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# WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

OF CANADA.

OCTOBER, 1862.

## WORLDLY WISDOM.

BY DR. COONEY.

I am neither a daugerrotypist, nor a portrait painter; and photography, though simplified by chemical operations, is to me almost as sound as "*Newton's Principia*." Indeed I know scarcely anything at all about the theory of colors; but still, using language as the font, and expression as the delineator, I shall attempt to draw a mere sketch of a very elegant and notorious person. Like all of his class he has many names; but is not enough for him, and hence rejoices in several *aliases*. He is called PHILOSOPHY—VAIN DECEIT—WORLDLY WISDOM, &c., and is withal so vain, that he sets himself up against the wisdom of God—ridicules the Christian gospel, and declares that it is a most foolish and absurd system, repugnant to reason and common sense. This opinion, it grieves us much, he pronounces not in modest or amiable manner, but "EX CATHEDRA" and in a dogmatic way, and looking as wise as if he understood all sciences and all knowledge.

His friend is rather a heterogeneous kind of person: a mixture of the skeptic, the rationalist, and the voluptuary, all simmered together in the alembic of self-conceit. He is in short a very pompous and very egotistical; and is greatly admired by such discerning persons as Young America, Young Canada, *et sui generis*; and as he looks at these fledglings, his very looks seem to exclaim,

"I am monarch of all I survey,"  
The Fish, the Fowl, and the Brute;  
From the centre all round to the sea,  
There is none my right to dispute."

WORLDLY WISDOM is neither a profound thinker, nor a close reasoner; but a great talker. He is as voluble as Gratiano of Venice, and as blustering with his tongue as the renowned Bobedil was with his sword. He knows a great deal about cause and effect—about general developments—

æsthetics—the march of intellect—the phenomena of science and innate ideas; but he thinks very little of the Bible—or of the teachings of the Holy Spirit; and is generally to be found either “standing in the way of sinners, or sitting in the seat of the scornful.”

Speak to this extraordinary person about christian missions—or on any subject connected with religion, and he will laugh at you as a fanatic, and denounce you as a hypocrite. He declares that Christianity and all its appurtenances are founded upon Priestcraft, and that the administration thereof is only a *DECENT BURLETTA*.

He can see no beauty in holiness—no excellency in the knowledge of Christ; and as for the mysteries of *BETHLEHEM* and *CALVARY*, and such episodes, the angels may desire to look into them; but he cannot perceive anything in them, worthy of either investigation or contemplation.

This is genius without Christianity—this is philosophy without Christ—this is reason inflated with pride—this is “*WORLDLY WISDOM*” intoxicated with arrogance—bewildered by the fumes of its own presumption and impiously protesting against Jesus Christ, his Gospel, his miracles, and his mission.

The Epicureans acknowledged no God—The Stoics and Peripatetics held much the same view. The disciples of Zeno; the scholars of the Portico—the academicians or Platonists, were all alike destitute of the wisdom that cometh down from above; and to be persuaded of this—to be convinced that “the world by wisdom knew not God,” we have only to consult the works of Plato, of Aristotle, of Juvenal, of Pericles, Ovid, and others. And the evidences which a perusal of these erudite productions will supply, will be at once corroborated and increased by examining “*CICERO, DE NATURA DEORUM*”—and “*LUCRETIVS DE NATURA RERUM*.”

These are the creations of genius—the fruits of high mental cultivation—the acquisitions of profound research—rays emanating from the sun of Philosophy—streams issuing from the fountains of “*WORLDLY WISDOM*.” The above works, and others of the same class, and of similar import, are replete with all the ornaments of Rhetoric and Elocution; and fraught with all the graces and beauties of the Latin and Greek languages. They are still standards of classic taste and elegance; and the best models of pure style and chaste composition. But touching the immortality of the soul—the resurrection of the body—the final destiny of man—being and attributes of God—and all the great truths of revealed religion, they are dark and dreary—without one ray of light to guide us—without one word either to comfort or instruct us—or a single landmark to assist us in our explorations, or to shew us the way that leads to happiness.

"WORLDLY WISDOM" is a very high sounding and magniloquent term; but not any more so than is necessary to set forth and maintain the extravagant pretensions of the person it designates, and the principles it embodies. Nothing can exceed his presumption except his incapacity, and the only parallel to his vanity is his moral obliquity. He has eyes, but he cannot see—ears, but he cannot hear. The light that is in him is darkness; his wisdom cometh from beneath: and his heart is waxed gross.

But perhaps, under this personal aspect, enough has been said relating to this principle. The character of its operation—the nature of its tendencies, and the baneful influence it has exercised over polished communities, and enlightened nations, may be seen in its effects upon both Jews and Gentiles—upon the heathen in Rome, and upon the Hebrew in Jerusalem—upon the Greek in Athens, and upon the dissenter in Samaria. Well attested truths were discredited—tradition was preferred above authenticated history. The Jews rejected the evidence of miracles and required a sign—and the Greeks sought in the teachings of the Gospel for the wisdom they found in the writings of their own philosophers and sages.

A crucified Messiah, and that Messiah, JESUS of NAZARETH, too, was indeed a stumbling block to the Jews. The poverty of Christ: the social position of his relatives and followers clashed with their notions of *caste* and pedigree. And the doctrine of salvation by faith, apart from all ritual observance, invaded the precincts of their self-esteem, and the maxims of their "WORLDLY WISDOM." To the Greeks it was foolishness, the height of foolishness, to worship a malefactor, and to deify a man that was hanged on a tree. They contrasted him with JOVE and MARS—with PLUTUS and NEPTUNE—with MERCURY and APOLLOS; and while they indulged in these comparisons, they extended them from the gods themselves, to their principles, and to the manner in which their gods were worshipped. They sought of the gorgeous temples of BELUS, of JANUS, of DIANA, of JUPITER, of VENUS, &c. They thought of their magnificent priesthood—their splendid offices—their costly sacrifices—their enrapturing music, and their brilliant lights. These external glories enamoured them—they became absorbed in the splendour of their own reflections, and the simplicity of the gospel, and the lowly condition of its propagandists made it foolishness unto them. The Jews required a sign, and the Greeks sought after wisdom; but we speak of the wisdom of God in a mystery—the wisdom that was hid for ages—the wisdom "which none of the Princes of this world knew"—and which the natural mind never did, and never will receive.

To save the world from the effects of following the dictates of the wisdom we are reprehending, divine wisdom suggested a plan, love provided the means for its execution; and in the gospel we behold an exposition of the scheme, and a practical administration of it, "*When that in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.*"

A general that would reject the counsels of competent advisers, prefer his own judgment to theirs, and by his obstinacy and pride lead his army to defeat and disgrace, would never be trusted again. An experimentalist who had long and loudly boasted of his theories, and in the day of trial failed to sustain his pretensions, would be ridiculed and denounced. A political reformer who was always promising great things, and never performing any of them, would eventually exhaust public patience, and forfeit the confidence of his party. And as "WORLDLY WISDOM," Science falsely so called, and vain philosophy, wherever they set up their own dim and flickering light, instead of the bright and glorious ORB of revelation lead their followers and dupes into perplexity, darkness, and even perdition we should avoid THEM, turn away from them; and if this should offend or provoke them, be it so, we must obey God rather than man; and we must say to them, looking straight into their face while we say it,—"*When you knew God, you glorified him not as God; you became vain in your imaginations, and your foolish hearts were darkened; professing to be wise, you became fools.*" Yes, the light that is in you is darkness—you have not the knowledge of God—you are constantly darkening counsel by words without knowledge—you are bewildering the minds—warping the judgment—corrupting the affections—hardening the hearts—and damning the souls of men. We say this, not to irritate you; but that you may be reprov'd; not to wound your pride, but to alarm your conscience. We revile you not; and we leave all judgment to Him who judgeth righteously and by His help, we will hold on our way, walking in the light as He is the light, taking the Holy Spirit for our guide, and THE BIBLE for our chart.

"Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,"

Be thou forever near;

Teach me to love thy sacred word,

And view thy wisdom there."

## AN UNNECESSARY ALARM.

To express dissent from a popular sentiment, or to raise a question, and discuss even in the most moderate tone, the tendency and effects of practices that have become prevalent, is by no means an inviting task. The interests of truth and righteousness may be deeply involved; the efficiency of the Church for the accomplishment of its mission of grace to a perishing world, may be seriously affected, and though the object sought may be to promote the spread of truth, and increase the power of the Church, yet the sensibilities of popular feeling may become so excited as to render reason powerless, and prevent the good which the sober and earnest discussion of truth always secures. Illustrations of the effect produced by dissent from established customs, abound in the history of every age. When Paul and his companions preached the gospel at Athens, the whole city became a scene of uproarous excitement. "And when the town clerk had appeased the people," he said, "Ye men of Athens, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Athenians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image which fell down from Jupiter? Seeing then that these things cannot be taken against, ye ought to be quiet, and to do nothing rashly." When Luther obtained divine light to discern the pernicious errors of Popery, and began to proclaim the doctrine of justification by faith, his innovation upon the established order, and cherished dogmas of Rome, roused to fury the defenders of the Pope's spiritual monopoly.

The history of Methodism itself is a most significant illustration of the reward those must expect who set themselves in opposition to popular sentiment: though it be for the laudable purpose of applying a necessary and beneficial correction. Mr. Wesley found a nation asleep in sin and carnality, under the operation of the well ordered religious services of a church establishment; but who does not know something of the odium incurred, and the violent opposition with which he and his fellow workers were assailed, when he disturbed the established order, by teaching doctrines, and setting in operation an agency and system of means which, under God, have been signally instrumental in the revival and spread of evangelical piety. And wherever Methodism has exercised its mission it has been an innovation upon established forms of religion, and more or less modified their character; and it has paid the penalty generally awarded to "disturbers of the peace." We need not go beyond our own country and Church, for a recent illustration of the consequence of refusing to join with the multitude in crying, "Lo Christ is here, or, lo he is there." We now refer to the foreign agencies which of late years have been called to our aid, in promoting revival schemes and enterprises.

We confess to have been one amongst others, who from the beginning of the movement, doubted whether such novel means, and what was thought were modifications of good old Wesleyan theology, were after all any improvement upon our former theory and practice, and for daring to offend popular feeling by the expression of an opinion, that the old was better, we had well nigh suffered a bell, book, and candle excommunication from the pale of a revival christianity. The course of events has now produced the conviction that the apprehensions then felt and expressed were either unfounded, or deserving of the censure of heterodoxy, much less the grave suspicion of an anti-revival state of grace.

We do not disguise the fact, that this article has reference to a subject discussed in three preceding numbers of this journal, and which we cannot but think, has raised an unnecessary alarm, that displays a sensitiveness not the most favourable to compliance with the apostolic injunction, "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." We think the design of the writer has been misunderstood, and some of the strongest expressions which it seemed to him, at least, the nature of the subject required, have not been construed in that charitable sense, to which even the overdrawn representations of an honest and earnest advocate of truth are entitled. While we firmly maintain all the essentials of Wesleyan theology, with its scriptural polity, we repudiate that despotism which would prevent a discussion upon modes of operation not constitutionally imposed, and by which the Methodist system seeks to promote its evangelical results. Such a sensitiveness to the touch-me-not sanctity of the accidentals of evangelical enterprise is neither Methodist nor scriptural.

Now, we hold that the form of christianity called Methodism, is essentially a revival agency, and whatever be the means employed for carrying out its evangelical mission, the edification of believers, and the conversion of sinners should be the objects sought, and he is a mistaken friend who objects to a discussion intended to render its agencies successful in securing the highest possible results. That such results are produced under the operation of the means now employed, in any thing like adequate proportion, no one will pretend to affirm or maintain. Is it wisdom then to inquire, "is there not a cause," and even if the inquiry should develop the inefficiency of what some may have regarded as an all-essential agency, is it prudent to raise the hue and cry of heterodoxy though some vital truth of christianity had been assailed? Any practice that will not endure the ordeal of the most searching investigation, and abide the application of the scriptural test of its fruits, cannot be so imposed as an article of our christian faith, and is not in accordance with the genius of Wesleyan theology.

We shall not attempt here to decide whether or not that form of revival efforts known by the name of "Protracted Meetings," is the most effective agency for the conversion of sinners; but with this in full operation, and with all the advantages claimed for it by its most zealous advocates, what are its results, with all the other means employed for promoting the ends of our church organization? Will any person affirm that the result of all combined, is satisfactory? Why then this sensitiveness, when the idea is suggested, not by an enemy, but by a true and faithful friend, whether it is not possible that an undue importance attached to an occasional agency, has not destroyed the faith of the Church in the presence and power of the Spirit, in rendering all the means of grace a perpetual revival agency? securing the success of apostolic times, when "the Lord added to the church daily a multitude of the saved." Let us look at the facts whatever may be our cherished preferences in regard to certain theories and modes of operation. We take for illustration the following review of the Wesleyan Church in the British Isles, and the spirit of this extract will show that it has been written by a friendly hand:—

"Let us look at last year's operations. We had about 1,200 ministers actively engaged in the British Isles, each of whom would preach on the average 150 sermons, or even more, during the year; there were about 7,000 or 8,000 local preachers, whose number of sermons would probably average fifty each; we have over a half a million of Sunday-school scholars, from whose ranks the Church's membership should be swelled; we had a very multitude of class-leaders and tract-distributors; and all these, besides the 300,000 Church members, every one of whom ought to be a worker—and what was the result of last year's labours? A net increase of FIVE THOUSAND! As we think of the apparently enormous capacities of even our own Church, and of the comparatively insignificant results of its operations, we are almost led to consider the conversion of the world through the instrumentality of the Church as an impossible achievement. 5,000 additional members in one whole year! Why five times the number ought to have been added from our senior school classes alone, and probably would have been, had our teachers aimed at, and being satisfied with nothing less than, the individual conversion of their scholars. And what ought to have been the result of all the pulpit appeals on the scores of thousands, who attend our chapels, but who are not identified with us as Church members? And ought our 300,000 members to be doing nothing towards the conversion of the world? Going in and out as they are every day amongst the ungodly, ought not their influence to be felt by the world? Is it too much to say that there is scarcely an active

member who *might* not during the year have been the means of the conversion of at least *one* sinner? Let but our own Church AWAKE to a sense of its responsibility and duty; but let each member, each officer, each minister, feel that it is imperatively demanded of him by the Master whom he has sworn to serve, that he should take some part in the conversion of the world; and we can grasp the idea of the world's evangelization, if even Churchmen and Dissenters were wholly abandoned—as indeed they are partially—to fighting each other instead of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Readers! pray and work for a mighty revival; not a repetition of the great Ulster awakening—we cannot pray for that, in the face of the terrible reaction which our own church in Ireland has experienced—but a revival of individual life in those who profess themselves Christians. When each individual church member shall become sublimed from a passive to an *active* Christian, the churches themselves will give birth to every variety of movement for reaching and winning the great masses of our home as well as of the world's heathen.”

The result here presented is the more remarkable on account of two considerations. The first is, that the report of the previous year gave upwards of twenty thousand on trial, and yet, with all the efforts of the last year, only three-fourths of the number reported on trial are given as the increase of membership for the following year. An article or two on “backsliders” would not be an inappropriate subject for the *English Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. How fearfully great is the proportion of those who cease to run well, when out of twenty thousand, only five thousand are found at the end of the year, and of this number part are the fruits of that year itself! Well may it be asked, “Were there not ten cleansed but where are the nine;” and *why* are they not found at the end of the year giving glory to God for their continued salvation? The other consideration that renders the report given in the above review the more remarkable, is, that during the past year, two special revival agents have been labouring in Britain, and with extraordinary success! Thousands and tens of thousands have been reported as converted, or sanctified, or both, through their instrumentality. And yet with all the other agencies employed as above represented, an increase of five thousand is the result! The British Conference in its last Address to the societies, makes special reference to this subject, and says, “It has occupied much of our own attention, and has caused great searching of heart. We do not undervalue the measure of numerical increase, reported year by year, but we earnestly feel that it is not adequate to the means employed. There is not a due proportion between the net additions, and the numbers previously reported on trial. We forget not the thousands who are yearly removed by death

the church triumphant, nor the numerous emigrations to countries which our church organizations do not extend. But these considerations are not sufficient to explain the discrepancy. That column of our quarterly schedules which is appropriated to backsliders is always distressed because of its numbers."

If we examine our own church records, the reports, it is true, are somewhat more favourable. Upwards of five thousand are returned as on trial in 1861, and yet, with the accessions of the year, an increase of only 2,060 reported in 1862. And though thousands have been reported as added to the Church during the year, yet the whole result, in regard to the increase of members, is as above stated. We are thankful for even that number, but we seriously and earnestly ask, is the result satisfactory, or what it might be if all the means of grace were used with a direct reference, at all times, to the conversion of sinners, instead of trusting to stated seasons occasionally occurring, and a particular mode of operation for the accomplishment of the work which should, and might be the ever present object of all the agencies which the Church employs? With the admitted inadequate fruits of past labours, is it wise to attempt to suppress inquiry into the cause of our limited success, and for the purpose of showing a more excellent way." And is it surprising that ministers should think and speak on this subject when the interests of their own calling are so deeply involved?

But it is said, "if you take away protracted meetings, give us something better in their place." Well, surely daily additions to the Church would be something better than accessions once in the year, or perhaps, two or three years. Surely faith in the presence and power of the Holy Spirit to make the word preached effectual at all times, to the conversion of sinners, would be better than waiting for some future season and a particular form of effort, for the display of saving power, and expecting the work of saving grace to be accomplished at no other times, and by no other means. And then, when "times of refreshing come," let all proper means be employed to gather in the gracious fruits and keep them to life eternal.

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## THOUGHTS ON THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

The book of Providence, even as that of the Holy Scriptures, is regarded as an exponent of the divine will to man; and therefore should be read with earnest and deferential attention. The providences of the past, as gathered up in the histories of nations, are justly prized as means of important information. Nor can any person be properly fitted for the events and duties of life, who has not acquired knowledge from those sources.

The movements of the present time are supplying material for history in any respect less interesting than that of the past—of which the civil war, now raging among our Southern kinsfolk, is sure to hold a prominent position.

Nor is it necessary to wait until the historian has made his use of the incidents of this sanguinary strife, ere we attempt to profit by its lessons. The record fresh from the first impression is daily placed before us, and if we have not the historian's inductions to aid us in our use of them, we nevertheless have a large and more varied field of incident and illustration from whence to draw: and our own fault it must be, if we fail to derive such advantages from the whole as may be important for our mental and moral improvement.

For now considerably over a year a fierce and deadly strife has been waged by States that once formed the great nation of the United States of America. In this war many thousand lives have been lost, vast treasures have been expended, an almost inconceivable amount of property destroyed; while homes have been desolated, and demoralizing influences generated which appal the mind in its effort at computation. But above all, a voice from the upper sanctuary strikes upon the ear, and the utterance is—“Shall there be evil in a city and the Lord hath not done it?” Judgments are of the Lord, and while they fall around or before us, our duty is to read and mark them. What then, it may be inquired, is the meaning of those falling so thickly and fearfully upon our neighbours?

The voices of many proclaim a concurrent judgment in ascribing a great part, if not the whole reason of the present visitation to *Slavery*. It would be an inapt student of the divine mind and purposes who would hesitate to concur in saying that Slavery is a moving cause in the scene. And the more so as considering that while the great end of God's government of our world is *the moral and spiritual elevation of our race*, slavery in its influence both upon the slave and the slave-owner, is antagonistic to this order. But if God has shown by overwhelming evidence that His means should be wanting to effect this His object, it were absurd to suppose that He would very long tolerate the existence of an obstacle that materially obstructed His operations to this end. Now we assume, we will not insult Canadians by supplying its proof, that slavery is an obstruction,—an unbending and ever operating obstruction—and therefore the people who have held and worked it for many years, without any apparent purpose to discontinue it, are now righteously visited in judgment by Him whom it insults and opposes.

An objector may say, “but it is the Southern States which have held the slaves: the Northern States have long since ceased to do so, while

Western States have never been tainted by such a crime, how then can such a position as that you have stated be sustained?" The answer to this is easily supplied. The Northern States abandoned slavery in the course of making it illegal to hold them within their limits; but what became of the slaves they held when this change in their constitution was made? Were they liberated? Were they not rather taken further South and there disposed of to those who would continue to hold them as chattels? The measure was lame and imperfect, as it affected the condition of the down-trodden African. Then, again, how can the non-slave-holding States, the Northern especially, plead exemption from the cause of slavery when in the absence of any measure from them, calculated to promote the emancipation of the down-trodden African, they have furnished the vessels to supply slaves to the Southern people from Africa, and provided both Law and Agencies to restore to slavery any poor refugee who had fled to them from the yoke of his oppressor. If it may be surely averred that God holds men responsible for the evils which exist, which the legitimate application of proper means would have removed, so then are the non-slave-holding States of the American Union responsible for the slavery of the South, with all its abominations, because they have never employed means, in any measure commensurate with their ability and the necessities of the case, for its removal; but rather in many instances have been consenting—yea, co-operating parties, to its extension and permanency. The avowal, although in many instances made with much warmth and earnestness, that the present war is waged by the North against slavery, cannot be received: for evident it is to every unbiassed mind that has marked the movements of the leading parties of the Government and the Congress, that to save the Union, as the phrase is, the most full and perfect guarantees would at once be given to the South for the protection of their slave-holding institution, would they but return again to their allegiance to Washington.

But while we regard slavery, and the conduct of all parts of the Union towards it, as the moving cause of the judgments which now overwhelm their land, we are far from regarding it as the only cause. There are others, which if not equally potent, yet of a potency not to be passed over in an estimate of causes working as a whole so disastrously. May not *National vanity* be classed with the former? We think so. The American character has partaken largely of this element. We have but slightly to change the words of Nebuchadnezzar, and putting the American people in his place as a speaker, we have the representation sufficiently full for our object. "Is not this great Union that we have built by the might of our power, and for the hon-

our of our name?" No pompous swell of self-sufficiency which may be supposed to have moved the heart of the proud monarch of Babylon, but what has had its counterpart in the vain boasting of the American. He has gloated over the proportions, growth and magnificence of his country until he is infatuated with the charm, and in the intemperance of his pride has strutted and boasted as if now he were or soon would be, the holder of the weal or the woe of the world. Nations, having more sense and dignity, have treated these vapourings at their proper value, but God who is especially insulted by such folly and wickedness has in this instance, as in that of Nebuchadnezzar, risen in judgment, and brought down those who but a few days ago spoke from the clouds, now to mutter from the dust.

God's method of doing this is not the least noticeable circumstance in the drama. Of their prowess by sea or by land, they never affected to doubt. A world might rise in arms against them, but only to prove how competent they were to deal with it in whatever element, it might choose for the contest, or by whatever means it might attempt to urge it. Of their conflicts with England they had talked and written in their own way, until they had evidently made themselves believe that every battle was a victory on their side, and every strategy a result in their favour. But how remarkably has God rebuked this vanity and pride. Were ever defeat, disaster and humiliation, more signally visited upon the army and navy of any power than upon theirs in this very conflict? They have not a general to whom they can look with any confidence, nor an army on whom to rely in any conflict. Their navy has accomplished nothing comparatively beyond saving their army in several instances from defeat if not destruction. And after expending hundreds of millions of dollars, sacrificing hundreds of thousands of lives, and passed months in preparation and actual conflict, they are now further from their [professed] object than ever, and all but sinking from exhaustion. Surely pride and vanity are dangerous and destructive sins as seen in the light of American history.

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### FIRST PRINCIPLES.

St. Paul lamented that some of his converts could never get beyond "the first principles of the doctrine of Christ." It would be a matter of sincere rejoicing to many if some professing Christians, in the present day, could only get that far. There would then be some hope of their "going on to perfection," a thing which is simply impossible, until they make

nothing like a fair start. Leaving this, however, completely out of the question, as a consummation to be desired indeed, but from its extreme remoteness hardly to be speculated upon,—we repeat, that a knowledge and a hearty and sincere acceptance of “first principles,” upon the part of many who profess a great deal more, would be a blessing to the community, and would afford a vast increase of strength to the Church of Christ.

What are the first principles of Christ's doctrine. The first principle that we find to be “repentance from dead works.” The object of the Gospel, then, is to reconcile us to God by leading us, from a sentiment of awe to him, to forsake our sins. The Gospel is a scheme for promoting the moral purity of mankind, for restoring us to that divine likeness in which we were first created, and making us “meet to be partakers with the saints in light.” Yet how sadly are the two ideas of religion and moral reformation dissevered. Our remark, of course, has only a partial application; but, even so, we desire to press it upon all readers of these pages. We do not pretend that, by any public or private teaching in our societies, the moral duties of Christianity are set aside, as not absolutely necessary to a profession of religion. This can never be the case so long as the Bible is held in any kind of honor. What we do maintain, however, is that a great deal of the spiritual teaching administered in our Church fails entirely in enforcing the requirements of the gospel in respect of moral duty. Our congregations are not always made to feel that when the preacher is setting forth the claims of the gospel, he has a really practical end in view; and that the godliness he is commending is, in reality, something profitable for “the life that now is,” as well as for “that which is to come.” We hear a great deal no doubt about “growing in grace,” but in how many minds, let me ask, is the idea of “growing in grace” associated, as it should be constantly, with an increase of those virtues which chiefly tell upon society. Is it not rather confined to the cultivation of certain sentiments, the peculiar nature of which prevents their being communicated to the unthinking world. All men can understand honesty, sincerity and benevolence. The charity which St. Paul describes is a virtue the influence of which men have to feel, whether they will or not. A fine sense of honour and an open candid disposition command respect from the most careless; but the religious fervours which pass for so much in our societies, neither warm others into sympathy, nor afford any satisfactory proof to the world of the reality of religion. The world, indeed, cannot judge at all of mere religious sentiment: it has nothing wherewith to measure its depth or test its character; so that, unless it stand connected with the practical observance of those duties which

Christianity enjoins, it will likely pass for little better than hollow pretence.

Why is the gospel so often preached without effect? Simply because its practical bearing upon the actual interests of life is so often kept out of sight. In the enforcement of orthodox views with regard to future retribution, and a hundred other mysteries of Christian theology, the living breathing world in which we move is too often forgotten.

A knowledge of the world and of human nature is an advantage to any man: to a minister of the gospel it is the most important thing of all, next to personal piety. A minister should be constantly studying the characters of those around him, and should thoroughly understand the spirit of the age in which he lives, in order that his teachings may come home with living force to the hearts of his hearers. It is right of course to place chief dependence upon that aid which the Saviour has promised to all who speak in his name; but let it be remembered that a *sermon must first be human before it can be divine*. God works in an orderly manner, and the efforts which he blesses are those which are put forth in accordance with an enlightened and rational view of the spiritual wants of mankind.

If the gospel were always preached in this manner, religion would be a thing far better understood, and far more highly appreciated by the world than it is at present; and in the Church a man whose life exhibited little more of Christian virtues than might be observed in his neighbours, would hesitate to assert himself the possessor of extraordinary Christian graces. Many perhaps would be offended at a mode of preaching which would tear the veil from their private sins and show them the utter insufficiency of "faith without works;" but the effect upon the whole would be decidedly salutary; and many who now keep back from connection with the Church, on account of the extreme vagueness which they often see associated with religious profession, would then be encouraged to come forward and cast in their lot with the people of God.

How is it now? One professor of religion is a man of violent temper, who every now and then gives way to the most unrestrained passion; another, without being so passionate, is a perfect tyrant at home; another, in the way of business, will stoop to things which men of the world regard as mean or dishonest. Here we find a censorious, discontented and altogether unprofitable character; and there a bitter controversialist, who seems to have a natural aptitude for misrepresenting an opponent's meaning, while he shows his religion merely by not bringing forward false statements. These are things which meet everybody's eye, and we contend that, in the present day, the preaching and teaching of the gospel is not set in sufficiently direct opposition to such unchristian practices.

But we must conclude. To offer an apology for what we have written no part of our intention. As was stated before, our remarks, so far as they reflect upon an existing state of things, can only have a partial application; it is for our readers to judge how far, taking all things into consideration, we are justified in writing as we have done.

W.

## WIND THE VITAL CURRENT OF THE WORLD.

There are two properties of air which combine in producing wind—its capability of expansion by heat, and its elasticity. Air is not heated at the top by the rays of the sun; they pass through it with very little effect. But when they meet and are stopped by the earth, they heat the earth so much that the air immediately over its surface becomes much hotter than that above. Now, because hot air must expand, the heated portion rises to the top, overflowing the colder air around it; but this creates a diminished density below, and the surrounding cold air, by its own elasticity, rushes in to supply the deficiency. Thus is caused wind: an inward rush of cold air below, an outward rush of warm air above.

This may be illustrated and proved by the following simple experiment. Light a fire in one of two rooms having a door of communication between them. When the room has become warm, open the door, and hold a lighted candle in the doorway. It will be found that, on holding the candle near the floor, the flame will be strongly drawn toward the heated room by the incoming current of cold air, while near the ceiling it will be driven toward the cold room by the outgoing current of hot air. In the middle, at the point exactly between the two currents, the flame will be almost stationary.

The power of the sun to heat the earth is, of course, greater in places under its vertical than under its oblique rays. At the equator, therefore, the air is always rising from its heat; consequently, the cold air of the poles is continually rushing each way toward the equator, along the surface of the earth, while at the top of the atmosphere the hot air of the equator is constantly rushing toward the poles.

The question naturally arises here, How comes it to pass, then, that the winds in our own country and the temperate zones generally, blow often from the equator toward the poles? The reason is simple. The overflowing current of hot-air from the equator becomes cooled in travelling through space; by the time it reaches the thirtieth parallel of latitude in either hemisphere, or thereabouts, it is colder than the current rolling in the opposite direction below, the tendency of which is of course, to get warmer in its progress; accordingly, the currents change places, and that which was the upper becomes the under, with a contrary movement. About the polar circle, their relative position is again changed by like causes, and the air which was uppermost at the equator resumes its place above. Warm air from all points converges and descends upon the poles, the cold

air of which sinks and spreads in every direction, giving rise to the polar gales common in high latitudes; so that at the poles there is a constant descending current of hot air, while at the equator there is a constant ascending stream.

So far as we have gone at present, we have accounted only for winds that come from the equator and poles, that is, for north and south winds. What then, occasions easterly and westerly winds?

These arise from the influence of a totally different force, namely, the earth's rotation on its axis. The earth is constantly rolling round from west to east with great velocity. As the earth is spherical, this velocity gradually decreases from the equator, where the speed is greatest, to the poles, at which it is nothing. Now, when the cold air is driven toward the equator in the manner before explained, it receives no increase of momentum eastward, and, therefore, the nearer it gets to the equator, the more it is left behind in the west by the quicker advance eastward of the earth's surface there; hence its current becomes a north-east or south-east wind. The westerly winds are the converse of this. The hot air rolling from the equator toward the poles with a strong easterly direction, gets far in advance of the more slowly moving earth there, and blows more and more from the west.

Such is an outline of the general laws which rule the course of the wind. By their operation, a constant and wonderful circulation of currents is kept up in the atmosphere, purifying and regulating its temperature. Just as in the human body the life-blood travels through every part, giving vitality and strength to the whole, so the air, which may be truly called the vital current of the world, is in constant motion. It visits every clime, to bless mankind with health and energy, to roll the clouds of heaven, bringing the showers that raise the blossoms of spring and the fruits of autumn, and to waft from shore to shore ships laden with the riches of the earth.

These general laws are nevertheless subject to many modifying influences, such as screening clouds, and the difference of seasons, which decrease the heating power of the sun on the earth, and vary the relative warmth of the currents in different places. The unequal and irregular distribution of land and water also exerts a disturbing influence; for the surface of the earth becomes much more rapidly heated than that of the sea, and cools much more quickly. Thus the presence of large continents or oceans affects the direction of the wind.

To this last influence is due the refreshing sea-breeze, so ardently longed for by those condemned to remain in London during the dog-days. On a hot day, the air over the sea is much cooler than that on land, and so there blows a delicious breeze from sea to shore; but as land cools more quickly than water, after sunset the land-breeze blows from shore to sea. This may be easily understood and illustrated by placing a saucer of warm water, to represent land, in a dish of cold, to represent sea. The flame or smoke of a candle will be blown from every side toward the saucer by a mimic sea-breeze. If you fill the dish with warm, and the saucer with cold water, an exactly opposite effect will be produced, corresponding to the land-breeze.—*Chambers's Journal.*

## OUTSIDE OR INSIDE.

There is a tremendous difference between being inside and being outside. The distance in space may be very small, but the distance in feeling is vast. Sometimes the outside is the better place, sometimes the inside; but I have always thought that this is a case in which there is an interruption of nature's general law of gradation. Other differences are shaded into each other. Youth passes imperceptibly into age; the evening light melts gradually into darkness; and you may find some mineral projection to mark every step in the progress from lava to granite, which, (as you probably do not know) are in their elements the same thing. But it is a positive and striking fact, that you are outside or inside. There is no gradation nor shading off between the two. I am sitting here on a green knoll; the ground slopes away steeply on three sides, down to a little river. The grass is very rich and fresh, and is lighted up with innumerable buttercups and daisies. You can see that the old monks, who used to worship in that lovely Gothic chapel, brought these acres under cultivation in days when what is now the fertile country round was a desolate waste. And the warm air of one of the last days of May is stirring the thick trees around. But all this is because I am outside. There is an inside hard by where things are very different. Down below this green knoll, but on a rock high above the little river, you may see the ruins of an old feudal castle. Last night I passed over the narrow bridge that leads to the rock on which the ruins stand; and a young fellow, moderately versed in its history, showed me all that remains of the castle. You go away down, stair after stair, and reach successive ranges of chambers, all of stone, formerly guardrooms and kitchens. These chambers are sufficiently cheerful; for though on one side far underground, on the other side they are high above the glen and the river. The setting sun was streaming into their windows, and the fresh green beeches and pines looked over from the other side of the narrow gorge. But now the young fellow mentioned that the dungeons were still far beneath; and in a pitch-dark passage, he made me feel a small doorway, black as night, going down to the horrible dark recesses below, to which not a ray of light was admitted, and to which not a breath of the fragrant living air without could ever come. You could not but think what it must have been, long ago, to be dragged through those dark passages, and silently thrust through that narrow door, and down to the black abyss. You felt how thoroughly hopeless escape would be; how entirely you were at the mercy of the people who put you there. And coming up from these dungeons, climbing the successive stairs, you reached the daylight again, and descending the steep walks of the garden, you reached a place just outside the dungeons, which on this side are far above ground. There was the pleasant summer sunset; there were the milk-white hawthorns and the fragrant lilacs; there was an apple-tree, whose pink and white blossoms were gently swayed by the warm wind against the outside of the dungeon wall. And almost hidden by green leaves, you could hear a stream below, whose waters (it is to be confessed) had suffered somewhat from the presence, a few miles above, of various paper-mills. And here, I thought, were the outside and the inside; only six feet of wall between, but in all their aspect, and above all in the feeling of the crushed captive

within, a thousand miles apart. Of course, there was no captive there now; but all this scene was the same in those days when those dungeons were fully inhabited. And doubtless, many of those who were then thrust into those dismal places, liked them just as little as you and I should and were missed and needed by some outside, just as much as you or I could be.

In this case, you observe, it is better to be outside than to be inside. But there are many cases in which it is otherwise.

There is a curious feeling of the difference of being inside and outside when you are sitting in the cabin of a ship at sea. It is so even if you are making a voyage no longer than that from Glasgow to Liverpool. It is more so if you be sailing on distant seas. Fancy a snug little sleeping-cabin; and you lying there in a comfortable berth placed against the side of the ship. You lazily lay your head upon the end of the pillow on the ship's side; about six inches from you, but outside, there is a shark rubbing its nose against the vessel. Your head and the horned head of the strange monster are but a few inches apart; happily you are inside and the monster outside.

Did you ever, my reader, sit in your warm, cheerful library on a winter night away in the country, which in winter, it must be confessed, looks dreadfully bleak to people accustomed to the town? Your curtains are drawn and your lamp is lit; and there are your familiar books round, with their friendly-looking backs. There is the blazing fire, notwithstanding the condemnation of a certain great bishop you do not think it wrong to possess various easy chairs. All this is pleasant. There is an air of snugness and comfort, and you feel very thankful, it is to be hoped, to the Giver of all. But you do not know, from the survey of mere interior, how pleasant it is. Go away out, and look at the cold outside your chamber. There it is dark with the plashes of rain, with the howling blast bitterly beats against it. There are the leafless trees shivering in the blast. There is the stormy sky with the raking clouds which the chilly moon is wading through. If you try to make out the landscape as a whole, there is nothing but a dense gloom, with a spectral shape here and there, which you know to be a gate or a tree. On a moonless night the country is terribly dark; it is dark to a degree that town-folk, with their abundant street lamps, have no idea of. After holding these things outside come in again, and you will understand some measure how well off you are. You will know the distance that may be between the two sides of a not very thick wall.

Less than a wall may make the distance. You have probably travelled in a railway carriage through a dark, stormy night. If you are a stay-at-home person, who do not travel so much that all railway travelling has come to be a mere weariness to you, you will enjoy such a night with considerable freshness of interest. And especially you will feel the difference between being outside and being inside. Inside the thick cushions, the two great powerful lamps, which give abundant light, the warm wraps, the hot water stool for your feet, the newspapers and the magazine, one of two pleasant companions, who do not trouble you by talking, except at the stations, the stations forty miles apart. There you are in luxury, with the feeling that you may honestly do nothing, that you may rest. And looking through the window, there is the bleak,

dscape, with all kinds of strange shapes which you cannot make out ; glare cast upon cuttings through which you tare ; the fearful hissing snorting of a passing engine ; the row of lighted windows of a passing train ; the lurid flame of distant furnaces ; the lights of sleeping towns. A night's travelling between Edinburgh and London is as wonderful as anything recorded in the Arabian Nights, if it were not that it has grown so cheap and common !

In old days, when society was unsettled, it seems as if one would have more vividly than now the difference between being inside and being outside, in the matter of safety. There must have been a pleasant feeling of security in looking over the battlements of a great castle, and thinking that you were safe inside them. The sense of danger with which men in those days have gone abroad would be compensated by the special enjoyment of safety when they were fairly inside some place of strength. Human nature is so made that even though you are aware that no one dares to attack or injure you, still there is a pleasure in thinking that if any one had such a desire he could not. You know how children like to imagine some outward danger, that they may enjoy the sense of safety inside. It is with real delight that your little boy, sitting on your lap, suddenly hides his face in your breast, exclaiming loudly that there is a great bear coming to eat him. He feigns a danger outside that he may enjoy the feeling of being safe from it. So you will find a man that has been labouring hard, going away for a little rest to some remote, quiet place. He tells you no one can get at him there. The truth is, nobody dares to get at him ; but like the child and the great bear, he calls up the vague picture of a great number of people coming to worry him, and that a great many matters, that he may have the pleasant feeling that he is safe from them where he is.

Did you ever see a foolish duck dive at a hole made in the ice, and come up again under the ice at a hopeless distance from the opening ? It is a sad thing to see even that poor creature perishing, with only an inch or two of transparent ice between it and the air. You hasten to make a hole near it to let it escape, but by the time the hole is made the duck is twenty yards off. The duck I have seen ; but it must be a sad case when a human being gets into the like position.

A dismal inside is that of which Samuel Rogers tells us the true story : a massive chest of oak in which a poor Italian girl hid herself, which was locked with a spring lock, and never chanced to be opened for fifty years. You can think of the terrible rush of confused misery in the poor creature's heart when she felt herself shut in, and heard the voices that seemed to be approaching her die away. But half a century afterward, when the chest was drawn out to the light and its lid was raised, there was no trace in the mouldering bones of the thrilling anguish which had been endured in that little space. It is a miserable story. Yet perhaps it has its moral analogies not less miserable. There are human beings who by some rash or hasty step have committed themselves like the poor girl that perished ; who have, in a moral sense, been caught, and who never can get

Yes, it is a great question, Outside or Inside ; and I remember, drawing these desultory thoughts to a close, that the testing question which is all mankind to right and left is just the question, in its most solemn

significance, which may be set out in that familiar phrase. There is the inner Christian fold; there is the outer world; and we are either within or without the fold of the good shepherd of souls or without it. It is not a question of degree, as it might be if it was founded on our own moral character and deservings. It is the question, Have we confided our souls to the Saviour or not: are we right or wrong: are we within or without? And the two great alternatives, we know, are carried out, without shading off between them, into the unseen world. We know that there, when some have gone into the feast, the door is shut; and others may stand without, and find no admission. Let us humbly pray that He who came to seek and to save that which was lost, may find each reader of this page, a lost sheep of the fold, a poor wanderer in the outer wilderness, and draw all within the chords of love within his fold. And let us humbly pray that at the end of our earthly paths we may all, however our earthly paths have varied, find entrance into the Golden City, which has a wall great and high, whose building is of jasper and which shall exclude all sin and sorrow; through whose gates, though they are not shut at all by day, (and there shall be no night there,) "there shall not enter in no wise anything that defileth;" and where the blessed inhabitants "shall go no more out," but be safe in the Father's house forever!—*Good Words.*

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### PRESS ON!

Man, the individual, and man, the race must press on! Neither has yet attained." Both must go forward! "And the Lord said unto Moses, Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

Unity of purpose will excite to diligence, to holy rivalry, and christian perseverance. Men will provoke one another to love and good works. They will excel in the attainment of those graces which adorn the christian character, and in the acquisition of those qualifications which are necessary for christian usefulness, will be the desire of each, whilst "looking unto Jesus" will be the rule of perseverance, and the honor of the Redeemer its end.

It cannot be admitted for a moment that Christianity has reached its full development, or that all that was intended by its advent has been realized. It has, indeed, bestowed innumerable blessings on innumerable individuals through many ages; but it has not yet conquered the world, its power, nor brought the nations to the feet of the Prince of Peace. Kings and potentates have not yet brought their glory and honor into the church, nor have the wandering tribes of Israel acknowledged their Sovereign. The earth is not yet filled with the knowledge of the Lord, nor have all the families of the earth recognized his supremacy. The day, however, approaches when all this will be the case—when, from the rising to the setting of the sun, his name shall be great among the Gentiles; under his shadow shall they trust, and shout for joy in the abundance of his royal grace. Towards this bright point in the history of humanity all things are subsiding and tending.

There is no retrogression in the course of divine providence; no unforeseen difficulty starts up to stop the progress of those mystic wheels, whose exceeding height Ezekiel describes as "dreadful;" and no dark plot of human or diabolic power can keep back the fulfillment of God's magnificent

promises. So much for the great abstract truth which is constantly inhibited as an encouragement to energetic action in the way of clearly defined duty.

"All the promises do travail  
With a glorious day of grace."

But man, the individual, ought to remember that great honor of being a fellow-helper to the truth" is awarded to him. He has to become a questioner and a self-prompter respecting all that concerns his personal progress towards the glorious goal. What can he do *within* himself? Are there no evil passions requiring a strong hand to subdue and conquer them? Are there no besetting sins which must either be eradicated or permitted to grow to a fatal height? Are there no erroneous opinions which ought to be brought to the light of truth, and displaced by correct ones, gathered in the law and the testimony? Are there no indolent tendencies which ought to be shaken from their lurking places? And are there no "weights" which impede the progress of the traveller as he climbs the hill part of immortality?

And what can he do *without* himself? Is there no work of practical utility to which he can put his hand to in this age of marvellous activity? Are there no tears that he can dry, as they roll down the cheeks of the fellow-passer to the future world? No thorns that he can extract from the bleeding of the weary? No help that he can render those that sigh and that cry in gloom of this cloud land? Is there no book or periodical that he can give, read, or recommend to benefit the heart and enlighten the mind of his poor or wealthy neighbor? Is there no school to which he can gather the young, and no house of God to which he can invite the adult? Can he not, in a word, as he passes on vigorously, say to all his friends, "Go forward!"

It is impossible to overstate the amount of salutary influence which may be exerted by *one man of decided character and religious principles*. His life is a text, his conduct a sermon, to his contemporaries. He is seen and read of all men, and what he does is a practical illustration of what is possible. Such a man is a possessor of true power—power self-created and self-sustained. Latent power is useless. Wealth locked up does no good to its possessor or others. A sealed spring cannot irrigate the soil. The man who works becomes strong. Exercise is the food of energy. Wealth diffused is wealth increased. The running water blesses the earth. One man heeds the man that stands at the corners of the streets saying, "I am so-and-so;" but the man who presses on saying, "This one thing I have done," is acknowledged as a conqueror. Men make room before him. The waters open the path to let him pass, and difficulties melt before him like snow before the power of the meridian sun. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

Now it is every man's "business" to press on. "This is not our rest." We are pilgrims, as were all our fathers. There is a country before us, a glorious land! It is worth striving for. It will be inhabited by victors. It is the home of those who had effected conquests; and its inspiring and soul-stirring call to those who are yet in the midst of the struggle and the race is, "*so run that ye may obtain!*"

## Portfolio of Select Literature.

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### WHY THE CHRISTIAN NEEDS TO BE A CHURCH MEMBER.

1. HE NEEDS THE INFLUENCE OF GOSPEL ORDINANCES.—The sacraments of the Church, like the ministry, were instituted for “*the perfect of the saints.*” They were designed to promote their growth in grace. Their adaptation to this end must be obvious to every reflecting mind. There is a tendency in human nature to conform itself to the influence by which it is surrounded. Under the operation of this law the affections of the believer are refined and elevated by his communion with Christ in the ordinance of the Lord’s supper. He sits down with his Saviour at his table, and through this communion he is drawn into closer sympathy with him. Through the influence of this ordinance his character becomes more closely assimilated to that of Christ. He also here obtains a view of Christ as an atoning sacrifice. Through the sensible memorials of his passion he gets a new and impressive sense of his suffering for the sins of the world. This view of what Christ has suffered for his sins, and this communion with him as a sympathising Saviour, as his elder brother, deeply affects his heart. It draws his affections away from earth, and unites him more closely to Christ. Through this communion he grows in grace.

2. HE NEEDS THE COMMUNION OF THE SAINTS.—This communion is a want of our spiritual nature. We are social beings. We have social wants as ungenerate men; but the “new man” has new social wants. He has a new social capacity, and he needs the communion of kindred spirits as a believer. There is a demand of his regenerated nature which nothing else can satisfy. Nothing else can develop his new character in this direction. If he would cultivate this talent, he must associate with the Church. He must share with them the privileges of God’s children. He must join with them as a brother in their social converse and worship. *He must be in sympathy with the Church.* He must have communion with the saints as well as with Christ. There can be no proper sympathy between the Church and those who refuse to connect themselves with it. It is impossible by the nature of things. Brotherly love is necessarily mutual. We cherish the love of benevolence even toward an enemy; but Christian sympathy must be reciprocal. It is especially true of this affection that “love, and love only, is a loan for love;” that he who would have his friends must show himself friendly. The man who refuses to connect with the Church when cordially invited, by his refusal says to its members “I have no sympathy with you.” Thus, by his own act, he deprives himself of the sympathy of his brethren. He voluntarily excludes himself from communion of the saints; and, in so doing, he deprives himself of an important means of grace.

3. HE NEEDS THE RESTRAINTS OF THE CHURCH.—Every believer needs to be subject to certain restraint. In this regard, at least, it is true that men are only “children of a larger growth.” Mature mind

need different restraints from those which were demanded in childhood. But there are very few who would become eminent for godliness without the restraining influences of the Church. This is a humiliating view of human nature, but it is a true one. It is a view to which the intelligent Christian who has enjoyed the privileges of the church and subsequently been deprived of them will readily subscribe. The Christian may be unconscious of the restraints of the Church; but when they are removed he discovers that he needs the "watch and care" of his brethren not less than their sympathy. There is a sense in which every Christian is his "brother's keeper." And every Christian has need of this guardianship. He need to submit to the same care which he exercises over his brethren. "Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves." (Heb. xiii, 17.) This injunction was based upon an understanding of the weakness of human nature, and of our wants as pupils in the school of Christ. The man who disregards this injunction, who refuses to submit himself to the restraints of the Church, will learn in the end that, in disobeying God, he has brought damnation upon his soul.—*Rev. C. F. Beach.*

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### THE HOUSE BUILT UPON THE SAND

Is usually situated in the darkest, dirtiest, dimest part of the town beyond the beat of highway-rate, poor-rate, sewer-rate, or any other rate except the curse-and-quarrel rate, with which the wretched tenants are forever rating each other. The only thing that bears a hint of any value, is the land, every square inch of which is bricked over, and vaulted under, close and foetid as a city-cemetery, as if the earth had not another acre to spare, and man must be content to occupy as little surface as possible, to save more room to grow food to feed him. Human beings are stalled in these crammed and crowded bins, the only difference between them and the cattle being the better victualling of the latter. The rain that, like a heavenly unction, pours fertility upon other quarters, on this spot only multiplies mud, and peninsulates every house and entry with a moat of muddle, inhaling with industrious hospitality, the retributive penalties of sanitary neglect, in a continuous malaria, generating every type of rheumatic, typhus, and other malignant fevers. The high wind that, like the rough fidelity of an old friend, disturbs but purifies the stagnant atmosphere of every other spot, here serves but to aggravate the local fœtors by the larger circulation of their nuisance, accumulating the dilapidations in stock, by the tottering down of more chimneys, and the forcible ejection of additional slates and pantiles. The only quiet and, by comparison, even reverent phenomenon in the district, is the indigenous smoke engendered in their homes and factories, which perpetually hangs over it, like the filial veil of the partrich's sons, partially hiding the infirmity and nakedness of its parental landscape.

The very frosts that like a sharp-humoured sarcasm, provoke the interchange of mutual hospitalities among their happier fellow-citizens, seem here to freeze more bitterly than elsewhere, and seal up every cracked door and broken casement, with a stuffing of old rags hardly spared from

their shivering wearers' limbs, waving in the wind as intelligible signals of distress or stiffening in the cold as if in predictive intimation of their owner's fate, whom vice and its matricidal offspring, penury, had socially worn to tatters like them! It is among these grim neighbours you are to search for "the house built upon the sand:" and if you dare venture after nightfall under a roof whose ill-chosen foundations may bring down its ruin upon you, on that barren social sand of an improvident drunkard's heart, which grows nothing green; that dry sand, whose insatiable thirst every tide leaves dry and thirsty still; that dull sand, that only retains any impression made upon it, till the next flood of inundating drink obliterates it; that treacherous sand, that has engulfed many a pretty little craft, that mistook it for an anchorage; that suicidal sand, that must be worthless as long as it lies on the brink of those depths that drown it every day; the wretched sand, that is itself a heap of wrecks and fragments, lashed by the waves of intemperate fury from its native rocks, and spewed out, as if the sea of life were sick of it, upon a shore of weeds and dreary waste; on such a sand the improvident man builds the house that is to be his home, and the home of the wretched squaw his wife, and of his children.

There he is to rear the disastrous dupliques, who are to repeat himself to the contamination and misery of another generation. On his model a characteristic progeny is to be formed, destined, like devil's Nazarites from the womb, to be the plague and pest, the corrupted and corruptors of their future humankind, at once a burden and a bane to their contemporaries; like himself, he and they shall be the *cryptogamai*—the fungi of society, vegetating at its gate posts, rotting its timbers, betraying its unsoundness, and accelerating its decay. Degenerate, deleterious, abandoned, the wretched character sees no hope of relief but in its own destruction, no refuge but in escape from itself. The devilish charm of drink holds him spell-bound within a fatal circle, drawn with alternate cups and rags, and he cannot break from its toils.

Drink is the Delilah that has shorn him of his strength. He cannot "go out and shake himself as at other times;" for "the Lord hath departed from him!"

Poor dram-struck wretch! he is cup-crazed! Drink has put out his eyes! Like the blind Samson in the mill, he grinds in a malt-house, and the Philistine lords and commons makes game of his prostituted strength. But, my merry masters," I would have you beware how you trifle with such giant besotments too long; it is a dangerous sport. Like the old Judge, he may pull a house down about *your* ears, as well as his own. You have suffered this Samson-vice to grind on in the moral blindness of its victims: take heed lest it realize on your hands a civil Frankenstein, whose monstrous hypostasis shall dog the footsteps of its social progenitor, affiliating on the homicide neglect that quickened it, a terrible reaction in the cost, misery, and shame of its hideous subsistence!

The improvident drunkard dies as he lived, without a thought, or care, or one provision for the morrow. The rags upon his back made him a sorry scare-crow to warn others off the ale-house; but their reversion would not pay the sexton for the hole he dug to bury him. He had been so often "dead drunk," that Death, as if indignant at the repeated simulations of his office, smote the drinker really dead at last; and the house

bill upon the sand," like the earth that "swallowed up Korah and his company," engulfs within its voracious maw, wife, children, and every living mate that belong to him! He had swallowed his children piecemeal, at the banquet of a Thyestes, before his ruin realized the filicidal fable of Saturn, in swallowing his whole family in the end. It was his last draught this side Lethe: his next will be the cup, not of "cold water to cool his tongue," but filled to the brim with "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth."—*Ragged School Magazine.*

## THE POWER OF GOD.

Take a day in autumn, when the infinite grains of corn are ripening; when orchard trees, and forest-trees, and the vines that cling and festoon upon them, are preparing their innumerable fruits and seeds, and when the bulbs beneath the ground are finishing the work of their year and their life. Who is the sculptor that molds their forms? Who is the painter that paints them with such exquisite tints? Who is the chemist that fills them with such delicious and infinitely varied savors and flavors, for the nutrition, the health, and the gratification of man; some for the young and some for the old; some for the strong and some for the feeble?

Now, somewhere on this globe of ours, and at all times, there is spring; somewhere there is summer; somewhere there is autumn; and all the varied processes of spring, summer, and autumn, are going on together.

Look at the higher life of man. It is supposed that there are nine hundred millions of human beings on this globe. Who opens and closes their ever-beating hearts? Who heaves and contracts their restless lungs? Who, through artery and vein, circulates their ever-flowing blood? Who kindles in the brain the steady light of truth, or coruscates across its surface the auroral light of sentiment and love? Who spreads the table at which these multitudes are fed? Who spreads out the beautiful drapery of twilight before drawing the curtain of darkness around their bed; and who, when the morning sun comes rolling westward with its broad wave of light, awakens them to joy and activity again?

Go out at midnight; look up into that dread yet glorious concave, and see your soul whose arm it is that upholds those unpillared chambers of the sky; who fills that vast domain with organized, and sentient, and intelligent beings with rational and spiritual life; and then reflect that all the galaxies and constellations which you can behold with the unassisted eye, are only the frontispiece, not to the mighty volumes of God's works, but only to the index of the mighty volumes? Beyond Sirius, beyond Orion, beyond the Pleiades, the azure fields of immensity are all filled with worlds, system beyond system, and rank behind rank, whom God in his mercy has removed to those immense distances from us, lest our mortal vision should be blasted by their overwhelming effulgence. And as you can not find one inch of our lower earth where God is not at work, so there is not one inch in all those boundless upper realms where God is not at work.

Against such a God, as with feeble words and inadequate thoughts I have attempted to describe—against such a God, do you wish to lift, or do

you dare to lift your pigmy arm? His resistless laws that cleave a path way wherever they are sent and punish the transgressor wherever they are transgressed—these laws do you dare to break? If you would hesitate to violate a father's command, when he stands over you with a rod; if you would shrink from resisting the authority of a sovereign, who has judges, and officers, and armies, and navies in his control, then, oh! how can you ever dare, how can you ever wish to dare, to confront the power and majesty of the Eternal One; of that One who can enwrap the heavens with his thunder-clouds, and make you the mark of all their volleyed lightnings; who can array his volcanoes in battalions, and bury you beneath their molten lavas; who can sink you in the earth's central fires, to lie, without consuming, in that seething caldron, or imprison you in the eternal solitudes of polar ice; or—unspeakably more terrible than all this—can turn your own soul inward in retrospection upon its past life, to read its own history of voluntary wrong in its self-recorded Book of Judgment. Nor can you find refuge in non-existence. You may call upon the seas to drown you, but there is not water enough in all the seas. You may call upon the fires to consume you, but the fires will say, we cannot consume remorse. You may call upon the Arctic frosts to congeal the currents of life, but they will say, we have no power over the currents of thought, or the pulses of the immortal life. You may call upon the universe to annihilate you, but the universe will respond, "God alone can annihilate," and God will say, "Live forever!"

Oh, that I could so thunder in your ears, that the sound would never cease to vibrate in your hearts that word which God has written in letters of flame over every avenue to temptation—which he has inscribed on the lintels and door-posts of the gateways of sin, which is blazoned on the hither side of every seducement to wrong.

**BEWARE! IF YOU TREAD THERE, OR LOOK THERE, OR THINK THERE YOU ENCOUNTER OMNIPOTENCE.**

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### THE OLD TINDER-BOX.

What an eloquent lecture might be delivered upon the old-fashioned tinder-box, illustrated by the one experiment of "striking a light!" In that box lie, cold and motionless, the flint and steel, rude in form and crude in substance. And yet within the breast of each, there lies a spark of that grand element which influences every atom of the universe; a spark which could invoke the fierce agents of destruction to warp the blasting flames around a stately forest, or a crowded city, and sweep from the surface of the world; or which might kindle the genial blaze upon the homely hearth, and shed a radiant glow upon a group of smiling faces; a spark such as that which rises with the curling smoke from the village blacksmith's forge, or that which leaps with terrific wrath from the troubled breast of a Vesuvius. And then the tinder—the cotton—the carbon. What a tale might be told of the cotton field where it grew, the black slave who plucked it, of the white toiler who spun it into a garment, and of the village beauty who wore it, until, faded and despised, it lay long a heap of old rags, and finally found its way to the tinder-box. Then the tinder might tell of its hopes how, though now a black

ed mass, soiling every thing that touched it, it would soon be wedded to one of the great Ministers of nature, and fly away on transparent wings, until, resting upon some Alpine tree, it would make its home among the green leaves, and for a while live in freshness and beauty, looking down upon the peaceful vale. Then the steel might tell its story, how for centuries it lay in the deep caverns of the earth, until man, with his unquiet spirit, dug down to the dark depths, and dragged it forth, saying, "No longer be at peace." Then would come tales of the fiery furnace, what fire had done for steel, and what steel had done for fire. And then the flint might tell of the time when the weather-bound mariners, lighting their fires upon the Syrian shore, melted silicious stones into gems of glass, and thus led the way to the discovery of the transparent pane that gives a crystal inlet to the light of our homes; of the mirror in whose face the lady contemplates her charms; of the microscope and the telescope by which the invisible are brought to sight, and the distant drawn near; of the prism, by which Newton analysed the rays of light: and of the photographic camera, in which the sun prints with his own rays the pictures of his own adorning. And then both flint and steel might relate their adventures in the battle-field, whither they had gone together, and of fights they had seen in which man struck down his fellow-man, and like a fiend, had revelled in his brother's blood. Thus, even from the cold hearts of flint and steel, man might learn a lesson which should make him blush at the "glory of war;" and the proud, who despise the teaching of small things, might learn to appreciate the truths that are linked to the story of a "tinder-box."—*The Reason Why.*

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WEEPING COMPASSION.

The Rev. A. Barnes in closing a discourse on revivals of religion, uses the following impressive language in illustration of the Divine compassion for the souls of ruined and perishing men:—

A heathen monarch once rose from his throne and covered himself with sackcloth, and was followed by his court and nobles, and by all the people, in a solemn fast for three days. Who adjudges that the bosom of the King of Nineveh, in this, was swayed by an improper feeling? Another heathen Monarch, at the head of two millions of men, sat down and wept. "In a hundred years," said he, "all that mighty host will be dead." The vision of Xerxes extended no farther. He had no tear to shed over their doom beyond the grave. How different that feeling from the view which excited our Redeemer to weep! His tears fell because He saw the unending career of the never-dying soul, and knew what it was if the soul should be lost. And this multitude that we see in this city,—this gay, busy, thoughtless, volatile, unthinking throng, that sweep along these streets, or dwell in these palaces, or that crowd these theatres, or these assembly rooms,—where, O, where, will they be in a hundred years? Dead; all dead. Every eye will have lost its lustre; every frame its vigour: every rose shall have faded from its cheek; the charms of music shall no more enter the ear; the fingers shall have forgotten the melody of the lute and the organ. Where will they be? In yonder heaven or in yonder hell. Part, alas! how small a part! with ears attu-

ned to sweeter sounds, and with eyes radiant with immortal brilliancy, and with a frame braced with the vigour of never-dying youth. Part, alas! how large a part! in that world, a view of whose unutterable sufferings drew tears from the eyes of the Son of God! Each man that dares to curse Jehovah on His throne: each victim of intemperance and lust; each wretch on which the eye fastens in the lowest form of humanity, has an immortal nature that shall survive when "the heavens shall roll together as a scroll!" The shadowy vale of death shall soon be past, and the thoughtless and guilty throngs will be found amid the severe and awful scenes of eternal justice; Christian, pray, pray, O, pray for a revival of pure religion in the guilty cities of our land!

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### REMARKABLE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Above thirty years ago I lodged for a night at the house of Mr. & Mrs. Wills, who occupied a small farm in the Liskeard Circuit, England. They were a devoted pious couple, kind and hospitable in the extreme, whose reward is on high. There I met, by the homely fire-side, Mr. King, an aged local preacher from the Tavistock Circuit. He related to me the following particulars respecting the death of one of his children, a little girl eight years old. Two of his children, a boy and a girl, had died before this was born. When she was an infant in arms, in one of his visits to the west, Mr. Wesley came to Tavistock. On hearing of his arrival, Mr. King, who was a shoemaker, tucking up his apron around his waist, and, taking the babe in his arms, ran with all speed to meet Mr. Wesley. The venerable minister of God was just stepping out of his carriage. He took the child in his arms, and, in his own impressive manner, with uplifted heart and eyes, blessed it, and returned it again to the arms of the delighted father. As soon as the child could speak, she appeared heavenly-minded. Her enquiries about heaven and heavenly things were both constant and striking. When she had arrived at her eighth year, she sickened, and it was evident she would soon follow her little brother and sister to the paradise of God. Mr. King said, "I was standing by her bedside watching her departure. She had been still for some time. Suddenly she looked towards a corner of the room, and hastily said, 'O, father, there are brother and sister, sitting on the chest! O how beautiful they are looking! How their legs and arms are shining, father!' Just afterwards she said, 'They are going away, father; but they are saying they will come again, and then I shall go with them.' She now lay some time, the lamp of life flickering in the socket, and I waited to see her breathe her last. She started up, and exclaimed, 'Father, father! they are coming to kiss me.' At that instant she died, and her spirit fled to join the ministering invisible host."

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Vice, says Jeremy Taylor, is first pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then habitual, then confirmed, then the man is impudent, then he is obstinate, then he resolves never to repent, and then he is lost.

## NOT STRANGE AT ALL.

It is both useless and desperately wicked for me, or any other individual, after retailing scandal, and engaging in disgraceful wrangles all the week, and that, too, in the presence of the unconverted, to spend the Sabbath in exhorting sinners to repentance. It is useless, after quarrelling with your neighbor about some trifling affair, which, if understood, could have been amicably settled, to fall upon your knees with malice rankling in your heart, and go through the form of prayer, invoking the Father to bless your "neighbors and friends," yes, the whole human family," when you know in your heart that you would like to except neighbor B. No wonder that with such feelings you do not feel that your prayer is answered. No wonder that you have no revivals. When you rise from your knees feeling that all is not right, just get your Bible, turn to Matt. v. 23, 24, which you will find to read thus: "Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hast ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, then come and offer thy gift." Read this over and over until you thoroughly understand its meaning, then do as your Saviour commands you to do. Perhaps if you should read other parts of the sermon on the mount it would prove beneficial.—*Zion's Advocate.*

## SABBATH THOUGHTS.

Many and thrilling are the associations which the weekly recurrence of the Sabbath brings. The sun of a Sabbath morn first shed light on a finished creation. When the ball we tread on stood out a complete and lovely thing before its Maker; when Eden bloomed a little heaven below, and man, with his pure and lofty spirit, lived in its bowers; ere yet the trail of the serpent was over all, "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it."

The beams of a Sabbath morn first shed light on a ransomed creation. Then it was that the Captain of our salvation, having battled with death in his own dark domain, shivered his fetters, rose a victor from the tomb, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men; so that now, instead of the woe and shame sin had entailed upon the fallen, there is proffered to them the beauty, the brightness of a purchased immortality.

The Sabbath is a type of that rest which remaineth to the people of God—of that hour when the Christian pilgrim shall terminate his long and toilsome march through the wilderness, and cross the threshold of his Father's home—when the Christian mariner shall heave over the last ocean billow and enter the desired haven—when the soldier of the cross shall lay off his panoply, wear the rich robe and the bright crown.

Independently, too, of these grander associations, there is much of piety to make the Sabbath day to a Christian's soul the very "best of all the seven." The image of a gray-haired sire, the family shrine, the domestic Sunday school, the "big ha' Bible, once his father's pride,"

the music of the church-bell, the house girt round with the graves of his hindred, devotion's lofty peal—ah, it cannot be that the man is on his way to heaven who loves not as his life this atom of heaven dropped on earth—it cannot be that he is of the “peculiar people” who call not the “Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honorable”—that he has any claim to the character of a religious being, who allows its golden hours to glide away without some thoughts about that inheritance to which it points.

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### SABBATH TRAVELLING.

I have been struck with the indiscriminate manner in which travellers use the seven days in the week. One would suppose that the law had made an exception in favor of travelling,—forbidding every other species of secular employment on the day of rest, but allowing men to journey on it. They that would not do any other labor on the Sabbath, will nevertheless travel on that day. The farmer who would not toil on his field, the merchant who would not sell an article, the mechanic who would not labor, the mistress of the family who scrupulously avoids certain household occupations on the Sabbath,—will yet, all of them, travel on the Sabbath; and that, whether the object of their journey be business or pleasure. They would not on the Sabbath do other work, appropriate to the six days—that would shock them! but to commence, continue or finish a journey on the Sabbath, offends not their consciences in the least. I am acquainted with many persons who would not for the world travel to a place on Saturday, accomplish their business, the object of their journey, on Sunday, and return on Monday; but these same persons will, without any hesitation, go the place on Friday, do their business on Saturday, and return on Sunday. Now, I would do the one, just as soon as I would the other, and should consider I desecrated the Sabbath by travelling to and from the place of business in it, just as much as by accomplishing the object of the journey on it. According to the theory that it is lawful to journey on the Sabbath, a man may so arrange it as never to be under obligation to keep a Sabbath.—*Nevins.*

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AN ALL-SEEING GOD.—The Rev. John Wesley says, “If you believe that God is about your bed, and about your path, and spieth out all your ways, then take care not to do the least thing, nor to speak the least word, nor to indulge the least thought, which you have reason to think would offend him. Suppose that a messenger of God, an angel, were now standing at your right hand, and fixing his eyes upon you, would you not take care to abstain from every word or action that you know would offend him! Yea, suppose one of your mortal fellow-servants, suppose only a holy man, stood by you, would you not be extremely anxious how you conducted yourself both in word and action? How much more cautious ought you to be when you know, not a holy man, not an angel of God, but God himself, the Holy One, is inspecting your heart, your tongue, your hand, every movement, and that he himself will surely call you to an account for all you think, speak, or act!”

## THE SILENT REBUKE.

The following incident occurred within my personal experience. I give it publicity, in the humble hope that it may meet the eye of some of my fellow teachers in the fold of Christ's lambs, who have not hitherto so sincerely attended to the subject as the urgency of the case requires. I had been for two years the teacher of the Bible-class in a well-conducted Sunday school. It was my delight to meet my pupils. I was happy in having won their confidence and affection, and it was my sincere desire to lead them to Christ. I had avoided all extremes in dress, neither being singularly plain, nor at any time fine. I one day went to my class in a new bonnet, and for the first time wore flowers in my cap. I did not feel so comfortable as usual, but my own scholars did not seem to notice the change. When the duties of the day were over, and the pupils were ready to go to church, a girl in one of the lower classes left the room. This girl was exceedingly ignorant, and rather deficient in intellect. After an absence of a few minutes she returned, took her seat, and by smiling and staring round the room, gained universal attention. The object of her exit was soon known, for she was now decorated with three fully blown roses on each side of her face!

My confusion must be *felt* to be conceived; the public exposure adding greatly to the severity of the rebuke. I then came to the conclusion (which I have never since had occasion to regret) that simplicity of dress is more becoming to "women professing godliness" than "gold or pearls or costly array."—*Church of England Sunday School Quarterly.*

## GOD ALONE CAN SAVE.

The Emperor Alexander, when in England, ordered a watch to be made, which should combine the peculiarities and excellencies of several others. He was informed that if injured no one in his dominions could repair it. He desired to have it; it was made and sent to Russia; it met with an accident, and was necessarily returned to the maker to be repaired. When Adam was called into existence, angels must have beheld him with delightful surprise. But by the attacks of sin and Satan, the image of God was lost; heavenly mindedness was annihilated. Who can repair the human soul? He only who first made the soul in his own image, who is acquainted with all the springs and principles of human action. Pretenders have tried it again and again to no purpose. When we open the volume of inspiration we behold the soul once more in the hands of the Maker. He can repair it; and not only so: it will be so improved by him as eventually to comprise many glories to which angels must be strangers for ever. Are we individually in the hands of God? Nothing less than the consciousness of this can give us solid peace in time,—how much more in eternity!

On our death-bed we should have nothing to settle with God. It is not a season to *begin* to turn to Christ when we cannot turn on our bed.

## ONE THING WE DO NOT WANT.

We do not want a New Bible. Many an old volume of human lore has been rendered obsolete by the discoveries of a succeeding age. But all true science does homage to the Bible. We need not be apprehensive that the ever-widening circle of human literature will trench on the hallowed ground of divine revelation. We have no misgiving lest light from that region of nebulae, the "milky way," should extinguish the beams of the "Sun of Righteousness;" or lest "the chemistry of the stars" should disturb the harmonious elements of inspiration. Standing on the "Rock of Ages," we are conscious of no tremor from the hammer of the geologist; nor do we fear that the hieroglyphics of the archæologist may invalidate the chronology of Moses. Exempt from the mutations which pertain to mere human philosophy, the Bible, stereotyped from heaven, remains alike the glory of all lands and of all times:—

Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!  
 Star of eternity! The only star  
 By which the bark of man could navigate  
 The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss!

## TEN MINUTES LOST FOR EVER.

The following anecdote of John Wesley will bear repeating:

The diligence of Mr. Wesley in redeeming time has been often noticed, but it is scarcely possible for those who were not intimate with him, to have a just idea of his faithfulness in this respect. In many things he was gentle and easy to be entreated; in this, decided and inexorable. One day his chaise was delayed beyond the appointed time. He had put up his papers and left the apartment. While waiting at the door, he was heard to say, by one that stood near him, "have lost ten minutes for ever."

**MISSIONARY OBJECTS.**—The propagation of the gospel, the advancement of science, and of industry, the perfection of the arts, the diffusion of knowledge, the happiness of mankind here and hereafter—these are the blessed objects of Christian missions; and compared with these, all human ambition sinks into the dust—the ensanguined chariot of the conqueror pauses—the sceptre falls from the imperator's grasp—the blossom withers even in the patriot's garland. But exertions like these need no panegyric; they are recorded in the heart whence they sprung, and in the hour of adverse vicissitudes, if ever it should arrive, sweet will be the odor of their memory, and precious the balm of their consolation.

**RELIGION OF YOUTH.**—True religion gives ever a beauty and grace. In old age it is sunshine cast on fallen towers and ruined arches; beauty added to deformity and decay. But in youth it is sunshine cast on blowing flowers and enchanting scenery; it is beauty added to beauty, to make brighter and more lovely that which was already so.

## Poetry

AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY,—THESE  
THREE; BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

FAITH abideth : while we wander  
Pilgrims through this vale of tears ;  
Faith it is that gazes yonder  
Where a brighter home appears.  
Faith abideth !  
Quieting our anxious fears.

Doubt may cloud the path before us,  
Sorrow's gloom obstruct the light ;  
Faith is present to restore us  
Light for shadow, day for night.  
Faith abideth !  
Faith in Him who guards the right.

HOPE abideth—kindly glancing  
On the toil-worn sons of men ;  
Every joy of life enhancing,  
Easing every grief and pain,  
Hope abideth !  
They that weep shall smile again.

LOVE abideth—never failing,  
Never overcome by wrong,  
Over every foe prevailing,  
In its nature pure and strong.  
Love abideth !  
Bearing all things, suffering long.

Love the human heart possessing,  
Leaves no room for base desires ;  
Blest itself, and ever blessing  
Holy feelings it inspires :  
Love abiding  
Fills the soul with heavenly fires.

Faith and Hope on love attending  
Guide her to a heaven of light ;  
There, their joyous labours ending,  
Both are " sweetly lost in sight."  
Love abideth !  
Love, eternal, infinite.

## THE SEASONS.

The changing seasons, as they pass o'er earth  
 Rearing bloom, brightness, beauty, and decay—  
 The Winter's chill, the Summer's festive mirth,  
 The Autumn's sadness and Spring's verdure gay ;  
 These all are imaged in the inner world,  
 In the mind's unknown depths their shadows lie,  
 As a clear lake, by a careless breeze uncurled,  
 Reflects the changes of the varying sky.

Hope is the Spring-time of the soul, when life  
 Wakes into beauty, blossoms scent the air,  
 And gives the promise of a season rife,  
 With Nature's choicest bounties rich and rare,  
 Joy is the Summer, when the hope fulfilled,  
 Gladdens the mind, and bids all care depart,  
 Beams in the eye, and with rich pleasure thrilled,  
 Sunshine and music overflow the heart.

Memory is Autumn, shedding softened light  
 O'er the dear scenes of other happy years,  
 Robing e'n sadness in a vesture bright,  
 And decking mirth with half regretful tears,  
 Sorrow is Winter, when the flowers die,  
 The leaves are scattered by the wind's rude breath  
 And white and pure the fallen snow-flakes lie  
 O'er field and valley, like the robe of death.

It may be that some tender floweret hides,  
 In its warm covert, 'neath the mantling snow ;  
 Thine eye perchance some straying sunbeam guides  
 To look on high, from these drear realms below,  
 Thus sorrow keeps some germ of future good,  
 To bloom in beauty at some happier day ;  
 Thus light from heaven, in thy gloomy mood  
 Sheds o'er thy spirit its inspiring ray.

And as the sunshine melts the Winter snow,  
 So hope's bright rays revive the drooping heart ;  
 As Spring's young buds in fresher beauty glow,  
 So joy awakes, and grief and care depart.  
 And if not here the Winter's chains are riven,  
 There is a land where they will melt away—  
 Perpetual Spring and Summer dwell in heaven,  
 And Autumn's brightness freed from its decay.

## Narrative Pieces.

### THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS.

About seven years ago, in one of our courts of assize, in the Norfolk circuit, a young man was placed at the bar to take his trial on a charge of having robbed his employer. The result was his conviction, and sentence to transportation for a term of years. Had he belonged to that class of hardened criminals who are cradled in ignorance and vice, and from whom the world has nothing to expect but dissipation and dishonesty, he might have listened to the announcement of his punishment with reckless indifference, and indured it with a heart harder than before. But such was not the case.

Scarcely had the sentence passed from the lips of the Judge, when the pent-up agony of his soul burst forth. In vain did the officers of the prison gather around him, attempting to assuage his sorrow, and to induce him to meet the punishment he had merited with fortitude. His was grief which no heart but his own understood, and no officer of justice could lessen. Every expedient failing to console the unhappy convict, he was requested to mention any individual he would like to see; when he named a Minister of the Gospel, beneath the sound of whose faithful voice he had often sat. The young man's grief was so great, that although it is not general to comply with the wishes of a convict, an exception was made in this instance, and it was deemed advisable to grant his request. The Minister was sent for.

Some time after the writer of this paper listened to a sermon addressed to young men by this same Minister; when, in holding up to his hearers the fearful danger and fatal consequences of treading "in the way of transgressors," he detailed the circumstances of his visits to the young convict. These left such an impression upon the writer's mind that he would fain re-produce the picture which was then disclosed, to the eye of every youth who has enjoyed that invaluable boon, an enlightened education, and is about to step upon the world's wide stage a candidate for its enjoyment and ad-

vancement, as well as a combatant with its legions and temptations.

"As soon," said the Minister, "as the young man saw me, he burst into tears, and buried his face in his hands. Some time was spent in silence, which was at length broken by the culprit's speaking in the language of self-reproach. While looking at his position, his grief knew no bounds: he felt that a foul blot, he could never wipe away, now stained his reputation; and in vain I tried to soothe his troubled soul. He related his history. He was the son of a pious mother, who, in childhood, from day to day, taught him to bend his knee in prayer. She led him to the sanctuary, and pointed out the path in which he ought to tread. At length the time arrived for him to quit the parental roof, and find another home. He had not been long in his new situation when the thought occurred to him that the form of prayer he employed was useless. This was the turning-point of his life. Had he, under the recollection that the mere form was useless, merged that form into the reality, God would have heard his supplications. But it was not so. He laid aside his form of prayer, which had—though useless in itself—been a sort of defence, preventing him from sinking deeper in sin. Now, this being gone, bitter were the results. His mother was not present to advise and direct him; and, his last hedge being removed, he easily listened to the ensnaring voice of youthful, sinful companions, saying, 'Come thou with us in the pursuit of pleasure.' He soon found their pleasure too expensive for him, and then followed the next downward step. To support himself in his extravagance, he robbed his employer. Undiscovered at first, he went from step to step, until his dishonesty was brought to light. Justice seized him, and, bearing him to the prison, left him a convict in a convict's cell."

"I saw him," continued the Minister, "several times after this; but our interviews were of the same character. There was the same overwhelming sense of shame; the same unmitigat-

ed grief. At length came our last meeting. As soon as he saw me, he again burst into a flood of tears, saying, 'To-morrow, Sir, I am to be taken away in irons!' O, how much agony and despair were embodied in that expression! The next day arrived, and he left the town for London, 'in irons.' On reaching the latter place, reason forsook her throne; he entered the prison there—*an idiot*."

"Should this meet a youthful eye that glistens as it looks to the future, and among the fondest day-dreams which imagination presents, prefers that which promises to free it from the restraints of home, of parents, teachers, or friends; let that youth remember that, if his hopes of freedom should be realized, he will then come in contact with temptations as powerful as those which beset this young man; and that from their assaults there is no real safety, except in a heartfelt, affirmative response to the momentous, yet all-merciful, question of God Himself,—“Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?”

“He that being often reprov'd hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.”

THE ROBBER FOILED. — A strange story is related concerning the Rev. Ivory Hovey, who was settled in “Manomet Ponds,” April 18, 1770, and continued pastor of this ancient church till November 4, 1803, when, as their records say, “Mr. Hovey died, aged 89 years, to the great grief of his people.” Many of his descendants still live in South Plymouth, and the writer has taken much pains to ascertain the facts connected with the singular story to which allusion has been made. Molly Bly who was long a domestic and faithful friend in the

family of Mr. Hovey, is still remembered by various individuals in this church as a woman of God, and she is said to have told the story often with much feeling, as related to her by the venerable divine himself.

His grandfather who resided in England was in moderate circumstances, but he loved the Saviour, and had an earnest desire that a son whom God had given him should become a minister of the Gospel. Such, however, were his limited means, that he could not educate his son for the sacred office. In these days of solicitude, he is said to have been assured in a dream that a grandson should enter the ministry, and labor for his Master.

It chanced that on the occasion of building a barn he sent his son, the father of the Rev. Ivory Hovey, to the nearest village to purchase nails. While returning home, as he was riding on horseback through a piece of wood, his saddle-bags being pretty well stored with nails, he was met by a highwayman, who ordered him to deliver up his saddle-bags of money.

Mr. Hovey determined that some pains should be taken by this unwelcome intruder, and hastily threw the supposed treasure over the hedge which bordered the roadside. The robber sprang from his horse to secure the prize, when Mr. Hovey, leaving his more tardy animal, sprang into the empty saddle, and hastily rode homeward.

The highwayman called loudly for Mr. Hovey to stop, declaring that “he was only in jest,” but the latter replying, “*I am in earnest*,” drove forward and on arriving home, found the saddlebags of his new found horse well filled with “filthy lucre.”

This God-sent treasure was preserved with much care, and with it the Rev Ivory Hovey was educated for the ministry.

## Biblical Criticism and Exposition.

### THE REFUGE.—A REDEEMER AT ONCE HUMAN AND DIVINE.

“For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him.”—Col. ii. 9, 10.

When we have learned from Paul's lips what will not save and satisfy, we proceed to learn also from the same source what will. We shall not

chase those shifting shadows of human opinion and worldly fashion any more. We consent to abandon these wells without water; but to whom

shall we go? To thee, Lord Jesus. "for thou hast the words of eternal life." "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and ye are complete in him."

Over against all the vain show of a godless world are set the Incarnation and the Regeneration as the means of satisfying human souls here, and saving them for ever. The chain consists of two links only, an upper and a lower,—the chain on which eternal life for man depends. The upper link is the incarnation of the Son of God: the under link is the regeneration of individual men. "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily" Behold the salvation provided by God, and permitted to hang down from heaven till it touch the earth. "Ye are in him;" behold the cleaving of a saved soul to Christ by a living faith.

It is peculiarly interesting to observe that Paul, after setting aside all the wisdom of man as utterly unfit to satisfy an immortal spirit, immediately, and with inimitable simplicity, proposes the Incarnation in their stead. Ah! be assured there is philosophy here as well as faith. This man, apart altogether from inspiration, could dip more deeply by reason into the nature of things than those professionals at Athens, who called him babbling. Profound intellectual insight, as well as spiritual discernment, is displayed in the bold, direct substitution of Christ's person, as both God and man, for the vain philosophies which he had discarded. He is not contented with introducing a true opinion in room of the false; he is not contented even with introducing a divinely-inspired doctrine of religion, in room of human speculations: in place of all opinions, false or true, secular or sacred, he introduces a fact. The question is, What will sustain a human soul when it is fainting, and what will satisfy it when it is empty? This inspired teacher gives to feeble failing humanity, not a thought, but a brother. To a person in utter amazement and need, he brings a person in whom dwells all power, and from whom flows all compassion. The Alpha and Omega of Revelation is this: that God became man, and dwelt among us. The histories, the prophecies, the doctrines of the Bible,

reveal Christ. They do not save us; they lead us to our Saviour. Our Saviour is a person. He is man, that we may get near his heart; and God, that he may deliver us from all evil.

"The fullness of the Godhead" is needed to satisfy our desires. Nothing more can be given, and nothing less will suffice. The creature that was made in God's image, cannot be satisfied with any portion less than God. When a human soul was spoiled and left empty, you cannot fill it by finite things. Give it a whole world, and its hunger knaws as painfully as before. It will continue empty and miserable, until you restore to it the portion which it lost by sin. But the "fullness of the Godhead" lies far beyond the reach of the fallen. We might as well hope to raise our bodies from the earth, and fly through space to some brighter world, as to rise in spirit by our own efforts to communion with God in holiness. What we could not do, God did, and did by the gift of his Son. The fullness of the Godhead dwelt and dwells in the man Christ Jesus. Thus do we get access to the fountain of all good. God is love: but how shall we approach and satisfy our thirst from that upper spring? Jesus is our Mediator. Through him the divine love reaches our hearts: through him we have access to the Father.

The evidences of revealed religion in all their branches are useful and necessary. None of the demonstrations which have been developed in the course of the Christian era could be wanted. Each has its place and its function. But the person and character of the Redeemer stands alone, greater than all. The true evidences of Christianity is Christ. Here is a person whom not only believers love, but infidels of all ages reverence and admire. This person, who in truth embodied, distinctly declares that he existed before he was born in Bethlehem; that he is the Son of God with power, that he raised the dead by his word: and yet for us men, and for our salvation was crucified on Calvary; that he rose from the grave and ascended into heaven; that he intercedes now at the throne of God for his people, and will return at last in the clouds of heaven to take them home. All this Christ has himself declared.

You cannot reject this, and yet fall back on the supposition generally admitted by the enemies of Christianity, that Christ was a great and good man. If these things are not true, then he who declared them was consciously all his days, in life and death an arch deceiver. It is impossible, unless the light of reason has been violently extinguished, to look to the Christ of the Gospel, and count him a dark false deceiver. I say it is impossible; and that impossibility throws you over at a bound into the glorious assurance that all his word is true. Here is the shortest and surest course of instruction in the Christian evidences: Go to the Christ of the New Testament, the Christ of Matthew and Mark, and Luke and John, of Peter and Paul; keep him company a while, and gravely study his character. Follow his steps, and listen to his instructions. See him while he mightily works, and meekly endures: hear his reproof of sin, and his compassion for the sin-doer; join the congregation who listen to his sermon, and stand beside him while he spends the night on the mountain-top in prayer; go in with him to Pilate's judgment seat, and stand on Calvary near the Cross; go and form acquaintance with Christ in his ministry among men, and say whether he is the worst of men or the best, for one or other of these two he must be—say before your conscience and God—say on the brink of time and the threshold of eternity, is he false and bad, or is he pure and true? Pure and true like heaven, like God you must pronounce him to be; the very laws of your being compel the confession. And where does this confession place you? In a moment, and by one sure step, it lifts you from the deep miry pit of manifold unbelief, sets your feet upon a rock, and fills your mouth with praise. It is fixed that Christ is true: you accept him as he is: you take him at his word. He is God with us: he has gone to prepare a place for us, and he will come again, for he has said so. The fullness of the Godhead dwells in him, and it dwells in him that I may reach it. When my heart simply recognizes Christ as the Son of God, and yet my brother, the recognition makes me a new creature.

When we know him as God with us, we accept him as our Redeemer. Through faith his people are in him, and so partake of his salvation.

In our text it is expressly said, you are complete; that is, full in him. It is not easy to satisfy a man. It is both solemnizing and gladsome to observe how wide is the chasm which divides our nature from the most fully developed of the lower animals. Give them enough of convenient food, and they lie down content. When an ox has gathered his fill on the meadow and lain down to chew the cud, you could not make him happier though you had all in earth and heaven at your disposal. You would only disturb his peace by adding to his portion. But ah, how different is a creature made up like the ox of flesh and blood when God has breathed into the body an immortal soul. Here, in a moment is a capacity which heaven and earth could not fill. It was a true instinct in the apostle Philip that prompted him to say to Jesus, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." There that simple Galilean was right. He expressed a truth which all the learning of the schools cannot discover. Perhaps, at that stage of his instruction, the disciple did not understand all that his own words contained. To us under the ministry of the Spirit their meaning shines more clearly through. In a human spirit there remains an aching emptiness although it has gotten a whole world as its portion. This incapability of having enough, as a characteristic of humanity, is a sublime and awe-inspiring thing. It may, in some of its manifestations, become pitiable or ludicrous; the rich miser's complaint of poverty provokes scorn or laughter; but this is only a beautiful human countenance twisted into a caricature; the human countenance in symmetry and life is not a contemptible but a glorious sight. The impossibility of satisfying me though you should give me a whole world, greatly comforts me. It lifts me high above all other creatures that are visible. It brings me up nearer to God than other beings that I know. I am glad to learn that I am incapable of being satisfied with created things; for I desire to be kept open and empty until God be mine, and then the craving of my spirit shall cease.

In our Brother, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, dwells the fullness of the Godhead. When I am through faith spiritually inserted into

...ast he branch bodily is in the vine,  
...fulness of the Godhead flows into  
...until my whole being is filled with  
...d.

While we conceive of the saved state  
...heaven as a state for other and es-  
...sentially different beings, it has for us  
...attractions. Illimitable space, and  
...the ether, and invisible spirits, and  
...dent thought, with none in our na-  
...re near,—these things will not win  
...e. To be thrown into that great  
...pty concave, with no green tree,  
...d no rolling river, and no human  
...ces in it, is not a gladsome anti-  
...ation. A friend, a brother, more  
...derly and perfectly human than  
...y whom we have ever known, and  
...at the same time God over all,—  
...is is the heaven wherewith the  
...ministry of the Spirit charms human  
...arts. The increasing knowledge of  
...he heavenly state will be like the re-

sults of microscope and telescope com-  
...bined. A whole world of close, mi-  
...nute, hitherto undiscovered human  
...sympathy, will be found in Immanuel;  
...and at the same time, his divine per-  
...fections will open up in a limitless  
...expanse. The infinite God comes  
...closer to me in true human love than  
...any brother. He who is my brother  
...has all power in heaven and in earth.  
...It is on this person, in conscious sym-  
...pathy with all his people every mo-  
...ment, as the head with the members;  
...it is on this person, entered already  
...as our forerunner into the Holiest for  
...us, that the anchor of a believing hope  
...now surely fastens. Fastened there,  
...every toss that a tempted but trusting  
...soul suffers on this sea of time, fixes  
...its hold more firmly. Christ is the  
...heaven of Christians.

W. ARNOT.

## Varieties.

VITAL STATISTICS OF TASMANIA.—  
...uring 1861 the number of deaths in  
...his important colony was 1,479 out of  
...population which amounted on the  
...th of April of that year to 89,976.  
...his gives a rate of mortality of a trifle  
...er sixteen in every 1,000, or one  
...death in about 61 individuals. In  
...the healthiest districts of England the  
...death-rate is seventeen per 1,000,  
...and this is assumed by the Registrar-  
...General as a standard of what the rate  
...might be throughout the United King-  
...dom if due attention was paid to the  
...public health. Among the rural pop-  
...ulation of Tasmania, estimated at 53-  
...17, the death-rate was only a fraction  
...over eleven in every 1,000. This fact  
...alone attests the great salubrity of the  
...climate, and it is the more striking  
...when we learn that the juvenile pro-  
...portion of the population there is much  
...higher than in England and other  
...European countries. The registered  
...births in all Tasmania during 1861  
...were 3,207; but, as many were not  
...registered, the total number is esti-  
...mated at little short of 4,000.

MEDIATION.—The *Daily News*, in an  
...editorial notice of Lord Palmerston's  
...reiterated declaration that the British  
...Government could not, in the present

state of affairs, offer any mediation  
...in the American struggle, says:—  
...“The Americans are at this moment  
...under the teaching of the sharpest ex-  
...perience which any people of modern  
...times have known. They will learn  
...in that school, if nowhere else, pro-  
...vided only that they are left alone  
...with the lesson. But if bystanders  
...interfere, whether to raise hopes or to  
...complicate the strife by calling new  
...passions into play, they will either  
...still more embitter and extend the war,  
...or succeeding in their immediate ob-  
...ject, will create an artificial state of  
...relations on the American continent  
...that will betray those who, like our  
...merchants and manufacturers, need a  
...solid basis for their operations. This,  
...as Mr. Hopwood has had a recent op-  
...portunity of knowing, is understood  
...in the cotton manufacturing districts.  
...“We have been for years building  
...our largest manufacture on the most  
...treacherous foundation. What is want-  
...ed, in order that this war may come to  
...an end, is that each party may be  
...brought to apprehend its real interest.  
...When once that is seen on both sides,  
...neither the ravings of slave-mistress-  
...es, nor the exigencies of desperate  
...politicians, nor the convenience of the  
...country for guerilla warfare, will pre-

vent the conclusion of a peace. But every word spoken in high places, and tending to foreign intervention, delays this consummation."

**A ROMISH CAUSE OF REJOICING.**—The Archbishop of Toulouse has determined on a jubilee to commemorate "the glorious event" which occurred in that city three hundred years ago. Now, the glorious event referred to by the Archbishop is a massacre of four thousand Protestants by the Roman Catholics on the 17th May, 1562, in direct violation of the capitulation sworn to by both parties on the evacuation of the city of Toulouse by the Protestant inhabitants. Recalling the most horrible souvenirs of French history is what the Archbishop of Toulouse calls "renewing the chain of the past."

**TUNNEL THROUGH THE ALPS.**—Recent accounts of the gigantic tunnel through Mont Cenis state that the works are progressing favorably. It is ascertained that the tunnel will somewhat exceed eight English miles in length, and will pass under the ridge of the mountain at a depth of a full English mile below the surface. Shafts being out of the question, the tunnel will be ventilated by compressed air, driven into it by machinery worked by water power, which it is calculated will drive 51,000 cubic feet of compressed air into the tunnel daily. According to the present rate of working the tunnel will not be finished under six years; but we believe it is intended to increase the power of the boring machine, and to make them work more expeditiously.—*Athenæum*.

**A BEAUTIFUL REFLECTION.**—Bulwer eloquently says:—"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. I can't be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and then sink into nothingness! Else, why is it that the

glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favoured loveliness? Why is it that the stars, who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread before us like the islands that slumber on the ocean—and where the beings that pass before us like shadows were astray in our presence for ever."

The Confederate Almanac for 1862, published by Rev. Dr. Summers at the Southern Methodist publishing House, announces an "eclipse of the sun, visible over the Confederate States!" To this the *Nashville Union* adds, that about the same time "there will be a total eclipse of the Confederate States, visible over all creation."

A London journal thinks "the right man in the right place" is a husband at home in the evening.

When we fancy that we have grown wiser, it is only, in many instances, that new prejudices have taken the place of old ones.

Lose no fragment of the day in idleness. Resolve that, when day breaks, you will save the pieces.

Sir Joseph Paxton has been engaged by the Emperor to construct at Passy, near Paris, a new crystal palace of enormous dimensions.