NOTHING TO DO

- Nothing to do!" in this world of ours,
 Wheen woods spring up with the fairer
 Where untiles have only a fittil play,
 Where hearts are breaking every day!
- Nothing to do!" there are minds to teach The simplest form of Christian speech, There are hearts to lure with loving wile, From the grimmost hunts of sive deals.
- Nothing to do i " times are lambe to feed, The precious hope of the Church's seed, Strength to be borne to the weak and fal Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.
- Nothing to do!" and my Saviour said:
 'Follow thou me in the path I tread."
 Lord, lend thy help in the journey thre Lord, faint, we ery: "So much to do!"

THE BOOKS OPENED.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAUR.

"And the books were opened."—Rev. 22. 12.

If you walk among the forests, you will find the first touches of autumnal decay. On here and there a leaf tied has written the death-warrant for all the forests; and soon the chill night winds will whisper dismally among the mountains, as watchers in the night in low volces, talk about the pillow of the dying. The years go quickly by; and on hickory leaf, and briar bush, and hawther hedge, and evening sky, and faming aurors, I read "pussing array." Could we interpret birds whistle, and insects hum, and brooks dash, or ery of finch, oricle or grossbeak, we would hear the same warning uttered: "passing array." Nay, more; I have heard of a time when the earth itself shall perish Almighty hands will break down the columns of this great temple. The foundations of the mountain ranges will uphave, and unconsumable flames will beap on the rains of earthly aggrandisoment; and all the five opens poused upon disc, these continents, these hemispheres—oil, how they will burn, and burn! John foresaw this, and a Great White Throne, and the uprising dead standing before it; "and the touke were opened." You go into the old libraries, and you see many books, musty, and worn, and worm-caton. There are men who find their joy in literature; yet to us it is vary sleepy. But those, old books which God shall open on Judgment Day, will produce no instellation or slumbering. As they open, the whole universe will start, and angels and scraphim and archangel, and all the nistons of the rightsous and of the wickened shall cry, "keer! MARILLE."

and all the nations of the righteous and of the wickened shall cry, "*keer! maxa!"

I know not how many books there shall be, nor how ponderous, nor all their titles; but I remark, first, that there will be a look of tear. Have you ever thought, yo smileted once, that God is keeping a record of all your we? Suppose you the tears that foll upon your pillow at midnight were unobserved in heaven? As each one trickled down, God asd to this recording angel. "Write down another tear!" That sigh of penitunes or bereavement that you breathed tan years ago, unknown to others, and forgotten by yourself, hath immortal remembranes; for above your agitated heart, Jesus stood and commanded the seribes of beaven. "Write down another sight!" Suppose you that stranger, in a far land, grouning in Parisian or Alexandrian hospital, its unheeded or unpitled? No! Though the cry of suffering ascended from lazaretto, dungeon, or wayside, God puts the seal of his remembrance upon it, and any, "Panman of heaven, write down another groun!" There have been grain of corn found in ancient sepulchers three thousand years old, but they have been brought out and recounty planted, and have come up luxuriantly, have been brought out and recounty planted, and have come up luxuriantly, he the servove of earth have in them enough vitality to produce an eternal fraitage. "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." Lachrymals have been found smong ancient rains in which the people were supposed to have gathered up the tears of those who wept for the deal. These lachrymale are dry, and pealed, and broken; but not world's enfering. He see Rispah wep-

so with the bottle in which David intimates that God puts all our tears.

Under God's scrutiny passes all the
world's unfering. He sees Rispah weeping among the rocks, and Naomi meerning for Elimilech, and Jeremish for
Jersaslem, and John Oldcastle in London Tower, and Elliott among the
savages, and Swarts among the Risdoes,
and Oranmer in the fire. Jesus of the
manager stands by overy poor man's
thore; Jonus of the wayside defends
the foot-sore pilgrim; Jesus of Pilate's
lall acquits the innocent prisoner;
Jesus of the cross pittes all the suffering; Jesus of the tomb watches over
every sepulchre. Not alone, then child
of poverty, goest thou to thy distant
toil, or sittest in the lonely cabin.
Christ will go with thee all along the
road to Emmaus. Not alone, sick one,
does thou endure the pang, the sinfocation, the heartache. He whose hands
were riven, and whose brow was piereed, holds thee in His infinite sympatily.
Not alone, victim of presecution, does
thou endure the sooff and the buffeling.
Not alone, stricken heart, must then
bear thy sore bereavement; for tall me,

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and read amid hossunsh and waiting, the look of tears I

Again; I remark that there will be a book of interprise slas. The iniquities of the righteous will have all been pardoned, and so vill not be mentioned. But the sins of the unpardone's sill on that day be announced; slas of the sheet; the pride that would not bow to Divine authority, the foolish choice of the world to the next, the impure thought, the unboly imagination; sins of the towner: tattling, base immende, backbiting, profamity, hypercriticism of the conduct of others; sins of the heads; of the eyes: of the feet—from the smallest omission to the most disbolical commission—all of which shall be recoved on the book from which the Judge shall read, O, when it is opened, what cowering! what despair is all the past, in a vision of horror, stalks before the soul, and there gathers a forwar of indignation on the countenance of the angels, and and the air seems darkening with the wrath to come, and the Judge prepare to utter sentence against the culprits, the soul ories out; "Whitter shall I siy? Rocks and mountains, fall on us!"

the soul cries out; "Whither shall the y? Rocks and mountains, fall on us!"

What a reheareal, when from the book of sin shall be read all the crimes of all ages and of all lands! The Bridewells and the Sing Sings and the Bridewells and the Sing Sings and the penitentiaries and the troquemakes of all the world vill come to judgment. Babylon, and Thabes, and Nineven, and Godon, will hear the roll of their most damnable iniquities. All the throkes of despotient must make answar. Nero, and Henry Vill., and Bloody Mary, and Robespierre, and Jeffrey, will shiver with terror in the light of that great white throne, and will find all their crimes recorded in the poolerous book of ain. War shall give answer for the swords that it sharpened, for the summission vagons it made, for the assemals it constructed, for the cities it destroyed, for the trenshes it dug, for the harvests it devastated, for the harvests it devastated, for the families its breaved, for the souls that it blasted, and loader than the combined sound of all the batteric that ever boomed on ten thousand falls of blood, shall sound the condemnation of the hord butchery. Drunkenness will give answer for all the property it wasted, for the discusse which it inflicted for the domostic circles it cursed, for the milions it pitched off first nine a drunkard's grave, but throw them so hard that it troke through into the darkoet hell; and louder than all the shricks that ever ame up from the myriade it fins destroyed, will be the ton thousand thunders of its condemnation when once the books are opened.

Again I remark there will be a book of privileger. On that day shall be any

Again I remark there will be a book of privileger. On that day shall be aunounced to my soul all the sormons I have aver heard, though they may have come in weakness, and been sorry specimens of relatoric, and could not stand the laws of logic or criticism, and may

those teems of Lassarus, did not Jesus weep? Mot alone, dright Christian, shalt shot of through the valley. The Shepherd gently load his flex, and with his staff they shall be consisted it. Oh, how this awasetuse the bitterest cup, and lightens the darkest night, and smoothst he roughest road, and eatms the stormest sea, and soothes the bitter-angulain, and soothes the property: Jesus was poor. Come sickness: Jesus If you have lived more than two thousand Jesus was poor. Come sickness: Jesus Jesus was Jesus Jesus was poor. Come sickness: Jesus Jesus was Jesus Jes

through the souls of the unpervioued, at the opening of the tromendous book of privileged. Again, there will be a book of good secrets. Them shall we hear of the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple, the food left at the way side cabin, the smalle of approval, the word of oucouragement, the good deed of which the world made no record, blaxing out among the names of those who sudowed universities, and civilized nations, and broke ahackles, disenthrulied on-pires, and inspired generations. O for more of the spirit that sends men down through the dark lanes, and into the squalid cellars, and among the pestiferous fumes to prochesy in God's name over the mangled and decaying carcasses of the norrally dend; that will send books and clothing to the colportour at the west, and with its prayers help fill the sails of the clipper that carries American missionaries to Japan; that will rejoice over a blind girl taught to read in the asylum, and the throwing open of Chinese ports to the gospel; that will teach the black boy in the Sabbath-school his A. B. C's, and pray that Ethiopia may soon stretch forth her lands to God' that will light a taper in a sick man's room, and by its prayers help roll up the sun of right-consnoss to the noon-tide glory of the millentum. When from that book Jenus shall read the story of the modest charities and unobtrustee work, He will turn toward some of you, who do not imagine that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake until say, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake that you will be especially recognized on that day, and will say "I was lake the you will be especially recognized o

Again, there will be a book of devits. When it is opened, all the evil doers of earth will tremble for their fate. What it is long estalogue of lars, drunkarda, thieves, murders, adulterers, vagabonds, tricksters, oppressors, defrauders, infidels, blasphemers! The whole universe will alredder at the resited; and the mention of every additional name in the roll will increase the lamantation that rises loud, force, tremandous, eternal. I am startled and overwhelmed at the thought of that great book of death.

desthip I remark that there will be a look of life. Open, oh, thou book of sunlight, a gleam with gladuesa mid victory! How we will listen for the announcement of our names, and when Jesus, amid that great throng, shall call us His children, I think we will not be able to keep allone, but will break forth in the utterance, "Glory to the grace that ransomed the child of sinners!"

sinners "I"

Oh, to have our names in the same book with Paul, and John, and Isaiah, and David, and Payson, and Netitotos, and Sunmarfield: hames written with Christ's hand, in Christ's book, and read with Christ's voice! Praise Him! Praise Him! Trecorded there, let the earth rend, and the heavens fly away, and the throne of the ages burn with all the applenders of eternity: we will not fear; we will not fear with the well all the splenders of eternity is well and farth's busbles have burst! Earth's thrones have fallen! Earth's aurows have fallen! Throne of Josus!

"And the books were opened."

" And the books were opened."

From overy sorrow you receive in a spirat of Christian resignation, from overy pain you bear patiently, from overy great trial you bravely meet, there sitently passes to those about you strength, and comfort, and succuragement. Without saying a word, you are exhorting to faith and patience, and trust; you are inspiring in others the Christian spirit and building them up in Christian life.

PREACHING OLD SERMONS.

PREACHING OLD SERMONS.

Of all valoes, that of the preacher should be the freshest. It should address men, not man, and his speech should be so interveven with the person and the circumstances of the hour, as to be fit for that hour, botter, far better, than for any other. There are been that hour, better, far better, than for any other. There are been that he men for any other. There are been that he men for any other, there are they have stung. The true wrimen is dead as soon as it is preached. It is Professor Path who sagely says. "A sermon to be preached a second time must be born again." That, then, is the only extenperaneous discourse which is suggested by, and applicable to, its own time, and none other. Whether it be written or not—that is a point of different concern.

Doubtless there are elecumatances in which, and ministers by whom, old sermons may be preached to good advantage, properly for the preacher, hopefully to the learner, but we fess the practice is in danger in some instances of becoming a crutch.

And there is another consideration which weighs against it. We hold that every minister englist to be preaching better and better every time, so that to go to the bottom of his pile for a manuscript written five years ago, is as if the Prassian soldier should exchange the needle-gun for a flint-lock musket, We nover yet met a minister who did not, in his heart of hearts, schnowledge that proaching his old serumons was like dressing up in his old dothes, in which his self, and cut a sorry figure before others.

In view of these reflections, we therefore the best in the best in the latter of the contract of the second of the best in the latter of the contract of the contract of the contract of the latter of the contract of the cont

others.

In view of those reflections, we therefore advise our ministerial readers to form the labit of adjusting the aim of their weapons with such careful and exact accuracy, that the same range will never answer for more than one alot, except at the same mark.—Congregationalist.

THE REFECT OF PARDON.

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name said: "Here is Join again. What can we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeantmajor apologised for intruding, and said: "There is come thing which has never been done with him yet, sir."

"What is that, sergeantmajor?"—"Well, sir, he has never yet een forgicen." "Fonorway: "said the colonel; "here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is not yet before you, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought assainst him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suiteble remarks, the colonel, with the adjutant, and the others present, fell deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier tander his notice for two years and a half after this, and never, during that time, was three's charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Findness conquered! The man was won!

This is just the method God adopts with us in the averlasting mann?

This is just the method God adopts with us in the everlasting gospel. We are guilty. The charges are brought than the Lord delighteth in mercy. He seeks to melt us by his love. He is ready to forgive. He sends to us, say, ing, "Only acknowledge thine inquities;" and then offers us pardon—a pardon which cost in the life of his only-begotten Bon; a pardon, not of one sin, but of all our sins; a pardon that will bring peace to the conscience on earth, and enlitts us to eternal reat in heaven.

BHOW-RERMONS.

A good many young men, 'beginnin' to presch, feel that they dow't know what to do. They naturally fall back spon their note books, upon the development of some system of truth. They undertake to present to their people topic after topic hased upon great Gospel themes. And of course they can do botter than the heading than prenching. It is like a man who is practicing with his rifle at a target that he does not see, who hits by accident if he hits, rather than by deliberate claim. You cannot expect a man to do better until he has learned. It is no easy thing for one to be in such familiar possession of the great moral truths revealed in the Bible, and in such familiar knowledge of ment watures and dispoyeared in the bible, and in such ammar knowledge of men's natures and dispo-sitions, that he can take off the one and if it it of the other almost by intuition. Intuition is only a name for superior

jects—preaching a good deal and accomplishing very little; if he finds that he has comparatively a light held mon truths, and that he cannot by those truths grapple men effectively. Every one has an head in his mind. He thinks of Whitchold, and of Jonathan Edwards with the man pulling at his coat talks and trying to stop that terrible burst of statement and denunciation that was caushing the congregation. Every young man who is sayiring wants to do great things and to preach great sermons. Great armons, young gaulomous, ninety mine times out of a hundred are missuces. They are like steeples without bolls in them—things stuck up high in the air, serving for ornament, attracting observation, but sheltering mobody. It is not those great sermons that any man should propose to himself as models. Of course, if now and then, in legitimate, lonest and manly work, you are in the mood, and are brought into a state of excitement of which a great sermon is the result, preachet and on't be afraid. But great sermous will come of themselves, when they are worth anything. Don't seek them for that of itself is almost enough to destroy their value.

value.

I do not say this for the purpose of value.

I do not say this for the purpose of abuting one particle of your studious, nos, or the carnestness with which you later. I do not undertake to say that there may not be some indulgence at three in that direction; that is to say if you have written a serum on that has done good, it may do good again. But I do say that, generally speaking, shownermous are the tomptation of the devil. They do not lie in the plane of common, true, Christian, ministerial work. They are not natural to a man whose heart is moved with general sympathy for man, and who is inspired in that sympathy by the fire of the spirit of God. There is a false greatness in nearmons are well as in men. Vanity, ambition, pedantry, are demons that low to cickine themselves in rectorical garmonts, like angels of light.—Henry IV-vi Becker.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

To Constantine the Eastern Church, was to owe its sentral shrine. The Christian capital arose on the verge of Europe and of Asia, over whose mental and religious progress it was never to lose its influence, in the fairest site known to the ancient world. The water of the Enxine rushed before the city of Constantine, through a long and sometimes narrow strait, to mingle with the Ægean. By its side the Golden Horr offered a safe and aim to tileses a larbor; ships from Arabia and from Egythic might meet in the friendly shelter. Around it opened a landscape rich with the later results of Greek cultivation, and the delusive beauties of the magnificence of the seems when the shores of the thickly wooded Frop. At were cultivated with Attic elegance, and the mathetic current of the completion of the seems when the shores of the thickly wooded Frop. At were cultivated with Attic elegance, and the mathetic current of the seems when the shores of the thickly wooded Frop. At were cultivated with Attic elegance, and the mathetic harbor to the giftesting see. Kothing was wanting, except perhaps creative genius, to make the sew Rome the chief of cities. The western of the completion of his capital. Its temples were brighter than the yellow columns of the Farthenon; its circus more spacious than that of Tarquin; its baths, aqueducts, and fountains, its abundant markets and its statid yndurcles, provided the for the requirements of a population that sprang up with artificial vigor; and for more than a thousand years, amidst the barbarous turnell of medieval Europe, Constantinople outshone all its riyals, even in its slow decay.

It was a museum and a store-house for the ravished treasures of Greece. A triped of serpents from Delphi, statues from the deserted tumples of the ancient, faith, columns carved in the founce, provided the language of Home; its students read Euripedes or dreamed of Plate; the vicing fountain of true learning fertilized the intellect of the East.—From "The Greek Church, by Eugens Laward Laward and offun

habit.

No one should be discouraged in the by art; by art and deceit men live the beginning of his ministry, therefore, if other part. Who gives this bad character he finds himself running short of sub-