

PROTESTANT SCOTLAND AMONG INDUSTRIAL NATIONS.

The Baron Dupin published lately the first part of the labours of the French Commissioners on the Industry of Nations. In explaining results and differences, he makes the following remarks.—“The Attica of the north, with its naked mountains, its frozen uplands, and its sky of iron—Scotland—sends to the different nations more productions of its soil and its arts than the vast country of Mexico, with its silver mines, worked by hundreds, its eternal spring, its sunshine like that of Egypt, and its vegetation, in the presence of which even that of the ancient promised land and the wonderful East is weak. Scotland, with her numerous flocks, helps to feed London, the city of 2,500,000 souls. By the works of two of her sons, Adam Smith and James Watt, she has anticipated England in the study of riches; uniting practice with theory, she has drawn from the vapours of water the most powerful and most obedient of moving forces, in order to apply it to an infinite variety of arts. At this day Great Britain builds a larger number of iron steamships than are built by all the nations of Europe put together; and of this wonderful work of Great Britain, little Scotland does more than the half!”

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE.

We do not know much about the intermediate state of immortal man, between death and the resurrection. A full knowledge of that state could not be communicated to us, because we lack the experience necessary to enable us to comprehend the intimation. As one born deaf is not only ignorant of sound, but incapable of learning what it is; so one who has never been a disembodied spirit not only does not know, but cannot be taught what a disembodied spirit is. The fact of that condition is revealed: but the circumstances of that condition are uncommunicated and incommunicable to us. One grand cardinal feature is, however, clearly declared, and may be sufficiently if not perfectly understood, that to those who are in Christ ere they depart, the separate state is a state of blessedness; for the blessedness of the dead begins “from now”—immediately after they die. As if for the purpose of excluding mystical notions about a state of sleep, and Romish notions about a state of painful purgation, the Word expressly declares that the believing dead are blessed from the moment of departure, without imperfection and without delay.

THE MISER'S ALIASES.

The king's officers are out in search of this old offender, but in consequence of the numerous aliases which he assumes they find it difficult to take him. They are told he lives in No. 14, *Greedy Street*, but when they enquire if such a character lives there, they are answered in the negative. But who then does live here? ask the officers. Oh, *Mr. Pay-his-way*. Well where then does miser live? Miser? miser? why I have heard speak of him—he

lives in this street. Try No. 10. They call at No. 10, and ask if Miser is in? The answer is,—No such a man resides here. Who then occupies this house? Why *Mr. Provide-for-his-family*. You know that a man called miser does live somewhere in this street, ask the officers? Oh yes, try No. 7. No. 7 is tried, but with the same result, for the occupier's name is *Provide-against-a-rainy-day*. No-body out the name of Miser.

GREAT MEN HAVE ALWAYS TENDER FEELINGS

“There is an incident in the life of Edmund Burke, which is familiar to all who cherish his great fame. When in the evening of public life, he lost his only son, then at the age of twenty-one, of the rarest genius and most varied accomplishments, the favorite horse of his young man, after the death of his master, was turned into the park and treated with the utmost tenderness. On a certain day, long afterwards, when Mr. Burke himself was walking in the fields, this petted animal came up to the stile, and as if in expression of his mute sympathy, put his head over the shoulder of the bereaved father. Struck with the singularity of the act, and overpowered with the memories which it awakened, he flung his arms around the neck of his horse, and burst into a flood of tears. The incident was observed by one passing by, and gave rise to the rumor that Mr. Burke had been smitten with insanity. But when that sudden tear-flood had subsided into a calmer recollection, had you asked England's philosophical orator for an analysis of that experience, and to give you the balance of sorrows and joys, he would have answered you in the words of England's Laureate,—

“Better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”

God commanded in the old law that whatsoever did go with his breast upon the ground should be an abomination to us; how much more should we abominate the man, who is endued with reason and a soul, that hath given his heart and soul unto a piece of earth.

It is not sacrifice that God calls for, but obedience; not duty, but love to duty, is accepted; not the gift, but the giver, is looked upon with God; and not the full and great giver, but the cheerful giver. God's people are all a willing people.

The godly man in his worst is better than the wicked in his best. In his worst he can always say, through grace, ‘To will is present though to perform as I would is not in my power;’ while the other must say, ‘Whatever my performance was, my will was absent.’

We are but stewards in this world. All good men know that it is their duty to honour God with their purses as well as with their persons. A David would say, ‘What shall I do for the name, and house, and service of God?’ A Nehemiah, ‘What shall I do for the public good of my country?’ A Zaccheus, ‘What shall I do for the poor?’ All good men, ‘How shall I give account of my talent with joy, and not with grief?’