

Poetry.

Immanuel's Land.

Immanuel's Land was a Scotch divine, who suffered much during the religious persecution in Scotland, but maintained his strong integrity of character and deep piety to the last. At death, his last words were, "Glorious, glory dwellth in Immanuel's land." The lines following are made up mostly of expressions of his own.

The dawn of the morn' breaks,  
The dawn of heav'n breaks,  
The summer morn' I've sigh'd for—  
The fair, sweet morn'—awakes,  
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,  
But day is rising at hand;  
And glory, glory dwellth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! will it be for ever—  
Oh! will it be for ever—  
My name in no forest  
Of all this death-enslaved shore;  
Yes, let the dawn world-wide,  
As from the ship the strand,  
While glory, glory dwellth  
In Immanuel's land.

There the red Rose of Sharon  
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,  
And fills the air of heaven  
With ravishing perfume.  
Oh! to behold it blossom,  
While by its fragrance fanned,  
White glory, glory dwellth,  
In Immanuel's land.

The King there, in His beauty,  
Without the veil is seen:  
"It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between."  
The Lamb with his fair array  
Deth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwellth  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! Christ—He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams on earth I've tasted,  
More deep I'll drink above;  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwellth  
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heav'n,  
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide—  
Now, like a weary traveller  
That leaneth on his guide,  
And the shadows of evening,  
While slinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dwelling  
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters crossed thro' a sharp way,  
The hedge of thorns was path;  
Now these lie all behind me!  
Oh! for a well-tuned harp!  
Oh! to join hallelujah  
With yon triumphant band,  
Who sing where glory dwellth,  
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment,  
My web of time He wove,  
And ay the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love.  
I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned,  
When "aroused where glory dwellth,  
In Immanuel's land.

Soon shall the cup of glory  
Wash down earth's bitterest woes;  
Soon shall the desert bitter  
Break into Eden's rose;  
The curse shall change to blessing,  
The name on earth that banned  
Be given on the White Stone,  
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! I am my Beloved's,  
And my Beloved is mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner  
Into His "house of wine"  
I stand upon His merit;  
I know no safer stand,  
Not even where glory dwellth,  
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,  
Filled with his likeness rise,  
To love and to adore Him,  
To see Him with those eyes.  
'Tween me and resurrection  
But Paradise doth stand,  
Then—then for glory, dwelling  
In Immanuel's land!

The Bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear Bridegroom's face,  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But at my King of grace.  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But "His pierced hand"  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,  
I have borne wrong and shame,  
Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me  
For Christ's thrice blessed name.  
Where God's saints set the fairest,  
They've stamped their foulest brand;  
But judgment shines like noonday  
In Immanuel's land.

They've summoned me before them,  
But there I may not come;  
My Lord says, "Come up higher."  
My Lord says, "Welcome home."  
My Kingly Ring at His white throne  
My presence doth command,  
Where glory, glory dwellth,  
In Immanuel's land.

A Little Girl's Letter.

The touching letter which follows is from a little girl to Mr. Moody. We readily believe that the whole audience was moved to tears by its unaffected simplicity and pathos, and that Mr. Moody could not refrain from sobbing audibly as he read it. This truly child-like and confiding note ran thus:

"Dear Mr. Moody—Would you be so kind as to pray at our next prayer-meeting for my dear mamma, who is ill in London, that God may be pleased to make her better again? I love her so, and I have no papa, and I am only seven years old. And mamma is a dear Christian, and has taught me to love Jesus. Thank God for such a mother, and such a child, interposed Mr. Moody, with faltering voice.) I like your hymns very much, and am learning the easy ones, for some seem made for little children like me. I am your little friend."

TERTULLIAN SAITH: "If thou endurest wrong for Christ's sake, He is a Revenger; if sorrow, He is a Comforter; if sickness, He is a Physician; if loss, He is a Restorer; if life, He is a Reviver."

Pastor and People.

Sermon to the Young.

(From The Orillia Expositor).

On Sunday last the Rev. John Gray, B.A., preached a sermon, in large measure especially to the young, in the Presbyterian Church. The rev. gentleman took as his text, Proverbs, i, 10,—"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—The following is a synopsis of his discourse:

The words of the text disclose the interior of a palace, in an inner chamber of which, a man of fine intellectual appearance was speaking to a lad who was standing before him, looking up in his father's face, and listening to the words, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." These words were worthy of being thought upon until they became part of the mind. They would prove an invaluable protection in all times of temptation. In the text two thoughts were presented. 1st. Danger, "My son, if sinners entice thee." 2nd. The defence against the danger—"Consent thou not."

I. The Danger.—It would be impossible to enumerate all the temptations to which the young were exposed. The word "sinners," there meant notoriously wicked persons—men who were liars, and thieves, and swearers, etc. But people were enticed to do evil by other than material agencies.—There were three invisible sinners which were especially to be feared; these were pride, passion, and pleasure. When a child had received good advice, or been warned against evil by its parent, how frequently did pride tempt that child to rebellion. The result was the child went on in its own way, associated with evil companions, learning the bad habits by them presented, and proving by sad experience, the truth of the proverb, "The companion of fools shall be destroyed." Then there was pleasure. Youth wished to satisfy this or that appetite, and did so, knowing the action to be wrong. The course of safety was maintained only by those who stopped their ears to allurement of sinful pleasure. It is by making use of some pleasure as a lure that Satan run so many of the young people to their ruin. But there was not only pride and pleasure—there was passion, a mightier power. Hence it was, the wise man said that "he who ruled his own spirit was greater than he who took a city." A person stood on the brink of the precipice, for he saw hell's dark gulf of evil opening beneath him. But near at hand was some beautiful flower of pleasure, and moved by passion, the man deluded himself into the idea that he could snatch the desired object, and escape damnation. He reached forth his hand, and while in the very act of grasping the looked-for pleasure, time gave way, eternity opened its wide gulf to receive him, and he sank down to endless ruin. Another agency which had ruined many was evil companionship. The devil might be said to have his preachers in every town, and his servants in every district trying to increase the number of his followers. There were a good many of devil's schools even in Orillia. Some were at the street corners, where the devil's school-masters might be heard teaching their young companions to curse and swear, by example, and almost by precept. That kind of street education was going on in Orillia every night, and that was the reason why so many of the young lads were profane in their language. The tavern was another of the devil's schools. One young man asked another to "take a drink," and they went into one of those places and had what was called a "social glass." That glass too frequently led to another and another, till the young man sank into a drunkard's grave. Sabbath breaking was another evil. Instead of going to church, many young people allowed themselves to be persuaded into different ways of profaning God's day, and very often by so doing, they entered upon a course of life which made their presence in the house of God a rarity, and left them cold and indifferent to the things of religion.—A person who endeavored to induce another to break the Sabbath was the devil's messenger, doing his work. Satan looked and laughed in his sleeve, at the easy way in which youth allowed itself to be led into the snare—a snare which was spread wide open before it. It would be well were the precept "My son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not," engraved in letters of fire on every heart.

II. The defence against the enticements of evil was "Consent thou not." It had been said that the weakest word in the English language was "yes," while the strongest and most powerful was "no."—On that word hung the destiny of man, accordingly as it was employed would his course be heavenward or the reverse. If Eve had replied "no," to the tempting of Satan, sin would have never marred creation. The great glory of the Saviour's character was He was able to say "no." That was his reply to all the temptations of the evil one. Noah, too, when he stood up almost single-handed against the wickedness of the antediluvian world, showed that he understood how to say "no," and that was the salvation of himself and his family. Many had filled a drunkard's grave and been eternally lost through inability to return a decided negative to the voice of the tempter.

The importance of not consenting to evil was very great. The scar of a wound would be effaced when the body returned to its kindred dust, but the stain of sin upon the soul could not be removed by the grave; only the blood of Christ could remove it, and unless the soul were cleansed by that blood, it would be condemned to everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. Some persons sinned, thinking that the matter would never be known. Such should remember that the eye of God's detective, the law, was upon them, and also the eye of God himself, and that they would one day be brought face to face with their sin.

He (the speaker) urged his hearers not to be afraid to say "no" to the allurements of sin. But when Jesus called and asked the sinner to yield his heart to Him, let him never answer by the denial. The Christian should stand boldly up as a man in the presence of God and eternity, and return an-

swer "no" to every suggestion of the wicked one, and so keep him at arm's length. But when Christ came, His heart overflowing with love, let that Christian say, "yes, Lord, I come, take me, and make me thine own for ever."

Hindrances.

Faith has the power of changing discouragements into incentives and hindrances into helps. The rational of the process is simple, easily understood and easily applicable to others. And the actual exhibition of such difficulties into the furtherances of piety is a thing of every-day occurrence among those who walk by faith.

One feels weak and unable to put forth the effort which duty enjoins. Has he faith? The very sense of his weakness causes him to cast himself on the Divine Helper, and the very weakness becomes the occasion of increase of strength. Do not evil thoughts arise in the soul and entice to sin? Their very presence awakens the slumbering activities of faith. God's help is implored, and succor and strength, good thoughts and pious endeavours take the place of the former enticements to evil.

Nor does one know how much of blessing God has in store for the Christian, when he is cast into outward difficulties, and is subjected to evil from others. To offend one of God's little ones may be a great crime, and may bring great woe to the evil-doer, but to the sufferer the bad deed may be pure, unmingled blessing. It may call into exercise those sensibilities, experiences, and activities which could not be reached by any other process. Forgiveness, forbearance need the evil doing of others to call forth their activities; while patience and resignation require the dispensation of sorrow and the withdrawal of present comforts. We may not be able to tell the infidel when he "offensively asks, how can the enduring of sorrow here prepare for a future state where there is to be no sorrow at all? We cannot tell him fully about the future state of which we know so little. But we need not therefore be wholly silent upon his scoffing. The Christian may weekly reply: You may very easily puzzle me with dark and hard questions, but I am not to be puzzled by anything you may doubt or ask about the good of sorrow for the Christian. I have been much in that school, and know that it has been good for me to be afflicted. I have never felt my desires, affections, thoughts and purposes so raised above the world and in harmony with heaven, never so experienced oneness of will with the will of God, as when the comforts of earth faded away, and the cup of sorrow had to be drained to its very dregs. And just in this answer of the Christian the infidel has been fully answered.

True Heroism.

There is a striking contrast between him who wrote these epistles and the people to whom they were addressed. He who wrote them is the best known man in the world; they to whom they were addressed are wholly unknown. He stands before the world, the illustrious and heroic champion of the Gospel—self-forgetful, self-sacrificing, and triumphant, achieving for Christ as long as his life continued in the world. When he remembered these Philippians and wrote these epistles he was in prison. At any moment the sword of execution might descend on him. There is no record left of these people, and they are not known by us to have endured to the present time. He, was the most heroic champion of the truth, and his whole life illustrated his truth and faith. They were engaged in their usual affairs with nothing striking in their character or history. This great apostle so cultured and consecrated, at the very height of his power wrote to these unknown and obscure persons at Philippi, "Ye are all partakers of my grace." Ye are fellow-workers with me, companions in tribulation, and companions in service. I bear you in my heart. Whether in suffering or in activity, our work is identical in spirit. If there be in me anything of heroic faith, of undaunted courage, the same feeling inspires you. We are in perfect sympathy of spirit, however diverse are our pursuits in life. This illustrates the truth that the genuine spirit of true heroism is not confined to any station of life. Fine and high moral natures are always dissatisfied unless there is an opportunity for the exercise of the heroic element in their life. Money will not satisfy such natures, nor the enjoyments of pleasure. Even the attainment of intellectual acquisition and intellectual force is not enough to satisfy a fine heroic spirit. It demands something higher. There is a desire in all men in whom the force of will is strong for heroic culture. Travellers in Europe go to see the beautiful shores of the Bay of Naples and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in ordinary times with scarcely more than the usual excitement of travel. But let there be shot out toward the sky the fathoms of the subterranean fires bursting forth with terrific explosions and menacing destruction to all the surrounding country, and crowds instead of the usual companies will flock to the sight of the blazing mountain. It is not the sight alone, but the thrill of excitement from the proximity of imminent peril that draws them there. So let men be called to any ordinary peaceful enterprise they will respond languidly and in small numbers. Let them be called to

battle and what multitudes enlist. Let the summons be given on a steamer to man a boat to rescue the passengers of a shipwrecked vessel, and you will find men who will spring at the call in spite of wind and storm. It is the impulse of the heroic force in the soul. Is there anything in the common place activities in the Christian household that develops this heroic spirit? Martyrs go to the stake to be burned, singing hymns until their voices are hushed in death. We consider heroic a natural under such circumstances. We read of the missionary spirit which impels men to endure hardship and suffering for the salvation of others, and women going out of their families, and giving their very lives to save others they never saw. The heroism of the soldier is cowardice in comparison with it. Men who are restrained in every day life try to find compensation in fiction. Fiction so often represents heroic deeds in which we seem to share while we admire them. That is why it takes such a hold on life. So the drama has its attractions for men. Not by reason of its gorgeous array on the stage, but because of the representation of noble characters, and actions, and examples of heroism, which fill the soul with a momentary glow of enthusiasm and sympathy. So Christians read biographies of good men and women, and feel that they would not be the same in similar circumstances. We recognize the higher moral traits in Paul and the martyrs, but not in the Philippians. We are apt to think there is no opportunity for heroism in every day life. There are calls every day for this heroic life. Confidence in God is the element of true heroism of character. Wherever there is this interior abiding confidence in God, who, although invisible, is real and personal, there is courage, there is tranquility, there is an element in life of the grandest heroism of character. It is a triumphant spiritual force within us. Fidelity to the truth based on this confidence in God is the element that sustains the martyr at the stake, and is the support and inspiration of the prisoner in the dungeon. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," is a motto to be put in every house where sorrow has come. With this comes Christian consecration, the consecration of our lives to Christ as a friend, as a learner, as a saviour, as the "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Such a consecration to Christ, if it be real, if it pervade and vitalize the whole spirit and mind of the man, is the grandest spirit in the world.—Dr. R. S. Storrs.

Spoiling Scripture.

A gentleman of fine literary taste and culture was a favourite in every circle, and of his brilliant conversational powers. In religious conversation he particularly excelled, and most able, indeed, must be the skeptic who could turn aside the keen shafts of his arguments. His light touches of wit and satire at times affected what arguments could not have done.

But he fell into a snare that many persons do who wish to give pungency and strength to their sayings, even when they are of a trifling character. He pointed them with appropriate Scripture texts, and often threw a most precious passage into a most ludicrous connection. With the thoughtless this was one of his great merits, and always elicited from them the heartiest applause.

Years rolled on, and this man was brought to his last pillow. A young man, who had often listened with great delight to his conversations, called to visit him. He spoke warmly of the pleasure his conversation had always given him, and the profit he had derived from it, and alluded to the bright prospects lying just before him, now orphan and his joys were receding. What was his astonishment to hear him say, with regard to those prospects, "They are dark, very dark!" He quoted some appropriate passages of Scripture, but they did not cheer him. His answer was most fearful:—"I know them all; I know them all; but I have spoiled the Bible to myself!"

The Giving Deacon.

There was a good deacon in a church in New England who had learned the lesson of giving from the Bible. He felt that it was his duty to lay aside one-tenth of all the money he had received to be used for charitable purposes. Out of the fund thus formed he always had money to give away, and he gave very freely. The other members of the church had not learned this lesson. They gave very little, and talked together a great deal about the deacon. They thought he gave away too much money, and at last persuaded the minister to go and see him about it. The minister did go, and said:

"Deacon Jones, I am requested by your brethren to say that they are afraid you are too liberal, and will ruin yourself and family. They wish you to be more sparing in your gifts."  
"Oh, there's no danger of my coming to poverty," said he, "my family are comfortably supported, my children are getting a good education, and my property is increasing in value all the time. I have only given one-tenth of my income thus far, but God has blessed me so much that I have been thinking lately that I ought to give two tenths."  
The minister felt that the good deacon was right, and as he went home, thought to himself what a blessing it would be if all church members would learn to give as Deacon Jones had done.—Exchange.

There are two kinds of antidotes against all the troubles and afflictions of this life: namely, prayer and patience. The one hot, the other cold; the one quickening, the other quenching. Chrysostom understood this well enough when he cried out: "It is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer."—Brooks.

It is observable that the first promise made to the poor in spirit, to beggars in spirit, for that is the proper signification of the Greek word; that is, such as have a spiritual sense of their own extreme emptiness, baseness and misery, and are willing to receive life and pardon upon mere gift and free favour of God, as the poorest beggar receives an alms.—John Briscoe.

Random Readings.

The busiest of living agents are certain dead men's thoughts.—Boore.

Mind and heart will meet, though forbidden, like hidden lovers.—Bailly.

We can do more by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

Every violent passion as well as anger, may be termed a short madness.—Scott.

Better to go on striving to do well, than be ever lamenting you have done ill.

You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither on a straight line.

A LITTLE boy on his death-bed, urging his father to repentance, said, "Father, I am going to heaven: what shall I tell Jesus is the reason you won't love him?"

It is not with spiritual roses as with material ones: in the latter, the thorns remain and the roses pass away; in the former the thorns pass away and the roses stay.—St. Francis of Sales.

A FOUR YEAR OLD thought the highest compliment she could pay to a mother, "Why, she's good enough to have a birthday." Observe how far-reaching and perpetual the example of the father of his country.

It seems to be the main object with many, not so much to "come out and be separated," as the Lord enjoins, but rather try and see how close they can live to the world without involving themselves in the imputation of serving two masters.

AUSTIN SAITH: "He (God) woos us by his beauty, gifts, promises to come unto him;" the whole Scripture is a message, an exhortation, a love letter to this purpose; to us and invite us. God's epistle, to us Gregory calls it.—Burton.

TRUST not the promise of a common swearer: for he that dare sin against his God for nothing profit nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own advantage. He that dare break the precepts of his Father, will easily be persuaded to violate the promise unto his brother.—Quarles.

SAMUEL WESLEY wrote an admirable letter to his curate, abounding in wise hints and suggestion. It was of great service to his son John in after years, and to the celebrated Hitefield. In a letter he says: "I sincerely hate what some people call a fine sermon, with just nothing in it. I cannot help thinking it is like our fashionable poetry, a polite nothing."

A CHRISTIAN minister once said "I was never of any use until I found out that God did not make me for a great man. As soon as I found out I was not intended for a great man, I found souls coming into the kingdom." It is not great men we want in the Church of God to-day—it is earnest, warm-hearted men.

THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES, of the Church of England, has summed up in a few words the great controversy which has long been agitating that Church and its branches, in saying:—"These, alas! are fearful times in which we live, when the Reformation is decaying, Popery palliated, the Church put in the place of Christ, tradition substituted for Scripture, and the agency of the priest for the work of the Spirit."

A BUSINESS man who for weeks waged a bitter fight with those that sought tenderly to win his soul, heard at midday his little daughter singing about the house, "Almost Persuaded." At three o'clock he went alone to his room, and begged God to pardon his sins. It was subsequently seen that at that very moment in the large meeting a petition was read, asking for this man's soul; and so it might have been said on the instant; "Behold, he prayeth."

KEEP in mind that though the library shelves groan with books, whose name is legion, there are in each department only a few great books, in relation to which others are but auxiliary, or it may be sometimes parasitical, and, like the ivy, doing harm rather than good to the pole round which they cling. . . . Stick, therefore, to the great books, the original books, the fountain-heads of great ideas and noble passions, and you will learn joyfully to dispense with the volumes of accessory talk by which their virtue has been as frequently obscured as illuminated.—Prof. Blackie.

"A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN," says Dr. John Hall, in his Yale lectures on preaching, "is expected, through a right human instinct in ministers. Not that the particular attitude of the facial muscles is of any spiritual significance, one way or the other, but men feel that while we are handling grave and most serious matters we ought to be serious. Did you ever see the pilot take a ship through a perilous passage? He is grave. I have seen the surgeon's knife drawn round the limb where an error of an inch would have been a terrible mistake. He was grave. I have heard a conscientious judge weigh, and set out in the utmost fulness the evidence in a murder case, as earnestly bent upon putting everything fairly as if his own life depended on the issue. Any levity here would be out of place; and, on the same principle, by the average of mankind, gravity will be looked for in us who deal with matters of life and death, and speak for God."

Papists and the Bible.

In a recent letter from Italy published by William Howitt, the author of "Visits to Remarkable Places" and other charming works, he says that since he has been in Italy he has "seen Bibles snatched from the hands of colporteurs by priests and trampled in the dirt. In the rural districts even at this hour the colporteurs are driven out by the priests, and the Bibles they have sold to the people are collected and burnt." And yet the Pope, in a recent appeal to these same priests, writes and cants about the "Word of God" being "trampled under foot." Of course he was speaking metaphorically, but no metaphor is needed when describing the manner in which he and his ecclesiastics do despite to God's holy Word.