimand of the nurse, or in the impatience and ill-temper of the nurse in the absence of the mother. When the infant was thought to be too young to know anything, it was receiving all-controlling impressions, such as are woven to the very warp and woof of its future life. "The home of mothers is the seat of destiny." This should ever be remembered.

Effective Preaching.

A correspondent, who is a member of the Baptist Church, writing us from one of the towns in Western New York, assures us of a truth, that one of our preachers, a few Sundays since, preaching from the text, "Thou shalt not steal," laid down the proposition that the command not only forbids what is known to the civil law as *larceny*, but it inhabits, also, among other things, the willful withholding by the debtor of what he honestly owes a creditor, and if the former is able to pay, and does not, he is as guilty before God of a violation of the command, as he who commits a theft behind his neighbor's back. This he enforced with considerable zeal, and then said: "There are instances almost within every man's knowledge, where honest debts have remained, and will continue to remain, unpaid, because of sheer neglect or dishonesty. This sometimes is the case with individuals who profess to be Christians, and are members of a Christian Church. They have bills at the physician's office, at the merchant's desk, on the church book, and, I might add, on the church book for pew rent and subscriptions for the support of the gospel ministry."

Time and Eternity.

It is not Time that flies;
'Tis we, we are flying;
It is not life that dies;
'Tis we, we are dying.
Time and eternity are one;
Like changes, yet without decay.
'Tis we alone who pass away.

It is not Truth that flies;
'Tis we, we are flying;
It is not Faith that dies;
'Tis we, we are dying.
O, ever-during Faith and Truth,
Whose youth is age, whose age is youth!
Twin stars of immortality,
Ye can not perish from our sky.

It is not Hope that flies;
'Tis we, we are flying;
It is not Love that dies;
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Twin streams, that have in heaven your birth,
Ye glide in gentle joy through earth.
We fade, like flowers beside you sown:
Ye are still flowing, flowing on.

Yet we die to live;
It is from death we're flying;
For ever lives our Life;
For us there is no dying.
We die but as the spring-bud dies,
In summer's golden glow to rise;
These be our days of April bloom;
Our July is beyond the tomb.

America a Missionary Nation.

The Boston *Atlas* gives the following synopsis of Dr. Fisher's address before the Jubilee Missionary meeting, in Boston, some time ago:—"President Fisher took the ground, and with equal ability and ingenuity, that America is the destined nation to convert the world. He argued that our people, resting on a solid Anglo-Saxon foundation, improved by influences and circumstances which exist nowhere else, were peculiarly adapted for the missionary enterprise. He said, that, thus far, they had achieved more than other nations. This assertion is but the repetition of a historical fact. No other nation has the wonderful activity of ours. In whatever direction it acts, it is sure to achieve more than others. For more than fifty years it has shown an irresistible desire if not a fixed passion to carry forward this great enterprise. Accordingly, it has had thousands of laborers in the Indies, the Sandwich Islands, and other dark places of the earth. It has printed the Bible in more than one hundred and fifty different languages. It has created and spread abroad a literature that is extraordinary, both in its nature and extent. Some of the best talent the country has produced, has been consecrated to this work. Nowhere in history has more heroism been displayed. Nowhere shall we see sublimer martyrdom. Women, too, have shown equal devotion, heroism and sacrifice. If ever the world appreciates its best spirits and greatest souls, it will honour not so much its warriors, its statesmen, its rulers, its legislators,

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Our July is beyond the tomb.

America a Missionary Nation.

The Boston *Atlas* gives the following synopsis of Dr. Fisher's address before the Jubilee Missionary meeting, in Boston, some time ago:—"President Fisher took the ground, and with equal ability and ingenuity, that America is the destined nation to convert the world. He argued that our people, resting on a solid Anglo-Saxon foundation, improved by influences and circumstances which exist nowhere else, were peculiarly adapted for the missionary enterprise. He said, that, thus far, they had achieved more than other nations. This assertion is but the repetition of a historical fact. No other nation has the wonderful activity of ours. In whatever direction it acts, it is sure to achieve more than others. For more than fifty years it has shown an irresistible desire if not a fixed passion to carry forward this great enterprise. Accordingly, it has had thousands of laborers in the Indies, the Sandwich Islands, and other dark places of the earth. It has printed the Bible in more than one hundred and fifty different languages. It has created and spread abroad a literature that is extraordinary, both in its nature and extent. Some of the best talent the country has produced, has been consecrated to this work. Nowhere in history has more heroism been displayed. Nowhere shall we see sublimer martyrdom. Women, too, have shown equal devotion, heroism and sacrifice. If ever the world appreciates its best spirits and greatest souls, it will honour not so much its warriors, its statesmen, its rulers, its legislators,

Religious Intelligence.

From the Northwestern Christian Advocate.

Daily Union Prayer-Meeting.
At 12 M. in the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Methodist Church Block.

A visitor at the Bridewell stated that he there saw a young man whom he recognized as the little ragged boy of twelve years since, who went about the streets singing ribald songs at a penny apiece, with a dancing accompaniment, and while he saw him a prisoner now, he was also reminded that his training was the direct cause of his occupying a felon's cell, and that if he had used as much energy in trying to get him under Sabbath-school influence when he was a small boy, as is now put forth in that direction, the lad might have been saved, and he spared the most painful reflections, and the lesson he wished impressed upon all was, "work while the days last," for soon probation's hour is up, and retribution, with its endless years, will follow. All he could do now was to request prayers in his behalf, that the lessons of the Bridewell might bring him to Jesus.

Scolding Clergymen.

The effect of *asperity* in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which is laid in the State of "steady habits," and the events of which transpired there several years since. Two clergymen were settled in their youth, in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had been very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, (both of these pastors being D. D.'s) Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that while I have laboured as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remain strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied, "O, I'll tell you, brother. When you go a fishing, you first get a great rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large codline, and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with *There bite you dogs*. Then you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little swivel pole, a small line, and just such a bait as the fish can swallow. Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and I *twich 'em out, twich 'em out, till my basket is full.*"—*From Cornell's "How to Enjoy Life."*

The Human Face.

The human face is a wonderful teacher. On infancy it is almost omnipotent. The little babe receives its bias of feeling and temper in this way. Oh, then, how holy a place should be the nursery of infancy. Its approaches should be carefully guarded. Never let an impatient, impatient look of the eye, a harsh, excited tone of voice, a rapid motion of the hand or foot, appear within the sacred portals. Why dagger-point these things so carelessly on the little stranger? No hours of its life are more momentous in the formation of habits and character. Many a fond mother wonders why her darling is afflicted with so quick a temper. She forgets that it was implanted in the little being, in her thoughtless, hasty reprimand of the nurse, or in the impatience and ill-temper of the nurse in the absence of the mother. When the infant was thought to be too young to know anything, it was receiving all-controlling impressions, such as are woven to the very warp and woof of its future life. "The home of mothers is the seat of destiny." This should ever be remembered.

Effective Preaching.

A correspondent, who is a member of the Baptist Church, writing us from one of the towns in Western New York, assures us of a truth, that one of our preachers, a few Sundays since, preaching from the text, "Thou shalt not steal," laid down the proposition that the command not only forbids what is known to the civil law as *larceny*, but it inhabits, also, among other things, the willful withholding by the debtor of what he honestly owes a creditor, and if the former is able to pay, and does not, he is as guilty before God of a violation of the command, as he who commits a theft behind his neighbor's back. This he enforced with considerable zeal, and then said: "There are instances almost within every man's knowledge, where honest debts have remained, and will continue to remain, unpaid, because of sheer neglect or dishonesty. This sometimes is the case with individuals who profess to be Christians, and are members of a Christian Church. They have bills at the physician's office, at the merchant's desk, on the church book, and, I might add, on the church book for pew rent and subscriptions for the support of the gospel ministry