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Whole No. 288.

The Soldier of the Cross.

On Soldier of the Cross—but not to win
A wreath terrestrial or an earthly crown;
Gird faster thy bright gospel armour on,
Nor heed man's April favour or his frown—
His frown's a shade that ever doth precede
His wrath, which makes his brother's heart to bleed.

On soldier, on—er earth the war's begun,
And in the air, in mighty phalanx join'd,
Hell's countless hosts of invader are spread,
The sworn foes of God and man combined—
Yet these, with all their strong-leagued force,
Shall yield to power divine, and vanquish'd, quit the field!

On soldier, on—Messiah's standard bear,
Where Satan and where sin have reign'd to
death,
E'en thine let grace triumphantly abound,
And joy, and peace, and righteousness thro'
faith,
O'er all the world let heaven's broad banner
wave—
Who died in Adam, Christ hath died to save.

On soldier, then—thy soul like yonder stars—
Shape, that blaze for other worlds on
high;
If many unto righteousness you turn,
They, too, shall beam in heaven's cloudless
sky—
In yonder world of uncreated light,
When stars and suns shall all have sunk in
night!

On faithful soldier, on—thy brow shall wear
A bright, a blood-bought, never-fading crown,
A harp that has no string untuned to mourn;
And in the heaven of heavens a throne,
When earthly thrones shall be dissolved for aye—
Her harp have slept, and words have pass'd
away! —*Cin. News.*

Dying in the Harness.

To die in the harness (borrowing a figure),
or to be quickly transferred from scenes of
active labour here, to the higher and more
glorious employments of the heavenly world,
has been desired, in submission to the Di-
vine will, by many eminent Christians; and
it is worthy of remark how many great
and good men have been suddenly removed
from the church militant to the church tri-
umphant. Thus to quit this world, is said
to have been the desire of John Fletcher,
frequently and not inaptly designated "the
apostolic Vicar of Madely." "We cannot
die," said he, "until God calls for our lives;
and His time and way are the wisest and
best. For myself, whenever I shall have
numbered the days He may appoint, I shall
deem it an additional honour and blessing,
if He should appoint me to meet my death
while I am engaged in the kind offices of
humanity and mercy." He was remarkably
singularly coincident with such a wish;
he having conducted the service of the
church, and administered the Lord's supper
to more than two hundred communicants,
on the morning of the Sunday before that
on which he died. Mr. Fletcher's wish was
in full accord with the sentiment of the im-
mortal bard of Methodism:—

"So that without a lingering groan
I may be welcome to work receive;
My body with my soul I'll send
And cease at once to work and live!"

Matthew Henry, the commentator, preached
at Nantwich the day before he died.—
Complaining of indisposition he retired to
bed. The next morning, about five o'clock,
he was seized with apoplexy; and after
lying three hours speechless, with his eyes
fixed, "he fell asleep" in Jesus.
Dr. Chalmers had been engaged in the
most active services connected with his
church almost to the day preceding his death.
On the evening of this day he was remark-
ably cheerful. "I had seen him frequently,"
says Mr. Gemmill, "at Fairlie, and in his
most happy moods; but I never saw him
happier. Christian benevolence beamed
from his countenance, sparkled in his eyes,
and played upon his lips. Immediately
after family prayers he withdrew, and wash-
ing his hand, said, "A general good-night."
The next morning before eight o'clock, Pro-
fessor M'Dougall, who lived in the house ad-
joining, sent to inquire about a packet of
papers which he had expected to receive at
an earlier hour. "The housekeeper, who
had been long in the family, knocked at the
door of Dr. Chalmers' room, but received no
answer. Concluding that he was asleep, and
unwilling to disturb him, she waited till
another party called with a second mes-
sage: she then entered the room—it was in dark-
ness; she spoke—but there was no response.
At last she threw open the window, and
drew aside the curtains of the bed. He sat
there half erect; his head reclining
gently on his pillow, the expression of his
countenance that of fixed and majestic re-
pose. She took his hand—she touched his
forehead; he had been dead for hours; very
shortly after that parting salute to his family
he had entered the eternal world."

"His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay;
He left its rest on the ground
A dark'ning rain lay."

The Rev. Spencer Thornton, Vicar of
Wendover, Bucks., died in the street. He
was an eminently good young man. When
at Rugby Grammar school, the head-master
(Dr. Arnold) said of him, "I would stand to
that man had in hand." "On Saturday
morning, January 12th, 1850, he partook
of an early breakfast, and started by the
train from Hertford to return to Wendover
for his Sunday duties. He was accompa-
nied by his uncle, Abner Smith, and
seemed to be in perfect health and spirits.—
The day was intensely cold, and upon their
arrival at the terminus he proceeded on foot
to his destination, saying that he preferred
the exercise to taking a conveyance. He
had reached New-street, Finsbury, when he
was observed to stagger and fall upon his
pavement. He was conveyed into a house-
near. He drew one breath, and life was
extinct. The spirit was with Jesus."

To these solemn examples, one more of
recent occurrence, must be added. It is the
sad death of the Rev. J. G. Pike, author
of "Persuasive to Early Piety," "Conso-
lations of Gospel Truth," "Christian Lib-
erality," &c., &c.; and who was forty-four

years the successful Minister and Pastor of
the General Baptist church, Derby. On
Sunday September 3d, he preached as usual
in the morning, and administered the Lord's
Supper in the evening. On the morning of
the following day he attended a monthly
union-meeting of Ministers, and afterwards
made several pastoral calls. In the afternoon
he sat down to write some letters, and
while thus engaged, was arrested by the
hand of death. He was found sitting at his
study-table about half-past five o'clock, with
his spectacles on, the pen grasped in his
hand, and a letter that he had just begun
lying before him; he appeared to have died
a struggle in the very act of writing.
"Behold, and take him away, and cast him
into outer darkness; there shall be weeping
and gnashing of teeth." It is then the moul-
d'ring wall of this clay tenement, the body,
all that separates the ungodly man from
everlasting burnings?—a wall of mortal
flesh and blood, which may be thrown down
at any moment by the most common disas-
ter of life? May He whose prerogative it
is to give light to them that sit in darkness
and to give life to them that die, be such a
one, as He said to the blind wayside beggar,
"Receive thy sight!" Let the careless sin-
ner reflect that even now the angel of death
may be upon the wing, and that we "know
not what a day may bring forth." "Behold,
at even-tide trouble; and before the morning
he is not." (Isa. xlii. 14.) "This body,
thy soul shall be required of thee." (Luke
xii. 20.)

A Christian's duty, in reference to the
mode of his departure from this world, is,
plainly, humble and pious submission to the
will of an all-wise and infinitely gracious
God, who doeth all things well. Baxter's
sentiment upon this subject is of model ex-
cellence; viz., "As Thou wilt, when Thou
wilt, and where Thou wilt." The prayer in
the Litany of the Church of England for de-
liverance from "sudden death," probably
refers to death by violent means; being
there associated with "battle and murder."
But the best of Christians, who feel the
shrinking of nature, may conscientiously join
in such a prayer, if preferred, mentally, with
the condition, *If it be Thy will*; though
facts show, not seldom, that it is the will
of God suddenly to call His servants home.—
A Minister of Christ said in his last affec-
tion, in the midst of extreme suffering, "It
is the Lord's will, and I would not have it
otherwise for all the world." The excla-
mation of an illiterate Hottentot was, "What
Thou dost, O Lord, that I know well is
done." The example of humble submission to
the will of Almighty God our heavenly
Father, presented in the conduct of Arch-
bishop Fenelon, is very remarkable: "When
his illustrious and hopeful pupil, the Duke
of Burgundy, lay dead in his coffin, and the
nobles of the Court, in all the pomp of state,
sat round his coffin, the Archbishop came
into the apartment, and having fixed his
eyes for some time on the corpse, broke out,
at length in words to this effect,—"There
lies my beloved Prince, for whom my affec-
tions were equal to the tenderest parent's."
Nor were his affections less genuine, when
in return with all the ardour of a son. There
he lies; and all my worldly happiness lies
with him. But if the turning of a
straw would call him back to life, I would
not for ten thousand worlds turn that straw
in opposition to the will of God.

Let us, then, in the hour of our
trials, and in the hour of our death,
and still higher thoughts, say, "NOT AS
I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT." J. B.

er, if we would not die like mankind in
general, we must not die like mankind in
general. Holy living leads to happy dying;
and those who honour God in their lives,
He will honour in their deaths.

Just as the globes of water that com-
pose the cloud are exhaled from the earth,
and are borne skyward by the beams of ris-
ing and setting suns, so the origin of these
believers was of the same kind; they
were suffered to rise; every trial that we
have, they had; every pain that we feel,
they felt. But as the cloud, when it has
risen from the earth, is tinged, and some-
times gilded with the golden glories of ris-
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splendor that is not its own; but bor-
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pact of them that have washed their robes
and made them white in the blood of the
Lamb, will shine in a splendor not their
own, but borrowed from the Sun of right-
eousness, unto whom they give the glory.
This is fame indeed; and I know my
curious young readers are eager to learn
somewhat of the boyhood of the man who
has won it, and who deserves it all; for
Donald McKay is more than a great me-
chanic, he is a good man.

Behold the Cross.
It was toward the end of the year 1827
that some friends and myself crossed the
Alps to go from Figeiro to Briancon. In
the little village of Penestrella we engaged
horses, mules, and everything necessary for
our journey. So anxious were we to depart,
the season being already far advanced, that
we set out notwithstanding the rain, which
fell heavily, and turned a deaf ear to the
sister warnings of the mountain guides.
As we ascended the mountain, amidst
precipitous rocks on our view, and the noise
of the torrents which rushed beneath our
feet mingled their voices with the howling
in the pine forests. We began, too late,
to fear that we should pay dearly for our
temerity; but without stopping at the minor
accidents on our route, I shall only say that
after some hours of painful ascent, having
passed the villages of Pourriere and La
Rue, we arrived at the mountain called
Chanal du Col. By degrees, as we ascend-
ed, the rain was mingled with snow, and at
last snow only fell in heavy flakes. Our
march became slower and more difficult;
the narrow path that we were following was,
by degrees, effaced under an immense white
veil, and we felt ourselves in all the horrors
of solitude. A philosopher would have
chosen this moment, and this place, to paint
the most powerful sensations of the human
heart: a disciple of Christ would have come
there to contemplate the terrible majesty of
an eternal and infinite God. Imagine this
sorrowful cortege, each upon his horse or
mule, covered with a heavy mantle, and
himself from an icy temperature, and en-
veloped in a mantle of snow, which seemed
to confound him with the face of the moun-
tain. Imagine this caravan, which advanced
like a wandering hope, slowly, silently, tim-
idly, riving at every step being dashed to
pieces, and the thought of the narrow cir-
cumference of our faithful beasts. The
travellers looked on each other with a pen-
sive eye: not a sound could be heard: the
wind had fallen, every trace of the path had
disappeared, and flakes of snow filled the
atmosphere more abundantly than autumn
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Beautiful Similitudes.

The following beautiful comparisons are
selected from the volumes of Dr. Cumming,
recently published by J. P. Jewett & Co.
They are characteristic of the distinguished
author:—

How often do we see one apparently wrapped
up and absorbed in what is Christian, who
yet has no Christian motive at all! I have
seen the mountain eagle almost beating the
blue banners with his outspread wings,
and I have thought, as I have gazed at his
magnificent ascent, that he was soaring to
ward the sky and the realms of purer and
brighter day; but I had only to wait a
little to find out, that though he seemed to
soar so high and aspire so purely, his bright
eye was upon the quarry all the while, that
was on the ground below. So it is with
many a one, with loud pretensions, high-
sounding professions, great Christian aims
avowed and declared; while he seems to be
soaring upward with his outspread wings,
and seeking a loftier sphere and a nobler
land, he is really looking down to what will
bring the greatest profit to his purse, or the
noblest credit to his name.—*Church Before
the Flood*, page 322.

God means society to be just what we find
it; a gradation of wealth, gradation of rank,
gradation of social, political, and national
circumstances. That seems to be the law
of nature, and no less the recognition of the
Gospel of Christ. Were all society mecha-
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ment. The valleys have flowers so sweet,
and vegetation so green, because the black
high hills above them contribute their show-
ers and streamlets from their bosoms; and
the humbler classes of society have many
shades of their chief blessings, the sweetest
shadow from the other, because society is
constituted as it is in our favored and privi-
leged land—the absence of iniquity in high
places, the absence of inobedience in low
places; and all because it is held together
by the sweetener and the cement of life, the
religion of the Gospel of Jesus.—*Voices of
the Dead*, page 120.

Your heart has now regained its true
polarity. [Now that you have left all to follow
Christ.] Your affections now do not oscillate;
you are not drifting upon the currents of life;
you are sailing across life's solemn main;
and as you sail, you will touch at every place
where a flower is to be gathered, a brother
to be loved, a blessing to be imparted. But
you will only touch at them, you will gain
set sail and sweep onward toward that haven
of happiness, that home and rest that remain
for the people of God.—*Ibid.*, page 105.

All the splendor of lofty circumstance is
little more, when we can look at it in the
light of a judgment-seat, than the clouds of
the west illuminated by the beams of the
setting sun, or the poor man's casement
lighted up with the glory of the rising sun,
when the hearth may be cold within, and
the heart may be pining in poverty and in-
want. The greatest scepter, the most illus-
trious crown, is, after all, but a gilded toy,
and the gilding soon wears off, and the over-

etern soul feels and knows that it is so; and the
procession of the noblest king and his man-
ner subject, alike a funeral procession to the
grave.—*Ibid.*, page 123.

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God means society to be just what we find
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us not only to our earthly home, but guides
us toward heaven, the city which hath founda-
tions, whose maker and builder is God.
Poor traveller, wandering on life's road, be-
hold the cross! look upon this with the eye
of faith, and thou shalt be saved.—*Translat-
ed from the French.*

The Boyhood of Donald McKay.

This earnest, honest face, with its fine,
clear eyes, and noble, manly brow, is a por-
trait of DONALD MCKAY, the best and most
celebrated builder of ships in the world.
Who has not heard of him? His name is
in the mouth of every sailor, rings loudly in
the ear of the world. The boys and girls
from Nova Scotia to Cape Horn, from Bas-
ton to California, from London to Australia,
and from the Cape of Good Hope even to
China, have heard of him, as the builder of
the biggest, swiftest, most beautiful ships
that ever floated on Old Ocean's ample
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set sail and sweep onward toward that haven
of happiness, that home and rest that remain
for the people of God.—*Ibid.*, page 105.

All the splendor of lofty circumstance is
little more, when we can look at it in the
light of a judgment-seat, than the clouds of
the west illuminated by the beams of the
setting sun, or the poor man's casement
lighted up with the glory of the rising sun,
when the hearth may be cold within, and
the heart may be pining in poverty and in-
want. The greatest scepter, the most illus-
trious crown, is, after all, but a gilded toy,
and the gilding soon wears off, and the over-

Donald McKay is more than a great me-
chanic, he is a good man. His name is
in the mouth of every sailor, rings loudly in
the ear of the world. The boys and girls
from Nova Scotia to Cape Horn, from Bas-
ton to California, from London to Australia,
and from the Cape of Good Hope even to
China, have heard of him, as the builder of
the biggest, swiftest, most beautiful ships
that ever floated on Old Ocean's ample
bosom. This is fame indeed; and I know
my curious young readers are eager to learn
somewhat of the boyhood of the man who
has won it, and who deserves it all; for
Donald McKay is more than a great me-
chanic, he is a good man.

Behold the Cross.
It was toward the end of the year 1827
that some friends and myself crossed the
Alps to go from Figeiro to Briancon. In
the little village of Penestrella we engaged
horses, mules, and everything necessary for
our journey. So anxious were we to depart,
the season being already far advanced, that
we set out notwithstanding the rain, which
fell heavily, and turned a deaf ear to the
sister warnings of the mountain guides.
As we ascended the mountain, amidst
precipitous rocks on our view, and the noise
of the torrents which rushed beneath our
feet mingled their voices with the howling
in the pine forests. We began, too late,
to fear that we should pay dearly for our
temerity; but without stopping at the minor
accidents on our route, I shall only say that
after some hours of painful ascent, having
passed the villages of Pourriere and La
Rue, we arrived at the mountain called
Chanal du Col. By degrees, as we ascend-
ed, the rain was mingled with snow, and at
last snow only fell in heavy flakes. Our
march became slower and more difficult;
the narrow path that we were following was,
by degrees, effaced under an immense white
veil, and we felt ourselves in all the horrors
of solitude. A philosopher would have
chosen this moment, and this place, to paint
the most powerful sensations of the human
heart: a disciple of Christ would have come
there to contemplate the terrible majesty of
an eternal and infinite God. Imagine this
sorrowful cortege, each upon his horse or
mule, covered with a heavy mantle, and
himself from an icy temperature, and en-
veloped in a mantle of snow, which seemed
to confound him with the face of the moun-
tain. Imagine this caravan, which advanced
like a wandering hope, slowly, silently, tim-
idly, riving at every step being dashed to
pieces, and the thought of the narrow cir-
cumference of our faithful beasts. The
travellers looked on each other with a pen-
sive eye: not a sound could be heard: the
wind had fallen, every trace of the path had
disappeared, and flakes of snow filled the
atmosphere more abundantly than autumn
leaves, covering the ground beneath their
feet. Let us, then, in the hour of our
trials, and in the hour of our death,
and still higher thoughts, say, "NOT AS
I WILL, BUT AS THOU WILT." J. B.

Beautiful Similitudes.

The following beautiful comparisons are
selected from the volumes of Dr. Cumming,
recently published by J. P. Jewett & Co.
They are characteristic of the distinguished
author:—

How often do we see one apparently wrapped
up and absorbed in what is Christian, who
yet has no Christian motive at all! I have
seen the mountain eagle almost beating the
blue banners with his outspread wings,
and I have thought, as I have gazed at his
magnificent ascent, that he was soaring to
ward the sky and the realms of purer and
brighter day; but I had only to wait a
little to find out, that though he seemed to
soar so high and aspire so purely, his bright
eye was upon the quarry all the while, that
was on the ground below. So it is with
many a one, with loud pretensions, high-
sounding professions, great Christian aims
avowed and declared; while he seems to be
soaring upward with his outspread wings,
and seeking a loftier sphere and a nobler
land, he is really looking down to what will
bring the greatest profit to his purse, or the
noblest credit to his name.—*Church Before
the Flood*, page 322.

God means society to be just what we find
it; a gradation of wealth, gradation of rank,
gradation of social, political, and national
circumstances. That seems to be the law
of nature, and no less the recognition of the
Gospel of Christ. Were all society mecha-
nized into that dead level road to which
some would bring it, the very first to suffer
would be those who had made the experi-
ment. The valleys have flowers so sweet,
and vegetation so green, because the black
high hills above them contribute their show-
ers and streamlets from their bosoms; and
the humbler classes of society have many
shades of their chief blessings, the sweetest
shadow from the other, because society is
constituted as it is in our favored and privi-
leged land—the absence of iniquity in high
places, the absence of inobedience in low
places; and all because it is held together
by the sweetener and the cement of life, the
religion of the Gospel of Jesus.—*Voices of
the Dead*, page 120.

Your heart has now regained its true
polarity. [Now that you have left all to follow
Christ.] Your affections now do not oscillate;
you are not drifting upon the currents of life;
you are sailing across life's solemn main;
and as you sail, you will touch at every place
where a flower is to be gathered, a brother
to be loved, a blessing to be imparted. But
you will only touch at them, you will gain
set sail and sweep onward toward that haven
of happiness, that home and rest that remain
for the people of God.—*Ibid.*, page 105.

All the splendor of lofty circumstance is
little more, when we can look at it in the
light of a judgment-seat, than the clouds of
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setting sun, or the poor man's casement
lighted up with the glory of the rising sun,
when the hearth may be cold within, and
the heart may be pining in poverty and in-
want. The greatest scepter, the most illus-
trious crown, is, after all, but a gilded toy,
and the gilding soon wears off, and the over-

reluctantly yielded, and sought repose with
friends among the verdant hills of A—
name; for no sooner was he thus away in
retirement, than thoughts of the lost and
perishing came with renewed power to his
mind, calling upon him to arise and labour
for the salvation of the souls in that secluded
place. Soon he gathered together the peo-
ple of the neighbourhood upon the Sabbath
evenings, and reasoned with them, and ex-
horted them out of the Scriptures, prayed
with and for them, and pointed them to the
Saviour of sinners. Among their number
was the thoughtless brother of whom we
have already spoken. On the third even-
ing, a cholera was touched that vibrated
to his inmost soul. Visions of the past—the
form of his dying sister—her prayers—
and entreaties—came up before him. He
burst into tears. He was no longer the
careless youth of former days; for the truth
had deeply into his heart—the Spirit had
begun its work—he heeded an interest in
the prayers of Christians, and soon began to
pray for himself.

Not long after this, one evening, sitting
alone in my room, engaged in deep thought,
and listening at times to the sound of the
storm that was raging without, I heard a
gentle rap at the door. Who should I meet
there, but this same young man? He had
come through the storm and cold, late in
the evening, to tell me that he hoped he
had found the Saviour. Soon after, he
visited the home of his childhood. It was
in season to ask forgiveness of that sister
whose prayers had followed him from the
day of his departure, and to bid farewell
for soon her spirit was set free, to soar away
to the mansions of bliss.—