

York, and boasted how cheap it had been to him to be the member of a Christian church. "Brethren," said he, "I am happy to say I have been a member of this church for ten years, and that it has cost me but two shillings."—The minister who heard this, rose, and addressing him, said, "Then the Lord have mercy upon your poor stingy little soul!" Take a third young man, and he shall be full of fire and poetry. He shall be of nervous temperament, and generous heart; fond of society and open and manly in everything he does. Every one loves him. That is the man most liable to become intemperate. He enters into the outer circle of the whirlpool, and throws care to the winds. There he thinks to stay, but he gets nearer and nearer to the fatal gulf until he is suddenly swept into the vortex before he dreamed of danger.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Sabbath Meditations.

### Moses—His Moral Greatness.

In respect to his moral character, Moses has not always been justly appreciated. The stern lawgiver was not all sternness. Even his violent passions, for such he undoubtedly had, did not break forth at his own personal wrongs.—He thought for his nation and his trust far more than for himself, and in his treatment of the Egyptian oppressor and the rebels of his own camp there is a disinterested grandeur in his very vehemence. The poems that bear his name are wonderful alike for their tender humility and exalted confidence. He leaned upon a sovereign power as a lowly and faithful servant, and thus performing his work as under Divine guidance, he was brave and bold in his very meekness, strong not to do his own will but the Lord's. There is more truth than in these days has been generally allowed, in the old primer that called Moses the meekest of men. Humility is not the pliant, supple thing that the superficial suppose it to be. Columbus was humble, when refusing to sacrifice to the ridicule of the multitude the belief which he believed providentially given, that a new world awaited his adventurous fleet. Luther was humble, when, lifting up the Bible before the Imperial Diet, he refused to recant, and stood boldly upon the ground of the New Testament against royal threats and papal anathemas. Paul was humble, when, at Athens, and before Agrippa, and at Rome, he boldly professed his allegiance to Christ, and confirmed his allegiance at last under the executioner's sword. What, indeed, is humility, but the surrender of Man's will to the Divine will,—a surrender that may give proof of itself, now in lowly penitence and prayer, and now in bold confession and heroic daring?

Moses was the civil and religious counsellor, and this office shows the nature of his mind, the greatness of his influence. To him belongs the high dignity of devoting his life to a sacred aim, whose results only ages could exhibit. Of those previous to Christ, his name stands first among the leaders, lawgivers and prophets of our race. How noble he appears in his anticipations of the greater prophet than himself, and of the age better than his own! He claimed not to know all of God's will, nor to have exhausted the Divine light. His face, so generally associated with stern command and imperious law, beamed not seldom with yearnings for a better day. The lawgiver should stand before us, not in the self-complacent righteousness, but with an humble longing for a blessed time beyond his own best achievements,—a time to follow dark centuries of idolatry and degradation with ages of peace and virtue above aught that his own eyes had seen. His character was not unlike the rock which he smote in the desert. Within its adamantine strength dwelt a spring of living water. Who will deny him the name of the greatest of the ancient men?—*Osgood's God with men.*

### THE BURDEN OF CHRIST LIGHT AND PLEASANT.

Christ's deliverance of the soul is an exchange of burdens. He finds the race heavy laden and he proposes to unbind Pilgrim's pack as he goes on his way, and replace it with what he ought for his welfare to carry.

But in speaking of those that are burdened, Christ refers not to such alone as are crushed by manual toil or goaded by physical necessities. Many are in worse labor than that of the horny fingers or the sweating brow. There are tasks and struggles which men stand to more painfully, and are worn by more dreadfully, than those of spade and scythe, band and wheel, rope and rudder. Beyond the furrow of the ground, the smoke of the furnace and tempests on the sea, his piercing eye saw the stooping of the spirit under sin, the shoulders of transgression bent through ages beneath the measureless piles of brute and human sacrifice, and round with heaps of cruel expiation. He saw it watch and droop, gazing into the dim light of scanty discoveries, such as but made bright-eyed and honey-mouthed Plato long for some navigator from the eternal shore. O, there was a burden on the soul already! The poor, crazy murderer yonder in our asylum, hearing from the adjoining room a cry for light, and saying she, for her part, was resolved, if there were more light in the other world, her neighbor should reach it, furnishes no unapt emblem of an intellect bewildered under the burden of doubt. Wretched iniquities, too like ghosts of judgment to the wicked king, lying heavy on the soul, with the common burden of mortality that lies on us all, sinking men into the grave, and, by a hold of the heart-strings, dragging survivors after them as the downer draws those next him to perdition, or as down some inclined plane of way-side ruin slides one rank after another before plunged into the abyss,—O! before Christ came, were not the generations of men indeed laden with the huge three-pliéd burden of sin, uncertainty, and sorrow? But untying from it this burden, he would not leave it loose and irresponsible, with the levity of a feather swept about in every wind or the vanity of a vessel empty of its contents, to show that last misery of an existence in vain. Therefore, for the burden, so miserable, of false ideas and superstitious tasks, he substitutes the happy one of a true faith and a righteous labor.—*Christian Examiner.*

### THE ORACLES OF GOD—THEIR INTEGRITY.

It is a matter of congratulation that the Bible has passed triumphantly through the ordeal of verbal criticism. English infidels of the last century raised a premature paean over the discovery and publication of so many various readings. They imagined that the popular mind would be rudely and thoroughly shaken, that Christianity would be placed in imminent peril of extinction, and that the church would be dispersed and ashamed at the sight of the tattered shreds of its *Magna Charta*. But the result has blasted all their hopes; and the oracles of God are found to have been preserved in immaculate integrity. The storm which shakes the oak only loosens the earth round its roots, and its violence enables the tree to strike its roots deeper into the soil. So it is that Scripture has gloriously surmounted every trial. There gathers around it a dense "cloud of witnesses," from the ruins of Nineveh and the valley of the Nile; from the slabs and *bas-reliefs* of Sennacherib and the tombs and monuments of Pharaoh; from the rolls of Chaldee paraphrasts and Syrian versionists; from the cells and libraries of monastic scribes and the dry and dusty labors of scholars and antiquarians. Our present Bibles are undiluted by the lapse of ages. These oracles, written amidst such strange diversity of time, place, and condition—among the sands and cliffs of Arabia, the fields and hills of Palestine, in the palace of Babylon and in the dungeons of Rome—have come down to us in such unimpaired fulness and accuracy, that we are placed as advantageously towards them as the generation which gazed upon the book of law, or those crowds which hung on the lips of Jesus as he recited a parable on the shores of the Galilean lake, or those churches which received from Paul and Peter one of their epistles of warning or exposition. Yes! the river of life which issues out from beneath the throne of God and of the Lamb, may, as it flows through so many countries, sometimes bear with it the earthly evidences of its chequered progress; but the great volume of its waters has neither been dimmed in its transparency nor bereft of its healing virtue.—*North British Review.*