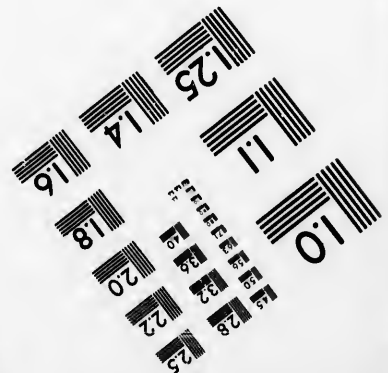
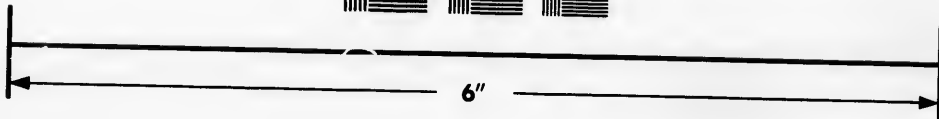
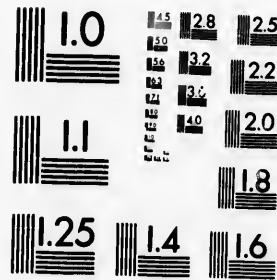


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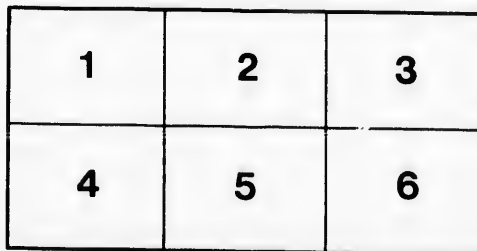
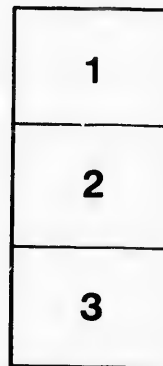
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# FEATHERS FROM AN ANGEL'S WING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES," ETC.  
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## PREFACE.

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THE word Angel does not only apply to those intellectual and immaterial beings whom God employs as His ministers to execute the orders of His providence, but also signifies a messenger, or bearer of glad tidings. Each of the seven churches in Asia had its angel or minister. They were commanded to write to their respective churches. To the church at Laodicea, the angel writes: "I know thy works, thou art neither hot nor cold." To the church at Ephesus, these words were sent: "I know thy works and thy labour and patience; nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast forsaken thy first love." To the church at Sardis, the message reads: "Be watchful and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die, for I have not found thy works perfect before God; yet thou hast a few names which have not defiled their garments, and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." Wings are given to the angels, that the important messages they receive may be carried swiftly. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Sometimes these messages are sent to us in the visions of the night, at other times in holy whisperings, and by impressions on the mind. The messages vary as much in their character, as do the colours of the bird plumage of this beautiful world. Some are sombre, others all aglow with brightness. As you take up these Feathers, do not be too critical in your philological analysis. You may not find that artistic finish in them

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you would like to have seen. Remember, they are only the feathers from the wing of an angel of this world, who has spent over thirty-five years as message-bearer in the King's service. They are given to cheer and strengthen you in your journey across life's wilderness, and to help you to travel faster heavenward, or assist you to flee from the wrath to come. He who plucked these feathers, like yourself, is far from being perfect, and is waiting patiently for the time when he will be borne by other wings, into His presence, where there is fulness of joy and pleasure for evermore. Most of you, my dear readers, may never know, or even meet this side the valley of shadows—the writer; but I trust this book will be made a blessing to all who may read it, by inducing them to seek more earnestly the things which are above, which reach out into the grand everlasting future. May the Holy Spirit accompany these feathers in their flight.

THE AUTHOR.

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## INTRODUCTION.

BY THE REV. A. C. COURTICE, M.A., B.D.

**M**ANY of the beautiful, helpful, and inspiring thoughts that come to us—for they seem to come unasked and unsought—now in our busy moments, and again in our quiet moments, are perhaps more often and truly traceable to heavenly and angelic influences than we are disposed to think in this “money and mud” period of human experience. Farrar’s heart was touched with the necessary beauty of the home in Nazareth, guided and supported by Joseph, hallowed and sweetened by Mary, and illumined by the youthful Jesus; and he spoke of it as “a home, for the sake of which all the earth would be dearer and more awful to the watchers and holy ones, and where, if the fancy be permitted us, they would love to stay their waving wings.”

There may be flight of imagination in this to the dull, hum-drum, work-a-day mind of the world; but to the true heart and enlightened spirit, there may be in reality more of angel’s flight about it than of imagination’s flight.

There are thoughts, there are places, there are struggles, there are sorrows, there are victories, there are joys—for the sake of which earth is dearer to the watchers and holy ones who move and stay their wings in earthly ministrations.

There is nothing far-fetched in the figure, if we conceive that these ministers of God to the earth now take a feather

from their wings, and with it give swiftness and accuracy to some dart of truth, that shall pierce a hardened heart; or that they again take a feather from their wings and waft it on gentle breezes, to be used as a bright plume of victory in the cap of some struggling youth, whose motto is "Excelsior"; or again, that they pluck many feathers from their wings and put them quickly together, to fan coolness to some fevered brow and comfort to some suffering soul.

Wings are varied in structure—some are for sudden swiftness in flight, and others are for steady continuance in flight. The feathers that compose them are varied in hue. They are not all of bright colour; some are tinged more with blue and gold, to accord with the sky and sun, while others are tinged more with the sombre colours of earth. It will not be out of place for us to think that these things hint at the variety of angels' ministrations. Some pass swiftly to heaven with glad tidings of repentant sinners, while others watch long over struggling, prodigal souls. Some are ministers in joys which are very anticipations of heaven, while others are ministers amid the saddest experiences of earth.

Finally, I think that we may feel assured that these winged, heavenly, and angelic ministrations, with the help and hope they bring to human hearts and homes, are "bidings" and "enablings" of God, by which men rise from being worms of earth to kinship with angels, by which they drop the serpentine slough and put on seraphic wing, by which they get away from the mole-life—burrowing under ground in the dark—and gain the eagle's-eye and eagle's pinion, by which they quit the gloom and night of earth and mount aloft with their eyes on the Sun of Glory. We trust that these pages may minister in this direction.

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I.

THE HOME-NEST.

“**H**AVE you not forgotten some one?” The child had risen from her knees, and lifted her soft hazel eyes to her mother’s face. ‘Have you not forgotten some one? A shade of thought fell over the child’s countenance, as her mother, almost a child herself, gravely repeated the question. ‘Who, mamma?’ she asked; then, before her mother could reply, she said, ‘Oh, yes, I did forget,’ and dropping on her knees, clasped her dimpled hands, and with shut eyes and face upturned, spoke these words to our Father in heaven: ‘Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.’ As the gentle young mother kissed her darling, she closed her eyelids tightly, to keep the tears from falling over her cheeks. ‘You must never forget dear papa,’ said the mother. It was only by an effort that she was able to speak with a steady voice, for her heart was moved by some strong feeling that she wished to hide. ‘I won’t again,’ answered the child, and then added, ‘I don’t know what made me forget. I always do pray for him. Oh, I wish he were here to kiss me before I go to sleep. Tell him to kiss me when he comes home—won’t you, mamma? May be I’ll know it in my dreams.’ The mother’s eyelids could hold the tears no longer. Large round drops fell on the child’s forehead.

'O, mother, dear!' the little one exclaimed, throwing her arms about her mother's neck, 'what makes you cry; is it because I forgot papa in my prayers? Oh, I'll never forget him again. I can't tell what made me.' For a little while her arms were clasped tightly around the child, and her head held closely against her mother's breast. Then good-nights were said, and kisses were exchanged. Soon after, the only sound heard in the room was the soft breathing of a child asleep. For over an hour the young mother sat in the still chamber alone with her little one. Then she went to an adjoining room, and sat by an open window, listening to the footsteps that came and went along the pavement, never catching the sound for which her quick ears hearkened. Often she sighed; but she spoke no words of weariness or complaint. Another hour passed, when, returning to the room where the child slept, she undressed herself, and lying down with an arm under the head and her cheek against the face of the little one, was soon lost in slumber.

All was not right with the young mother. Such tears as she held so closely beneath her eye-lids, that they might not fall, are not tears of joy. One loved by her, oh, so tenderly!—the father of her sweet child—was absent; and always when he was away her heart felt lonely. Where was he? What held him away from his wife and little one, now that the day was over? Why did the darling of his heart pray for him at bed-time, instead of giving him her good-night kiss? Had business taken him to another city? Was

he absent at the call of duty? Across the great city, in a room miles away from that in which angels watched lovingly over the sleeping mother and child, half a dozen young men were gathered around a table on which supper had been served. They had eaten and drank, and now sat smoking. Waiters cleared off the table, and brought in bottles of wine, and glasses. More wine! Had they not been drinking freely at supper? Yes, too freely. But they who 'tarry long at the wine' grow thirstier the more they drink, until sense and reason are too often drowned.

'Let me fill your glass,' said one of the company to a young man, whose noble mien gave no signs of an evil or depraved life. Looking at him, and then at his companions, any one would have seen that he was out of place, and in danger. 'Nothing more at present,' answered the young man, who had already taken with his supper as much wine as he felt it prudent to drink. Without heeding this reply, the one who had addressed him filled the young man's glass and also his own. 'To Ida in the home-nest!' he said, lifting his glass. The young man thus challenged, raised the wine and held it between his eyes and the light. 'To Ida in the home-nest!' Ah, the tempter miscalculated the power of that sentence. He meant evil to the young man, but God had this thought put into his mind that he might use him as an agent of good. Just then, Ida in the home-nest was saying, 'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy,' and God who is ever trying to lead his erring children into

the right way, heard the prayer, as he hears all prayers that true hearts offer up, and answered it in his own best way. As the young man held up the glass of amber-coloured wine to the light, he saw in it the picture of a kneeling child. The face, beautiful as the face of an angel, was tender and very earnest; the large brown eyes had in them a shade of sadness. While he looked, the face and form grew more and more distinct. He saw the sweet lips move, and heard them say, as clearly as if the words had been spoken in his outward ears: 'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.' The glass of wine did not touch his lips. 'Not drink to that!' exclaimed his tempter, in surprise as he saw the untasted wine. 'Thank you for the toast,' answered the young man as he rose from his seat. 'I must look to my Ida in the home-nest'; and bowing to the company, he hastily retired. One laughed, another sneered, and another made a coarse jest; while a fourth said, with a gravity of manner that was felt by the rest as a rebuke, 'Our young friend is right: his place is at home with his wife and child, and not here. And there are some of us who, in my opinion, might take a lesson from his example.' A dead silence followed. One looked at another; and crimson spots burned on cheeks that had on them no sign of shame a little while before. 'No more wine for me,' said the last speaker, replying to an invitation to fill his glass. 'I've no patience with this kind of stuff,' spoke out one of the company, almost angrily. 'What has wine been ordered for, if

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not to drink?' He who said this was a gambler, in the disguise of a friend. He wished to steal away the reason and conscience of his young companions with wine, that he might rob them of their money at cards. As he spoke, he filled one glass to the brim, and then pushed the bottle toward his neighbour, who filled his glass in turn. But when it came to the third in the circle sitting around the table, he passed it on, leaving his own empty glass. The fourth and fifth filled their glasses. Said the one who first passed the bottle, lifting the glass as he spoke: 'Here's to good fellowship.' And all but one repeated his toast, and drank as he drank. Then the third in the circle filled his glass with water, and rising, said in a clear ringing voice: 'Here's to Ida in the home-nest!' Frowns darkened on his companions' faces. Raising the water to his lips, he drank it slowly. As he set down the empty glass, he looked at the angry face of the gambler, whose real character he more than half suspected, and bowing slightly, said: 'I also thank you for that toast; and I also will look to my Ida in the home-nest.' Then, bowing gracefully towards the company, he left the room; the sound of curses in his ears, as he shut the door.

The young man whose refusal to drink any more had first broken in that company the charmed circle of danger, walked hurriedly away, turning his steps homeward. He was, as we have said, miles distant, and at the opposite extremity of a great city. Hurriedly he walked at first: then his steps grew slower,

and his head was bent down; for painful and self-condemning thoughts were in his mind. A street car passed; it would have taken him, in less than an hour, within a few yards of his home. Why did he let it go by unheeded? Was thought so busy that he had forgotten he could ride? No, that was not the reason. He had drunk too freely at the supper table, and he knew that his breath was tainted with liquor; and now that a new light had come into his mind, and he saw, as in a mirror, a true image of himself, he was shocked to discover that he was less a true man than in days past, and less worthy to bear the name of husband and father. This was the reason why his steps were slow and his head bowed down; and the reason why he did not take the car, and pass quickly homeward. He shrank from the thought of laying his tainted lips upon the pure brow and lips of his wife and child, and so revealing to them that weak and sensual side of his character which was holding him back from a nobler and purer life than the one he was living. Slowly he continued to walk, still with bowed head and busy thoughts and memories. Suddenly there came before him, even more clearly, if possible, than when he saw it in the amber wine, the image of his kneeling child; and again the voice, so full of sweet music for his ears, was heard with strange distinctness, saying: 'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.'

Could God have answered the petition of that loving child for her father in any better or more effectual

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way than by sending the words of her prayer to his inward ears by the voice of an angel? He could not make him good and happy, except through repentance and a better life; but He could make the prayer a means of conviction and repentance. So the good Lord is ever using us, whether we are children or grown-up men and women, and using us by thousands of different ways, in the work of leading others from evil courses into paths of virtue and peace. And we are always better instruments in His hands, if we are pure and good, than if we are selfish and evil; for, in some way that we do not clearly understand, our loving desires actually pass to others, and move their hearts. And so if we are pure and true, our influence over those we love, even when they are away from us, will be for good. We shall be as magnets, continually drawing them back from evil. Our love and our prayers will go after them as angels of mercy.

The image of his kneeling child seen again so distinctly, and her sweet voice lifted heaven-ward in prayer for him, heard again with such startling clearness, so touched the father's heart, that he clasped his hands passionately together, and looking upward, exclaimed, 'O Lord, I am not worthy of anything so pure and precious as this child!—one of the little ones whose angels are ever before thy face.' A deep quiet fell upon his soul as he bowed his head once more and walked, still moving slowly, onward. And now, contrasted with the innocence, sweetness, and purity of his wife and child, stood out before him an image of

himself that made shame-spots burn on his cheek as if fire had touched them. They so loving and unselfish; so true to him in all things; so free from earthly taint, and he so selfish and worldly, yielding to gross appetites, and giving his thoughts to what was mean and sensual, instead of to things good and noble! 'Give me strength to lead a new and better life,' he prayed, as he moved along the street. 'This night I have turned my back upon the evil that was opening its jaws to devour me. This night I set my feet in a new way. Let thy power, O Lord, pass into my poor resolutions, and I shall be saved.'

Home at last. It had taken him nearly two hours from the time he turned so resolutely away from his dissolute companions. Entering very quietly, he first went to the bath-room, where he washed his hands and face, and carefully cleansed his mouth, to remove, if possible, all smell of liquor or tobacco smoke. How silent it was! How strangely he felt! Softly he opened the chamber-door, and stood in the presence of his wife and child. How peacefully they slept! Their faces laid close together, both so young and fresh,—so tender and sweet that they looked like sisters, instead of mother and child. A little while he remained bending over them. Great waves of tenderness came sweeping over his heart. They had never seemed so lovely and precious. Stooping, at length, for he could no longer restrain himself, he touched his lips to the fair forehead of his wife. She moved slightly, but did not awaken. Then he kissed the lit-

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tle one who had said ere she went to sleep, 'Tell him to kiss me when he comes home, mamma, won't you? May be I'll know it in my dreams.' An angel must have told it to her now, for, while yet the touch of his lips was warm on her lips, a glad light flooded her countenance. As the light faded slowly off, her lips moved, and she said, still sleeping, yet speaking out clearly—'Bless dear papa, and make him good and happy.' The father's heart was too strongly moved already to bear this without losing his self-control. A sob heaved his breast. Then, clasping his arms about his sleeping treasures, he pressed them passionately to his heart. 'God bless you and keep you from all evil, and make me worthy of you, my darlings!' This was the sentence, spoken in fervour, that met the ears of his waking wife and child.

We cannot picture, in words, the joy that filled that young wife's heart, when the full meaning of all this came like a great light into her soul. She never sat lonely in the night-watches again, waiting with a shadowed spirit for the loved but absent one, in fear of the very thoughts that went out after him. And few and far between were the times that the little angel of their home asked that a kiss might be given which she could feel only in her dreams.

Little ones, pray for those who are dear to your hearts. The angels are nearer to you, because of your innocence, than they are to those who are older and less pure, and they can often give to your prayers a power for good that will fall in blessings on those you love."

## II.

### A NIGHT OF FESTIVITY.

THE evening sun throws his gorgeous colouring on the towers, and temples and palaces of Babylon. Deeper grandeur still! Crimson as of blood, and gold as of Ophir, and diamond as of the Orient. Then the magnificent glory fades, and the moon shines clear in the vast expanse. Silence breathing over Babylon! The colossal city rises towards the starry sky—massive, ponderous, immense. Far off the voice of a solitary lion comes at times. Then the cry of a lonely night-bird winging overhead, with slow, dull clang. A million lamps, with oil scented, light up the joyous capital. They spread their splendour on the dark and silent plain, which stretches far away from the huge walls. There is the sound of timbrel and lute, and dulcimer and song. The noise of merriment increases. Thousands of gay and glittering forms crowd the street. The royal palace sparkles with living gems. The great hall is filled with guests, robed in garments of azure, scarlet and gold. The brilliant lights turn into living glow the emerald, and sapphire, and topaz. Belshazzar is surrounded by a thousand of his lords, his wives and his concubines. Seldom does night look down upon such a scene of splendour. From the gilded roof of the gorgeous hall a thousand golden lamps

## FESTIVITY.

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their lustre fling, and on the walls and on the throne  
gem-bossed, that high on steps upraised like one solid  
diamond, quivering stand, sun splendours flash around.  
In robes of purple fringed with gold, the sensual king  
is clad, and with him sits his beauteous wives and con-  
cubines. They sing and shoot the sparkling glance,  
and laugh and sigh and feed his ears with honeyed  
flatteries and laud him as a god. The rarest flowers,  
bright-hued and fragrant in the brilliant light, bloom  
as in sunshine, like a mountain stream amid the silence  
of the dewy eve. Sweet dream-like melodies, like  
diamond showers of a crystal fountain fall. Delicious  
fruits of every clime, beauteous to sight and odorifer-  
ous, invite the taste, and wines of sunny light, rose-  
hued for feasting gods, blush in the golden goblets.  
Sylph-like girls and blooming boys, flower-crowned  
and in apparel bright as spring, attend upon their bid-  
ding. At the sign, from hands unseen, voluptuous  
music breathes, harp, dulcimer, and sweeter far than  
all, woman's melodious voice. As the eve grows on,  
the damsels of the city come abroad. Their garments  
of every delicate hue, linen like snow and silk like  
gossamer. Their anklets of silver and of gold, with  
golden chains and strings of pearls and gems encircling  
their necks. Their ear-rings pure gold and jewels,  
and their zones of Tyrian dye round their slim waists,  
with buckles of fine gold and gems clasped. Adown  
their shoulders some let fall the ambrosial ringlets, wav-  
ing loose, others the rich tresses into graceful knots  
woven and in golden network bound. Through il

the city sounds the voice of joy and reckless merriment. On the spacious walls, that, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in, myriads of wanton feet go to and fro. Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze—crimson and azure, purple, green and gold. Laugh, jest and whisper, timbrel and lute, and dulcimer and song. Midnight comes, and the melancholy moon, with wasted face speeds on her weary course. From the banquet room come fiend-like shouts and sounds of revelry. The king, frenzied with wine, now rises, and, with uplifted goblet, offers an oblation to the memory of their celebrated gods; and not content with blending idolatry and voluptuousness at the feast, adds sacrilege to his sins. He commands the gold and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple at Jerusalem, to be brought, that he and his princes, his wives and his concubines, may drink thereout. They are filled with wine, passed round to the jubilant guests, who applaud the king, hurl defiance at the God of Israel, and vow destruction to the captive Jew.

But while Belshazzar is filling the sacred vessels, and passing them round to his Pagan lords, the thought never flashes across his mind that the God whom he is insulting is filling His vials of indignation, and His messengers are preparing to pour them out on him and his kingdom. In the midst of the banquet, an apparition arrests the attention. The king is the first to see it, and, as if smitten by paralysis, the wine goblet falls from his hand, and, transfixed with horror, he

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sits gazing on the strange phenomenon. The princes, in dread amazement and breathless silence stand, and point the reeling lords to the mysterious hand, which leaves behind it characters they cannot understand. The ladies of the court, shrieking, fall as if by lightning smitten, and pale and insensible they lie, with dishevelled hair and garments rent. The music is hushed, the fingers, which made such sweet melody from harp and lute, refuse to move.

But why this alarm?—What is it that sends terror to the hearts of the Babylonian knights? It is simply the fingers of a man's hand writing over against the candlestick on the wall of the palace. As those letters of flame burn with lurid splendour the king becomes more alarmed, and he cries aloud, "Bring in the Astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the Soothsayers." Messengers are despatched for the magicians. The greatest consternation reigns among the illustrious guests. Those who are restored to consciousness bury their faces in their hands, not daring to look up. The suspense is awful; minutes seem lengthened into hours—"They come! they come!" shouts an officer of the imperial guard. The wise men enter and approach the king, who, with much agitation, says, "Whosoever shall read this writing and show me the interpretation thereof, shall be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom." But they are confused and speechless, gazing first on the king, and then on the writing they have come to interpret. They can-

not spell out a single syllable of it. No uncircumcised eye can read God's hand-writing. This failure on the part of the magicians adds tenfold terror to the scene. In the meantime, news of the strange occurrence has spread through the palace; having reached the ears of the Queen Dowager, she hastens to the banqueting-room, and being informed that the wise men cannot explain the writing, and that the agony of the king is caused by their inability to read it, she approaches the king and says: "O king, live for ever: let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed: there is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father light and understanding and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him: whom the King Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, made master of the Magicians, Astrologers, Chaldeans, and Soothsayers. Forasmuch as an excellent spirit and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and showing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts, were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation." Daniel is summoned. The grand old prophet enters. He walks into the banquet hall with the calm and dignified bearing of a prince. Every eye is turned upon him. Though nearly ninety years of age, he still preserves the traces of his once majestic beauty. His grey hair is flung back from his forehead, and rests promiscuously upon his shoulders. He manifests no alarm, but fixes his dark piercing eyes

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 the king's command. And the king spake and said  
 unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel which art of the  
 children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king,  
 my father, brought out of Jewry? I have even heard  
 of thee that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that  
 light and understanding, and excellent wisdom, are  
 found in thee; and now the wise men, the Astrolo-  
 gers, have been brought in before me, that they should  
 read this writing, and make known unto me the inter-  
 pretation thereof, but they could not show the inter-  
 pretation of the thing, and I have heard of thee that  
 thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts.  
 Now if thou canst read the writing and make known  
 the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with  
 scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and  
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The venerable prophet restraining the feelings of  
 sorrow and indignation which the sight of the sacred  
 vessels roused within his bosom, replied to the king  
 with calmness; but it was with the calmness of a  
 judge enumerating his crimes, and pronouncing the  
 sentence of his punishment. He reminded him of that  
 state of grandeur and power to which the Almighty  
 had raised his illustrious grandfather, Nebuchadnezzar,  
 and how he had offended God by his pride. He  
 also recalled to his memory the humiliating details of  
 the insanity with which that king was punished. And  
 then he added, with awful sternness, "And thou, his  
 son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart though

thou knewest all this, but hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven; and have brought the vessels of His house before thee, and thou and thy lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know, and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. This is that which was written before thee, by a mysterious hand sent to check thee at thy impious banquet, 'MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.' And this is the interpretation thereof: *Mene*, God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. *Tekel*, thou art weighed in the balances, and found wanting. *Peres*, thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians." The ill-fated Belshazzar hears his doom with horror. The princes stand aghast, the lords are seized with terror, while tears drip through the jewelled fingers of the ladies, as they bury their faces in their hands.

Daniel had scarcely left the hall, when the wild shouts of the Medo-Persian army rent the air. Cyrus had turned the waters of the Euphrates into another channel, and his brave legions were pressing on up the bed of the river. Chariots of war, filled with grim warriors, and drawn by barbed and fiery steeds, dashed up the streets, as if on the wings of a whirlwind borne. The swift and fatal arrows flew, and hoarse yells of the soldiery mingled with the groans and shrieks of the dying. Out flashed the swords from the scabbards of ten thousand horsemen, and drank the blood



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of flying fugitives. With a shout louder than thun-  
der, the mighty host swept onward to the gates of the  
palace. The king rallied his forces, and did all that  
mortal man could do to defend his kingdom, but he  
was no match for such an enemy, backed by the  
power of Jehovah. The gates of the palace were car-  
ried by storm, and the excited conquerors stream  
through the royal apartments, and death and hell fol-  
lowed in their track. What a sight does that hall  
present on the following morning! Princes and war-  
riors and fair women smitten by the sword, lie toge-  
ther; rank and strength and beauty mingled in the  
confusion of death; drinking cups half emptied, bro-  
ken swords, shattered lyres, and dishevelled plumes  
are scattered in indescribable disorder. The dance  
has ceased, the music is heard no more, gorgeous robes  
are stiff with blood, glittering jewels are trampled into  
common dirt, and nothing disturbs the silence that  
broods over the desolating scene, save the stealthy  
footfall of some plunderer of the dead, or the wild wail  
of some bereaved mourner. The banquet hall of Bel-  
shazzar has become the banquet hall of the king of  
terrors.

How hath the mighty fallen! The gigantic mon-  
archy is no more. Her throne of fretted ivory is  
buried in the dust; her palaces, with all their regal  
splendour, have passed away; and wild beasts now  
prowl over the very spot where kings sat enthroned  
amid the pride and chivalry of an empire:

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom passed away,  
He in the balance weigh'd,  
Is light and worthless clay ;  
His shroud, the robe of state,  
His canopy, the stone ;  
The Mede is at his gate,  
The Persian on his throne !”

Prophecy has been fulfilled ; it hath become a heap of ruins, the dwelling-place of dragons, an astonishment and a hissing. What a sudden and awful transition ! From the banquet hall of a palace to the prison house of the damned ! From a crown sparkling with jewels to a coronet of fire ; from a purple robe, to the sackcloth of everlasting mourning ; from imperial power to eternal slavery ; from the society of princes to the companionship of fiends ; from the music of the harp and the rich cadence of the lyre, to terrific shrieks and agonizing groans ; from the light of day to an everlasting night.

Nearly 2,500 years have passed away since the doom of Belshazzar was sealed, yet no ray of light has ever penetrated his gloomy abode. With him it will ever remain an unbroken undisturbed night. Doubtless he had passed many a sorrowful and painful night, for experience had taught him that “ uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.” But no night to him was ever like this—a dark, tempestuous, sleepless, restless, and painful night, across whose sable sky no orb of regal splendour ever floats, fringing with silvery light the dark shadows which brood over the spirits of the

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lost, amidst whose gloom no star of hope ever trembles to cheer with heavenly beams their forlorn and abject condition, where no light from Calvary skirts its black horizon. This occurrence teaches us the insecurity of human life, and of all its cherished treasures.

The Babylonians never thought when the evening feast commenced that their end was so near—that the music would soon be hushed in the silence of death, and that very night their souls would be required of them. There was nothing in the aspect of affairs to create alarm; trusting in their huge fortifications, they lay down to dream that night with minds as free from fear of danger as on any previous night. "Yet this was the very hour when ruin, with swift and silent foot, was approaching their doors; they were as one who walketh blindfold over some precipice, or into the mouth of a burning crater."

My dear friend, you may be trusting in the same false security, crying "Peace, peace!" when there is no peace. Think of the night in Babylon we have just reviewed. It was not on the battle-field where death, with swift and thundering tread, passes from column to column of hostile armies, crimsoning the green grass with the blood of the brave; but it was when all seemed serene, and no thought of danger near, that Belshazzar and his lords sat down to their sumptuous banquet; and yet, "in that night was Belshazzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."

Again, the occurrence teaches us the awful consequences of procrastination, and the great need of a

preparation for death. How brief is the season of probation, and how soon it is gone! It was written on the grave of a child, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*"—so passeth the glory of the world. "Let us work while it is called to-day; for the night cometh, when no man can work."

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## III.

## A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

THE hour is come, the hour of mysterious darkness, the grand climax of all tragedies—the incarnate Jehovah atoning for human guilt. Let us turn aside and see this great sight. A strange phenomenon marks the hour. Night climbs up to the sun at noon, wrapping in mournful silence and shrouding in awful gloom the awe-stricken multitude who stand in blank amazement around the cross. In thickest folds the storm of Divine wrath gathers around the dying Saviour. The lightnings flash and blaze in lurid splendour around the silent habitations of the dead, as if to wake into life the slumbering atoms of mortality, and re-animate the long-forgotten dust of ages. The storm still sweeps on in wild sublimity, till the crosses "shake like cedars in a storm." The veil of the temple is rent by an unseen hand from top to bottom; and the holy place is exposed to public gaze. The earthquake which rocked the mountains has ceased, and an unearthly quiet reigns. The throbbing of the earth and the strange appearance of the heavens have had a manifest effect on the blasphemous crowd. Crucified by the side of Jesus is a malefactor, justly suffering the last penalty of the law. This man, says the Evangelist, like his companion, at first railed

on Jesus; but when nature gave unmistakable evidences of His divinity, the scoffer's lips reviled not again. He saw in Him, on whom the populace had been railing, the true Christ. He beheld glory, majesty and power, where others could see only shame, weakness and ignominy; and fixing his dying eyes on Jesus, he cried, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." For a moment, appalling silence reigns in heaven and on earth. Angels leave their starry thrones to watch the issue of that dying prayer. They look on the dial of life, then at the deathless spirit, whose eternal destiny trembles in the balance. The hand of time points to the eleventh hour, and no apparent effort is made to save him. But that Omniscient eye, that never slumbers, watches the internal struggles of the dying culprit, whose every effort brings him nearer to the Saviour. The heart of Emmanuel begins to heave; there is a power welling up, and now comes the promise from the lips of the Redeemer: "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

How sweet was the repose of that poor man as those precious words smote his ear! No prince that ever slept his last on couch of gold and velvet, whilst on his ears fell the softened strains of music, felt with so profound a peace as did this malefactor on the cross. What a change came over him in those few brief moments! As he was nailed to the tree, he fell back before the black eternity appalled! Now he feels the fascination of the future, which fills his soul with

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expectation. Ghastly death had haunted and terrified  
 him; now to die is to be most happy. He had clung  
 to life with the grasp of a master passion; now its  
 charms are no more, and he waits with bated breath  
 for the silver cord to be loosened; for above him the  
 harps of the angels are being tuned to welcome him  
 to Paradise, and the Saviour has whispered—"To-day."

The darkness which had wrapped the earth in the  
 thick folds of night now vanishes as suddenly as did  
 the light, and the sun once more looks down upon the  
 tragic scene. There are other spectators than those  
 upon the fatal mount. Seraphic legions sweep around  
 the summit, watching with intense anxiety every  
 act in the awful drama. With holy indignation  
 they behold the black apostacy, in battle array, ad-  
 vancing with intrepid step to assail their Lord. Had  
 He spoken, thrice three hundred thousand swords  
 would have flashed from their scabbards, and smit-  
 ten the enemy. The prince of darkness, seeing the  
 Man of Sorrows left alone to "tread the winepress" of  
 Jehovah's wrath, ascends the mountain with a shout  
 of triumph, followed by his fiery legions. For a mo-  
 ment the Redeemer bows beneath the strong arm of  
 His antagonist, apparently defeated, and hell rings  
 with acclamations of victory; but ere their plaudits  
 had ceased to echo along the plains of eternal night,  
 the dying Conqueror advances, and planting His  
 bruised heel on the old serpent's head, cries with a  
 loud voice, "It is finished." But the frantic crowd  
 knows not its meaning; they curse and howl till the

shades of evening gather, and the silent dew-drops fall, then slink away to their nightly repose, gorged with unholy wrath. But up yonder, amid jasper walls and golden pavements; yonder, where archangels keep the pearly gates; yonder, in heaven's resplendent sanctuary of light—the home of immortality, the asylum of the blest; yonder, where seraphs repose on golden clouds encircling emerald thrones, they know the full meaning of that dying cry, and hovering angels catch the words, and “It is finished” tremble on the lips of every seraph, and become the song of choral angels, as they travel to their thrones of light.

Hark! how it reverberates through all the temples and pavilions of eternity. Raise it, every voice; sound it, every harp; ye thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, pass along the rapturous acclaim; ye archangels, seraphim and cherubim—loud as the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings—raise, raise the overpowering symphony, until every dwelling-place of universal being shall vibrate with the triumphant acclamation! Ye martyrs of the crucified spirits of the just and mighty, as you wave your palms, shout, shout, for the Lord of Hosts has gotten the victory! Ye orbs of light which people immensity, as you revolve in your primeval glory, take up the theme, and launch it onward to the distant worlds scattered through illimitable space. Ye winds that howl in the storm-blast, and gently whisper in the breeze of summer, rehearse the matchless chorus. Ye waves of the ocean, as ye roll in and lash the beach, or



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sighing, kiss the coral strands of distant lands, make known to all "that God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

" 'It is finished!' let the joyful sound

Be heard the spacious earth around.

'It is finished!' let the echo fly

Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky."

"No fiat of the Godhead ever equalled this. It included in it all others, whether in the realm of matter or of mind, in the range of visible or invisible things. It went surging back to the morn of creation, and onward to the last judgment, proclaiming a full and free salvation to Adam and his posterity. It was a voice saying to the high priest, "Go! thy work is ended! No longer need animal sacrifices bleed; no longer need the priest officiate; no longer need he array himself in the splendour of the pontifical robes; no longer is the glory of the visible Shekinah needed. The time appointed for that system to exist is over. The true Victim has been presented, the grand sacrifice has been made. The true priest hath appeared in the true tabernacle which the Lord hath pitched, and not man. Christ hath abolished the law of commandments, contained in ordinances; the pomp of the Jewish ritual has for ever passed away." When Christ died the law of ceremonies died. It had a long and solemn burial. Then what mean the Church of Rome and the Puseyites to dig these ceremonies up, now in the grave? We still have altars, priests, sacri-

fices, washings, unctions, sprinkling, shaving, and purifyings. Let them hear Augustine's censure:—"Whosoever shall now use them, as it were raking them out of their graves, is an impious and sacrilegious wretch."

What may we learn from the scene we have just reviewed? In the cross of the Redeemer we have the embodiment of all that is sublime and blessed. It forms the fullest manifestation of the perfections of Deity. It exhibits the foundation of reconciliation between God and man, and the source of eternal life to all who believe. The cross is the grand theme of the gospel ministry. To it the believer can ever look with confidence and joy, and his increasing acquaintance with its designs inspires him with increasing thankfulness and hope. Through all his conflicts he hears the words of the crucified One, dispelling every fear from his mind, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The cross of the Redeemer has been the means of salvation to millions, and millions more shall yet come under its influence. Sinner, the battle of life is not yet lost. Hope points to Calvary. As one of Napoleon's marshals once said to him, as the day was well nigh spent, "Sire, there's time enough to win a victory." You are not yet before the judgment seat, nor is your probation ended. Rise at once and hasten to Christ. Come to Him with an honest confession of your guilt. There is a terrible score against you on God's book of remembrance. Go down on your knees, and ask Jesus to lift off that mountain-load of

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life-long transgressions. You have a great deal to confess. Let other people's sins alone and look at your own. Implore Jesus to pardon them for His love's sake and the sorrow of His bitter cross. "It was a hard trial to my pride to make my first prayer," said a stout-willed man, "but when my knees touched the floor my heart burst." His sins were heavy, but the weight of God's love was heavier still, and it broke him down. As you have lost so much time already, you must be in quick earnest to come to Jesus. Treat the sin that stands in your way as you would treat the person who stood in your way if you were rushing into your burning house to save your child. Does fear of man hinder? Face it down. Let no one laugh you out of heaven. Does business hinder? Make it your first business to seek God. Do pleasure-loving friends flood you with invitations to their entertainments? So is God inviting you to the place of prayer. Whose invitation will you decline, man's or God's? If you would be saved, you must be in earnest. From a burning ship a crowd of passengers leaped out into the boats and cut them loose. One boat was so filled that it settled to the water's edge. One drowning man clung frantically to the boat's side. "Throw him off!" was the cry in the boat; "he will sink us." Some one, seizing a knife, cut off the fingers that clutched the gunwale; but the poor man flung his bleeding arm around the rudder and clung to that! "His life is as precious to him as any of ours, let him hold on if he can," was the tender cry that ran through the boat.

That man was in *earnest*. He felt a thousand fathoms of cold ocean beneath him, saw death glaring at him in every wave. Shall a man be more earnest to save his natural life than you are to save your immortal soul ?

Come, then, my sin-smitten brother, to Christ. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Young man, come to God, and satisfy thy heart-thirstings with the living stream that flows in one unbroken current from the side of Him who bled on Calvary. If age has pressed its freezing fingers on thy pulse, come ; rest thy trembling spirit on the arms that alone can bear thee up. Draw nigh, and grasp the robe of thy Saviour. He will never shake off thy feeble hold, but clasp thy hand tenderly in His own, and thou shalt lean on His eternal strength all through the vale of death's cold shadow.

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## IV.

## CHRIST, THE KING.

ONE writer says, Pilate never forgot the pale face of the prisoner that looked on him when that prisoner stood before him. His hands were bound, but somehow they have been made the shrines of boundless power. He spoke in a soft whisper; somehow the undertone of His words made his omnipotence a felt power. It was a strange scene. Why did Pilate ask, "Are you a king?" Did He look like one? Nay, He looked like a weak and fettered man, not the author of divine law. He was still as a star, still as the sun. His voice was low when He said to Pilate, "My kingdom is not of this world." There may have been a lofty look, he was probably dreaming of His father and His father's kingdom and the angels' songs there, all of which He left to become what? A prisoner before an earthly judge. "For this came I into the world," said He. How humbly He spoke. He did not say, "I am the Messiah." He said, simply as a child, "For this was I born, and this is why I came into this world." Pilate said, "What is truth?" half sadly, half sarcastically. It was the old, old question. "The truth in its fullness is God." God in His revelation is Christ. People moved beneath shadows, looking for truth to the sun. It looked so bright, but

it was still and the stars were still. They went to the seas. They appealed to the waters and the sea-waters were unable to make reply. And the old Egyptians picked up little stones. The stones they took to be God. They were searching for God and some people there are that scorn them. They were right in their search but wrong in their object.

It is humanity's misfortune, weakness, and sometimes crime, not to see truth when it is so near. There was a cross in Galilee, and on each side of it another cross. There were three malefactors, the central one the Redeemer. He was nailed to the cross, and He died. The crowd shrugged their shoulders and said: "He will only live in memory." They never dreamed that they nailed Him to human hearts, that the crown of thorns they put upon His head would never fade. They never dreamed that the shadow of the crucifixion would be the sunshine of their history, that He was going to walk the ages king of all men, and that the man who died was the very King of Ages. They put Him in a grave. He rose, and went home. He has never spoken a word since with His lips, but He has spoken through others. He left words whispers then, now suns, stars, lights that will never pass away. Men have attempted to shadow them but somehow they stay. Philosophers of modern times have found this out. The world wants hope because hope is happiness. This earth is a place to dig graves in, but, my brethren, these words of His—are they not like the sea-shell which you take away

still. They went to the waters and the sacrifice. And the old stones they were searching for God and in them. They were in their object.

Weakness, and some-thing it is so near. There is a side of it another side, the central one is the cross, and He died on it and said: "He never dreamed that the crown would never be the shadow of the light of their history, that the King of all men, and the very King of Ages, who rose, and went down since with His disciples. He left words that will never be able to shadow them. Philosophers of modern times want hope, the earth is a place to see these words of His—when you take away

from the shore, millions of leagues, and still it contains the murmurs of the ocean that cradled it? We want a Christ; that Christ must be man; that man must be God. The world wants love, and love is the standard, too. What standard? Men and women. But there must be something back of them—Christ. This, then, is the sorrow land, yonder is joy land. Some one is wanted who can look into the heart-broken and put the smile of grace there, some one who sorrowed himself. Some philosophers deny Him, but He lives in spite of them; He works in spite of them; He is in the heavens. He is the Key to every problem that troubles the life of man, the key to heal every sorrow, to lay unto the sorrowing heart a joy, the key that touches every human question. Philosophers have their theories, but what have they done for the world? Have they met many tears? Have they wiped these away from the eyes of the widow and orphan? How many monuments have they built that mean mercy, beauty, virtue, and grace? What are their monuments? Words! Ah, words are simply undulations of the air. Those who are in the Kingdom are Kings, heirs to His Kingdom, and co-heirs of the Eternal. What is this thing called infidelity? It is darkness, and some are trying to cast its shadows across the light of faith and to eclipse souls.

If you take Christ's name away His history remains. Take the sun out of the skies—night, hideous, ghastly. Take Christ out of the hearts of those that believe in Him—a verdict will come after the boundary line of

life is past. Allow me to tell you philosophers, that if you say you came from animals such is your taste. Live like animals. We came from God. We believe in it. We know it, we hope it, and we will die it. You say you move in matter, and you think there is nothing like spirit. You would crucify all these hopes, leave nothing here to love except the body, nothing to hope for. Jesus has written His name on every page of human history and on the noblest hearts that ever beat. "On the lips of law send a prayer to God." Why is He king? Did not He say, "I give testimony of the truth as a very simple matter." He is King because He is true—because He is more than true. He is even more than that: He is all that is involved in truth, faith, hope, love, virtue—even comfort for sorrow, sunshine for darkness. Such is the Lord Christ. Philosophers, you have graves; no altars. You have monuments and graveyards; no temples. We have monuments, temples, songs, hymns, sacrifices, better than all we have the living golden eloquence of life. When I say I believe, I reiterate eternities. My object is eternity. Churches differ, but in one thing all agree, that Christ is God and King.

Finally, if true religion is to be had, worship! Be daring, hopeful, trustful. Are we such? The question can be answered in our own conscience. The best arguments against those who disbelieve Christ, who wish to make him abdicate his sovereignty, is our lives. Let us live according to the right. The world may laugh. Who cares? "Christ never laughed." He



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tell more than the lips. Let the name of Christ live by  
the key which we carry in our hands, in our hearts,  
in this valley of tears. It is not a heavy key, it is  
golden. Being true to the key of life, let us go down  
on our knees. Our faith is Godlike, and when we  
reach the wonderful land, the rapture-land, the peace-  
ful land, the joyland, that key will open the treasures  
of the Kingdom of Christ.

## THE PRINCES OF PULPIT ORATOR

THEY were men of rare qualifications, "the unrivaled masters of sacred eloquence." I have heard some of the most popular ministers who adorn the English pulpit—men of lofty scholarship and comprehensive knowledge, all of whom any nation would be proud to rank among its ecclesiastical hierarchy; but while cordially acknowledging their eminent merits, in my opinion they do not even approach the men whom I refer to in their power to move, and thrill, and subdue a mixed and popular audience. They had in an eminent degree that first requisite of all great oratorical success, especially in the pulpit—intense earnestness. Their life was so laborious, self-denying, and devoted, that not a moment's doubt could rest on the minds of their hearers of the lofty impulse by which they were moved, and the perfect simplicity of purpose by which they were seeking not theirs, but their country's good. But they had, moreover, rare natural advantages for their office. Many of them were men of stately and commanding personal appearance, and were endowed with voices of great compass and melody, which by constant use they had learnt so to rule as to express with the nicest modulation, all the varying moods of an orator's mind. It is true that they claimed an

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exercised unbounded liberty in their methods of exhibiting the truth they believed. They were not restrained by that mortal fear, of transgressing the decencies, which fetters many preachers, and renders it all but impossible for them to be oratorically effective. They abandoned themselves freely to the swaying impulses of their own inspiration. They used without hesitation or stint all forms of speech that were at their command—trope, metaphor, allegory, graphic pictorial description, solemn invocation, impassioned appeal, dramatic dialogue and action. They did this, not of set purpose, for they might not even know the names that rhetoricians had given to those figures of speech, but because they followed the dictates of their own natural genius for oratory and used the means which seemed best adapted to produce the impression they desired. The outward accessories, also, which often surrounded them, no doubt contributed largely to the effect of their eloquence. Like the Master Preacher, the surrounding scenery, the awful solitude of the vale, the murmuring of the stream, the forests waving in their native glory, and the throbbing of the grand old sea, furnished a subject for many a telling remark.

I have still a vivid remembrance of many remarkable gatherings. Sometimes the platform was pitched not far from the sea-shore, the softened murmur of the sea mingling with the sound of sacred song that from the assembled multitude,

"Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfume,  
And stole upon the air."

Sometimes it was in an open glade amid rich woodland scenery, a spot being usually chosen where the green sward sloped up gradually from the station on which the ministers stood, forming a sort of ascending natural gallery. And as the surrounding trees gently swayed by the wind, bent and rustled, might almost seem, amid the solemn associations of the scene, to the excited feelings of the people,

“As if the forest leaves were stirred with prayer.”

A preacher of known eloquence standing up on those occasions, when all impulse of soul and sense combined to render every heart accessible to impression, found his work already half done. He sat before a dense mass of human beings in serried array before him, each upturned countenance flushed with that eager and friendly expectation so favorable to the speaker. As he proceeded with his discourse a deep hum of approval—probably inherited from Puritan times—indicated to him the quick appreciation of his hearers for any skill in argument or felicity of illustration which he might display. But when the preacher became more animated, his delivery would often pass into a kind of wild recitative, which had an inexpressible charm to the ear, while at the same time it was so free and elastic as to adapt its musical undulations to all forms of solemn warning, awful denunciation, or pathetic appeal, which an impassioned oratory requires. As the excitement gathered and grew, the effect was indescribable. Wave after wave of emotion would pass over and thrill through the

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vast congregation, until it was seen to move and sway  
 to and fro, as the trees of the forest are moved with  
 the wind. Of the thousands of eyes rivetted upon  
 him the preacher would now see many swimming in  
 tears, while loud sobs and passionate responses from  
 hundreds of voices echoed back his appeals. This  
 again would re-act upon himself, rousing him to yet  
 greater fervour of eloquence. It was such preaching as  
 this that roused England from its spiritual torpor.  
 Who can measure the grand results of their work?  
 It would require the eloquence of an archangel to pay  
 tribute to memories so sacred and careers so glorious.  
 They wrestled not with flesh and blood, but with  
 principalities and powers, whose swords once flashed  
 in battle with those of the Seraphim on the plains of  
 light. Many of them were "born to blush unseen"  
 and spend their strength on rough and dreary roads.  
 Their great fight of affliction, their hard work, hard  
 fare, severe warfare, nightly journeys, and weary  
 watchings when well nigh worn out by the bedside of  
 loved ones and the faithful but fading helpmate,  
 were patiently endured. The ensign which once  
 streamed in the vision of the most rapt of all the seers  
 of Israel, they unfurled wherever they went. They  
 exhibited Christ in the raiment of His suffering, which  
 produced an effect which no reason and philosophy  
 can. The trophies which they won, bear no resem-  
 blance to those found in the repositories of earthly  
 kingdoms, but imperishable trophies, which shall be  
 displayed at the "grand review," when time shall be

no more. Though the Wesleys, Whitfield, Edwards, Davis, Asbury, Clark, Chalmers, Welsh, Guthrie, Parsons and Hill are no longer seen upon the towers of Zion, and Ryerson, Harland, Sanderson and Punshon with their mantles wrapped around them, have fallen in the assault, they have left behind them monuments more beautiful than marble and more enduring than brass, and which will stand unhurt when the world's last sob is hushed. Those stars of other days have disappeared, retired from the firmament with regular splendour. It was a passing away such as the world seldom beholds, so beautiful and serene that the heavens were filled with chariots and horsemen of fire to witness the glory of their departure.

“Our fathers in Israel have answered to the call ‘Come ye up hither’; and have left an empty place in the Church. O, that God would induce some one to lift up the banner which they have dropped, and step into the place which their death has left vacant. ‘Another man to take the colours!’ was the cry in one of our regiments on the battle-field; they lay on the ground and the gallant young ensign bleeding beside them. It was answered, bravely answered. Through the smoke of battle the sun glanced again on the levelled line of muskets, and another volley rang. Again that cry, ‘Another man to take the colours!’ Stepping forth, one bent over the dead, loosed the staff from the dead man’s fingers, and flung the flag on high in the face of the foe. Yet another volley rang; he, too, goes down; and a third time the cry rose, terrible

s, Whitfield, Edward above the roar of battle, 'Another man to take the  
, Welsh, Guthrie, Pa colours!'"

men upon the towers The Church stands in need of men of might, men  
Anderson and Punsho of prayer, men that can wield the sword of the Spirit;  
and them, have fall men who are fully consecrated to the Christian min-  
mind them monumen istry, and are willing to do battle for the Lord of  
more enduring the Hosts, under all circumstances. Such men are greatly  
hurt when the world needed in this age, who will frown down the self-  
of other days hav seeking spirit which so prominently exists in the  
armament with reg Church to-day. May God raise up an army, like unto  
ay such as the worl the old warriors of former days, whose highest ambi-  
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## CHARLES DICKENS' GOSPEL.

DICKENS preached, not in a church, nor from a pulpit, but a gospel which the people understood—the gospel of kindness, sympathy, in a word, humanity. His theology may be found in the following beautiful extracts from his works on the subject of death.

“Even when golden hair lay in a halo on a pillow round the worn face of a little boy, he said with a radiant smile: ‘Dear papa and mamma, I am very sorry to leave you both and to leave my pretty sister, but I am called and I must go.’ Thus the rustling of an angel’s wings got blended with other echoes, and had in them the breath of Heaven.”

“There is no time there and no trouble there. The spare hand does not tremble; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in her face. She goes next before him—is gone.”

“The dying boy made answer, ‘I shall soon be there.’ He spoke of beautiful gardens stretched out before him, which were filled with figures of men, and many-children, all with light upon their faces; and he whispered that ‘it was Eden’ and so died.”

“It turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a-coming? The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end. I’m a gopin’—



gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand. Hallowed be Thy name."

"Dead! my lords and gentlemen. Dead; men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us, every day."

"He slowly laid his face down upon her bosom, drew his arm closer around her neck, and with one parting sob began the world. Not this world. Oh, not this! The world that sets this right."

"If this be sleep, sit by me while I sleep. Turn me to you for your face is going far off, and I want to be near.' And she died like a child that had gone to sleep."

"Time and the world were slipping from beneath him. He's going out with the tide, and it being low water he went out with the tide."

"Don't cry! Is my chair there? In its old place? The face, so full of pity and grief, that would appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards heaven! It is over."

"One new mound was there, which had not been there last night. Time, burrowing like a mole below the ground, had marked his track by throwing up another heap of earth."

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life, not one who had lived and suffered death. She was past all help or need of it. We will not wake her."

S' GOSPEL.

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"The hand soon stopped in the midst of them ; the light that had always been feeble and dim behind the weak transparency, went out."

"For a moment the closed eyelids trembled, and the faintest shadow of a smile was seen. Thus clinging to that slight spar within her arms, the mother drifted out upon the dark and unknown sea that rolls round all the world."

"It's very near the sea ; I hear the waves ! The one light about the head is shining on me as I go ! The old, old fashion, that came in with our first garment and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. Oh ! thank God for that old fashion yet, for immortality ! And look upon us angels of your children, when the swift river bears us to the ocean."

"In this round of many circles within circles, do we yet make a weary journey from the high grade to the low to find at last that they lie close together, that the two extremes touch, and that our journey's end is but our starting place."

"A cricket sings upon the hearth ; a broken child toy lies upon the ground, and nothing else remains."

"I am going to heaven ! The sunset is very near. And the child who went to heaven rose into the golden air and vanished."

## VII.

## HIS LAST BATTLE.

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**D**URING the Peninsular war, a British regiment embarked in transports for Lisbon, Portugal. In one of the companies were a few Christian soldiers who loved and feared the Lord. There was one whose name was William, who generally conducted the religious services. These Christian soldiers would often retire from the murderous trenches of a besieged city, or from the ramparts of a conquered town to the banks of a river, and there, by the light of the moon, hold their prayer-meetings and praise God that they were yet alive and permitted to meet together in Christian fellowship. William would often address them at the close of the meeting, thus : “Comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue-parties and trenches, with camps and fields of blood, and then, oh ! then, to depart and be with Christ. Comrades, look up, your redemption draweth nigh.” At length they were hurried pell-mell into the battle of Barossa ; it was a day of slaughter that will ever be remembered by the survivors. At the close of the battle a soldier ran up to Briery, one of the praying company, and told him that their leader was mortally wounded. He at once obtained permission to fall out and get him into some hospital waggon,

and as he was treading his way between dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon, who knew the praying company, as he galloped past him, called out, "Briery, there's your comrade, William, dying by the side of that dead horse," pointing with his sword to the spot. He hastened thither, and found him lying on his back with his right hand upon his left breast and with the palor of death on his countenance. Kneeling tenderly by his side, he grasped his hand and said, "William, William!" The dying soldier opened his eyes, and looking steadfastly at him, exclaimed faintly, "Alas, comrade, is that you; how have you found me out? You have just come in time." Briery affectionately grasped the hand of his pious comrade and brother in Christ, and as the tears rolled down his cheeks he asked, "Where are you wounded?" He replied, "Oh! I've a musket ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this agonizing frame; life is ebbing fast, and stinging death through Christ my Lord is drawing nigh." "Are you in much pain, William?" He pressed his hand to the wound and cried out, "Oh! comrade, the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express." He then paused to recover his breath, which became shorter and shorter. "William, tell me," said his comrade, "how is it with your soul? Is Christ precious to you now? We have fought in many battles, marched over many a wilderness, held many blessed meetings together, and you have often told me the Lord was with you in the camp, in the trench, and

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guard and on the march. Is Christ with you now?"  
 To the great surprise of his comrade, he raised himself  
 up so as to occupy a sitting posture, leaning partly on  
 his comrade's shoulder, and taking his hand from the  
 wound from which the blood flowed freely, he raised  
 his eyes to heaven and said, "Oh! comrade, the joys  
 of my soul are greater than the pains of my body;  
 yes, indeed, Jesus is precious. Farewell! I am  
 now going to be with Jesus," and then waving his  
 hand and gazing around, he said, "Farewell! marches  
 and trenches and fatigue-parties. Farewell! battle-  
 fields, sun, moon and stars." He then paused, ex-  
 hausted, but turning to his companion, he said, "Yes,  
 farewell! beloved comrade in Christ Jesus; meet me  
 in heaven, for in a few moments my soul must depart,  
 and then

'I'll march up the heavenly street,  
 And ground my arms at Jesus' feet!' "

His head sank back upon his friend's shoulder, and  
 suddenly the bugle sounded to call in stragglers from  
 the field on some special duty. With a heart stricken  
 with sorrow, he laid him gently down to die alone.  
 No, not alone! Beings whose feet leave no footprints  
 were near him, whispering words of heavenly conso-  
 lation to his departing spirit. The chariot of the King  
 of Kings stood waiting, the fiery steeds pawing the  
 earth with impatience. And suddenly there was heard  
 all around a sound like the passage of swift wings,  
 and then

“ His spirit with a bound  
Left its encumb'ring clay ;  
His tent at sunrise on the ground  
A darken'd ruin lay.”

And away sped chariot and horses to the palace of the Great King, and as they drew near the Celestial City, a shout was heard, “ Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, that the heir of glory may enter in.” As the flaming equipage entered the pearly portals, the welcome plaudits were given, “ Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

“ Who would not like to die like those  
Whom God as friends delights to bless ?  
To sink into a night's repose,  
Then wake to perfect happiness.”

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## VIII.

### THE ORPHAN.

NOT long ago, as the cars stopped at Saratoga, among the passengers from the west was a middle-aged man. He held in his arms an infant, and both he and the child were poorly clad. Around his hat was tied a piece of soiled crape. It was evidently all the mourning his scanty means could afford, for the mother of the child, who was dead. This man was rough in the exterior, but his face was an honest one. Unaccustomed to nursery life, he handled the baby roughly ; yet there was a tenderness in his look, which showed the purity of a father's love. The child lay asleep, unconscious of the loss it had sustained, on his coarsely clad knee. They were both tired, for they had come from the far west. As he raised his broad, hard, toil-worn hand to shield it from the scorching rays of the sun, there was blended in his looks a mixture of sadness and care, as if his pent-up feelings had been so crowded back into the inner recesses of his heart, that even tears could not have been any relief to the hidden anguish that was making his life a misery. The poor child wept ; perhaps it missed its mother. The father wiped away the tears and tried to feed it. He was so awkward with the bottle, that he could not give

it the nourishment it required. Again and again he tried to hush the cries and check the tears of his motherless child, and all who saw him pitied him. At length a lady, richly costumed, with an infant resting on the lap of its nurse, said, in a soft, gentle tone, "Give me the child." The poor man glanced at her with a look of gratitude, for there was a mother's tenderness in her voice. With humble resignation, as if it were pain to part with him, even for a moment he gave her his boy. She placed the child on her lap, its soiled clothes resting on her costly silk; and its heavy head was soon beneath her shawl, and in a moment it was asleep. Like the Grecian daughter who, through the iron bars of a prison cell, fed her starving father, so did this lady nurse the child; and when, on her gentle bosom, the little one lay in calm and unvexed sleep, she put aside her shawl. The father's heart was filled with gratitude, and with tears in his eyes and his voice thick with emotion, he said, "Thank you, madam, I'll take him now." Then the woman's nature spoke: "Not yet; you will wake him"; and for mile after mile that noble-hearted woman held that poor man's child, and it was not till her own little one required such nourishment as only a mother can give, she gently rose and placed the stranger boy in his father's arms. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! How difficult it is at all times to say, "Thy will be done." How few there are who can submit, without a murmur, to such stern discipline. Nothing but the sustaining power of God's



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grace can make us say, under such trying circum-  
stances, "Just and true are Thy ways O King of  
Saints." But is it not written, "My grace is sufficient  
for thee." Are the promises of God less inspiring than  
they were when the martyrs perished at the stake?  
The passenger in an Atlantic storm remains tranquil  
while he sees the commander unmoved. And on the  
Alpine wilds, while the grand hills are shaken to  
their very foundations by the rolling thunder, and  
path after path lighted up by the flashing lightnings,  
and the receding glens that run up among the hills  
are turned into as many trumpets, giving back the  
echo of the thunder, the mountaineer bounds like a  
hart along the dangerous pathway, nerved by the  
fearless visage of his guide. Then why are ye, the  
beloved of the Lord, so distracted with fears? Is  
He not a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert  
from the tempest? The name of the Lord is a strong  
tower, the righteous run into it and are safe. Here  
is a shelter for your fainting spirits, where you can  
abide till the storms pass over. Then, however rug-  
ged and dangerous be your journey through life,  
fear ye not; the Lord of Hosts is with you, and the  
God of Jacob is your refuge.

## IX.

### "OUR WILLIE."

**A**N aged woman was seen walking among the tombs of an old churchyard, picking off the moss from the decayed headstones, and trying to decipher the quaint characters carved upon them, but failing to discover the spot she desired so much to find, she sat down and wept bitterly. The people as they passed stopped to enquire the cause of her trouble, but they could get no answer; her sorrow was too deep to find expression in words. At length she told her story. "I have come," said she, "hundreds of miles to take a last look at a grave which I know is in this place, but I cannot find it. More than fifty years ago, I buried a child here, and all through those long years, though moving here and there, I could not forget him. Though old and feeble, I felt as if I could not die without having another look at his grave. I was sure I could have gone right to the spot." But the graveyard and its surroundings had so changed, that the mother sought in vain in that wilderness of graves for the headstone which bore the loving words, "Our Willie." Half a century ago her dear boy was buried there, and a small stone placed at his head to mark the spot.

Time and decay had done their work, and

—lost each human trace, surrendering up  
 His individual being, he has gone  
 To be a brother to the insensible rock  
 And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain  
 Turns with his share and treads upon."

Though kind words were spoken to her, no human sympathy could quiet her troubled heart. She would every now and then raise her head and look through her tears on the headstones and briars, and as her heart expanded with the weight of her grief, she sobbed out: "I'm afraid I can't find him in heaven, it is so large." The poor aged mother knew not the words she uttered. Though heaven is so large, she will experience no difficulty in finding her "Willie" there. He who took him from her in the pride of her womanhood, will find him for her, and it may be that the glorified spirit of her dead boy was then waiting her arrival at the gates of the celestial city, and would be the first to greet her when the bitterness of death was passed. Though our hearts are riven with grief and life's shadows like a funeral pall settle down upon us at times, we must not forget that He who makes the widow's heart to rejoice, can change the blackest cloud into a pavillion of light. His sweet words come to us in our grief, sorrow, and loneliness, "Lo I am with you alway." Yea, when flesh and heart shall fail and the spirit flickers in the dying flame, He has promised to be the strength of our hearts and our portion for ever. When strong men shall have borne us to the grave and left us in the house

appointed for all living, the angels of the Lord shall keep vigil over our dust through the long night of time, and when our Lord shall come again the second time He will not forget to awaken us out of our sleep so that we may be present at the marriage feast. Is not such a faith worth living for? To die without Christ, and to go down to the grave without the hope of a joyful resurrection, is a thought too awful to contemplate. How many there are whose hopes are confined to the narrow limits of this present life; they live as though there was no hereafter. O! that something could be done to force upon their attention those great and infinite realities that link time to eternity! Lord, speak to them, and if the thunder of Thy truth does not awaken them, let the lightnings of Thy awful presence flash upon their minds. If those agencies of Thy power do not move them, show them Thy wounds which their sins have made, and if they do not melt their hearts, appeal to them with all the tenderness and pathos Thy love can command, and should they still resist the entreaties of Thy Spirit, O Father, for Thy Son's sake, spare them yet another year.

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X.

HOME AND ITS INFLUENCES.

**H**OME! There is a never-failing interest connected with the mention of the name. The tenderest, the holiest and the purest feelings are associated with it. The thought, or the sound of the word, raises emotions in the mind like to sweet simple music, that brings back to us the scenes and events that have gone into the shadow land. The varied, and yet united interests of the family bond, form in our minds a chord of the sweetest harmony that acts upon our better nature with a softening and refining influence. All this is well expressed by the primitive idea connected with the word; for is not "*ham*," or home, that which "*hems*" us in? To one who has gone from the nest, or may be wandering far from his fatherland, longing once more to be encircled by the "*hem*" of domestic life, the utterance of the word has a pathetic beauty about it akin to that of the pleading of Barzillai the aged: "Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and mother." Home! There are but few words in our language that have so much intensesness of meaning attached to them. The name comprises everything connected with tenderness and care and love. "Home," says

one writer, "is heaven's fallen sister." It is one of the blessings that has survived the ruins of the fall, a relic of man's primeval state, which infinite beneficence guarded from the lightning of His indignation. It is an oasis in the wilderness of life, where human spirits meet in fraternal greetings. It is the morning star of our existence, and the evening star of our declining years. It is the rainbow upon the thundercloud, that tells us of a quiet retreat from the tempest of misfortune and calamity. Home is the asylum of a mother's love. What ties are so imperishable as those which bind her to her offspring! With what interest does she watch the opening faculties and dawning intelligence of her child. His education, moral culture, and prospects for life absorb her thoughts! Is he sick? — night after night she watches by his side and ministers to his necessities. Should he become unfortunate, and clouds of sorrow darken his path, and those who were his friends in prosperity leave him, there is one retreat to which he can always go, the asylum of a mother's love! He may forget her, disregard her warning voice, and be unmoved by her tears; but she cannot forget him. He may violate the laws of his country, and be thrown into prison; yet, however serious the crime he has perpetrated, there is one heart which ever beats true to the prodigal. Home is a school for the culture of the strongest religious feelings and principles. The impressions made by a parent's religious teachings, prayers and example, are the deepest and

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most abiding that the mind receives. They linger long after impressions from other sources have faded away. No son can wander so far from a Christian home as to be beyond the reach of its religious influences. He may leave the laughing streams and woodlands of his home, and take up his residence in a distant city, where new scenes and duties engage his attention, and let go the reins of passion, and revel in the whirlpool of dissipation, but, in the midst of all his revelry, whispering voices will tell him of home, and a pious father's anxiety, and a mother's solicitude for him. Wherever he may be, these influences will follow him as so many "angel messengers" thronging his pathway, and pointing back to his home. If the son of pious parents is out upon the broad ocean, he will carry with him the remembrance of his Christian home. The Bible in his chest, placed there by a mother's hand, will remind him of her tender care and counsel. In the storm, when the tempest rages, and death is rushing on the gale, the sailor-boy will think of home, and the warm influence that is felt there in his welfare.

I remember reading of a storm at sea, which came on suddenly, and with such violence as to make the bravest heart on board the ship quail. The infuriated winds, the foam-crested waves, the forked lightning, the bending masts, and the wild melancholy music of the shrouds, all seemed as so many harbingers of approaching death. At the moment when the tempest, in terrific grandeur, was sweeping around the

stout ship, the cabin-boy hastened to the captain and assured him that they would outride the storm. "What reason have you for thinking so?" asked the captain. "Sir," said he, "this is the time for evening prayer at home, and I know father and mother are praying for me." Nor was he disappointed. The storm ceased, the dark clouds fled, and the beautiful stars shone down upon the waters, and it was ascertained afterwards that at that hour the family were engaged in earnest devotion, and that the absent son was commended to Him who controls the waves and can hush the fury of the storm. You may have read of the orphan sailor who left his home at an early age, and after years spent in vice, returned to his native village in search of his widowed mother. Approaching the old homestead, he knocked at the door, but no one came to admit him; he called aloud, but received no reply; all was silent as the tomb. At length a neighbour, seeing his anxiety and distress, inquired of him whom he was seeking. Scarcely able to give utterance to his words, for he feared the worst, he stammered out the name of his mother and little brother. The neighbour, in tones of tenderness, and with a heart touched with sympathy, informed him that the boy had been dead a year ago, and that severe affliction, together with the mother's distress and anxiety for a son long absent at sea, had hurried her to her grave; "but yesterday the good woman was buried." The intelligence went like an arrow to the young man's heart; he could not find words to express



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his bitter anguish in being the cause of so much grief to a pious and devoted mother. Could he have seen her but for an hour—could he have mingled one drop of consolation in her cup of sorrow! But yesterday she was lowered into the cold grave, the fresh sods marked her resting-place, whither the young man would have gladly gone, that he might have died with her. The neighbour, on learning that he was the widow's eldest son, said she had a letter for him which his poor mother wrote a few days before she died, and desired the neighbour, should he ever return, to give to him. The following is a copy:—

*"My dearest only Son.*—When this reaches you I shall be no more; your little brother has gone before me, and I cannot but hope and believe that he was prepared. I had fondly hoped that I should once more have seen you on the shore of mortality, but this hope is now relinquished. I have followed you by my prayers through all your wandering; often while you have little suspected it; even in the dark cold night of winter I have prayed for my lost son. There is but one thing that gives me pain at dying, and that is, my dear William, that I must leave you in this wicked world, as I fear, unreconciled to your Maker. I am too feeble to say more, my glass is run. As you visit the sod that covers my dust, O! remember that you must follow. Farewell! The last breath of your mother will be spent in praying for you, that we may meet above."

How sublime and touching were the thoughts and feelings of that dying mother. How strong must have been her love for her son as to enable her to rise superior to death, and leave behind her an appeal, by which though dead, she might speak to the heart of her prodigal.

The love of home is universal. It is the twin feel-

ing to that of life. The rude savage loves the primeval forests of his native land better than all the refined associations of civilized life. The Jews as they sat by Babel's stream, with their harps hung on the willows, mournfully exclaim, as memory recalled the hallowed scenes of home: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer ~~see~~ Jerusalem above my chief joy." The thoughts of Zion drew tears from their eyes. Even Joseph, though surrounded by the glittering pomp and proud magnificence of an Egyptian palace, could not forget the white tents of Jacob. The exile, torn by the rude hand of tyranny from his home and kindred, dreams of the land that gave him birth.

A gentleman gives the following touching incident which came under his notice at the close of the battle of Fort Donelson. "A dark-haired man of apparently twenty-two or three years of age, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he joined the rebels in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she found that he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair. The Bible lay half-opened on the ground, and the hair—a dark lock tinged with grey—that had been within the leaves, was in his hand, and tears were in his eyes as he thought of his anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen for the long-expected footsteps of her son who would nevermore return. In

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that lock of hair, even more than in the sacred volume, religion was revealed to the dying man; and I saw him lift the tress again and again to his lips and kiss it, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bound the shore of life from death, as if he saw his mother reaching out to him the arms that had nursed him in his infancy!"

You may travel in search of beauty, variety, or pleasure, east, west, north and south;—go to Arabia, and see the waving palm tree spreading its feathery leaves beneath the scorching sun;—go to Greenland, where the firmament spangles the unclouded sky and where the moon sleeps in full-orbed radiance on the crystal iceberg;—go to Italy, with its vineyards ripening and gushing under the ever mellowing sunshine;—go to the Alpine glen, where the glaciers gleam and the avalanches thunder;—go to the mountain torrent, or the dimpling lake; still your thoughts will sometimes wander to a distant shore; perhaps to a distant graveyard, where a wife and child are sleeping; or to a distant cottage, where that wife and child took wing for heaven, and you will say—

“There is *one* land, of every land the pride,  
 Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside;  
 There is *one* spot of earth—supremely blest,  
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.  
 Say, would'st thou ask, where shall that spot be found?  
 Art thou a man—a patriot—look round;  
 Still shalt thou find, where'er thy footsteps roam,  
 That land thy Country, and that spot thy *home*!”

Our home here may be one of privation and suffer-

ing, but if we light it up with prayer, no poverty shall ever make it desolate. Remember, this world is not our lasting home, and that there is a home prepared for us, if we love Jesus, where we shall all be equals, for we shall be kings and priests to God. Sooner or later we must all of us leave our present abodes: and we shall have no need to take our furniture with us—for if Christ is our friend, we shall find that He has prepared a place for us, where no drear and biting winds shall wipe the beauty from the cheeks of our beloved ones. Their health, like their associations, will be perfect and abiding. Here, our choicest pleasures are transient. The charms of beauty fade, the trophies of ambition moulder into dust, and all the pomp and splendour of life vanish away; but the happiness of the glorified is perfect! consummate! There will be nothing to agitate and disturb their peace and enjoyment.

Let us anticipate the hour when our tent will be struck for the last time. The distance between us and our Father's home shortens every moment. We have but a few more hills to climb and rivers to ford, and we shall enter the rest that remains for the people of God. Dr. Rowland Taylor, when drawing near the towers of Hadleigh, in Suffolk, where he had been a minister and was then going to be a martyr, being asked how he was, answered, "Never better, for now I know that I am almost home"; and looking over the meadow between him and the place where he was immediately to be burnt, he said, "Only two miles more to get over and I am at my Father's house";

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and when the venerable Mede, then dying, was asked how he was, replied, "I am going home as fast as I can, as every honest man ought to do when his day's work is over, and bless God I have a good home to go to." With some of you the night is far spent, and the morning that knows no darkening is appearing. You are nearing the frontiers of inexpressible felicity. Hark! hear you not that seraphic harmony and those voices, saying, "Come Home"?

"Hail! happy day! that breaks our chain!  
 That manumits, that calls from exile home;  
 That leads to nature's grand metropolis,  
 And re-admits us thro' the guardian hand  
 Of elder brothers, to our Father's house."

## XI.

### THE STORM.

A REVERIE.

THE last fires of sunset which lingered on the distant horizon of Lake Ontario have faded away, and the evening shadows have gathered within the folds of their dusky veils the beauties of earth. The queen of heaven has ascended her azure throne and the stars do homage to their august sovereign. As she travels in regal splendour through her immeasurable domains, the grim shadows of night fly away, and her silvery beams light up the earth with a calm quiet beauty. The tall pines which skirt the shore look sombre and full of gloom, and the rugged cliffs face with stern defiance their slumbering foe, though battered and torn in many a fierce conflict. The flowers and grasses sparkle with dew-pearls, and the bosom of the lake shines like a mirror. The lazy waves are singing a lullaby, and the very lake itself seems impressed with the stillness and loveliness of the night. Hark! What means that low, deep, murmuring sound? It is ominous! it is a signal which the mariner never fails to recognize. The herd in the field make for the forest, and the roosting birds fold their wings closer and grip their perches tighter. Look! yonder in the western sky the clouds are gathering in appalling gran-

deur, charged with the elements of destruction. They quicken their pace as they advance. Onward they come as if borne on the wings of the angels of darkness. The lurid lightnings shoot out, leap and blaze, as if maddened by some unseen power. Now, roll in deep diapason tones the pealing thunder. Nature stands awe-stricken! The earth trembles as if smitten by an earthquake. The frowning clouds discharge their fiery rockets, the hills smoke and the trees are riven and fall with an awful crash. The winds are let loose and upheave the waters to their depths, and the crested billows, wild with fury, are hurled with terrific force on the shore, and top the highest cliff. The gale increases and lashes the waves till they hiss and rage and roar like the furies of the infernal regions. Men stand aghast as they watch the storm forces in the majesty of their power. What is that? A crash! A shriek! A ship on the rocks, swept clean from stem to stern; not a living soul on board. Her crew have been swallowed up by the greedy waters. They were brave men, but no human power could resist the force of such a sea! The storm passed over as suddenly as it came. What is that thrown high on the shore? It is the body of a once fair and beautiful boy, not more than sixteen summers old. Kneeling beside him I gently pushed back the tangled locks from his noble forehead. His look was calm and placid. No breath moved his lips, no pulse stirred; no sight or sound will ever enter those eyes and ears more. The death pang was short; he felt it was vain to struggle with such a war of ele-

ments. I thought, as I bent over him, with thee the death-chill is past, the struggle is over;—thou hast reached that peaceful shore where angels stand all diademed, with harps in hand, to hail the storm-tossed mariner to the land of perfect bliss. O! how the welcome plaudits rolled in strains seraphic, as thy feet touched the happy shore of Canaan. In his pocket I found a letter, soiled by the wash of the waves. I opened it carefully and read it by the light of the moon. It was from his mother, and commenced with these loving words, "My dear darling boy." I could read no further; my eyes grew dim with tears as I thought of my own dear mother long since gone to the grave, who, when living, cared for me and loved me as a mother only can. After awhile, how long I cannot say, as holy memories crowded upon me, I took up again the message of love, and with deep emotion read on: "The night you left I could not sleep for thoughts of you. I have followed you by my prayers ever since you left home, and have longed, only as a mother can long, for your return. Do not forget to read the Bible that I gave you when we parted; treasure in your heart its precious truths, which have been the consolation of my life. I do not forget you at the throne of grace, and should I never see you more, my last breath will be spent in praying that we may meet in Heaven. From your ever-loving mother."

Little did that mother think when she wrote that letter that it would be the last that her dear boy would ever receive from her; that he would carry it

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with him to his death, and the very waters would refuse to retain it. I carefully folded the letter again, and put it in his pocket, for I could not bear the thought of keeping such a sacred memento.

In the small churchyard in the village of——, not a league from the lake, I buried the boy under the shady branches of a weeping willow, and placed at his head a stone, which bears these words: "Wrecked on the lake and cast on the shore, the only son of a widowed mother. A stranger's tribute to her who still mourns her loss."

What else could I have done? When I looked for the first time on his boyish face, so calm and beautiful in death, I felt as if I could not leave him on the beach uncared for. As I took his cold hand in mine and caressed it, as his mother used to do in the days of his childhood, it seemed as if I felt an unseen presence near me, and I heard as it were a voice, saying: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

XII.

CRANKS.

HOW the word "Crank" came to be applied to individuals, it is not necessary to inquire. In its present relationship it is of recent date, and was perhaps brought into vocabulary existence by our most ingenious and word-coining American cousins. There is neither force nor beauty in it, but, like many other phrases, it has forced its way into public notoriety and is popular with a certain class of writers and speakers. It had an accidental birth, and will only have a transient existence. The language of a nation cannot be too refined, and the more we cultivate purity of speech, the better it will be for us as a people. The character of a man is known by the company he keeps, and they who are pure in thought have no need to guard their lips. "It is out of the heart the mouth speaketh." The word "crank," as used now-a-days, is applied more to the mental than the physical peculiarities of men and women. What a mental oddity was Diogenes! He lived in a tub, and on one occasion he told Alexander the Great to get out of his light, he having come too near the domicile of the old philosopher. Many of the leaders of thought are "cranky" on some subject. Darwin was crooked on the origin of the species, but was as straight

as a lightning-rod when dealing with the earth-worm. Carlyle was eccentric, yet, with all his peculiarities, the world is all the better for his having lived. There is a vein of originality running through all his works, which commands our admiration. Where can you find a greater crank than Henry Ward Beecher? you do not know in what part of the theological world to find him. He belongs to the ever-changing fraternity, whose theological basis has no particular location; he is confined to time, but not to space. What a peculiar cleric was old Bishop Berkeley. He wrote a book to prove that there was no such thing as matter—that we live in a world of idealism; and so ingenious and forcible are his arguments, that you are half inclined to accept his theory.

Men do not like to be called cranks; it is a mortal offence to hint at such a thing,—yet cranks they are. If there are so many cranks in the higher grades of society, need we wonder to find a few in the lower strata? Cranks may be annoying at times, but it is no use to worry about them. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to “buffet him,” a kind of physical crank, which he prayed to have removed; but his prayer was not granted, for what reason I do not know, neither do I care to know. Cranks seem to belong to the constitutionality of things, a kind of *must be*. If people would only let them alone and not whistle at, or tease them, they would not be so troublesome; it is when brought into public observation, that they begin to play their pranks. They

sooner or later come to grief; but do not be in too great a hurry to get them out of the way. Take a lesson from the following incident: A rat once fell into a barrel of water, in a few minutes it would have drowned; but a man who was watching it thought that it did not die soon enough, and seizing a stick, made a dash at the animal to kill it. The poor creature was so frightened, that, in its desperation, it leaped out of the barrel and got away. The water would have done its work effectually enough, if the man had waited, but his impatience gave the rat another chance to do more mischief.

Cranks are sometimes very amusing. They are a kind of *Punch* and *Grip* combined. There is one class of cranks, who, I am sorry to say, is on the increase—I mean the tramp crank. Many of them belong to the lowest grade of society and are a physical pestilence, but there are others who once moved in the higher circles of life, but, by misfortune and knowing that they could never rise to the position they once occupied, have taken to the road. Their lives are a sealed book, filled with lamentations and woe. Do not imagine that all the loving hearts and finer feelings which adorn human nature, are wrapped up in costly tweeds and broadcloth. Inside many a ragged coat there are hearts as true as ever beat in human bosom. We must not judge all tramps by their outward appearance. It is in solitude where some of these men feel the pangs of remorse and where the harp of human sympathy is often swept by an unseen hand.

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A few years ago, a tramp stole a ride to a great city on the buffer of a railway car. He staggered into one of the huts at the depot to warm himself. A reporter of a city paper found him, took him to one of the hotels, and paid for his supper. He asked the poor man his name, but he politely refused to give it, but told him the object of his visit: "I have come here, said he, "to see my dear child before I die. She is married in this city and has a splendid home. She does not know the life I am leading, or even that I am alive, and she will never know." "Why, are you not going to call upon her?" inquired the reporter. He replied, "By no means; why should I disturb a life so pure and unruffled and burden her with my troubles? I only want to look once more on her beautiful face, so much like another—once the light of my life." The poor fellow broke down and buried his face in his hands, through which the tears silently dripped. After recovering himself, he wiped his eyes with his coat-sleeve and said, "I must hide during the day, as I do not want to be arrested as a vagrant, and when it's night, I'll go to the house where she lives, creep up to the window-pane and watch there till I see her. Then I leave, to return no more."

How long that poor father waited to see the face of his daughter, will never be known. Is it too much to say, that the impressions of that face, as he last saw it, he would carry with him through all the terrible experiences of his life? It would cheer him in his loneliness, when he laid down to rest beneath the

blackened, or star-bespangled sky; and in his last tramp, when he turned aside into some shed to die, may be, as all earthly things were fading, his eyes would rest on the face of his child and that of her mother, reviving, in his last moments, blessed memories never to be forgotten.

Many years ago, a number of Oxford students met an eccentric clergyman on his way to London, who was looked upon as a great crank. Thinking that they might have some amusement at the good man's expense, insisted on his preaching at them there and then, from a hollow tree. They gave him the word M A L T for his text. Mounting his strange pulpit and looking his audience in the face, he addressed the young men thus:—

BELOVED,—Let me crave your attention, for I am a little man, come at a short warning to preach a brief sermon upon a small subject to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. And now, my beloved, my text is *Malt*, which I cannot divide into sentences, because it has none; nor into words, because it is but a monosyllable; therefore I must of necessity enforce my division into letters, which I find in my text to be these four only, namely: M A L T. M., my beloved, is Moral; A is the Allegorical; L is the Literal; T is the Theological. The Moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore M masters, A all of you, L listen, T to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is spoken, another thing is meant. Now the thing spoken of is malt, but the thing meant is strong beer, wherein you drunkards make M meat, A apparel, L liberty, T treasure. The Literal is according to the letter. M

much, A ale, L little, T thrift—much ale, little thrift. The Theological is according to the effects which it works, which I find in my text to be of two kinds:—First, in this world; second, in the world to come. In this world the effects are in some, M—murder; in others, A—adultery; in all, L—looseness of life; and in others, T—treason. In the world to come—in some, M—misery; in others, A—anguish; in all, L—lamentation; in others, T—torment. Wherefore, my first use shall be—exhortation. M—masters, A—all of you, L—leave, T—tippling. Or else, secondly, by way of commination, I say—M—my masters, A—all of you, L—look for, T—torment. So much for this time. A drunkard is an annoyance of modesty, the trouble of civility, the spoil of wealth, the destruction of reason, the beggar's companion, the constable's trouble, his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, his own shame, a walking swill-tub, the picture of a beast and a monster of a man.

“ Say well and do well,  
End both with a letter;  
Say well is good,  
But do well is better.”

It is needless to say that the audience disappeared before the benediction.

### XIII.

#### THE POWER OF MUSIC.

**T**HE effects attributed to music are so numerous and so well authenticated, that to reject them would be to deny the testimony of eminent historians, philosophers and physicians. Martianus Capella assures us that fevers were removed by song, and that Asclepiades cured deafness by the sound of a trumpet. Plutarch says that Thelates, the Cretan, delivered the Lacedaemonians from the pestilence by the sweetness of his lyre. M. Buretti, an eminent physician, who made the music of the ancients his particular study, thinks it not only possible, but even probable, that music, by repeated strokes and vibrations given to the nerves, fibres and animal spirits, may sometimes alleviate the sufferings of epileptics and lunatics, and even overcome the most violent paroxysms of those disorders. Buretti is by no means alone in his opinion, for many modern philosophers and physicians have declared that they have no doubt but that music has the power, not only of influencing the mind, but of affecting the nervous system in such a manner as will, in certain diseases, proceed by slow degrees from giving temporary relief to effecting a perfect cure. M. de Mairan, speaking of the medicinal power of music says, that it is from the mechanical involuntary connections be-



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tween the organs of hearing, and the consonances located in the outward air, joined to the rapid communications of the vibrations of these organs to the whole nervous system, that we owe the cure of spasmodic disorders, and of fevers attended with a delirium and convulsions, of which he gives so many examples. Dr. Bianchini, who searched numerous ancient authors and collected all the passages relative to the medicinal application of music by Asclepiades, says that it was considered by the Egyptians, Grecians and Romans as a remedy both in acute and chronic disorders, and he adds that he himself had seen it applied in several cases with great effect. Cicero testifies to the amazing power of music, and Plato supposes that the effect of harmony on the mind is equal to that of air on the body. Alexander the Great, after having conquered the greatest part of the world, was himself subdued by the harp of Timotheus. Dr. Leake, in his lectures, says that music produces its salutary effects by exciting a peculiar sensation on the nerves of the ear, which communicate with the brain and general nervous system, and as the inordinate passions all make their first disagreeable impressions on these parts and occasion low spirits and melancholy, no remedy, he thinks, can with equal hopes be applied to counteract their malignant power as that of music, which creates a contrary pleasurable sensation and acts immediately on the same organs. He says that its sovereign influence over the mind cannot be disputed; that it is a balm to the wounded spirit, lifts the soul above low-

thoughted care and wraps it in Elysium. A gentleman who was seized with convulsions, which greatly alarmed his friends, was cured by the song, "Come, ever smiling Liberty," in the oratorio of Judas Macabæus.

We have much to learn from the ancients as to the effects of music on the mind and body. Concerts which have been given in our lunatic asylums, have done good service. A Toronto lady, whose name I withhold, was afflicted with melancholia, and the disease assumed such a serious form that she had to be removed to the asylum. She had, like many others, lucid moments, when she would converse intelligently, then would sink again into a state of despondency. Her condition caused the physician in charge much anxiety, and after thinking over the case for some time, he came to this conclusion: If I can only break the current of her thoughts she will be restored. So he hit upon the following plan: One day, during an interval of lucidity, he said to her, "I am going to give a grand ball at the asylum shortly, and I would like you very much to take part in it, and I do hope that you will comply with my request." "Doctor," said she, "you know that it is against my principles to dance." "Well," said he, "be that as it may; I hope you will lay aside your scruples this time and grant me the favor I ask. Think over the matter." Early next morning he waited on the lady (as she was always better in the morning) and asked her if she had considered his request. She said, "I will do as you

may think best." The evening of the ball came, and the lady's toilet was complete. The doctor was very nervous, as he did not know what might be the consequences of his adventure. She was conducted to the ball-room and a partner selected for her. Though she had never danced before, when the band struck up she at once entered into the "whirling circles" and danced all night. Early in the morning, the physician made his way to the lady's room to learn her condition. He asked her how she felt, and to his surprise she replied, "Doctor, I am cured." The spell was broken, the lady was sent home, and has been well ever since.

In the visitation of the sick, much discrimination must be used in the songs, or music selected on such occasions. If the patient is suffering from fever, and bordering on delirium, let the music be such as will calm and soothe the mind; if in a low, nervous state let it be of an exhilarating nature. I have long been of the opinion that if we had more of this kind of treatment in our hospitals, the results would be more satisfactory. The state of mind has much to do with the restoration of the body. If the patient is mentally depressed, medicine cannot have its proper effect till the mind is relieved. Mind and matter in man are such close neighbours that the one cannot be affected without the other suffering. Remove a member of a family from the home circle to the hospital; what effect will such a transfer be likely to have on the mind? Anything but a beneficial one. Now, if some

familiar air or sacred song, heard at home or in the sanctuary, was permitted to break in upon his gloomy forebodings, what would be the result? Injurious? By no means. In most cases it would have a tendency to raise the vital nervous forces and send a thrill of life-power through the whole system. I am sure that there are cases in our asylums and hospitals which vocal and instrumental music would help. Let the musicians be wisely chosen, those who can take their parts well. I have seen grand physical effects produced by a service of song in the sick chamber.

During my pastorate in K——, I called upon an aged member of my church, said to be dying. Her case had been pronounced hopeless, and from personal observation, I came to the conclusion that she could not recover. As I stood beside her, she faintly whispered, "Mr. ——, sing to me that beautiful hymn, 'Welcome Home,' you so often sing in church." I had not sung more than one verse of the hymn, when new power seemed to be given to her; tears of joy ran down her cheeks, and with a fervency remarkable for one so feeble, she exclaimed, "Praise God!" Every strain of sacred melody seemed to have its effect. Afterwards, when I visited her, her daughter-in-law would say: "Mr. ——, do sing to mother, it seems to do her so much good; she is always better after you have been here." She was raised from her bed of sickness, was afterwards able to attend God's house, and I believe the power of song had a great deal to do with her restoration. I speak now of the human side of the case.

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#### XIV.

### THE DUAL EXISTENCE.

MAN'S existence after death is a subject of the greatest importance. It has engaged the attention of the most eminent philosophers and divines in all ages. The term immortality signifies exemption from death—life without end. Essential, or absolute immortality, belongs to God. "He only hath immortality." As the soul is immaterial, it cannot perish like matter. If it ever ceases to exist it must be by annihilation, and as far as we know annihilation is no law of the universe. Matter may change its form, but not a particle of it is lost; its invisibility by no means proves its non-existence. There are animal organizations far too minute for mortal ken, and but for the aid of science, we should have been as sceptical as to their existence as some men are of the existence of spiritual things.

Materialists tell us that the brain is the mind, that it alone is the soul, and that they can trace everything to the brain as the ultimum of sensation and thought—but no further. We admit that we can trace sensation and thought to the brain, but we will go a step further and trace it beyond. For instance, we are in the habit of saying the eye sees; but the eye cannot see, it is the mere instrument of vision and

is no more to man than a telescope or microscope beautifully constructed. It is true, if the eye is diseased, sight is destroyed; but if the optic nerve is diseased, though the eye may be as perfect as God created it, we cannot see. It has also been found, that if the brain be diseased or pressed upon in a certain part, though the optic nerve and the eye are sound, there is no sight. Allow me to give an illustration, which will make the matter more clear. A letter is brought by the postman to an individual, he reads it and the man drops down dead. What is the cause? No physical weapon touched him. It was a pure mental idea that acted upon the brain, and the brain acted upon the nervous system, and the man died because the letter contained some fearful tidings. Some friend calls upon another and informs him of some great calamity that has happened to his nearest relative, and the man instantly loses his sight or his hearing, or is paralyzed. This was a moral fact that struck the man with physical effect; the mind or mental power acted on the brain, that acted on the nerves, and they acted on the senses; thus while materialists trace all to the brain, we go a step further, and say that the brain is merely the agent of the organ that dwells in the material sanctuary. Mr. Thomas Cooper tells a somewhat funny story of an old materialist who occasionally visited the Hall of Science in London, England. On one occasion, he suddenly jumped upon the platform and said, "I am going to tell you all about it," meaning the soul or thinking

principle in man. "It is true," said he, "the brain is composed of certain substances and phosphorus is one of them, and phosphorus is the thinking principle, and Mr. Ryan has found it out." Mr. Cooper, addressing the old man, said: "My friend, do not be in such a hurry to come to that conclusion; let me ask you two questions:—

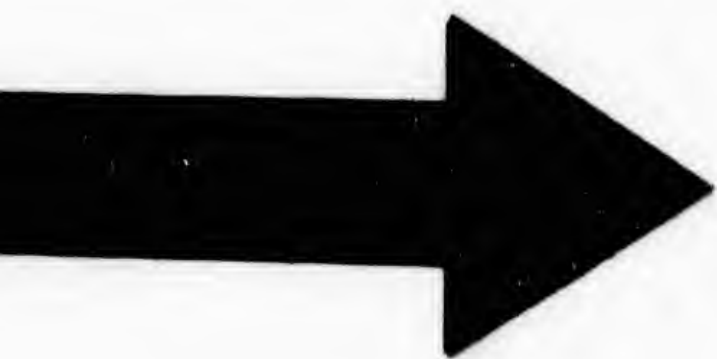
"1st. Did Mr. Ryan discover this by operating on a human skull, while the man was alive, inspecting the living brain?" "Certainly not," he replied, "do you wish to insult me?"

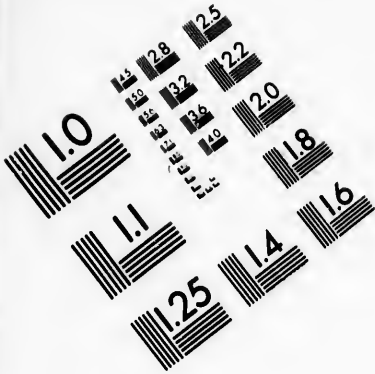
"2nd. Was it a dead brain upon which the examination was made?" "Yes," he replied. "So Mr. Ryan found out that phosphorus was the thinking principle in the man's brain when the man had done thinking altogether?" responded Mr. Cooper. The old man stared with open mouth and bewildered look.

Physiologists say, If there be a soul, how is it that we cannot detect it? This seems to me a most extraordinary question. The very definition we give of the soul—that it is immaterial—is sufficient reason why we should not detect it. The physiologist is so accustomed to material anatomy, that he almost imagines a thing does not exist without he can show it on the point of his lancet; but if this be his criterion of existence, he must be very sceptical in many things. Can he show an idea on the point of his lancet, or a thought on the point of his scalpel? therefore it can be no good reason that the soul does not exist, because we cannot detect it. I assert, we have clearer evidence

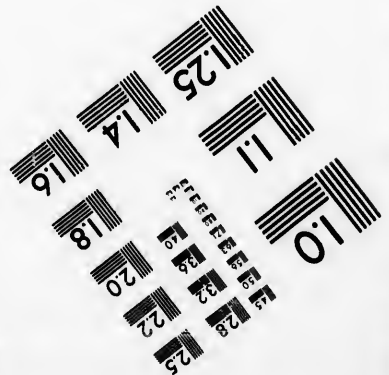
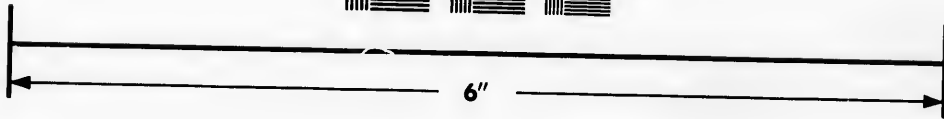
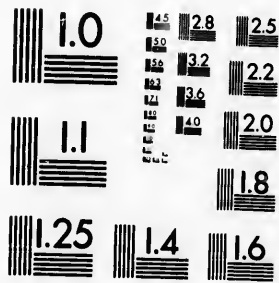








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of the existence of mind than we have of matter. This may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true. Are you aware that Bishop Berkeley maintained that there was no such thing as matter, that we live in a world of idealism? and, as one writer remarks, "Absurd as this statement may appear, you would be surprised at the ingenious arguments brought forward by that learned divine in favour of the non-existence of matter, but he could not reason himself out of the existence of mind; for the very fact that man doubts and reasons, is proof that there is a doubting and reasoning faculty in man."

"How is it," say the materialists, "when the brain is diseased, or a person is suffering from mania or madness, that the mind is impaired?" Now, suppose I were asked to select a first-class musician and take him to a piano or organ out of tune and bid him play, what would be the result? Would the accustomed melody pour forth? No. Why? Not because the musician's mind has lost its power, or the musician's fingers their skill, but because the instrument on which he *acts* is out of tune. In fact, the soul is the master musician and the brain is but the instrument through which the master musician acts, in tones, in looks, in sympathies, and by the senses, upon the world.

A favourite theory of materialists is, that mind is attributable to the action of galvanism or electricity on the brain or nervous system. If mind is attributable to galvanism, the angels must be indebted to galvanism for their mental power, as there is no differ-

ence in the nature of the human and angelic mind. It must be the same in essence, but may differ in quality, as the human mind differs in refinement and power. I am aware that electricity is an essential and constituent element of this world, but in the higher life—the abode of angels—we have no proof of its existence. Neither is it required; for whatever relation it may sustain to animal life, it is neither the cause, nor does it form any constituent part of immortal life. It is an axiom universally acknowledged, that “Like produces like.” Then, mind must have produced mind. We are told that the great Originator of our being breathed into man the breath of life and he became a living soul.

Another striking evidence of the immortality of the soul is its transcendent powers of intellect. What is the greatest of all productions of Deity? Not light, the first created and most beautiful of material elements; not the mountains, rearing their majestic heads above the clouds; not the ocean, in the vastness of its swell lifting up its waves on high; not the orbs of heaven, shining in peerless grandeur; nor animal life in any of its boundless varieties; but *mind*—intellectual, immortal mind. This is the distinctive glory of man, and it is this which gives him dominion over everything that dwells upon the face of the earth. The mind of man is capable of illimitable expansion, ever seeking after knowledge and never satisfied. Can we suppose that a being so progressive in his nature and so noble in his aspirations, shall so soon

cease to exist? No, there is another and more splendid sphere for the development of such grand intellectual and moral powers.

The instinctive and universal desire for life is another proof of the immortality of the soul. This longing after life is cherished by barbaric as well as civilized nations. The very thought of immortality has made "the courage of the warrior burn high in the day of battle"; and the untutored savage go down to the grave as tranquilly as to a night's repose. Whence comes this inherent desire, this faith so interwoven with our very being? It is not self-creative, but a gift from God.

There are facts daily coming under our observation which are inexplicable upon any other principle than a life to come. There, reposing upon its mother's bosom, is a lovely child; as she plays with his curls and anticipates for him a glorious future, her hopes are crushed by the appearance of death, as if envious of the child's existence, dashes the cup of anticipated joy from the parent's lips and slays the child in its mother's arms. Here is a youth who has passed through the dangers of the cradle, has plodded over the fields of classic lore, and has stored his mind with useful knowledge, and bids fair to be useful to the world and an ornament to the church of God; but, alas! the sun which rose with such overwhelming splendour, and bade so fair to shine with unrivalled brightness, soon becomes overcast, and sinks into the darkness of death. These are but specimens of many

events of a similar nature, and if there were no hereafter we should be inclined to say of such persons—they lived in vain. They, however, point to a life to come.

From the unequal distribution of good and evil in the present state, an immortal life is inferred. This has perplexed and agitated the wisest and best of men. David says, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain and washed my hands in innocency; until I went into the sanctuary of the Lord, then understood I their end." Jeremiah also remarks, "Righteous art thou, O Lord, when I plead with Thee, yet let me talk with Thee of Thy judgments; wherefore doth the wicked prosper, wherefore are they happy that deal very treacherously?" Why is error so triumphant over truth, and vice over virtue? Why is Dives arrayed in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus afflicted with poverty? As a certain writer remarks, "Why do the righteous pine in adversity, while the wicked occupy stations of dignity and live in the sunshine of prosperity?" Events from time to time occur which demonstrate that there is a retributive Providence, but they are far from universal. In numerous instances we see injustice prevail and wrong triumph. The only way by which we can reconcile these difficulties is that they are local, temporary or transitional.

The soul's immortality is placed beyond doubt by the positive evidences of divine revelation. The passages of Scripture which relate to the immortality of the soul are so numerous, that we can only make a

limited selection. The Hebrew historians, when speaking of the Old Testament saints, say, "They gave up the ghost," or spirit; which indicates their faith in something distinct from the body, and which survives its dissolution. David said, "Into Thy hands I commit my spirit"; and Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, confessed that they were "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." What does this confession intimate? Does it merely describe the pastoral and migratory life in general? What saith the Apostle? "They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had an opportunity to have returned. But now they desire a better *country*, that is a *heavenly*; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God, for he hath prepared for them a *city*." It is unnecessary to multiply quotations to prove that the New Testament saints were cheered with the blessed hope of immortality. Paul, writing to Timothy, says,—“Our Saviour Jesus Christ who hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel.” Not that Christ revealed the existence of what was before unknown, but that He has brought to light that which was previously veiled in comparative obscurity. Christ after his resurrection said to his disciples, “Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have.” What did Christ mean by the term *spirit*? He no doubt referred to the soul in its disembodied state, which mortal hands could not



feel, but was still vested with an organization peculiarly adapted to its disembodied condition. If the spirit is not immortal what mean those grand apocalyptic visions which the apostle saw while an exile at Patmos? Are they the productions of a disordered imagination, or grand realities? There we read of an immortal state of existence far too sublime for human conception, where millions of glorified saints enjoy perfect happiness, and in which we hope to participate when the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved.

There are phenomena which cannot be explained, only on the supposition of an individual conscious existence after death. Take the following:—In the list of the officers of the 23rd Regiment, when serving under Lord Cornwallis in America, and then called the 1st West York, will be found the names Captain (afterwards Sir John Coape) Sherbrooke and Lieutenant George Wynward. The former had recently joined the 23rd from the 4th or King's Own Regiment. These young men, being similar in tastes and very attached friends, spent much of their time in each others society, and when off duty were seldom apart. One evening Sherbrook was in Wynward's quarters. The room in which they were seated had two doors, one that led into the common passage of the officers' barracks, the other into Wynward's bedroom, from which there was no other mode of egress. Both officers were engaged in study, till Sherbrooke on raising his eyes from a book, suddenly saw a young man about twenty years of age, open the entrance door and

advance into the room. The lad looked pale, ghastly and thin, as if in the last stage of a mortal malady. Startled and alarmed, Captain Sherbrooke called Wynward's attention to their noiseless visitor; and the moment the Lieutenant saw him he became ashy white and incapable of speech, and, ere he could recover, the figure passed them both and entered the bedroom.

"Good God—my poor brother!" exclaimed Wynward. "Your brother?" repeated Sherbrooke in great perplexity. "There must be some mistake in all this. Follow me."

They entered the little bedroom—it was tenantless; and Sherbrooke's agitation was certainly not soothed by Wynward expressing his conviction that from the first he believed they had seen a spectre, and they mutually took note of the day and hour at which this inexplicable affair occurred. Wynward at times tried to persuade himself that they might have been duped by a practical joke of some brother officer; yet his mind was evidently so harassed by it, that when he related what had occurred, all had the good taste to withhold comments, and to await with interest the then slow arrival of the English mails. When the latter came there were missives for every officer in the regiment except Wynward, whose hopes began to rise; but there was one solitary letter for Sherbrooke, which he had no sooner read than he changed color and left the mess table. Ere long he returned and said: "Wynward's younger brother is actually no more!"

The whole contents of his note were as follows: "Dear John, break to your friend Wynward the death of his favourite brother." He had died the very moment the apparition had appeared in that remote Canadian barracks.

One of the latest testimonies of the existence of a spiritual world is that given in the "Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham," written by himself. In volume first, he tells us that after he left the High School of Edinburgh to attend the University, one of his most intimate friends there, was a Mr. G——, with whom in their solitary walks in the neighbourhood of the city, he frequently discussed and speculated on the immortality of the soul, the possibility of ghosts walking abroad, and of the dead appearing to the living; and they actually committed the folly of drawing up an agreement, written mutually *with their blood*, to the effect, "that whichever died first should appear to the other, and thus solve any doubts entertained of the life after death."

G—— went to India, and, after the lapse of a few years, Brougham had almost forgotten his existence, when one day in winter—the 19th of December—as he was indulging in the half sleepy luxury of a warm bath, he turned to the chair on which he had deposited his clothes, and there sat his old college chum G——, looking him coolly, quietly, and sadly in the face. Lord Brougham adds that he swooned, and found himself lying on the floor. He noted the circumstance, believing it to be all a dream, and yet, when remem-

bering the compact, he could not discharge from his mind a dream that G— must have died, and that his appearance, even in a dream, was to be received as a proof of a future state. Sixty-three years afterwards the veteran statesman and lawyer appends the following note to this story of the apparition :

“Brougham, Oct. 16, 1862.—I have just been copying out from my journal the account of this strange dream, *sertissima mortis imago*. Soon after my return there arrived a letter from India announcing G—’s death, and stating that he died on the 19th of December! Singular coincidence! Yet when one reflects on the vast number of dreams which night after night pass through our brains, the number of coincidences between the vision and the events are perhaps fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chances would warrant us to expect.”

Even the boldest sceptic will admit that Lord Brougham was no religious fanatic. He says he saw his college friend whom he recognized at once. Was it the body or the spirit which appeared to the great lawyer, or was it all a dream, a myth, or a phantom created by a disordered imagination? Suppose we admit that it was all an illusion, how can we account for the coincidence, that the man died at the very time Lord Brougham saw him, sixteen thousand miles from the place where the apparition occurred. *There is a spirit in man!* I cannot close this subject better than in the language of the Rev. W. H. Murray: “To me the spirit world is tangible. It is not peopled

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with ghosts and spectres, shadows and outlines of being, but with persons and forms palpable to the apprehension. Its multitudes are veritable, its society natural, its language audible, its companionships real, its loves distinct, its activities energetic, its life intelligent, its glory discernible. Its union is not that of sameness, but of variety brought into harmony by the great law of love ; like notes, which, in themselves distinct and different, make, when combined, sweet music. Death will not level and annul these countless differences of mind and heart which make us individual here. Heaven in all the mode and manner of expression, will abound with personality. There will be choice and preference and degrees of affinity there. Each intellect will keep its natural bliss ; each heart its elections. Groups will be, and circles ; faces known and unknown will pass us ; acquaintance will thrive on intercourse, and love deepen with knowledge, and the great underlying laws of mind and heart prevail and dominate as they do here, save in this : that sin and all the repellant and antagonism which it breeds, will be unknown, and holiness supply in perfect measure the opportunity and bond of brotherhood."

XV.

LIFE'S EVENING.

THE evening of life draws on apace. The heads of the family feel that they are swiftly floating down the stream of time. The "olive branches" that sprang up around their table are becoming men and women. The youths are entering upon the busy scenes of life; and round the daughters suitors are gathering. It is a season of deep parental anxiety. A thousand doubts and fears fill the mind. The need is felt, or ought to be felt, of that counsel and guidance which God alone can give.

Like vessels, our sons are launched upon the sea of life, and fearfully we realize the rocks and shoals which will endanger their voyage. We give them solemn counsel. We bid them take on board the true chart, the Word of God. We remind them that the only breeze which can prosperously fill their sails must proceed from the Spirit's influences; and we urge them to secure as their pilot at the helm, the Lord Jesus Christ. We warn them against snares and temptations; we exhort them to rectitude and purity of life. And then away they go, north, south, east, and west! But they are not forgotten. We remember them at the throne of grace; and our greatest joy is to hear tidings of their safety and success.

Then our daughters leave us. One after another we give them to those they love, and they form the centres of other circles. We hail their happiness with gratitude, nor once repent the care we spent upon them. The fireside becomes lonely. The happy faces and merry voices that gave it life, are now departed to cast their lustre elsewhere. Some, too, have been numbered with the dead, and their cheerful tones are silent for ever. We cherish no longer the sweet anticipation of seeing them in their familiar places, yet we look forward to another and a happier meeting, where death hath no office, and the grave no place.

The evening shadows grow deeper and deeper. Other years have fled. Age and decrepitude have advanced with equal step. In the same old house where childhood's hours sped so joyfully, the aged pair are sitting by the familiar hearth, around which loved children clustered in bygone years. They are unfolding the scroll of memory, and they read it every line. One page lights up their faces with a smile, another moistens them with the big heavy tears. Now they are on the hill-top, bathed in the beams of brilliant sunshine; now in the deep shadowy valley of sorrowful remembrance. Now the marriage bell rings its merry chimes in their ear, and now the solemn toll speaks to them of death. But one recollection of all others irradiates each countenance as if with sunset glory—they are remembering how lovingly they have journeyed together on life's pilgrimage, and gratefully acknowledging the goodness of Him who has so long spared them to each other.

Sons and daughters! reverence the relics of the past; guard the drooping flower from the winter blast of cold adversity and withering neglect. Venerate the aged, around whom the sunset is closing, over whose watery eyes the dust of evening is thickening, and on whose understanding the shadows of twilight are growing broader and deeper. Prop up the old oak under whose branches you have so often enjoyed the shade; and act the part of the ivy to the old tower. Trace the furrows on the brow, and count the wrinkles on the cheek; then think how many, through folly and thoughtlessness, you laid there, and seek to smooth them down.

And what thou doest, do quickly. You will not be required long, for the sun is fast sinking. The chill breeze of evening is blowing, the silver cord is loosing, the golden bowl is being broken, the pitcher is being shattered at the fountain, and the wheel is nearly worn at the cistern. The sound of the grinding is low, and the windows are being darkened; the voice of the grasshopper is becoming a burden, and the daughters of music are being silenced; the pulsings are feeble, and the words are indistinctly uttered; the hand is trembling and the step is tottering; the memory is failing and the mind is waning; the film is thickening, and dust to dust is hastening. Life's closing hour is at hand. Tread gently, speak kindly, watch lovingly, pray fervently. Mark that smile that plays upon the features. It is Heaven's sunbeam! Hear the faint words,—“Jesus! Jesus!” They are



hope's watchwords, and faith's assurance. Hush! a moment more, and all is still. The spirit is gone to the God that gave it. Night has dropped upon the old home. The fire has gone out, cold ashes lie in the grate, the chairs are empty, the fireside of early days is no more!

Thanks be to God for the gospel of his grace, which "brings light and immortality to life"! Else, when the sun of earthly life sinks behind the horizon, spectral night would indeed wrap all in gloom. But it is not so. Beyond the darkness of the present we see the daylight of the future. We follow the departed spirit of the triumphant Christian, and far away from broken homes and scattered families, from graves and funerals, from sighs and tears, we see the region of eternal sunshine. The final home is reached, our heavenly Father welcomes the pilgrim, the elder Brother joins the rapture of the angels, the festive-board is spread, the heavenly minstrels sing, and the banner of love waves over the scene!

Glorious prospect! Rich consolation! Blessed beams of hope! Should not the anticipation illumine the darkness of the present; and may not the thought of a home in heaven reconcile us to the breaking up of the home on earth?

XVI.

THE VOICES OF NATURE AND OF  
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WE all know the meaning of the word music, though we may not be able to give a technical definition of the term. It includes both vocal and instrumental. The first concert ever given, of which we have any knowledge (if we may be allowed to speak of it as such), was at the creation of the world, when the music of the spheres broke on the stillness of time, and the harp symphonies of the angels and the voices of the sons of God swept along the star shores of the universe, increasing in majesty and power till the heaven of heavens became an ocean of ecstatic praise. That was the grandest oratorio ever rendered ; it was perfect in all its parts ; it was God's own concert, conducted by Himself, in celebration of the great work of creation He had just completed. The doctrine of the music of the spheres was made a subject of philosophical enquiry by many ancient writers. Pythagoras and Plato were of opinion that the muses constituted the soul of the planets in our system, and the disciples of those celebrated philosophers supposed the universe to be formed on the principles of harmony. The Pythagoreans maintained an opinion, which many of the poets have adopted, that music is produced by the

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motion of the spheres in their several orbits; that the music of sounds, in all probability, was derived from the seven stars which move circularly in the heavens and compass the earth. Pythagoras says, that the whole world is made according to musical proportion. Plato asserts, that the soul of the world was conjoined with musical proportion. Sir Isaac Newton was of the opinion that the principles of harmony pervade the universe, and gives a proof of this general principle, from the analogy between colours and sounds. From a number of experiments made on a ray of light, with the prism, he found that the primary colours occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of a musical chord, and hence has obviously shown the affinity between the harmony of colours and musical sounds. Milton, Shakespeare, Dryden, Mason and other eminent poets, seem to favour the Pythagorean theory—

“ Ring out, ye crystal spheres,  
Once bless our human ears,  
(If ye have powers to touch our senses so);  
And let your silver chime  
Move in melodious time,  
And let the bass of heav'n's deep organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full consort to th' angelic symphony.”  
—Milton.

“ There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings.  
Still quiring to the young ey'd cherubims;  
Such harmony is in immortal sounds!  
But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.”  
—Shakespeare.

“ Thrice I pause, and thrice I found  
 The central string, and now I ring  
 (By measured love profound)  
 A seven-fold chime, and sweep and swing  
 Above, below, around,  
 To mix thy music with the spheres,  
 That warble to the immortal ears.”

—*Mason.*

“ From harmony, from heavenly harmony  
 This universal frame began.”

—*Dryden.*

What makes things musical? “The Sun!” said the Forest. “In the night I am still and voiceless. A weight of silence lies upon my heart. If you pass through me, the sound of your own footsteps echoes fearfully, like the footfall of a ghost. If you speak to break the spell, the silence closes in on your words, like the ocean on a pebble you throw into it. The wind sighs far off among the branches, as if he were hushing his breath to listen. If a little bird chirps uneasily in its nest, it is silenced before you can find out whence the sound came. But the dawn breaks. Before a gray streak can be seen, my trees feel it, and quiver through every old trunk and tiny twig with joy; my birds feel it, and stir dreamily in their nests, as if they were just murmuring to each other, ‘How comfortable we are!’ Then the wind awakes, and tunes my trees for the concert, striking his hand across one and another, until all their varied harmonies are astir; the soft liquid rustlings of my oaks and beeches make the rich treble to the deep, plaintive tones of my pines. Then my early birds wake one by one, and answer each other in sweet responses,

until the Sun rises, and the whole joyous chorus bursts into song to the organ and the flute accompaniments of my evergreens and summer leaves; and in the pauses, countless happy insects chirp, and buzz, and whirl with contented murmuring among my ferns and flower-bells. The SUN makes me musical," said the Forest.

What makes things musical? "Storms!" said the Sea. "In calm weather I lie still and sleep, or, now and then, say a few quiet words to the beaches I ripple on, or the boats which glide through my waters. But in the tempest you learn what my voice is, when all my slumbering powers awake, and I thunder through the caverns and rush with all my battle-music on the rocks, whilst, between the grand artillery of my breakers, the wind peals its wild trumpet-blasts, and the waters rush back to my breast from the cliffs they have scaled, in torrents and cascades, like the voice of a thousand rivers. My music is battle-music. STORMS make me musical," said the Sea.

What makes things musical? "Action!" said the Stream. "I lay still in my mountain cradle for a while. It is very silent up there. Occasionally the shadow of an eagle swept across me with a wild cry; but generally, from morning till night, I knew no change save the shadows of my rocky cradle, which went round steadily with the sun, and the shadow of the clouds, which glided across me, without my ever knowing whence or whither. But the rocks and clouds are very silent. The singing birds did not

venture so high; and the insects had nothing to tempt them near me, because no honeyed flower-bells bent over me there—nothing but little mosses and gray lichens, and these, though very lovely, are quiet creatures, and make no stir. I used to find it monotonous sometimes, and longed to have power to wake the hills; and I should have found it more so, had I not felt I was growing, and should flow forth to bless the fields by and by. Every drop that fell into my rocky basin I welcomed; and, at last, the spring rains came, and all my rocks sent me down little rills on every side, and the snows melted, and, at last, I rose beyond the rim of my dwelling, and was free. Then I danced down over the hills, and sang as I went, till all the lonely places were glad with my voice; and I tinkled over the stones like bells, and crept among my cresses like fairy flutes, and dashed over the rock, and plunged into the pools with all my endless harmonies. ACTION makes me musical," said the Stream.

What makes things musical? "Suffering!" said the Harp-strings. "We were dull lumps of silver and copper-ore in the mines; and no silence on the living sunny earth is like the blank of voiceless ages in these dead and sunless depths. But, since then, we have passed through many fires. The hidden earth-fires underneath the mountains first moulded us, millenniums since, to ore; and then, in these last years, human hands have finished the training which makes us what we are. We have been smelted in furnaces heated seven times, till all our dross was gone; and

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then we have been drawn out on the rack, and hammered and fused, and at last stretched on these wooden frames, and drawn tighter and tighter, until we wonder at ourselves, and at the gentle hand which strikes such rich and wondrous chords and melodies from us—from us, who were once silent lumps of ore in the silent mines. Fires and blows have done it for us. SUFFERING has made us musical," say the Harp-strings.

What makes things musical? "Union!" said the rocks. "What could be less musical than we, as we rose in bare crags from the hill-tops, or lay strewn about in huge isolated boulders in the valleys? The trees which sprang from our crevices had each its voice; the forests which clothed our sides had all these voices blended in richest harmonies when the wind touched them; the streams which gushed from our stony heart sang joyous carols to us all day and all night long; the grasses and wild flowers which clasped their tiny fingers around us had each some sweet murmur of delight as the breezes played with them, but we, who ever thought there was music in us? Yet now a human hand has gathered us from moor and mountain and lonely fell, and side by side we lie and give out music to the hand that strikes us. Thus we, who had lain for centuries unconscious that there was a note of music in our hearts, answer one another in melodious tones, and combine in rich chords, just because we have been brought together. UNION makes us musical," said the Rocks.

What makes things musical? "Life!" said the Oak-beam in the good ship. "I know it by its loss. Once I quivered in the forest at the touch of every breeze. Every living leaf of mine had melody, and all together made a stream of many-voiced music; whilst around me were countless living trees like myself, who woke at every dawn to a chorus in the morning breeze. But since the axe was laid at our roots, all the music has gone from our branches. We are useful still, they say, in the gallant ship, and our country mentions us with honour even in death; but the music has gone from us with life for ever, and we can only groan and creak in the storms. LIFE made us musical," said the Oak-beam.

What makes creatures musical? "Joy!" laughed the children, and their happy laughter pealed through the sweet fresh air as they bounded over the field, as if it had caught the most musical tones of everything musical in nature—the ripple of waves, the tinkling of brooks, the morning songs of birds. "JOY makes creatures musical," said the Children.

What makes things musical? "Love!" said the little Thrush, as he warbled to his mate on the spring morning, and the mother, as she sang soft lullabies to her babe. And all the Creatures said:

"Amen. LOVE makes us musical. In Storms and Sunshine, Suffering and Joy, Action, Union, Life, LOVE is the music at the heart of all. LOVE makes us musical," said all the Creatures.

And from the multitude before the throne, who,

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through fires of tribulation and storms of conflict, had learned the new song, and from depths of darkness and the silence of isolation had been brought together in the Light of Life to sing, it floated down a soft "Amen, for GOD is LOVE."

As to the origin of instruments of music, we cannot speak very definitely. In the Campus Martius at Rome, there is an obelisk supposed to have been erected at ancient Thebes by Sesostris, nearly 4,000 years before the Trojan war. Among other hieroglyphics, is represented a musical instrument, constructed to take two strings, with a neck to it. It is said that the first idea of a lyre was taken from the shell of a tortoise left on the banks of the Nile. The flesh being dried and wasted within the shell, the nerves and cartilages being firmly braced, were rendered sonorous. *Mercury*, while walking on the banks of the river, struck his foot against it, which produced a sound, suggesting to him the first idea of a lyre; and the whistling of a reed gave the first notion of a flute. Jubal is said to be the father of all those who handle the organ. The organs of ancient times were very different from those in use at the present day. Jubal's organ is thought to have been something like what the ancient Greeks called Pandean pipes. It consisted of seven or more lengths of reed. Organs, or instruments of similar construction, were in use among the Greeks and Jews as early as the fourth century. Instruments like the organ, called "Ma'graph'a" and "Mash'éke'tha," are said to have been in the ancient

Jewish temple. St. Hieronymus says that their sound could be heard on the Mount of Olives.

To give the reader an idea of the size of some of the ancient organs, it is stated that it required seventy stout men to work the twenty-six bellows, and two organists to despatch the wind through the four hundred pipes of an organ which was built in the ninth century for Bishop Elfeg, at Winchester, England. The very earliest organs were not built for church purposes, and it was not until the tenth century that they were considered church instruments. Up to about this time, the compass of the keyboard had only one octave, and each key was nearly a yard long, from three to four inches broad, and one and a-half inches thick, and was shaped like our modern piano keys, with rounded ends. The action was such, that the keys had to be "stricken" a foot deep with the fist. It would have taken a remarkably smart organist to have played—we will not say the Hallelujah chorus—but a less difficult piece, on such an organ. In the middle ages, monks and priests employed themselves, not only in organ playing, but organ building. In the year 1350, a monk is reported to have built an organ of twenty-two keys' compass, at Thorn, in Germany. In the fourteenth century, a German friar, named Nicholas Faber, built an organ of four key-boards, and pedals for the fist and feet, in the dome of Halberstadt Cathedral. The organ mania seemed to have increased to such a degree, that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, there were one

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hundred and forty pairs of organs at Venice. It would be uninteresting to note the many improvements which have been made in this instrument since that period. It has at present reached a state of perfection that would, one would think, admit of no improvement; but when we think of man's inventive faculty, we cannot conceive the improvements which may yet be made in this marvellous instrument.

In the Bible, we read of several kinds of musical instruments, which were used in the services of Jehovah and on festive occasions. The cymbal consisted of two convex plates of metal, which, when struck together skilfully, made an agreeable sound. The timbrel—on which Miriam played—was similar to the tambourine, and was chiefly used by females. The psaltery resembled a guitar. The sackbut was an instrument of triangular shape, played with the fingers. Some of them had four, others twenty strings. The harp seems to have been most popular with the Jews. David was a harpist of acknowledged ability, even in the days of his shepherdhood. When the Jews were carried into captivity, they took their harps with them, to alleviate the loneliness of their exile. But of all instruments, the violin stands unrivalled; there are none capable of approaching it in extraordinary power and variety of expression. Its vocal singing, smooth sliding, impassionate power of sweep, weird tremola, pensive legato, liquid harmonics, wailing chords, mellow vox humano, and the brilliancy of its upper register, which can scarcely be excelled by the

human voice. It is the most perfect instrument that has ever been made, and in the hands of an artist like Joachim, its superiority is at once acknowledged.

As to vocal music, it is the voice of nature, and is no doubt coeval with mankind. Who gave the birds the power of song? Nature! That mistress of music who taught from the beginning all who have the power of sweet sounds. God has given to every man and woman, as well as to the warblers of the sky and woodland, an instrument by which His praise may be celebrated. Of course, it requires cultivation, in order to be melodious. It differs in power and quality, as men differ in their mental type. We hear people say, we cannot sing. Can you read music? No. Why? Because we have never been taught. Just so. Now, if you would spend half the time in learning to sing, as you spend over matters of little or no profit to you, you would be able to join in the psalmody of God's sanctuary, and be made a blessing to His service.

On the charms of music, I need not dwell. During the rendering of some of the grand Oratorios in the Crystal Palace, London, England, men have been known to go into ecstasies, which no other power could have produced. The magic influence of music all acknowledge; it has held spell-bound the beast and the untutored savage. As a British war-vessel was passing the island of Ceylon, the captain, seeing the beach crowded with natives, ordered the band to play. As the strains of music fell upon the ears of the poor savages, they fell upon their faces as if in worship. If

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music has such an effect upon us here, what will be our feelings in the glorious hereafter, when, like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings, there shall sweep around us the grand harmonies of the celestial choristers—from all nations? I trust that we may all form a part in those immortal songs.

## XVII.

### THE WORLD'S LAST DRAMA.

**P**RECEDING the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, Josephus tells us that many strange and startling events took place. A star—resembling a sword—hung over the city, and a great light was seen on the sacrificial altar, which was supposed by some, as a sign of the approval of the Almighty, but was explained by the learned Scribes as a forerunner of those events which immediately followed. The officiating priests, as they burned incense before the altar, heard the sounds of footsteps and strange voices, saying: "Let us depart hence." "These things may appear to some fabulous," says that learned historian, "but they were related to me by those who saw and heard for themselves." But, behold a greater wonder: a profligate and unbelieving race, like that before the flood, go on to fill up the measure of their iniquity without the least regard to the voice of warning. They buy, they sell, they marry and are given in marriage, planning for long life and still sinning on, till the awful har-binger of the Son of Man appears in the heavens. How solemn and striking his appearance! He is clothed with a cloud, a rainbow encircles His head, and His face is like the sun. He sets one foot on the sea and the other on the land, and, after a solemn

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pause, swears by Him that liveth forever, *Time is no more*. Awful moment! Time ends! Eternity begins! The sun stands still—as once above Gideon, and grows dark—as formerly at Calvary. The earth trembles, stars glare and fall lawless through the air. Earthquakes shake the globe within and flames cover it without, while thunders rend with their incessant peals the skies, and lightning—fold on fold—flashes from all the lowering clouds. The stately monuments of art, the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces, vanish like the baseless fabric of a vision.

Now descends in awful pomp, on a great white throne, the man Christ Jesus. On either side of Him are seraphic legions. Thrones, Dominions, Principalities and Powers, clothed in white and crowned with everlasting life. They are followed by the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and a great multitude which no man can number, who wave their palms and unite their voices in praise of *He who sitteth upon the throne*. Is this He who once came from Bozrah with dyed garments, and who trod the winepress alone? Yes, it is the once despised and rejected Nazarene, returning to take vengeance on them that will not have Him to reign and rule over them. Oh! how unlike the Man of Sorrow that died on Calvary. Lambent glories now shine in pointed radiance around those temples which were once wreathed with thorns; light ineffable flows from the visage which was marred with sweat and blood; the side that was pierced and the hands and feet that were transfixed, still retain conspicuous the marks of the steel; the

reed has now become a sceptre, and the robe—behold it, ye scoffers! is converted from being an ensign of mockery, to denote the majesty of the Godhead. It streams in folds of living light, and is the great standard around which the saints gather. The awaking trumpet sounds, and the slumbering millions who have for ages found a resting-place beneath the vaulted marble, in the mountain cave, the solitary glen, and the crowded churchyards, come forth. What myriads! surpassing even the computation of an angel. "*The sea gives up its dead.*" "The sea," where the fate of empires in bloody contests has been decided; where the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Ottoman and the Spaniard sleep their last sleep. "The sea," where myriads of our race lie concealed in its coral tombs, or scattered amongst its shining pearls, "*gives up its dead.*" It renders back the youthful Lowrie who was hurled by the Chinese pirates into the waves,—throwing back upon the junk's deck the Bible which he had devoted his life to teach to the nation of his murderers; at the same time casting a glance heavenward, as if he would say, in the words of his dying Lord, "Father, forgive them." It gives up the heroic and toilworn Judson, who spent all his physical strength for the cause of Jesus; Samuel Mills, the friend of Africa; the young labourers from Corisca, husband and wife; the clergyman Cowles, on the deck of the "Home," shattered in health, but unshaken in faith amid the perils of the deep; the eloquent Cookman, who shared in the mysterious fate of the "President"; and the holy Draper and wife, who stood

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unmoved amid the terrific hurricane that swept the Bay of Biscay, burying in its troubled waters the "London" and her living freight. They hear the trumpet call, and come forth. *Hell or Hades gives up its dead.* The place where the disembodied soul of man is to be found, whether in happiness or in woe, has listened to a voice till then unknown to it. The gates of the shadow of death are unbarred, and its portals fly open. And now, there come—there come—clouds of spirits rolling upon clouds, in swift succession, with impetuous rush; numberless, unmixed, individualized: the consciousness of each distinct, the character of each defined, the memory of each unobliterated, and the sentence of each foredoomed. Hades sends back its spirits to those bodies which the sea and the grave can no longer retain.

Far as the eye can reach, the heavens are filled with a vast promiscuous multitude, exceeding in number the sands upon the sea-shore, or the stars of heaven. Hark! how the saints shout to David's Son and to David's King, "Hosannah!" while the wicked hide in the burning dens and red-hot rocks, and cry for the mountains to fall on them and hide them from the face of Him who sits upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.

"And I saw the dead," says John, "small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

"Whenever I think of the tribunal seat of Christ

and the purposes for which it is fixed, my thoughts wander to a scene which took place in one of our courts of human judicature. There sits the judge, whose appearance, whose character, and whose office all conspire to fill me with veneration and awe. On either hand are the officers of justice, whose part it is with iron grasp to seize and retain their victim; deaf alike to his threats and his promises, his entreaties and his tears. There stands the prisoner. Oh! how he trembles and turns pale as witness after witness give in their evidence against him, and the advocates of the prosecution produce their arguments in confirmation of what the witnesses have cited. The awful crisis comes; the judge now delivers, in solemn accents, his charge to the jury, which seems to bear upon the doom of the prisoner. The learned judge having concluded his address, the jury retires, upon whose verdict hangs the fate of the prisoner. The suspense is awful, every moment is like an hour. The jury returns and the Clerk of the Court rises and says, "Gentlemen of the Jury, are you agreed on your verdict, do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" "Guilty," responds the foreman. Every eye is now rested on the prisoner; his crime may be heinous and aggravating, and of such a nature that the monarch's clemency should not be extended; but he is a man, and no consideration can destroy the feelings of humanity, which the sight of a fellow-creature at such an awful crisis must inspire. The judge, with gravity becoming the occasion, begins to pronounce the sentence of death on the criminal; the poor culprit falls upon his knees and

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implores for mercy. At this awful juncture a wild shriek is heard in the court, which causes a death-like shudder to pass through every heart, arresting for a moment the judge in his solemn performance. Whence comes that sound? It is wrung from a mother's heart, but even that scene does not stop the course of justice—her son is sentenced to an ignominious death. He is dragged from the bar to the prison to wait the time appointed for the dreadful sentence to be executed. But it is to a higher tribunal we desire to call your attention, a tribunal at which not merely you and I, but all the world must stand—not as idle spectators to listen to the doom of others, but to hear our own irrevocable doom; a tribunal at which not the actions merely but the thoughts of men are judged; a tribunal at which not a fellow mortal like ourselves, but the searcher of hearts, presides; a tribunal from whose judicial process there is no escape—in whose proceedings there is no partiality, and from whose decisions there is no appeal."

Behold the Judge seated on his great white throne, radiated with divine glory; sunrise and sunset never imprinted that stately purple—that glowing vermilion—that molten gold! No rainbow of the covenant girdles it! No suppliant or penitent sues before it! No pardons are issued from it! It is a tribunal throne—He has prepared his throne for judgment. The judgment is set and the books are open: The book of God's law, the book of God's remembrance, and the book of life, which contains the names of all those who have been faithful unto death. The judge now

turns to the righteous and says, "Come ye blessed of my Father and inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." The angelic hosts now sweep their golden harps in tones of sweetest harmony, and lead the righteous from a scene of terror that remains, to the paradise of God. The Judge now turns to the wicked and with still one lingering look of pity, lost, however, amidst the terrors of justice, says, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." As the sentence falls upon their ears a shriek of agony rends the heavens, and they are driven from the presence of the Lord and consigned to everlasting punishment. The dispensation of grace has closed with them for ever. No more sermons, no more warnings, no more pressing invitations or urgent solicitations to repent and believe in Christ.

As the gates of the Holy City are being closed, the great archway of the universe becomes palled in sackcloth. The ocean veils itself in the garb of widowhood, and gathering all its waves together, utters a wail, loud, deep, piercing, dolorous, immense, and while nature is in the last throes of dissolution, the angels come to lay her in her grave.

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come  
To call Thy ransomed people home,  
May I among them stand,—  
May such a worthless worm as I,  
Who sometimes am afraid to die,  
Be found at Thy right hand?"

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## XVIII.

### A PEEP WITHIN THE GATES.

**E**ARTH hath its scenes of beauty. We have sat amid the wild pomp of its mountains, the sublime silence of its forests, and the loveliness of its vales. We have watched the majestic sweep of its ocean surges and the wavelets as they rippled along the shore. We have been rocked on the bosom of its rivers and lakes, those highways of commerce and reservoirs of life, and have almost worshipped the stars of heaven; but the glories of earth fade before the infinite grandeur of the City of our God.

St. John tells us that "this city is pure gold, like unto glass," meaning the material of which it is composed looks like glass reflecting the sunbeams. "Conceive a city, if you can, composed of pure glass: its gates, its walls, its streets, its mansions, all glass. Let a spectator behold it from some neighbouring hill. At noon, when the sun is at meridian, it will resemble an edifice of molten silver. At eventide, when the golden beams of the setting sun fall upon it, it will present to the eye a sight of overwhelming grandeur. At the calm hour of night, with the pale beams of the moon upon it, it will look like a crystal lake reposing on the bosom of the earth." Such, in a higher sense, is the glory of the celestial City. Poets have sung of it

in almost seraphic strains. Payson, as he was crossing the last river, beheld its starry portals, and heard its angel bands in joyful concert. "It is a city, not built by human hands, or hoary with the years of time; whose inhabitants no census has numbered, through whose streets rush no tides of business, nor nodding hearse creeps slowly to the tomb. It is without griefs, or graves, sins or sorrows, births or burials, marriages or mournings, which glories in having Jesus for its King and angels for its guards."

What an inheritance Jesus has prepared for us! A mansion! The mansions of heaven will be suitable to the circumstances, character and taste of all God's people. The "common salvation" does not destroy the mental features of the man. We shall no doubt recognize there the temperament, or talent which gave each on earth his identity, or his peculiar interest. David has not laid aside his harp, and there is still a field in which Isaac can meditate. Solomon may have still the eagle-eye that penetrates nature's nooks and scans the infinitude of things. Moses may still retain the meek aspect which distinguished his whole life on earth. Peter's step may still spring elastic on the golden pavement, while Paul triumphs in a loftier theme, and John's love-curtained eye creates for himself a brighter heaven. Thus may the stars in glory differ. The world of nature, intellect and grace seem to fully corroborate the gradations of the glorified saints. We shall be rewarded according to the deeds done in the body.

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This doctrine is beautifully illustrated by the parable of the ten talents. Each were rewarded in proportion as they improved their talents, and rightly used the means that were placed in their hands.

In the midst of this Holy City is the temple of God, the glory of which the heart of man cannot conceive. Its columns are lofty, clear as crystal, and everlasting in duration. They are richly carved with flowers of gold, and wreathed with precious stones. The massive dome is of pearl. It has no roof, a canopy of light is drawn over it. The interior is vast, outreaching the span of an angel's eye. The heavenly hierarchy stand in the midst of it, and conduct the songs of praise. Hark! How grand! What harmony! The courts of God on earth are delightful, but how much more the services of the upper sanctuary? There seems to be no fatigue, no weariness; but it is heaven to be thus engaged. In this temple worship the redeemed from all nations. And I heard them sing as it were a new song, which was like Beethoven's immortal chorus in his Mount of Olives, if we may be allowed an earthly comparison. There was a subtle harmony of dulcet instruments, and silver stir of strings; then out-swelled the glorious chorus, rolling onward with the ocean dash of everlasting waters. Before the presence of Divinity, enthroned, the worshippers fell prostrate, after which the voices and instruments grew faint, and sank into an awful hush. How much more refined will our senses have to be before we can appreciate all the delicacies of heavenly harmony.

Among the worshippers were Stephen, the first Christian martyr; Lazarus, the beggar; Ignatius, Symphora and her sons; Polycarp, Justin Martyn, Julian of Cilicia, Cyprian of Carthage, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Henry Zutphen; Seluch, the hermit of Livry, John Lambert, Anne Askew, Adam Wallace, Hugh Laverick, John Aprice, Bishops Ridley and Latimer, Archbishop Cranmer, John Rogers, John Hooper, Rowland Taylor, Thomas Tompkins, Thomas Hawks, Christopher Waid, Dorick Carver, Robert Glover, John Philpat, Hugh McKail, Payson, Baxter, Doddridge, the Wesleys, Whitfield, Fletcher, Watts, Cecil, Hall, Toplady, Elliot, Hervey, Newton, Moffat, Livingston, Carey, Morrison, Williams, Bourne, Clowes, Hannah More, Charlotte Elizabeth, Elizabeth Fry, Elizabeth Mortimer, Hannah Houseman, Elizabeth Rowe, Jane Ratcliffe, the Countess of Huntingdon, Hester Ann Rogers, the pious Blumhardt, who, as he expired, exclaimed, "Light breaks in; hallelujah!" and Dr. McLaren, who said, when dying, "I can now contemplate clearly the grand scene to which I am going"; and Sargeant, who, with his countenance kindled into holy fervour, fixed his gaze upon a definite object, and said, "That bright light!" and when asked, "What light?" answered, "The light of the Sun of Righteousness"; Lady Elizabeth Hastings, who, just before she expired, cried out with an enraptured voice, "Lord, what is that I see?" and Olympia Morta, an exile for her faith, who, as she sank in death, said, "I distinctly behold a place of

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infinite delight"; and the seraphic Cookman, who, as the wings of his spirit broke the mortal shell, shouted, "I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Among the shining ones, "was the spirit of a heroic Christian boy, who was dragged from one of the jungles of India, pale with loss of blood, and wasted to a shadow with famine and hardship. Far away from father and mother or any earthly friend, and surrounded by a cloud of sepoys, he saw a Mahomedan who had been converted to the Christian faith, appalled at the preparations these demons were making for his torture, and about to renounce his faith. Fast dying, and almost beyond the vengeance of his enemies, this good lad, having a moment longer to live, and willing to spend his last breath for Jesus, raised himself up, and casting an imploring look at the wavering convert, cried, 'Oh! do not deny your Lord.'" Inspired with holy courage, the Hindoo stood firm, and as he entered heaven, the victorious shout—the conquering hallelujah burst from heaven's full-peopled depth.

In the midst of this glorious company, what do I see? Our fathers, our sainted mothers! Our brothers and sisters; our husbands, wives and children. Those blessed ones! who stimulated our young desires and enkindled our mature ambition; who loved us as no other ever can love, and whose loss—though their infinite gain—is to us a life-long sorrow. We see their waving hands, beckoning us to their happy

home: they are gathered together, safe from every storm, triumphant over every evil, and say to us,—Come, and join us in our everlasting blessedness, bear part in our songs of praise, and share our adoration, progress and works of love. They urge us to cherish in our earthly life that spirit and virtue of Christ which is the beginning and dawn of heaven, so that they may welcome us with more than human love to life and immortality. O! tell us, ye departed spirits of the sainted dead, what heaven is! We have spoken of it as a city, a labyrinth of architecture—vanishing in columns and arches into the blue distance, and have thought of it as a boundless reach of forests, lakes and gardens; or rather as a bright horizon which dissolves its entire compass into light, where the soul is lost in mingling glories, every portion of the scene an item of *ecstasy*, the whole an orb of complete adoration. Tell us, Abel, thou first of martyrs—escaping from thy brother's murderous arm—tell us with what joys thou didst languish into life, or how smoothly pillowed on the breast of angels, or wrapped in their glowing wings, thy soul didst enter heaven—the first visitor from earth, and how thou didst press with hallowed knees, the first redeemed, her flowery coast.

Tell us, Elijah, ascending in thy chariot of flame, what was the glory of that heaven, when thou arrived, extinguishing the fiery beamings of thy tempestuous coursers. Tell us, Moses, what has been revealed to thee which thou wast not permitted to see from the cleft of the rock. nor even on Sinai's burning summit.

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Tell us, Paul, of the splendour of the third heaven, into which thou wast caught while in the earthly tabernacle and reveal to us those unutterable things, which thou couldst not with human language describe.

Oh, they cannot tell us! They have heard, but the words are unspeakable; they have seen, but the vision is unutterable. Yet we may gaze like some early traveller, who, on the mountain side, pauses to admire the rising sun, till his features and vestments borrow the crimson glow. So would we look, till changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord.

The way to this beautiful city, which we have been trying to describe, is so plain, that a wayfaring or an unlettered man may not err therein. What a blessed thought, that we all have an invitation from the King to visit it—to make one of its mansions our inheritance; to drink of its living water; to worship in its temple, and join in its songs. How can I get to that city? says one. There is only one way. It is called the King's highway—the way of holiness. All who enter it must bear the likeness of the King. At the gate there stands an angel, who is charged to admit none but those whose countenances bear the same features as the Lord of the place. Here comes a monarch, with a crown upon his head. The angel pays him no respect, but reminds him that the diadems of earth are of no value in heaven. A company of eminent men advance, dressed in the robes of state, and others adorned with gowns of learning; but to these no

deference is paid, for their faces are unlike the Crucified. A maiden comes forward, fair and comely, but the celestial watcher sees not in that sparkling eye and ruddy cheek the beauty for which he is looking. A man of renown comes up, heralded by fame and preceded by the clamour of mankind; but the angel saith, "Such applause may please the sons of men, but thou hast no right to enter here." But free admittance is always given to those who in holiness are like unto their Lord. Poor they may have been, illiterate they may have been; but the angel, as he looks on them, smiles a welcome as he says, "It is Christ again; transcript of Jesus, come in: eternal glory you shall win. You shall sit in heaven with Christ, for you are like Him."

When does the believer enter into his inheritance? Some say immediately after death; others not till after the resurrection. If the latter be correct, what becomes of him? We know that the body dies, and that the spirit is not annihilated. Then where is he? I only read of two states—time and eternity. Dr. Watts says that such is the separate and distinct existence between the body and the spirit, that it is possible for the spirit, by the miraculous interference of God, to act in a state of separation, without the death of the body, as in the case of Paul, when he was caught up into the third heavens. The life of the body depends upon breath and air, and the regular temper and motions of the solids and fluids of which it is composed. We should also remember that animals of

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every kind, and even the minute insects which move in millions around us, have all life, but no high conscious existence as man; and why not the human body have the same kind of animal life, quite distinct from the conscious spirit? Besides, if this conscious spirit gives life to the body, medicines and physicians, whose power only rectifies the disordered solids and fluids of the body, would not be so necessary to preserve its life. Be assured of this, if you are faithful unto death, that where Christ is there will you be also. At last—

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay,  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch or palm I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it, if my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place:

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansion  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

XIX.

THE HARBOUR.

“So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.—*Ps. cvii. 30.*”

AS we look around, we see many Christian mariners who shipped for Heaven in their youth, and whose heads have turned grey in the King's service. They are beating about outside the harbour, till the command is given to—*run in*. They at times feel the balmy breeze from the shore and hear celestial melodies floating in the air, which tell them that the land is very near. When Columbus and his brave crew sighted the American shore, they were so overpowered with gratitude and joy, that when they landed they all knelt down and kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see; and the Rev. Robert Newton, when entering the harbour of eternal peace, said, “Farewell, sin and death; praise the Lord, I am going to glory.” Equally eloquent are the words of the venerable Augustine, ‘O happy souls who are delivered from the perils of the sea and have got safe to shore.’ When Vara, the converted South Sea Islander, was in the straits of death, he was asked by the missionary if he was afraid. With surprising energy he replied, “No, no; the canoe is on the sea, the sails are spread, she is ready for the gale. I have a good Pilot to guide me and a good haven to receive me.” Thank

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God, beyond this rough and stormy ocean, there is a haven prepared to receive us. Yes, whispering voices tell us of the rest which remains for the people of God. Many voyagers are already at anchor in the Harbour of Legality and Morality, and some others are lying at ease on the coast of Carnal Reason; but none of these harbours can afford protection against the last storm which will sweep sea and land. Only the Haven which Christ has provided can give you the protection needed. It is said that whole regiments of British soldiers wept, as they were entrenched before Sebastopol, when the strains of "Home, sweet home" broke the midnight silence. This was no cowardice; manlier tears than those never bedimmed the eyes of Englishmen. Hearts that knew no fear, brave spirits that did not quail before the horrors of Inkerman, that hailed death in the murderous charge of Balaklava, were touched and melted as they heard the old English air, which reminded them of scenes far away over the deep blue sea. Think it not weakness, then, if, when the strains of holier music fall upon the Christian's ear, you hear him singing:

" Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still longs for thee."

Do not blame him, if he at times turns his gaze towards "the fulness of joy" which awaits him at God's right hand. Though tossed and driven about with cross seas and contrary winds, his song in the night shall be:

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“ Therefore, I'll murmur not,  
                   Heaven is my home ;  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
                   Heaven is my home.  
 For I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand ;  
 Heaven is my fatherland,  
                   Heaven is my home.”

“ He bringeth them unto their desired haven.” This can be said of no earthly pilot. The tempest may beat him back to sea, and his vessel may go down in sight of the harbour. However dark the night and wild the storm may be, they cannot prevent the Heavenly Pilot taking His vessel safely into port, for He holdeth the winds and the waves in the hollow of His hand.

Fellow voyagers, if you accept Christ as your Pilot, there need be no fear as to your safety ; and O ! how much do you need such a guiding power. “ Beyond the dim horizon of to-day, you see not what is before. Clouds, black and ominous, seem to indicate approaching storms, and something tells you that reefs and shoals may not be far away. The shriek of the sea bird and the sough of the rising night wind, send a chill to your heart, as you think and wonder what may await you. You cannot see beyond the sea line, which limits your vision ! Alike to the sage and the child, what to-morrow may bring forth is equally uncertain. You are sailing to-day on waters that keel has never furrowed. You need a pilot ; one who knows that unknown course—who has sailed that unsailed sea—who has entered that strange dar-

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strait; and the pilot you need is Jesus. No man—no body of men—no sect—no church can bring you into harbour, only He who has entered ‘within the veil.’ We want you to accept Him as your guide—to be guided by His counsel. When passing through intricate channels, the sailor leaves his ship entirely with the pilot. Whether or when to starboard or port his helm, he knows not; but he watches the pilot’s hand and steers according to his directions. The pilot’s signal is obeyed implicitly and immediately. The Christian should trust in the Lord. In all his ways he should acknowledge Him and He will direct his paths. Job says, “He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.” He may sometimes be in the hinder part of the ship, apparently asleep. He may allow the ship to be frightfully tossed and the crew to be greatly alarmed, but he sleeps not. ‘He that keepeth Israel never slumbers nor sleeps.’ He knows how much His children can bear. Nothing can keep the Christian mariner out of the Heavenly Port. The Pilot knows the way; He cannot make a mistake, and no possible contingency can baffle Him or His purpose.” He bringeth them unto their desired haven.

He brings them in triumphantly—administers unto them an abundant entrance. They enter, “all standing,” as William Dawson puts it. It is a beautiful sight to see a vessel entering the harbour with every inch of canvas crowded on. Faintly does such a scene prefigure the Christian running into the port of glory.

On either side loom the hills of glory. At the head of the harbour stands the celestial city, with its many mansions—shining parapets—jasper walls, and gates of pearl. As the vessel nears the pier, birds of jewelled plumage alight upon the spars, and music like that of harpers harping on their harps floats around; and, as he drops his anchor, acclamations of welcome are heard from the happy millions who crowd the shore. “These are they who came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” One of them had a large family and a splendid fortune; but the same black day saw that fortune fly away and the grave close upon seven sons and daughters. Another was a king and his heir-apparent was his pride and joy, a youth whose beauty was a proverb through all the realm; so noble, so handsome that his glance was fascination, and the people followed his chariot with delirious plaudits; but while the doting father with swelling emotion admires his gallant successor, the selfish youth grasped at his father’s crown, and the old monarch fled with a bursting heart, to return with a broken one, for his misguided son was slain. Another filled a dignified position in a heathen land, but fidelity to his God brought him into jeopardy, till, reft of his title and torn from his home, he was flung food for lions into their howling den. Another was an evangelist who went about doing good, till the hand of tyranny banished him to an ocean rock and there left him to chant the name of Jesus to howl-

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ing winds and booming waves; and others, who had to pass through similar vicissitudes, are resting peacefully, free from every anxious thought and care. It is a haven that knows no change; its pleasures are perpetual. Here the race of earthly glory is soon run—riches flee away—thrones and sceptres are but the tottering emblems of power—empires pass away, but the happiness of the glorified is eternal.

No more hazards, likened to perils on the sea. Many a noble ship has foundered at the entrance of the harbour, when all danger was thought to be past. They strike, and while they triumph they expire. But once these conflicts survived, and the last billow past, all fear may be given to the wind. "Oh! thou tossed with tempest and not yet comforted; thou who art driven by adverse winds from thy course, and disappointed in thy hope, when it was fondly thought thy troubles were all over; wait a little, and thou shalt escape the blast of the tempest, and enter the harbour where there shall be no more privations and trials—no more nights of weary watching and deep agony—no more startling intelligence of the loss of those we love."

It was on the sea-shore that Paul knelt down and prayed, and wept at leaving those whom strong affection and a kindred faith had so mutually endeared. Though we may never have parted with friends in like circumstances, yet we have experienced many sad partings, the like of which we pray our eyes may never witness, and our hearts never again feel. "Since the

beginning of the world what vast multitudes have been deposited in the seaman's churchyard. Though no tolling bell has called together sympathizing friends; though no green sod has opened to receive them, and no quiet grave invited them to rest beneath its shadows; yet they have had their funeral services; the winds have sung their requiem, the waves have furnished a winding-sheet, coral monuments mark their resting-places, generation after generation has sunk in the dark waters, and now await the summons of the last trumpet-peal. Multitudes will follow them, and go down to sleep beside them; but there is a home far above ocean tempests, a home where the death-chill from cold waters will never be experienced. 'And I saw them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand 'on the sea of glass, having the harps of God, and they sang the song of Moses and the Lamb.'

The tides of time sweep us out to open sea. We may not cross each other's path, as we stand off and on; we may or may not come within hail; but shall we not come at last to anchor in the harbour? The harbour! I seem to see it sometimes, when the night wind is high, and hurrying clouds scud wildly across the heavens, or sullen clouds hang dense and drear, and there is no light of the sun, or the moon, or of any star. Then from its lighthouse streams the clear signal-light, and we know we near it safely. I see it again, when, as in the glory of our rich autumn, the

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sun sweeps westerly in mantle of crimson and gold. It is no storm-scene now ; it was stormy, but the tempest passed with a rainbow hanging upon its sable skirts, and now the ships are coming in, not battered with rent canvas and broken cordage, but with sails full bent, and the cross-blazoned colors flying, with decks crowded with happy voyagers, who shout the voyage ended ! See ! they look landward ; they are watching for familiar faces among those who crowd the wharves. Do they not see them ? Who are they that shout glad welcomes from the ever-green shore ? Are those strangers that wear palm and laurel ? Are those eyes of tender flame such as we have looked upon never ? Oh ! land of the pure and the holy ; country where graves are never made ! Oh, mountains of beatitude ! Oh, city which hath foundation ! Oh, throne of God and the Lamb, bright with excessive light ! There, there, after the battle, after the mortal affliction, after the sore conflict with the King of Terrors ; there, where near the Redeemer, gather the rapt forefliers from our homes and altars ; there, at the portals of our Father's house, we name our trysting place, and there appoint our greeting. Until then, hail and farewell !

The eloquent Melville says, "There are ships that never founder in life's battles, or go down in life's tempests ; which will be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sky ; and which, when the fury is past, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, shall be found on tranquil

and crystal waters, resting beautifully on their shadows. These are they who have trusted in Jesus; these are they who have been anchored upon Christ."

"We come! for hark! we hear the seraph lay;  
 We come Thy Son to kiss, His grace to pay;  
 No more to roam.  
 We give ourselves to God, to earth our clay,  
 Herald of bliss! we come with Thee away;  
 Lead, lead us home."

Yes, guide us, O Father, to that harbour that knows no agitation; where there will be no shadows to darken, no tempests to discompose; for in these days of our youth the clouds return not after the former rain. There no sighs are heard, no tears are shed; but the tossed and wearied enjoy eternal quietude.

*It is a haven prepared for a prepared people.*— Nothing that defileth shall enter therein. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord, or enjoy the rest which He hath prepared. Yet how many there are who are living without any preparation for it. Need I remind you that you are "drawing near to some country." The feelings of mortality tell you that the end is not far distant." The sailor knows when he is nearing land, by *soundings*. Cannot you see how shallow the water is becoming? Look at those around you who were boys and girls with you. How aged they look! What havoc time has wrought with them! How care-wrinkled their brows, how streaked with silver their once raven locks, and how often you think that *So-and-so* is getting old. Do you not see in this

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that you are nearing the shallows? In that mirror do you not see yourself? Time has not spared you; its pencil has lined your face; its rough hand has wiped away the dew of your youth, and with the rest you too have aged. *Take soundings.* Be honest with your own souls, and try the water's depth! You may die at twenty, thirty, or forty years of age; but at whatever age the call may come, you are nearing the shore and you ought to be prepared for landing.

*Consider yourself.*—Is it not true that each year as it comes, finds you weaker than did its predecessor, and leaves you weaker still? We hear people say, "The winters—they try me more than they did." What does *that* mean? Mean! It means that the waters are becoming shallow. The physicians and the dentists have done their best, but still the 'keepers in the house tremble'—the sound of the grinding is getting low—those who look out of the windows are being darkened, and the daughters of music are ceasing their song. The land cannot be far away! Every grey hair is a weed, which, drifting upon the waters, tells that the land is near. The vessel is fast driving on; soon the keel of the frail craft will grate the mysterious shore. Out there yesterday you sounded and it was twenty fathoms—none too much water then—you sound to-day, and you find fifteen fathoms—time, surely now, to think; to-morrow you may sound again, and ten fathoms will be the result; and to-day it will be five. And what then? Are you ready to step out of the vessel and to stand upon the shore of

eternity? *Why will ye die?* A midnight hour may come, when all soundings will be too late. You cannot play fast and loose with God; He will not be mocked. Depend upon it, if you do not repent, you will hear the shout in the darkness of midnight, "Breakers ahead!" and the surges thundering upon the eternal shore—mingled with the shrieks of the perishing, and voices crying out, "Here the worm dieth not"—"The harvest is past"—"Hast thou become one of us?" O, may you call to your assistance the Heavenly Pilot, before you know by experience what it is to be lost forever!

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