Woetry.

Imperishable.

The rure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth, The impulse to a wordless prayer, The dreams of love and truth The longings after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry; The strivings after better hopes,.
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid A brother in his need, The kindly word in grief's dark hour That proves the friend indeed. The plea for mercy, softly breathed, When justice threatens high; The sorrow of a contrite heart, These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand, The pressure of a kiss, And all the trifles, sweet and frail. That make up love's first bliss, If with a firm, unchanging faith, And holy trust and high, Those hands have clasped, those lips have met, These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word That wounded as it fell; The chilling want of sympathy, We feel but never tell. The hard repulse that chills the heart, Whose hopes were bounding high,

Let nothing pass, for every hand Must find some work to do! Lose not a chance to waken love Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade, Beam on thee from on high, And angel voices say to thee, These things shall never die.

-From All the Year Round.

Emancipation.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAKORD. LAND of the Christian's hope I Land of the patriot's pride! Let freedom like a river flow, A broad, deep, sparkling tide. Break each accursed chain, Let the enslaved go free. dever hope a righteous God

Again will prosper thee !

Earth's heathen millions wait For light to beam from thee, How can it shine through that dark mist Of cruel slavery! And with it crush its cause,

To just and humane laws! By martyred Torrey's blood, By Lovejoy's honored name, Shake off the shackles of disgrace, Wipe out the nation's shame! Let not our heroes fall In this great strife in vain, Nor leave it for our children dear To fight it o'er again!

The deadliest foe in all our land

Proclaim the edict now-Be tardy justice done To those so long by us oppressed-And then the victiry's won. God's smile will clear our sky. And paint the promise-bow On each retreating cloud, to be The pledge of glory new.

Then speak the magic word : Say to the slave, "Be free!" Let Northern bells ring in the year Of Southern jubilee! Shrink not in coward fear, Be merciful and just, Or look to see the stars and stripes Dishonored in the dust.

Nay, lift the dear old flag. More proudly let it wave Above a nation purified, A people true and brave;
A North and South made one, In bonds that none may break, While shouts of "Peace and Liberty!" Our whole broad land awake. —Zion's Herald.

HAPPY is that soul which, freed from its earthly prison, at liberty seeks the sky; bable or unworthy of belief; and, by a which sees thee, its most sweet. Lord face to face; which is touched by no fear of death. but rejoices in the incorruption of eternal glory. At rest and secure, it no longer dreads death and the enemy. Now, O Lord, it possesses thee whom it has long sought and always loved. Now it is joined to the com-pany of those who sing to thy praise, and forever it sings to thy glory the sweet sounds of never-ending blessedness. For, of the fatness of thy house and of the rivers of thy pleasure thou gavest it to drink. Happy is ous the solemnity of all who are coming back to thee from the sad toil of this our pilgrim-age, to the joy of beauty and the lovliness of that Boshonto had first learned of Charles universal splendor, and the majesty of all ity. Her husband had taught her, and when grace. There shall the eyes of thy people her widowed friend had told her of her doubts

What songs of praise! What sounds of soul, she said, "Boshonto, Christianity is the harmonious instruments! What sweetly- religion for you; go and be a Christian. I flowing choruses! What music rises there only wish we could be Christians, too; but, without end ! There sounds continually the alas! we have too many ties of family and voice of hymns and pleasant chants, which are sung to thy glory by the heavenly inhabitants. Malignity and the gall of bitterness troduction. have no place in thy kingdom. For there is no wickedness found therein. There is no adversary nor any deceitfulness of sin. There is no want, no disgrace, no wrangling, no everlasting joy in the Holy Spirit.

O! how blessed shall I be if ever I hear revealed to her by a far higher power, that mellifluous songs ascribing the honor that is due to the Holy Triniiy. But, O! how exceedingly blessed shall I be if I shall be found among those who sing to our Lord Jesus was the only Saviour of her sin-sick soul; and she sought after the Lord, if haply she might feel after him and find him. sus Christ the sweet songs of Zion. -St. Au-

FIRST FRUITS OF THE HARVEST.

On Friday, the 28th of June, while Mrs. Mullens was sitting alone, taking a hasty breakfast, a singular letter was put into her hands. It bore unmistakable marks of coming from a native, though it was anonymous. It ran thus: "Madam, I have taken the liberty of introducing to you the bearer of this. She is a Brahmin widow, and belongs to a most respectable and wealthy family at B. She has visited all the chief shrines of Hindooism, seeking rest for her soul, and finding For rest she now turns to Christianity. Madam, will you receive her into your asylum? Will you teach her what truth is? I will add one word for your encouragement. There are other widows besides this one; aye, and there are married women, too, who are restless in, and dissatisfied with their own religion. They wish for something better. Yours, a Truth-lover and Truth-seek-

"Ask the bearer to come in," said Mrs. Mullens, hardly knowing what to expect. A gentle-looking, modest woman entered the room. She seemed about four-and-twenty, and her every word and action showed the Hindoo lady, though she looked hot, wearied, and very much excited. "Was the letter I brought addressed to you?" she inquired.

"Yes." "Then I will wait till you have finished breakfast, for I must see you alone; I can easily wait."

The ayah showed her into the bed-room. where Mrs. Mullens joined her immediately. To try her, she said, "you must go away to-day, and come again to-morrow. I have an unavoidable engagement, I am sorry, but I have not even five minutes to speak to you

"Then I will wait, wait as long as you like; I have been waiting for this all my life. It would be hard to ask me to go away, just when I have found what I sought.' Mrs. Mullens left her. Hopes, doubts, fears in eager tumult rose in her heart, and but one prayer came to her lips again and again, and yet again: "Holy spirit, is not thy promise pledged? O breathe upon this soul; then shall it live, and bud and blossom, and bear fruit." Her engagement was to hear a native catechist's trial sermon to the heathen servant's of an English lady. The man's text was: "Yet the dogs shall eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." And as she heard, she thought of the waiting one at home, and it seemed to her that the answer to her prayer had already come, and that Jesus was saying to that one:
"O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Mrs. Mullen was soon back. It took

three hours to hear the Brahminee's strange, sad, story, with all its thrilling interest. Hers had been eminently a life of seeking. Had she found at last the hidden treasure! Left a widow at fourteen years of age, her penances and austerities had commenced. though otherwise she was kindly treated. But, ever since she had thought at all, she had been dissatisfied with Hindooism; and when the death of her husband left her free and comparatively wealthy, she had begun to visit the various holy places celebrated in Hindoo story, with a view to find out whether they could give her that soul-rest which was denied to her at home. Her account of this search after spiritual peace was often most touching. Once, when she was a little girl, she said her elder sister was dangerously ill, and her parents took her to to a distant shrine, to join her prayers with theirs for the recovery of their child. The idol was propitious, the sister got well, and Boshonto believed in that idol. In after years, when God sent this longing for the truth into her heart, she bethought herself of the being who had once, as she considered, heard her prayer, and she again repaired to his shrine. They told her his most acceptable worshippers were those who approached him fasting. For two whole days she fasted, and her prayer was: "Teach me thy way, O On the third day she fainted, with that prayer for light and guidance still on her lips. "Now," she asked, "may not the unknown God to whom I then prayed, have heard my prayer, and brought me here in answer to it?" The missionary's wife was silent: how could she tell? Though this she knew, that "God looketh on the heart." THE SOUL FREED FROM ITS EARTHLY Not wishing to trust her own judgment merely, Mrs. Mullens asked two of the native preachers, who had been themselves Brahmins, to be present at this conversation. They saw nothing in her story either imprestrange coincidence, it was found that Boshonto was distantly related to one of them. He knew her family, and could youch for its respectability and wealth. Boshonto was then asked about the writer of that strange letter. She was afraid it would bring him into trouble with his own people; therefore, it was with considerable reluctance she gave his name, and that only when she was assured it was absolutely necessary. He proved to be a Brahmin well known to the mission family. They were aware that he knew the truth, but the band of the heavenly citizens, and glori- not that he had felt its power, or that he had

any love for it. Surprised, therefore, were see thee face to face; there nothing at all that respecting Hindooism, and her longings for can trouble the mind is permitted to the ears. a religion that would satisfy the wants of her

> Such was Boshonto's account of herself. The next step was to try and discover whether it was all true. One of the native preachers kindly undertook this, and rode many

her heathen friend had told her had also been

in the mission family at Bhowanipore, and righteousness;

every day increases their love and affection

for her. Naturally very clever, and intelligent, she has learned to read her Bible in an Among the hills of New Hampshire there incredibly short time. It is rarely out of her hands; and each morning one may find her taking her place amid the girls of the native farmer was a rich man, and his fine barns, incredibly short time. It is rarely out of her Christian boarding-school to get the benefit granaries, wood-piles, and well-kept fences of their daily Bible lesson. Every now and showed that he looked well to his business: then she looks up with extreme earnestness he was rich also in a warm heart; for havdepicted on her bright face, and asks: "Oh! do you think that this blind one will ever see? Shall I ever understand it all?" She may know it not, but the Spirit has already taught her to behold wondrous things out of his law; for she said on one occasion, "I think I see their riches end here. He had a treasure the difference between the Hindoo Shastres laid up in heaven. The farmer was rich in the difference between the Hindoo Shastres and the Book of God? Is it not this? The faith, and his pious example shone with a faith, and his pious example shone with a the minds and hearts of young and old to-beautiful light all around. The little church wards the Church which we all love as a which cannot make the heart better; while the latter has to do chiefly with the heart how it can be purified and made fit to dwell how it can be purified and made fit to dwell and honored him, and appointed him select the spring when flowers begin to bud and honored him select. with God !" On being asked what made her man of the village. A useful and happy bloom, through the dry heats of summer, in first think that idols were not true gods, she life was his replied, "Because I saw the glorious sun, and Time went Time went by with its changes, and some

her to the feet of Christ. To him she came his home; and friends invited him to go and on account of her need, her want; and Christians will understand her, though she often says, "I wish I could express myself better.; but I do not know what else to say than that I have been needing the true religion all my did, he looked forward to that sweeter rest life, and now I have found it."

'Behold the expected time draw near,
The shade disperse, the dawn appear.
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

"The untaught heathen waits to know The joy the gospel will bestow: The exiled captive to receive The freedom Jesus has to give."

"NO ADMITTANCE."

SUCH was once the significant "Notice, written in large and distinct characters, and placed upon the outside of the door of a room in one of our New-England seminaries. As to have no time for anything beside study?". Is to have no time rousing the left town?" "Is ed from his bedroom into the kitchen and over he mad?" Such were the inquiries which were the green, catching the ears of the young exchanged, but only to receive no answer: farmer and his wife, who often stopped and There were a few, however, who understood hearkened to the strain. it. A revival of religion had just commenced, and the occupant of that room had manifested a hostility to it which was specially bitter. On ascertaining that some of the students turn the furrow as he once had. The hard, had resolved to converse personally with every impenitent member of the institution, and make a direct appeal to the individual heart and conscience, he declared that he were little children to be watched and tended, would be an exception, that he would not engage in any such conversation, would not hear any such appeal, and, to be secure

one into his room. The words "No Admittance" were there-The words "No Admittance" were there-fore full of meaning to the little band of knees, a third kneeling at his side, listening praying students, and they immediately re- with eager face to "little Moses hid in the solved to test the virtue of prayer in open-bullrushes." or "Samuel hearkening to God," ing the bolted door. Fervently and united- or the "mocking children ate up by bears, ly they committed the case to God, entreating him not only to unbar the door, but also Jesus in the manger, their own blessed Saviand especially to unlock and take possession of the stubborn heart within the door. And never can they forget the thrill of wonder and joy which they felt when the message, their children so? No. no. His good words, "Behold he prayeth!" was announced to them. While they were appealing to God one of their number knocked upon the bolted door, and, to his great surprise, as he listened for a response, heard the most earnest cries and sobs within. The Holy Spirit had evidently gained "admittance not only into the room, but into the far more strongly bolted heart, and the bitter enemy of the revival was pleading for mercy.

strong farmer, thinking of it over his plough. Then they asked him to come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his come and the statesman exclaims, "There is but them. And the good deacon fetched out his come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his come and pray with them. And the good deacon fetched out his come and pray with them.

was welcomed, and the result was, that in a roof in his day. day or two the enemy joined the ranks of

the friends of Christ. This fact, incidentally revived in the writer's memory a few days ago, suggests impor-

1. The Holy Spirit can gain admittance even through the door that is barred against him. He is an Omnipotent Spirit." 2. It is nevertheless extremely hazardous

boldly and openly to say, "No Admittance!" that Spirit in bis calls upon the sinner to get discourage; he did just what David tells "come." to Christ. In strict justice, God might, and sometimes does, turn away from such a door, and say of the occupant within, "He is joined to his idols, let him alone."

"In strict justice, God wis to do, "Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." And didn't he find it true?

"Christian Almanae." "He is joined to his idols, let him alone." "I have called, and he refused; I have stretched out my hand, and he regarded it

3. There is no limit to the power of the prayer which God accepts. What wonderful instances of answer to prayer are recorded both in the Scriptures and out of them! 4. Death never regards bolted doors. How waits for the door to be unbarred.

"Death comes down with reckless footsteps Think you death will tarry knocking Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth, Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;

5. How touching are those words of an -Tract Journal.

their light doth; nothing keeps them in their become familiar t folly more than their wisdom doth; nothing yea, they are nam makes them more unrighteous than their beloved Zion.

TRUST IN GOD.

ing no children of his own, he and his excellent wife took one, little motherless child af-

hard to sell. "the old place;" but he could do what seemed best, since, loving it as he which remains for the people of God beyond the grave. It was a sorrowful day to the little church when the good man took his leave, and his seat was empty in the pew. In a few years the son failed in business

Teally become all at once so studious content filled his soul. Morning midday, and of a religious paper in the family.—German

But what could the old man do? He could: no longer swing the axe, handle the hoe, or rough work of life must be done by stronger hands then his. An there was work to be done, precious work, that he would do. There and a burdened mother to relieve. And before many months it was plain how their little hands and hearts were stretched lovingly against any intrusion, would not admit any towards him even, and even baby chriped more cheerily in his arms. It was a touching sight to see him on the log under the old beechor that "sweet story of old," the infant our. The old man was never tired of these labors of love. And do you think the father and mother could help hearing what pleased

> to the bosom, of the earth. "Oh," sighed the young mother in her innermost heart, "I want to be like that good bare sword, with gauntleted hand armor

and simple godly talk sunk into their hearts

"That's the religion for me," said the In a short time the door was opened, the old family Bible, and set up the family altar "Notice" was removed, the praying student; once more, as it used to be under the old

> And this pleased God, and he sent his Holy Spirit down into the little household: Jesus was there; and by and by they united with the little church hard by. Then they called the old man "father," and the little ones called him "dear grandfather," and he had the best seat in the chimney corner, and of justice difficult, but it cannot open the nothing was too good for him to have. Because, you observe, when "hard times".

where the design is to exclude the Spirit of and thousands in our land this year, he did will find its utter worthlessness, and wake God, as well as those who would join with not grumble and complain, or lose faith and from your dream of golden security to feel time, come to stillness. Your active mind

THE CHURCH PAPER IN THE FAMILY.

PERHAPS one of the greatest blessings of the Church paper, is the love for and attachment to the Church it begets among the members of the Christian family. It is a vain is the madness of raising barriers and living bond of union with all parts of Zion. saying, "No Admittance," when the king of We once listened to the enquiries of an aged terrors approaches and knocks! He never grand-mother, living in the southern interior of Pennsylvania, in regard to different ministers in our Church. She was accustomed to sit by a window of her dwelling looking northward towards a line of railroad near by with spectacles on, reading the Bible, religious book, and her Church paper. We asked her whether she knew this one or that one about whom she inquired, and she replied that she did not, but she had often read their names in the "Messenger." Here she made appealing and waiting Saviour:—"Open to names in the "Messenger." Here she made me, for my head is filled with the dew, and their acquaintance. How much there is in is no want, no disgrace, no wranging, no tear, no disgrace, no wranging, no turmoil, no quarreling, no fear, no disquiet under no discord; no discord; but there is the excellency of peace, the fullness of love, praise eternal and glory to God, peaceful rest without end, and glory to God, peaceful rest with the drops of the night." Bethese very names to familiarize us with the drops of the night. "Bethese very names to familiarize us with the god, and what stands opposite that it should be well with the god, and glory in flowers and glory to God, and what stands opposite that it should be well wi to stand without, and knock and wait so long? their charges to the benevolent operations of the Church. In the reports of the annual meeting of the Classes, and Synod, and of the dedication of new churches, and sacred communion, seasons, they appear until they

cations from all portions of the Church, containing words of comfort and cheer for the aged, of instruction and correction for the young. And the short and pointed articles of the editor, who comes to possess a true, fatherly affection towards his readers,

with whom he had been in communication for many long years. And the sharp discussions that sometimes suddenly spring upon mooted points, upon which all do not think alike, (aright we had written(-they too, often instruct us much, if not on the subject discussed, at least on the temper and spirit of the writers.

And what is all this worth in the family? Ah, who can estimate its value in drawing the autumn when winds carry the sear leaves around our dwellings and whistle in every

moon, and stars; not only so, but I saw that all these were governed by certain laws; the planets went round the sun, and the tides were influenced by the moon. Then I knew that there must be one Being in the universe greater than I had yet heard of."

Butstill this was not the feeling that brought her to the feet of Christ. To him she came continue to exist until the end. And it leads spend the rest of his days in that ease and comfort which he could so well afford. It was a golden tie to bind us to dear brethren with

whom we hope to dwell in eternity. Parents! would you train your children to love the Church? See to it that you teach them to read and value the Church paper. Keep it from being destroyed. Read it yourselves, and teach them by your example, that you value it more than all papers beside. What though it may not come in gaudy and the failure swept away the largest half dress and with exciting headings of thrilling worldly news! What though it may possess of the old man's property. Other losses followed in its wake, and like Job, he was wellnigh stripped of every thing. Scarcely enough was left for his daily bread. Un and the world, to captivate and please? Still it is our Church paper, and we love it willing to be a burden, he yearned for his Still it is our Church paper, and we love it early home, and only wished he might end more than all others. We have heard of his days there. Back he travelled to his na- some who have stopped the Church paper tive village. He knocked at the old farm because the times are hard, while perhaps gate, and begged for lodgings, beneath, the old farm roof, The young farmer bade him tieles of little or no worth, nay perhaps posit was a measure quite new, in the career of the occupant of the room, it excited among the many who passed the door not a little wonder. What could it mean? "Has T—really become all at once so studious "Content Clickless and the could be compared to the career of the occupant of the room, it excited among old man became a hired servant where he was once the master. But no complaint of a "hard lot" ever fell from his lips. A sweet of a religious recommendation of a religious recomm

THERE IS BUT ONE RELIANCE."

So said Mr. Van Buren. He was dying and so they informed him. He was a lawyer, and knew the extent of human ingenuity, but turning from all hope in cunning counsel, in the eloquence of the orator, the skill of the special pleader, there was but one reliance, the "Advocate with God, Jesus Christ the Righteous.'

He, who lay dying, had been a Senator in the days when giants were on its floor; he had presided over their deliberations. He had represented his country abroad, and knew-few knew better-the influences which control cabinets and courts, but dying now, about to go before the King of kings, and into the presence of the Lord of lords, he sees hope only only in the slain Lamb, and gasps, "There is but one reliance."

He had been the Chief Magistrate of a oreat nation. His hands had dispensed patronage, his will had given place. The army and navy moved at his bidding. He could surround himself with strong men—men who "turn not back in the day of battle." Know ing the power of an army, the strength of a as well as the children's, like small seeds in navy, had he environed himself with defences? Ohno! Vain courage and discipline. There comes a sable warrior with closed visor and of proof-he comes to strike down the venerable chief of a nation! Does he call for his soldiers tried in other days? No, no. Nearer comes the sable warrior—his shadow falls, one reliance." That is in Him who camefrom Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, Mighty to save! Who came saying, "O Death, I will be thy plagues. O Grave, I will be thy destruction."

BUT ONE RELIANCE!"

O man of wealth, society opens its doors at thy coming. Wealth can buy opinion, can purchase homage can make the execution gates of heaven; it cannot bribe the infinite justice of God, cannot buy off death. You came to him, as they have come to hundreds may use it; may trust it, but by and by you "there is but one reliance."

O man of restless activity, you must, some-

must have a halt, and your sinewy frame stay on life's pathway. It will be impossible then to scheme, to plan with craft and cunning. It is solemn work dealing with the Infinite. You will then feel, and it may be all too late, "there is but one reliance." For no other saving name has been given. No other arm has been made bare to save the lost. All of us must come to the confession some day. Our cherished shrines will break, our trusted props will be snattered. Is it wise to wait until then to have the belief forced upon us along with the terrible conviction that it is a truth field in unrighteousness clutched with despair? It is something for the faith of the present hour :- North West-

TO SIN IS TO SUFFER.

ern Christian Advocate.

THERE are moral influences at work in the world, resulting from conscience and from the government of God, which make it impossible that it should be well with the wick-ed. These influences touch him on every Nothing stands in men's light so much as their light doth; nothing keeps them in their folly more than their wisdom doth; nothing yea, they are names in the household of our his temporal prosperity is disadvantaged, and reloved Zion.

Then there are the letters and communithing, too, that he cannot do away with or There was a singular grace and fitness in all

which evil-doers are punished.

which forms this connection here, administered upon any other principles there than those of the law of God? If he shows us that he is angry with the wicked every day, and that it cannot be well with transgressors to the characteristic of the now, is not that an irrefragable reason why who were privileged to see him, when he we should expect and believe that he will was standing almost in the presence of future? Providence only commences in expressive at once of trust and victory, as plete in eternity. The Almighty's work is cady there; and it was but a few days after one. Through the whole course of our imthat I heard he had ascended.—Rev. Dr. nortal existence, our works will follow us, and their evil cry against us to be avenged of God. That we should be told, therefore, that he has "appointed a day in which he will judge the quick and the dead," is only what we might have known of ourselves; and that we should find an assurance that "the wicked will be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of God,"

Iy. The good man is satisfied from himself, and finds peace like a river, and righteousness is as much a necessity as it is a dictate of like the waves of the sea. But worldly pleareason and an affirmation of Divine, revela- sures and honors never fill the heart—there

wicked to his own way. "It shall not be well with the wicked," beause it cannot be well with him. He is an opponent of Omnipotence and urges his oposition in vain. He is a disturbance in the noral harmony of the universe, and must be cast out. He makes it necessary that the Almighty should abdicate, or bring him to destruction; and, therefore there is no hope that he should escape. Can there be any question of results, when such imperious forces are at work, and such consequences demand his overthrow? No, there cannot.
"It shall not be well with the wicked." Caristian Intelligencer.

AT THE LAST IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT.

present day when intemperance seems to be gaining such fearful ground, even in the highest circles, does it not be- down to the water level and embarked. But come followers of the Lord Jesus to set their scarcely had they reached a safe distance faces like a flint against every outpost of the | before the loud crash of the crumbling mass enemy? No young man, whose habits for was heard. The scene of their gaiety was life are forming, is safe, if he indulges though covered with huge fragments of the falling ever so seldom, in the social glass. O how many richly-freghted barques have perished

A young man graduated at an old New one of the gay party could ever be induced England College with the highest honors, to try that rash experiment again.

He was one of the most wonderful scholars But what is this world, with all its brilthat had ever been in the Institution. He liancy, with all its hopes and its alluring seemed to master a language almost by intution, entering into the very heart of the old slowly away? Its false splendor, enchantdreek poets, while his companions were plod- ing to the eye, dissolves, and as drop after ling laboriously over allotted tasks. He was drop trickles down its sides, or steals unseen ccustomed to read dissertations on the most through its hidden pores, its very foundations abstruse points from blank papers, pouring forth bursts of eloquence, which thrilled all hearers, while they gazed with fascination world to many who dance over its surface, on his eagle eye, and noble brow, shaded by and in false security forget the treacherous masses of raven hair. So remarkable were footing on which they stand. But can any his acquirements, that he received his first one who knows what it is, avoid feeling that and second degrees on the same day, and on every moment is pregnant with danger, and the evening of his graduation; was wedded that the final catastrophe is hastening on ?-

to a lovely and estimable young lady. He entered on the study of the law, and became Attorney-General at an age when most young men are admitted to the bar. He seemed the soul of honor, and integrity, and every noble trait; but suddenly he re igned his high position, to the surprise of sin of intemperance, in which he had long congregations. This congregation had adoptindulged, was unnerving and unfitting him ed the ad valorem principle, as a means of for being intrusted with the destinies of defraying its expenses. In a few months afrighting." He wept with bitterness over the grave of his heart-broken wife, and renewed his vows of reformation upon the head of his ed that he would not be willing to bear it, only son; but the impression was only tran- and their demand might give him serious of-

preme Court, and old judges gazed upon him man was surprised. with wonder and admiration; but on one occasion, after a fatiguing argument, he was Did you suppose that I would be unwilling over-persuaded by a friend to take a glass of to pay my full proportion? When Liwas a ale, and it was the last sober moment he man of the world, and united with a comever saw, until he was grappling with the pany in any scheme of pleasure, I would ing of terrors.

great attainments are no cafeguard, if you my proportion of the expenses of the church.

The proportion of the expenses of the church. biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an man now, since I have become a servant of adder."—Presbyterian.

DR. SAMUEL MILLER

Dr. Sprague thus portrays the character Dr. Alexander was sole Professor but a

single year. In 1813, the revered and be-

loved name of Samuel Miller became associated with his; and the relation, thus established, continued a source of mutual blessing, and a field for cordial cooperation, for nearly forty years. I will venture to speak of some of the different phases of Dr. Miller's character somewhat in the order in which they presentstudy, when I presented to him a letter desubsequent intercourse with him; and it is the offering which I love to make to his memory to this day. Those fine qualities of mind and heart which were so beautifully dation of a magnanimous character. Lord reflected in his manners, constituting him the highest type of a Christian gentleman, ren-

avoid—a kind of invisible enemy, invulnera- his words and actions' He had much of the ble by any weapons which he can forge; a spirit of generous conciliation and forbear-kind of spectre that haunts him everywhere; ance, but it was qualified by an unwavering a vampire ever lighting upon him, and suck-ing his blood; a moral leprosy, which, in a certain way, makes every one desirous to came out in his daily life, was, to his stuavoid him, and keep him at a distance. Have dents, one unbroken lesson of love and wiswe been drawing an imaginary picture? O! dom. And his meetings with us in the recit is only too true. It is one of the ways in tation room was as creditable to his intellect as to his heart: for, while the influence of Of the future we have no experience as we his bland and considerate manner, there as have of the present; but can there be any everywhere, operated as a charm, we always doubt that the same indissoluble connection | had presented to us a luminous, well digestexists there? Is the providence of God, ed, and highly satisfactory view of the subconfirm this mode, of procedure also in the death. I never heard such sublime words, time, what Providence has determined to com- then fell from his lips. The chariot was al-

TRANSITORINESS OF THE WORLD.

Religion yields its richest rewards to those who cultivate it most earnestly and assidoustion! God could not be God, and leave the wicked to his own way.

is always a yearning unsatisfied—and when they are at full tide, the heart is sated, and finds in them little comfort. They are felt also to be transitory, never sure of continuance. One of our exchanges has a good paragraph: Some years since a vessel lay becalmed on

smooth sea, in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view, the mountain mass of frozen splendor rose before the passengers of the vessel, its towers and pinnacles glittering in the sunlight, and clothed in the enchanting and varied colors of the rainbow. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a pic-nic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazzardous, enterprise blinded them to the danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their table on the summit, and enjoyed their dance of pleasure on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their security or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way pinnacles, and the giant iceberg rolled over

pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting

with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and

terror to the breast of every spectator. Not

THE MEAN MAN IN THE CHURCH

New York Evangelist.

A gentleman of wealth, who had been much addicted to frolic and sport, was conall who knew him. He felt that the secret verted, and became a member of one of our others: One has compared his after-course ter this gentleman's conversion, the deacons to that of a mighty ship sinking in mid-ocean, waited on him in order to make their assess-"not without many a lurch, many a sign of ment; and knowing that he was rich, and sient. The most distinguished men of talent fence, and prove an injury to him. Hence, and piety in the land wept, and prayed, and they approached their business with some trelabored for him ... Sometimes he would seem pidation and great caution. At first he was to master his tyrant, and his gigantic pow-ers were again put forth. He was called to diffidence. The deacons, perceiving this, beadvocate an important case before the Su- came of course, more explicit. The gentle-

"What on earth," said he, "do you mean? have deemed myself a mean man, had I not Young man, your high position will not paid my full proportion of the expenses. Go to the assessor's book, and put me down for God, than I was when a servant of the devil?" -Journal and Messenger.

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them, and consequently will in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and ed themselves to me. . . . The next time I other great people to be attributed? It is saw him was three years later, in his own in vain to think of cultivating principles of signed to procure my introduction to the tion and reasoning. Nothing but the pracgenerosity and beneficence by mere exhorta-Seminary. His kindly and almost paternal spirit, breathing, through his polished and and of familiarly encountering privations and dignified manner, awakened in me a feeling discomfort on account of others, will ever en at once of reverence and affection; and this able us to do it when required. And theremingled feeling never forsook me in all my fore I am fully persuaded that indulgence

PRAISE the Lord in the beauty of holiness.