

## Religious.

### Submission to God.

The conversion of the soul is the first subduing of it to submission. Before this it rebels, secretly or openly, against God's law. It turns away from God, and lives in a state of insubordination to him. When we are told this in theological language, we doubt or disbelieve it. We cannot think, we say, that there is an *enmity* between us and our heavenly Father; and we invest the language of the Scriptures which so plainly asserts this, with some vague and metaphorical meaning. And yet, after all, though we deny it in words, there is something in our secret consciousness which tells us it is true. In our sad and sorrowful hours when we want some refuge to go to, we cannot find such a religion in God. The soul, desolated and wretched, finding a blank in every *earthly* direction in which it looks, sees something worse than a blank in the direction of heaven. It instinctively paints to itself the face of God darkened by a frown. While every thing looks comfortless below, it finds only a dark and gloomy dread of retribution when it attempts to look above. In a word, the unchanged soul of man has always a feeling which no reasoning can remove, that there is a vast and eternal power riding sublimely above it, under whose mighty hand it has never yet been humbled. There are tizes in the experience of every reflecting mind, when the world seems to shrink into insignificant dimensions, and withdraw from the view. Its colors fade; its promises of happiness disappear; its sorrows and woes darken the whole horizon; its brief period of duration seems just at an end, and the heart longs to fly away in search of something to rest upon, but is repulsed by the still gloomier aspect of every thing beyond the grave, where reigns supreme a power to which it has never yet been willing to bow. Weary at length of this wretched isolation, and touched by a sense of the divine kindness and compassion which seeks to draw us from it, we come and submit. We humble ourselves under the mighty hand which we feel it vain and wicked to resist any longer.—*J. Abbott.*

Collins, the infidel, once meeting a plain countryman, inquired where he was going.—“To Church sir.” “What to do there?”—“To worship God.” “Pray tell me, is your God a great or a little God?” “He is so great, sir, that the Heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart.” Collins afterwards declared, that this simple yet sublime answer had more effect on his mind than all the volumes he had ever read.

### Religion.

‘Mid all the cares of life, springing around us at every step we take on our earthly pilgrimage—‘mid the howling storms of adversity, beating upon us as we wander upon the rough shores of Time—‘mid all the snares of man, thrown around us to impede our march in the path of rectitude and peace—‘mid pain and disease, fastening upon our system, and sinking them into the arms of decay—there is yet a star, whose bright beams shed glory upon our lonely way, and send joy and gladness to our hearts. In the vale of poverty, and on the mountain of despair—in the stream of anguish, and in the stagnant pool of sorrow—still it shines forth upon our bewildered course, and paints—in colors how divine—the flowery fields which lie beyond. It is the STAR OF RELIGION—of hope and love—the Star that lights up the Christian's soul, that guides him on his pilgrimage through time, that disperses the gloomy shadows which hover around his grave, and conducts him safely to the presence of his God. Oh, *Bright star of promise!* shine on in thy splendor! Drive the dark mist from the bewildered mind; roll back the mighty waves of ignorance and superstition; and light up the channel for the passage of the pure waters of Virtue and Truth! Let them shine upon the widow's lonely path, and spread a smile of gladness upon the orphan's cheek; Flame brightly round the walls of Zion, and illuminate the hearts of those who stand sentinel upon the battlements of Truth! Pour thy rays on the celestial way, and cheer the hearts of those who swell the armies of God! *Star of happiness!*—of pure and heavenly joy—ever flame in triumph! Send thy beams from pole to pole Reveal thy loveliness to the nations of the earth! Disperse the gathering clouds of sin, and let a world rejoice in thy life giving splendor!—*Chois. Ind.*

Amid the sublime scenery of the Alps, a wretch had the hardihood to write over against his name, in the Album kept for visitors, “*An atheist.*” It caught the eye of a minister who followed, when he at once wrote under it, “*If an atheist, a fool; if not, a liar.*”

“Sir,” said a lady to Mr. Romaine, “I like the doctrine you preach, and think I can give up every thing but one.” “What is that, madam?” “Cards, sir.” “You think you could not be happy without them?” “No, sir, I could not.” “Then, madam, they are your God, and to them you must look for salvation.” This pointed and faithful reply is said to have issued in her conversion.

God tolerates censorious spirits, that we may be taught to correct faults which good men would never notice.

He who can convince, will never dictate.