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WHOLE NO. 670.

Religious Miscellany.

The Death of the First-Born.

BY GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR.
What will be that which rose from Egypt's land
A wild and loud heart-appalling cry
That smote the brazen altar of the sky
Upon that awful morning, when God's hand
In vengeance terrible, had waved the brand,
The viewless, soul-dissevering sword of wrath,
O'er all her homes, and with its noiseless sheath
Had touched and snuffed her every vital band
That bound her first-born life, unbound at his command.

Egypt stood staggering in that shock of woe,
Amazed, o'erwhelmed, till that wild wail went up,
As to her quivering lips was pressed a cup
Whose withering agency can no man know
Who has not retired in darkness while the throes
Of that same great bereavement stabled his soul.

With mortal anguish, which, o'er all control,
Burst in one black, bewitching, whirling flow,
That drove him drunk with grief, stunned, stifled
By the blow.

O Egypt! Egypt! such a woe was thine,
And down the dim, long ages that have sped
I see thee stooping o'er thy prostrate dead
In that dumb agony, while ominous shine
The clouds of morn, all blotched with bloody wine.

As if the gory rite was sprinkled there,
As if o'er all the sky, and earth, and air,
In blood were written fearfully that sign
Of retribution dress and surferance divine.

In slaver's hut, and haughty grandeur's hall,
In regal dome, in stall, and open field,
Alike did Death his iron dominion wield,
And o'er all the land a fearful pall.

Was spread, and opened shadows, dark and tall,
Moved up and down her palaces and streets,
And goblin forms, in wondrous winding sheets,
Unsummoned by the Magian's potent call.

It takes possession of the whole man, time, talents,
And all, and lays them down at the foot of the cross,
To be used for the glory of Christ and the
salvation of souls. It dwells with intense interest
among the great truths of God's word; and
realizing their supreme importance, it takes them
into the pulpit, and there, with look and voice
and manner all breathing with the love of Christ
and concern for man, it presses them home on
the soul, and it is with demonstration of the
spirit and power. There is no standing against
depth, spiritual earnestness. The feeling on the
part of hearers is that they must surrender, and
whether they do or not, the truth is compelled to
the conscience, and they cannot well escape its
power.

Manhood stood mute, with awe and terror dumb;
But woman's heart broke down beneath her love
In wild and passionate wailing that might move
The hearts of marble sphinxes, cold and numb:
And glorious, dark-eyed creatures, in the gloom
Of Pharaoh's palace, on his floor of stone,
Lay faint and dying, with their plaintive moan.
That stifling offering, written by the doom
That made that gorgeous pile one vast and
mournful tomb.

O Egypt! Egypt! say, what was thy crime,
That God should breathe thee in his anger so,
And pour the baptism of such fearful woe
On thy proud head, and make thee through all time
A sad and awful monument sublime

Of wrath and shame, of judgment, and of fear,
To all the ages ever known, and never ending,
Teaching a startling lesson to every clime,
That thrills us like a knell with ever-echoing
chime.

O Egypt! Egypt! let thy grandeur tell,
Thy pyramids and sphinxes, for they can,
How, age on age, they rose on bones of man
And led the deep dread echoes rise and swell
From labyrinth and Catacombs, where dwell
Dead generations—none eternal gone
Come up from every heva and sculptured
stone.

That answers too significantly well,
Must'st thou ever need made for man to buy and
sell!

O ye who rear on unwarded toil
The glory of a nation or an age,
Know well a curse is writ on every page
Of every history of wrong and spoil;
It brands the brow, the soul, the very coil
Of the oppressor, with the mark of Cain,
And all the greatness tyranny can gain,
And all the luxury wrought from freedom's toil,
Shall sink by slow decay, or sudden, swift recoil
—The Independent.

Dr. Hawes on Preaching.

The venerable Dr. Joel Hawes, of the First
Congregational Church, Hartford, delivered an
excellent sermon last September in New Ha-
lifax, which has appeared in the *National Preacher*
for this month, under the title of *Decay of
Power in the Pulpit*. The views of so eminent
a servant of God, of one so experienced and so
engaged in character, are worthy of general
regard. The evils he deprecates are indeed, in
some instances, almost peculiar to New England
preaching. We quote such portions of the
sermon as are, in our view, of more general applica-
tion.

WHY PREACHING FAILS OF EFFECT.
Instead of coming right out in the strength of
God, with the linked sword of the Spirit, to do
battle with sin and error, it is too common for
the preaching of our day to study to be ingenu-
ous, original, eloquent; to make literary ser-
mons, great sermons, popular sermons, as one
says. To do this, instead of confining itself
within its proper commission, that of delivering
God's message in God's way, it ranges abroad over
creation to find novel and strange subjects; and
then it seeks to handle them in a new and origi-
nal way, decking them out in tropes and figures,
and all fine things; just suited to make the whole
elaboration elegant and popular, it may be, but
utterly ineffective and powerless as all spiritual
impressions. Preaching, it seems to me, of
often fails of effect because it does not aim at ef-
fect. It says in itself, or is satisfied with doing
its task, without aiming so to construct, to point
and press it home, as to make it felt by the hear-
er. It is not every day walks and wants, as re-
lated to God and eternity. It has not enough
of the lawyer-like element in it, which having
stated his case to the jury, bends all his energies
to it. It is too abstract, too much in the form
of an essay or dissertation, stopping with the
proof, but not applying what has been proved.
This is like preparing a medicine without admin-
istering it, or like planting a battery and fixing
the guns, and then spiking them lest by letting
them off they should do execution in the ranks
of the enemy.

SKEPTICISM AMONG THE PEOPLE.

There is a large infusion of skepticism in the
minds of men at the present day, which operates
as a powerful obstacle to the progress of preach-
ing, and greatly to prevent the proper effect of
the Word. The skepticism here referred to is not the
open infidelity of a former age, but it consists
rather in a half-believing, half-doubting, unset-
tled state of mind about religious truth. This
type of skepticism, I am persuaded, is much
more fatal in its influence on the interests of re-
ligion than is generally supposed. It is circu-
lated and cherished by much of the popular litera-
ture of the day. It is spread abroad through
the medium of the newspaper and the pamphlet,
and the popular lecture, and in a thousand dif-
ferent ways works itself into the minds of the
young and unreflecting, making them indifferent
to God and his truth, and preventing all just im-
pressions from the ministrations of God's word.

EARNESTNESS NEEDED.

Another thing demanded to render the pulpit
more effective is an increased earnestness, a larger
share of what the French call *zèle*, in its
ministrations. By earnestness I here mean not
the mere warmth and energy of the secular
orator, or of the advocate at the bar, or of the
statesman speaking before the Senate of his
country, but the tender fervor and serious enged-
ness and determination of purpose which spring
from a lively sense of divine things, from faith
in God and a constraining love to Christ
and the souls of men. Earnestness in this sense
is always connected with a spirit of deep, living
piety; it is not noisy, declamatory, or affectingly
eloquent; it is tender, solemn, impressive; it is
fed by sensibilities alive unto God and divine
things; it is an inward fire, kindled by the word
of God's altar, which glows with a steady
flame and warms into activity and zeal for Christ
and his cause all the powers and affections of the
inner man. There is nothing like the earnest-
ness here indicated to give life and efficiency to
the pulpit. It turns into feebleness all the at-
tainments of mere learning and genius. It
takes possession of the whole man, time, talents,
and all, and lays them down at the foot of the cross,
to be used for the glory of Christ and the
salvation of souls. It dwells with intense interest
among the great truths of God's word; and
realizing their supreme importance, it takes them
into the pulpit, and there, with look and voice
and manner all breathing with the love of Christ
and concern for man, it presses them home on
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part of hearers is that they must surrender, and
whether they do or not, the truth is compelled to
the conscience, and they cannot well escape its
power.

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH.

We commend to all our readers, and especially
our business ones, the following remarks of the
Protestant:

The day which God has set apart as a day of
rest and for his holy worship is a day which men
ought to respect, seeing that it is made obliga-
tory upon us by a solemn and unrepudiated law.
God is also distinctly teaching our nation,
in the midst of the din of war and the shock of
battle, that it must be respected, and that those
who will not respect it will visit with their
own hands the business of the week, and the
very projects which they seek to further on that
holy day. The long list of Sunday battles, in
which defeat has so persistently followed those
who have opened the deadly conflict on God's
day of rest, is so strikingly in proof here that
even the secular papers are calling attention to
it as a fact of remarkable significance.

But there are many persons who commit this
sin in a more private way, and in the further-
ance of their private business to an extent which
is scarcely conceived of by those who have given
no attention to the subject. A correspondent of
one of the daily papers of Philadelphia, who is
perfectly familiar with the facts of which he
speaks, writes to one way in which the law of
God is constantly and flagrantly violated. It is
by the practice, which he avers of his own knowl-
edge to be frequent in the retail stores of the
city, of keeping the clerks and salesmen and
saleswomen engaged in the store until two, three,
and even four o'clock on Sabbath morning, com-
pleting the business of the week, and preparing
for the business of the following week. The re-
sult of this is that these employees, wearied with
labor, seek their beds about the time the Sab-
bath dawns, and spend the greater part of the
holy day in sleep. The house of worship is gra-
dually deserted; or, if attended, the worship-
ers, whether in the morning or in the evening,
showiness, reaps no benefit from the service,
and gradually becomes careless and indifferent.

We believe, of course, that this is wholly and
inexcusably wrong—a flagrant violation of the
fourth commandment. It takes time which God
has reserved for himself for man's use; it takes
from others the time which he has given to them
for rest and holy worship. It is justified by
no necessity, but the necessity which our selfish
hearts imagine. And we believe also that it is
distinctly and terribly punished—punished in a
way by which the perpetrator of the sin is most
emphatically rebuked. The worldly man may
smear at the notion that there is any connection
between such a violation of God's law and an
increase in his mercantile career; but if we could see
behind the veil which covers the links between
cause and effect we might see that He who works
in all cases can easily make such effects to fol-
low. Where conscience does not lead men to do
right, they might, at least, consider the
consequences of their sin. It is justified by
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EXODUS.

Hear ye not how, from all high points of Time—
From peak to peak around the mighty chain
That links the ages—echoing sublime—
A Voice Almighty leaps one grand refrain,
Wakening the generations with a shout,
And trumpet call of thunder—Come ye out!

Out from old forms and dead idolatries;
From fading myths and superstitious dreams;
From Pharaic rituals and lies,
And all the bondage of the life that seems!
Out—on the pilgrim path, of heroes' track,
Over earth's wastes, to reach forth after God!

The Lord hath bowed his heaven, and come
down!
Now, in this latter day of time,
Once more His tent is pitched on Sinai's crown!
Once more in clouds must finish to meet him
climb!
Once more his thunder crashes on our doubt
And fear and sin—'My people: come ye out!

'From false ambitions and base luxuries;
From puny aims and indolent self-ends;
From cant of faith, and shams of liberties,
And midst of ill that Truth's pure daybeam
beams!

Out, from all darkness of the Egypt-land,
Into my sun-blaze on the desert sand!

'Leave ye your flesh pots; turn from filthy greed
Of gain that doth the thirsting spirit mock;
And Heaven shall drop sweet manna for your
bread!

Thus rain cleaves rivers from the unweaned rock;
Thus saith the Lord? 'And Moses—meek, un-
shook—
Within the cloud, with his herding to his God!

Show us our Aaron, with his rod in flower!
Show us our Moses, with her timbrel-sound in tune!
And call some Joshua, in the Spirit's power,
To poise our sun of strength at point of noon!
God of our fathers'—over land and sea,
Still keep our struggling footsteps close to Thee!

—*Atlantic Monthly for April.*

Religious Intelligence.

Henry Martyn's Influence in Persia.

—He being dead yet speaketh.

The *News of the Churches* for March, con-
tains the following remarkably instructive in-
terview with Mr. Batley, of the (English)
Church Missionary Society, "who died recently,
deeply lamented, at Unauriz in the Punjab."
It appeared originally in the *Asiatic Journal*.
The writer had been spending a few weeks at
Shiraz, in Persia. He says:

"Having received an invitation to dine,
rather sup, with a Persian party in the city,
went and found a number of guests assembled.
The conversation was varied, grave and gay,
chiefly of the latter complexion. Poetry was
often the subject, sometimes philosophy, and
sometimes politics prevailed. Among the topics
discussed religion was one. There are so many
sects in Persia, especially if we include the free-
thinking classes, that the questions which grow
out of such a discussion constitute no trifling
resource for conversation. I was called upon,
though with perfect good breeding and politeness,
to give an account of the tenets of my faith;
and I confess myself somewhat embarrassed
by the pointed queries of my companions.
Among the guests was a person who took but
little part in the conversation, and who ap-
peared to be intimate with none but the master
of the house. He was a man below the middle
age, of a serious countenance and mild deport-
ment; he called himself Mahomed Raheem. I
thought that he frequently observed me, and
that he was endeavoring to gain some insight
into the Christian teaching which he remained in
the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz
he could no longer from paying him a farewell
visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will
never fade from the tablet of my mind—sealed
my conversion. He gave me a book—it has
ever been my constant companion, the study of
which has been to me most delightful occupa-
tion—its contents have often consoled me."

"Upon this he put into my hands a copy of
the New Testament in Persian, on one of the
blank leaves was written: 'There is joy in
Heaven over one sinner that repenteth—HENRY
MARTYN.'

General Miscellany.

A Princely Gift from an American Merchant.

London, March 12, 1862.
Gentlemen,—In reference to the intention
which it is the object of this letter to communi-
cate to you, I am desirous to explain that from a com-
paratively early period of my commercial life I had
resolved in my own mind that, should my labours
be blessed with success, I would devote a por-
tion of the property thus acquired to promote
the intellectual, moral, and physical welfare and
comfort of my fellow-men, wherever, from cir-
cumstances or location, their claims upon me
would be the strongest.

A kind Providence has continued me in
property, and consequently, in furtherance of
my resolution, I, in the year 1852, founded an
institute and library, for the benefit of the
place of my birth, in the town of Denver,
in the State of Massachusetts, the result of which
has proved in every respect most beneficial to
the locality and gratifying to myself.

After an absence of twenty years, I visited
my native land in 1857, and founded, in the city
of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland (where
more than twenty years of my business life
had been passed), an institute upon a much more ex-
tensive scale, devoted to science and the arts,
with a free library, coinciding with the character
of the institution. The corner stone was laid in
1858, and the building is now completed, but its
dedication has been postponed in consequence
of the unhappy sectional differences at present
prevailing in the United States.

It is now 25 years since I commenced my
residence and business in London as a stranger;
but I did not long feel myself a stranger, or
in a 'strange land,' for in all my commercial
and social intercourse with my British friends
during that long period I have constantly received
courtesy, kindness, and confidence. Under a
sense of gratitude for these blessings of a kind
Providence, encouraged by early associations,
and stimulated by my views as well of duty as
of inclination to follow the path which I had
heretofore marked out for my guidance, I have
been prompted for several years past repeatedly
to state to some of my confidential friends my
intention, at no distant period, if my life was
spared, to make a donation for the benefit of the
poor of London. Among those friends are three
of the number to whom I have now the honour
to address this letter. To my particular friend,
C. M. LAMPSON, Esq., I first mentioned the sub-
ject five years ago. My next conversations in
relation to it were held about three years since
with my esteemed friend Sir James Emerson
Tennent, and with my partner, J. S. MORGAN,
Esq. I also availed myself of the opportunities
to consult the Right Rev. Bishop McIlvaine, of
Ohio, and with all these gentlemen I have since
freely conversed on the subject in a way to con-
firm that original intention.

My object being to ameliorate the condition
of the poor and needy of this great metropolis,
and to promote their comfort and happiness, I
take pleasure in apprising you that I have de-
termined to transfer to you the sum of £150,000,
which now stands available for this purpose on
the books of Messrs. George Peabody & Co., as
you will see by the accompanying correspond-
ence.

In committing to you, in full confidence in
your judgment the administration of this Fund,
I cannot but feel grateful to you for the generous
duties you have so cheerfully undertaken to per-
form; and I sincerely hope and trust that the
benevolent feelings that have prompted a de-
cision so much of your valuable time to be
devoted not only by the present but future
generations of the people of London.

I have few instructions to give, or conditions
to impose; but there are some fundamental
principles from which it is my solemn injunction
that those intrusted with its application shall
never, under any circumstances, depart.

First and foremost among them is the limita-
tion of its use absolutely and exclusively to
such purposes as may be calculated directly to
ameliorate the condition and augment the com-
fort of the poor who, either by birth or esta-

every one to wear his religion openly, he had
hitherto concealed, except from a few who par-
ticipated in his own sentiments.

"And whence came this happy change? I
asked. 'I will tell you,' he replied. 'It is the
year 1223 (of Hejira) there came to this city
an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ
with a boldness unparalleled in Persia, in the
midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from the
mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beard-
less youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease.
He dwelt amongst us for more than a year. I
was then a decided enemy of infidels, as the
Christians are termed by the followers of Ma-
homed; and I visited this teacher of the de-
spised sect, with the declared object of treating
him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines with
contempt. Although I persevered for some time
in this behaviour toward him, I found that every
interview not only increased my respect for his
opinions, but diminished my confidence in the
faith in which I was educated. His extreme
forbearance towards the violence of his oppo-
nents, the calm and yet convincing manner in
which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by
which he was assailed—for he spoke Persian ex-
cellently—gradually inclined me to listen to his
arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the
subject of them, and finally to read a tract which
he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism
by our chief mollahs. Need I detain you long?
The result of my examination was a convic-
tion that the young disputant was right—
Shiraz, or rather here, withheld me from avow-
ing this result, and I ever avoided the society of
the Christian teacher though he remained in the
city so long. Just before he quitted Shiraz I
could no longer from paying him a farewell
visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will
never fade from the tablet of my mind—sealed
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"Upon this he put into my hands a copy of
the New Testament in Persian, on one of the
blank leaves was written: 'There is joy in
Heaven over one sinner that repenteth—HENRY
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With due attention to temperance, exercise,
and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defi-
ance. Next to these precautions, and you
yourself upon the approaches of the enemy
—neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible
that you can escape. And above all things, keep
in this mind, that no other disease or affliction
of the body is so stealthily or insidiously as dys-
pepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness
or transgression were to be visited with equal
severity and penalties that afflict the patient when
the malady has become chronic, few men would be
so incautious, or so obstinately reckless, as to post-
pone the work of reformation. But the earlier
symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The
appetite is not sensibly affected, though the
digestion is impaired; and the complaint seems
to be limited to flatulency and heartburn, such
unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily
removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia
seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters
himself that there is no ground for apprehension.
But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur
with greater frequency; and the antacid doses,
though increased, are found to have less effect
efficiency. The stomach has now become more
seriously deranged. All kinds of food generate
acid, and in this stage the patient usually has
recourse to the carbonates of soda or potash,
which in their turn give a temporary relief,
though without in any way arresting the disor-
der. By this means dyspepsia, like an insidious
serpent, has fairly lodged the victim within its
embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure.
Everything he eats disagrees with him, and
seems to undergo some wondrous transformation.
That which was served up at the table as haggis,
seems converted, two hours afterwards, into a ball
of knotted rope—a portion cheap becomes a fiery
crab, rending the interior with his claws, and
every rice pudding has the intolerable effect
to become a hedge-hog. After that comes nausea
and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the
food you swallow. From twelve stone weight
you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance
becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter
prematurely on your pins. The mere notion
of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if
you had no strength for anything. You are nervous,
moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elas-
ticity and power; and when you sit down to
compose, instead of manly matter, you produce
nothing but the dreariest of drivel.—*Blackwood's
Magazine.*

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acid, and in this stage the patient usually has
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which in their turn give a temporary relief,
though without in any way arresting the disor-
der. By this means dyspepsia, like an insidious
serpent, has fairly lodged the victim within its
embrace, and is squeezing him at its leisure.
Everything he eats disagrees with him, and
seems to undergo some wondrous transformation.
That which was served up at the table as haggis,
seems converted, two hours afterwards, into a ball
of knotted rope—a portion cheap becomes a fiery
crab, rending the interior with his claws, and
every rice pudding has the intolerable effect
to become a hedge-hog. After that comes nausea
and vomiting. You derive no benefit from the
food you swallow. From twelve stone weight
you dwindle down to ten. Your countenance
becomes ghastly, your eyes hollow, and you totter
prematurely on your pins. The mere notion
of exercise becomes distasteful. You feel as if
you had no strength for anything. You are nervous,
moody, and irritable. Your mind loses its elas-
ticity and power; and when you sit down to
compose, instead of manly matter, you produce
nothing but the dreariest of drivel.—*Blackwood's
Magazine.*

With due attention to temperance, exercise,
and early hours, you may set dyspepsia at defi-
ance. Next to these precautions, and you
yourself upon the approaches of the enemy
—neglect two of them, and it is hardly possible
that you can escape. And above all things, keep
in this mind, that no other disease or affliction
of the body is so stealthily or insidiously as dys-
pepsia. If the first few instances of carelessness
or transgression were to be visited with equal
severity and penalties that afflict the patient when
the malady has become chronic, few men would be
so incautious, or so obstinately reckless, as to post-
pone the work of reformation. But the earlier
symptoms are rarely of an alarming kind. The
appetite is not sensibly affected, though the
digestion is impaired; and the complaint seems
to be limited to flatulency and heartburn, such
unpleasant sensations, however, can be easily
removed. Essence of ginger and fluid magnesia
seldom fail to give relief, and the patient flatters
himself that there is no ground for apprehension.
But the symptoms do not disappear. They recur
with greater frequency; and the antacid doses,
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