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Poetry.

THE CRIMSON TREE.

I passed through the woods one Autumn day,
And watched the flashing glory
Of oak and walnut and maple and fir,
And heeded their saddening story,
The sermon they preached was searching and deep,
But the beauty of their strain,
The glittering hues on the mountain steep,
Hushed the troubled thoughts again.
Picture worthy of artist divine,
Where splendor heaped on splendor,
Where lightness with dark, where sombre with gay,
Where rocks and leafage tender,
Where blue and green, and golden and brown,
Melt into an artist's dream.

And this pictured temple, myriad hued,
Reared on the faded sod,
Made me inwardly murmur, in accents subdued,
"Its Builder and Maker is God."
As I looked, I saw the color of blood,
One tree with crimson dye
Reached upward above the colored flood,
And touched the gentle sky.
Yet 'twas a hue from God's own hand,
His touch had set it there,
Who could never impose on himself command
To mar a dream so fair.

And so when I look on another scene,
The blessings of Home and Land,
The flashing, golden, myriad tints,
The splendors on every hand,
And see the solemn crimson of blood,
It blends with the flashing glory,
And God's own pencil throws a flood
Of light on the saddening story,
And though we sometimes sit and weep
At the crimsoned waters flowing,
At the crimsoned leaves on the mountain side,
At the crimsoned sod slow growing,
Yet this blending of tints, this sombre with gay,
Reveals the hand of the Lord,
And we gladly, and yet all solemnly say,
Its Maker and Builder is God.

—*Springfield Republican.*

Editorial.

THE LIBERTIES OF GENEVA.

EIGHTH PAPER.

A tendency of events to repeat themselves has been noticed in the course of our war against the rebellion. There have been two battles of Pea-Ridge, of Corinth, and of Fredericksburg; two attempts at invasion of the North, two rebel defeats and retreats, with pursuits more or less fruitless, until a second time the rebel army under Lee has halted for recuperation about the head waters of the Rappahannock, and stretched its lines towards Fredericksburg.

The student of the early history of the Liberties of Geneva is surprised to find the course of events running a second time in the same channels. The duke of Savoy again, in 1525, approaches stealthily with an army; again endeavors to secure a voluntary surrender of the liberties of the city; again is foiled by the fugitive Huguenots who enlist the Swiss in its behalf and form a new alliance with the Cantons; again the unscrupulous but irresolute prince abandons his designs and withdraws, but this time forever from the coveted city.

After the midnight murder of the upright Levrier, in March 1524, Charles, disturbed by the indignation of the citizens, withdrew for a time from Geneva. Emboldened by his absence the patriots again raised their heads. They had lost Berthelier and Levrier, but Providence which ever takes care that brave spirits and competent leaders shall not be wanting to good causes in the critical hour, gave them, in Besancon Hugues, the very man they required for the new campaign.

It was determined to send a delegation to appeal to the Pope against the attacks of Savoy; the bishop of Geneva, whose rights were also involved, was requested to pass the mountains and support the cause of Geneva at Rome. But neither the delegation nor the Bishop ever reached that city; the bishop put off the citizens with fair promises, and squandered the gold given by them to pay his expenses; the court of Turin found means to divert the attention of the delegates. Geneva was still left alone, and compelled to look to other than Popish sources for defence.

Charles again approached the confines of Genevan territory with his army. Fruitless as had been the appeal to the Pope, he could not abide it and he sent a deputation to the city to request its withdrawal. The Mamelukes were still in the majority in the council, and by a vote of 53 to 42, his request was agreed to. The party of independence was vanquished. The minority were proscribed men. As the duke drew near with his army, they sought safety in flight to Switzerland. It was almost like the abandonment of Athens by the patriotic citizens, unable to resist the advance of Xerxes. The best men of the city fled like hunted slaves before a tyrant. Some crept along the edge of the lake, others hastened toward the mountains. They sought unfrequented by-roads, they flung themselves into the woods and scaled the rocks. They lay concealed by day and travelled by night. Oftentimes, in those narrow Alpine defiles, the road wound about on the face of the precipices, so that pursuers and pursued being sometimes on opposite slopes, might see and even hear one another, although there was an abyss between them. The great majority of these noble fugitives escaped to a place of safety. The Friburgers sent out an escort of thirty horsemen to conduct them beyond the reach of their pursuers.

"Melancholy dispersion," exclaims the historian, "sad calamity. And yet as they departed, these generous men kept up the hope of seeing liberty victorious. In this dread and critical hour, they cast their eyes over the walls of the old city, and swore that they left it not to escape death, but to save it from oppression. They were going in search of help,—not towards the enslaved banks of the Tiber, as they did once in their folly; but towards those noble mountains of Switzerland which had thrown off the yoke of foreign tyrants. The sword of Savoy pursues them; but wonderful providence of God! it drives them towards those countries where a new light has dawned, and where they will meet at nearly every step, the friends of Zwingle and of the Reformation. It is a prince, a friend of the Pope, that is sending them to the school of the Gospel."

Arrived in the Cantons, Hugues and his fellow-exiles lost no time in representing the urgency of their case to the Swiss. As noble suppliants, not for themselves but for jeopardized liberty, they appeared before the Senate. Geneva, the ancient free city, situated at the limits of Switzerland was in imminent danger. The heroic Berthelier murdered, the wise Levrier beheaded; many others flung into gloomy dungeons and the rest driven in exile by a prince sworn to destroy the rights and authority of Geneva. Only one thing can save it—the strong hand of the Swiss league.

Such was the plea of these fugitives; and it was successful in Friburg and Berne. Berne in particular showed great zeal. Says D'Aubigne:

"There were in that city a great many of devoted friends of Zwingle and the Reformation. These evangelical Bernese soon perceived that there was a hidden but real relationship between the reformation of Zurich and the emancipation of Geneva; and they influenced their countrymen in favor of the Genevans. At the same time they spoke of the Gospel to the fugitives, and some of those men who had come to Switzerland in search of liberty only, found the truth."

Meanwhile, the duke entered the city in the last days of September. He demanded the formal resignation of the Sovereignty into his hands. Negotiations were commenced; for even in the prostrate condition of the city under foreign power, such a concession could not be wrung from it without delay. Before the matter was ripe the dreaded Swiss intervention occurred. Towards the end of October, several stout men, of warlike mien and proud look, were seen entering by the Swiss gate; as six years before Marti, the Friburg delegate, entered. They were ambassadors from Berne, Friburg and Soleure. They went to the wavering council of the Genevese and said: "Stand firm and fear nothing! Our lords will support you in all your rights."

The disconcerted duke was driven to the exercise of greater caution and a show of moderation in his measures. The sturdy, but simple-hearted Swiss envoys were no match for him in diplomacy, and he contrived to send them home again, half-persuaded of the moderation and justness of his policy in Geneva. But the fugitives were not deceived and they soon convinced the envoys of the cheat practised upon them by the duke. They continued to press the alliance upon the Cantons and not without success.

The duke now determined to take a bold step in Geneva. On the morning of the Sabbath, December 10, 1525, by royal summons, the people were assembled in the cloister of St. Peter's church, where Calvin soon afterwards so fearlessly and learnedly set forth the truth of the Gospel. The object, the personages, the means used, at this time, were totally different. The duke was there, with his retinue, and backed by the minions of his tyranny, the archers of Savoy. The purpose of the assembly apparently was to procure the long coveted popular acknowledgement of the duke's sovereignty over Geneva. In reality, it was to intimidate the people, by the exhibition of an armed force, into a show of acquiescence which, as their own act, should effectually cut them off from foreign aid. It was called the "Council of Halberds," and D'Aubigne's description of the whole scene is worthy not only of perusal, but of re-production by the pencil of the artist.

Of course, the voting under such circumstances, was unanimous and prompt on the side of acquiescence; as much so, as in the pretended popular vote in the Southern States of our Union on Secession. Many a "Council of Halberds" has been held in those ill-fated regions of the South. Only the power and violence of the organized faction of slave-holders could have cajoled, inflamed, or compelled an unwilling populace into a vote against their own nationality. The submission of Geneva to Charles, and the consent of the people of the South to disunion, are two facts which would have a mysterious appearance on the pages of history, could we not point to the "Council of Halberds" which attended each.

But as there has remained in the South, after the banishment, murder, or voluntary exile of thousands, a vast deal of loyal sentiment which could not be crushed, so Charles found that stubborn opponents to his usurpation remained in Geneva. We will let D'Aubigne tell how manfully they withstood the duke's demands, and finally

HOW THE DUKE'S HEART FAILED HIM IN THE MOMENT OF VICTORY.

The next day, in fact, Charles, who fancied himself already prince of the city, wishing to enter upon his new career, requested the city to hand over to him the jurisdiction in criminal matters, which was refused. Nor was this the only check; the procurator-fiscal having, by his Highness's orders, sent from house to house to collect votes against the alliance with the Swiss, many flatly refused to give them. At this moment the duke appeared as if he were stunned. He had matters on his mind which troubled and disturbed him; they made him mistrustful and anxious. "The assembled people had just taken the oath of obedience to him . . . and to his first two requests (such legitimate requests as he thought them) they had replied by a No! After having given an example of his extreme violence, Charles gave another of his extreme weakness. He thought Geneva crushed; but Geneva, even when crushed alarmed him. He pressed his foot upon her neck, but he felt the corpse moving under him. Even the mamelukes he began to consider as obstinate republicans, secretly defending their independence. His head began to reel, his heart to fail him. The essential trait of his character, it will be remembered, was to begin everything and finish nothing. This union of violence and folly, of which several Roman emperors have furnished examples, was found also in Charles. At the moment he had gained an important victory, and just as it was necessary for him to remain on the field of battle to profit by it, he turned his back and fled precipitately into Piedmont. It was asserted that Beatrice had recalled him. 'Venus overcame Pallas,' says Bonivard. The prior of St. Victor is always inclined to be sarcastic. But if (as is possible) it was the desire to join the duchess which induced Charles III. to let that city of Geneva slip from his hands, which the house of Savoy had coveted for ages, it is a proof that if he was violent enough to take it, he was too weak to keep it. However that may be, on the 12th of December, 1525, the duke quitted the city, and from that day neither he nor his successors entered it again. If Charles had remained, and followed the advice of his ministers, he would probably have established his authority, and bound Geneva to Rome. The triumph of the power of Savoy at the extremity of Lake Leman would have had serious consequences. But the victory he was about to win—which he had even gained . . . was lost by his cowardly desertion, and lost for ever.

HYPERBOLE OF WICKEDNESS.

Language is sometimes inadequate to express the criminality of which men are guilty, or the indignation which their acts excite. The strongest apostrophes, the boldest strokes of the pen of culture, aided by imagination, are felt to be in vain. There are certain limits which refinement, decency, and the analogy of Christianity impose upon our speech. Michael, the archangel, abstained from railing, even at Satan, contenting himself with the brief and dignified expression, "The Lord rebuke thee." Therefore, we can have no sympathy with such slang, vituperation, and profanity as the notorious Mr. Brownlow habitually indulges, and, it seems, takes a pride in, which we are sorry to see caught up and re-echoed through the columns of every secular newspaper in the North. Neither the devil, nor his closest followers on earth, should be so abused. Yet when the facts which call forth Mr. Brownlow's unseemly utterances are known, we confess ourselves puzzled for expressions strong enough to put in their place. For the highest moral reasons, it is desirable that just and righteous indignation should find vent. The enormities of the Southern Rebellion should be portrayed and characterized in fit terms; and while we discard and condemn as offensive the language of Mr. Brownlow, we agree with him most heartily in the conviction that no degree of denunciation can go beyond the facts or transcend the guilt of the offenders. We refer especially to the wrongs perpetrated upon the loyal part of the Southern population. The crime which, in our view, overtops the sin of rebellion itself, is that of persecuting, plundering, mobbing, outraging, banishing, or ignominiously murdering those whose offence was that they would not participate in the offence of their persecutors. It is guilt wreaking itself upon innocence. It is the troubled conscience made desperate and outrageous by the mere presence and silent rebuke of the good. It is treason reaching its acme in fury and rage against the faithful. It is insolent lawlessness, rioting in a brief lease of power, hastening to crush opposition, and to realize its new-found authority in the sufferings and death of its victims.

It is comparatively honorable, even for rebels, openly to meet their loyal opponents, and strive to maim, to kill, and to overwhelm them on the field of battle; to put in operation their phantom of a government, and to require outward conformity to its provisions; to punish those within their bounds, who may openly seek to thwart their design of independence. Robbers and pirates may be simply robbers and pirates, or they may carry on their business with atrocious and gratuitous circumstances of cruelty. Rebels may be simply rebels, and may carry the guilt of rebellion and civil war only on their traitor souls. That is sufficiently fearful. But the rebels of the South have still greater crimes to answer for. They made even passive loyalty to the rightful government of the country a crime. They have sentenced men to the direst penalties, for obeying one of the plainest injunctions of Scripture on civil government. They have outlawed men for simply refusing an active support to a rebellion which their very Vice-president declared would be utterly unjustifiable, not six months before it broke out. They have suffered mob-law to prevail against unoffending men and their families. They have let loose upon them not only their blood-hounds, but men more savage and blood-thirsty than beasts. They have allowed self-chosen vigilance committees to inaugurate a reign of terror over the neighborhoods where they dwell, and this for no semblance of open opposition to their rebellious project, but to punish the quiet, but inflexible adherents to the rightful authorities of the land.

At last the hour of deliverance for these martyrs to loyalty has struck. General Burnside has achieved their rescue in East Tennessee; General Blunt has reached the scenes of their suffering on the borders of Arkansas and Northern Texas. Their advances have not diminished, but strengthened the grounds for the language we have used. We quote from the correspondence of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, in East Tennessee:

"The information given of the outrages committed by the secessionists confirms and more than confirms all that Brownlow has had to say of them. There is hardly a neighborhood in which Union men have not been murdered, and hundreds of them have been hidden for months in caves in the mountains, and supplied with food by the women. The able-bodied males were nearly all absent in the army or wandering in exile. The roads in South-Eastern Kentucky now swarm with them returning to their long deserted homes.

"The East Tennesseans were so glad to see our soldiers that they cooked every thing they had and gave it to them freely, not asking pay, and apparently not thinking of it. Women stood by the road-side with pails of water, and displayed Union flags. The wonder was where all the stars and stripes came from. Knoxville was radiant with flags. At a point on the road, from Kingston to Knoxville, sixty women and girls stood by the road-side, waving Union flags and shouting, "Hurrah for the Union." Old ladies rushed out of their houses, and wanted to see General Burnside and shake hands with him, and cried, "Welcome, welcome, General Burnside; welcome to East Tennessee!"

To this we may add a late despatch from General Blunt's advanced position in Indian Territory, which says:

"Refugees from the rebel conscription are coming to General Blunt's lines by hundreds. Their sufferings are represented as indescribable. More than one hundred Union men have been shot or hung, at Fort Smith, since the rebellion began."

DYING.—When the excellent Dr. Conyers said, "I am not afraid of death, but of dying," he expressed the feelings of many sincere Christians. They dread not what is after death, but the putting off their tabernacles. The violent disruption of soul and body—"the pains and groans and dying strife"—these are what they fear, and not that to which they lead. That to which they lead is attractive.

Selections.

THE UNICORN OF THE SCRIPTURES.

But if the behemoth and the leviathan have each of them received a very large share of discussion, perhaps both are surpassed in this respect by the claims of the unicorn. Pages upon pages have been written on this subject. Some have said it must have been the antelope (*Oryx leucoryx*) of North Africa, Syria, &c., that the horns, seen in profile, appear as one, and hence the mistake of regarding the animal as possessing a single horn; others have no hesitation in referring the unicorn to the one-horned rhinoceros (*R. unicornis*) of Asia. This is the opinion generally entertained at this day. But all attempts to discover a one-horned animal that shall represent the unicorn of the English Bible are beyond the mark entirely, and for the simple reason, the so-called unicorn is no unicorn at all: the Hebrew word *r'em* denotes a two-horned animal beyond a shadow of a doubt. The "unicorn" of our authorized version owes its origin to the *monokeros* of the LXX. That the *re'm* possessed two horns is evident, as observed by Schultens in 1736, from the 17th verse of Deut xxxii., where of Joseph it is said, "His horns are like the horns of a *r'em*." Our translators, seeing the contradiction involved in the expression "horns of the unicorn," have rendered the Hebrew singular noun as if it were a plural form. In the margin, however, they give the correct translation. The two horns of the *r'em* are the ten thousand of Ephraim and the thousands of Manasseh, and represent the two tribes which sprang from one, (viz. Joseph,) just as two horns spring from one head. We may dismiss the idea, therefore, that a unicorn is spoken of anywhere in the Bible. The *r'em* is a two-horned animal, and almost certainly denotes some kind of "wild ox," as appears from a comparison of the different passages where the word occurs in Holy Scripture. The *r'em* is always mentioned with bovine animals. It is said to push with its horns. It must have been frequently seen by the ancient Hebrews roaming on the hills of Palestine and in the woods of the Jordan valley, as is evident from the numerous allusions to it. It is true there is no "wild ox" at present known to exist in Palestine, but this is no reason why in early times some mighty species, allied, perhaps, to the *urus* of the Hercynian Forest, of which Cæsar speaks, should not have existed in that country. Lions were certainly not uncommon in Palestine and Syria in Biblical times, as is clear from the numerous allusions to them in the Holy Writ; and it is interesting to note, in verification of the Scriptures, that the late Dr. Roth discovered bones of the lion in gravel on the banks of the Jordan, near the Sea of Galilee. It is, therefore, quite probable that future investigations in Palestine may result in the discovery of the bones of *Bos primigenius*, or *Bison priscus*, or some other species of once formidable ox. Our readers will remember the beautiful passage about the *r'em* in the Book of Job. Now let us compare with it the account Cæsar gives of the fierce *urus*, which, in his time, was to be seen in the great Hercynian Forest:

"These uri are scarcely less than elephants in size, but in their nature, color, and form are bulls. Great is their strength, and great their speed; they spare neither man nor beast when once they have caught sight of them. The hunters are most careful to kill those which they take in pitfalls, while the young men exercise themselves by this sort of hunting, and grow hardened by the toil. Those who kill most receive great praise when they exhibit in public the horns as trophies of their success. These uri, however, even when young, cannot be habituated to man or made tractable. The size and shape of their horns are very different from those of our oxen."—*Bell. Gal.*, iv. 29.

The indomitable nature ascribed to these wild uri exactly agrees with the description of the *r'em*, as given in the 30th chapter of Job: "Will the *r'em* be willing to serve thee, or abide by thy crib?" and the implied contrast between the domestic ox and the intractable *r'em* finds an analogue in the above extract from Cæsar.—*London Quarterly Review.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S RIGHT PLACE.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

In a well organized army every man has his place. The mathematical head goes to the engineer corps. The medical skill and steady hand is assigned to the surgical department. The sharp-eyed man shall handle the Enfield rifle, and the well-taught graduate of West Point, and of a half-dozen hard-fought battle-fields, receives the sword of a brigadier. He who has the most of Napoleon in him soon fights his way to the supreme command.—Every man in his place, is as much the motto of the church as it is of the camp; the wrong place is well-nigh as fatal as no place at all.

Now what is the Christian's right place? Manifestly it is a place that his Creator made him for and trained him for. To mistake it is a misfortune; to desert it a disgrace and a crime. The Bible answer to our questions is in these words: Having then gifts *differing* according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth, on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness. The principle here laid down is, that every true Christian, after a candid, honest inspection of his own physical and mental and moral qualifications, should take the post of duty or the line of labor for which his gifts best fit him. But no man—no! not one, is to "neglect that gift that is in him."

Some men were manifestly created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, and strong lungs, a love of Jesus, and a love of saving souls. To possess these is to have a Divine call for the ministry; for such to stay out of the pulpit (if strong inclination draw them hitherward) is as grievous a mistake as it has been for hundreds of others to enter the pulpit.

But because a man is not called to preach Jesus at the sacred desk, must he preach nowhere else? Is all the earnestness, and all the persuasive power, and all the hunger for souls which a pious lawyer or a pious mechanic may possess, to run to waste? No! Let him tell his neighbor of the great salvation wherever he can find him—whether in the pulpit, meeting for conference, in the prayer circle, by the wayside or the fireside, in the sick room, or in whatever place God brings a soul within his reach. And how successfully this may be done, let such men as Harlan Page, and Robert Haldane, and Cranfield, and the good Methodist Carvosso answer. Let the powerful lay exhortations heard in Fulton Street answer. God is opening a wide door for lay exhortation in our time. Brownlow North, in Great Britain, is proving what can be achieved by a practical man throwing himself upon practical men without any professional technicalities, and pouring Gospel truth into their hearts in the every day language of life.—This corps in Christ's army will bear enlargement. They are uniformed sharp-shooters, stealing singly or in squads upon the enemy, wherever a point is left exposed, or a straggler can be sighted.

What our churches sorely need is the *development of her members*. Too much is thrown upon the ministry. The church becomes Dr. Tyng's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Mr. Barnes' church, instead of a people's church, with those gifted men as its ministers. A pastor is expected to make three studied expositions of Bible truth every week, to conduct the public devotion of his flock, to labor at the fireside, in the sick room, and the house of death. During our early ministry we were called to do all these, and to superintend a Sabbath school and teach a Bible class besides. Now we love to work better than anything else, unless it be to see other people work, and no member of our church has any more right to turn over his spiritual labors on me than he has to hand me his market-basket, or to ask me to eat and digest his dinner for him. He *needs* to do his own work as much as the cause of Christ needs to have it done. And when, in season of revival, the latent lay power of the church is brought out, we see how much may be done by the Priscillas and Aquilas, by Onesiphorus, and by Lydia, and by the "faithful Persis," who labors in the Lord. The church then is a hive without a drone, and the air is musical with returning bees bringing in their blessed spoil.

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his right place. If he is "apt to teach," if he has the knack of breaking the truth up into small morsels for children's mouths, then he will soon scent his way into the Sabbath school. Another one has leisure and love of souls; to such a one tract distribution is a welcome work. It requires only health enough to *walk*, and Christian courtesy enough to *talk* acceptably to the family visited with the Bible or the tract. It is not too much to say that Harlan Page, with his gospel under his arm, is equal to many a learned divine, with his pondrous columbiads aimed forty degrees above the heads of the people.

Here, again, is another whose "gift" is a melodious voice—that "most excellent thing in woman," and hardly less so in a man. A homely woman becomes beautiful when she is singing; and a melodious voice will outlive a plump form or a rosy complexion. Whoever can sing, belongs to God's great multitudinous choir. Whoever can sing, and will not sing, does not deserve a seat in church nor the feast of a good sermon. They will be ashamed to sing in heaven if they were too indolent or too fastidious to sing in the earthly temples of God's praise.

Nor are these the only gifts. We can now recall a member of our first flock who possessed no qualifications to exhort, or to teach in the Sabbath school, he had no gold to give, and no musical skill to sing the praise of his Redeemer. But he *did* possess a rare earnestness and Bible richness and soul fervor in prayer. That good old man's single prayer saved more than one evening meeting from drought and dreariness. A blessed gift was that veteran's power of pleading at the mercy-seat; and a fountain of blessings did it prove to the church for which he besought the heavenly baptism.

Reader, have you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there even though it be in the humblest corner of the most out-of-the-way vineyard. An idle man in the church is a monster. And you cannot give a cup of Gospel water to a beggar's child without receiving Christ's smile in return for it. Wherefore "neglect not the gift that is in thee," and whatsoever thou doest for the Lord, "do it heartily."—*Independent.*

INFLUENCE.

On this subject there are two great mistakes in the practical conceptions of mankind. Some think they are so insignificant that it does not matter what they do. Others regard themselves as so important that if they were removed, their places could not be supplied. Both of these classes of persons make equally great mistakes. Every man should feel, that however small, or however great, neutral, uninfluential upon mankind; it is impossible that he can be. He is a missionary, now and forever, for good or for evil, whether he intends and designs it or not. He may be a blot radiating his dark influence outward to the very circumference of society, or he may be a blessing spreading benedictions over the length and the breadth of the world, but a blank he cannot be. There are no moral blanks, no neutral characters; we are either the leaven that sours and corrupts, or the light that splendidly illuminates, and the salt that silently operates.

In the natural world there is nothing lost. The dew-drop trembling on the flower, is but exhaled to fall anew in the thunder shower, or shine in the bow that fronts the sun, or sparkle in the flow of the far-off fountain. The tiniest seed borne by the wild-bird, or blown by the breeze, finds sustenance and soil in some remote and desert place, or sheds usefulness and beauty amid the crowded homes of Industry. The drift of common dust scattered by the fitful tempest, may bear some proud oak battling with the blast, or crown some ruined palace with a verdurous diadem. The furnace flames, put out, are blown about to burn again elsewhere, perhaps to make the beacon blaze which beams across the mighty waters or to light the social lamp that illumines the home of taste. Even the circle formed by the falling pebble, goes on and on, *ring within ring*, and never stops.

Nothing in the universe, indeed, stands alone, nothing is solitary. No atom of matter, no drop of water, no vesicle of air, or ray of light, exists in a state of isolation. Everything belongs to some system of society of which it is a component and necessary part. With equal beauty and truth it has been said, "We cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without coming into contact with a society of nice relations. The handful of earth that follows it, the sun-beam and the dew-drop that met there, the soft summer breeze that came whispering through the tall grass, the sky that smiled upon that flower, and unfolded its foliage, and the little birds to which it nodded, and which gathered around it to sing their sweet strains,—all these were parts of the social circle to which the flower belonged, and conspired to its harmony and added to its music, and feel the change which has occurred." In like manner, in the *moral* world, no man stands alone, nor high angel, nor child. All creatures belong to a system of mutual dependencies. The most obscure individual exerts an influence which must be felt in the great brotherhood of mankind. No one can detach himself from this connection. There is no sequestered spot in the universe, no dark niche along the disk of non-existence, to which he can retreat from his relations to others, where he can withdraw the influence of his existence upon the moral destiny of the world. Everywhere his presence or absence will be felt. Everywhere he will have companions who will be better or worse for his influence.

Solemn thought!—we can no more denude ourselves of leaving around us ceaseless impressions for good or evil, than we can denude ourselves of our responsibility or our immortality. There is not a man that walks the streets, who does not go home in some degree modified by the sign-boards that he has read, the shop-windows he has seen, and the carriages that rolled past him as he moved along. There is not a child that walks from its mother's door to school, that has not stamped upon it in its transit from the one to the other, impressions that will be lasting, probably as its life. There is not an individual, who is not, by every look he gives making an impression, by every word he utters producing an echo in the heart or conscience of some one, by every deed he performs, leaving an indelible shadow, like the photographic light behind it,—an impression,—an echo,—a shadow, whose influence shall be ceaseless.

No man liveth to himself. Tremendous thought? We cannot but exert an influence upon those around us, to be communicated by them to others, and then to others again, until it may have diffused itself to earth's remotest boundaries. We cannot but transmit an influence which will go down through long years and centuries, never ceasing to work perhaps, until the Angel with uplifted hand shall swear, "Time shall be no longer." Hearts will bleed, or hearts will bound, fifty years after this, from something we now say or do, or are. What we now are, is preparing victims for woe, or, through the grace of God, as heirs for glory. What we now are and say and do is either communicating demon joy to the fiends, or ecstacy to angels that are about the throne. Our treasures may moulder, but we will act upon the ages which are yet to come. Our honors may perish, but what we are now doing will be reflected by many who will be made and moulded by us. Dignity, and rank, and riches are all corruptible and worthless, but moral character has an immortality that no sword-point can destroy, that ever walks the world and leaves lasting influences behind.

THE DEFECTIVE TITLE.

"I have made my last payment for my farm," said Mr. Henderson. "We shall not be obliged to practise so rigid an economy as has been necessary heretofore."

"I am thankful that it is paid for at last," said his wife. "We have been a long time in debt. We shall soon be too old to enjoy it."

It was true they had been in debt a long time. It was nearly twenty-five years since the farm was purchased. A few hundred dollars was all they had to begin with. The farm now paid for was worth some six thousand dollars.

Not quite a year had passed when a stranger called at the house. He was a relation of a former landed proprietor in that region. He laid claim to several hundred acres of land, by virtue of a title derived from said proprietor. The farm of Mr. Henderson fell wholly within that claim.

Mr. Henderson produced his deeds. The stranger pointed out the defect, and set the matter in so clear a light that there was scarce a shadow of doubt on the mind of Mr. Henderson that his title was worthless, and that years of labor and self-denial had been lost. The stranger advised him to consult a lawyer, and furnished him with copies of the document on which his claim rested.

Mr. Henderson took the papers and went the next day to the most eminent lawyer at the county seat. A brief examination of the papers convinced him that his client had no title to the farm for which he had toiled so hard. He told him he was at the mercy of the claimant, and must make the best terms with him he could.

The claimant was a Christian, and was willing to allow the full value of all the improvements made by Mr. Henderson, and to deduct still further the entire cost of the litigation which would have been necessary had the occupant resisted his claim. A compromise was effected by which Mr. Henderson retained the farm, with a good title.

Mr. Henderson had lived many years without the slightest suspicion that his title to his farm was defective. And so many professing Christians live for years without the slightest suspicion that their title to heaven is defective. There are defective titles to heaven as well as to farms. And men ought to look well to their titles Had Mr. Henderson looked to the matter earlier he would have avoided the risk he ran, and the loss he incurred. And so men may avoid the risk and the loss of heaven by a timely examination of their titles. There will be no compromise made at the day of judgment. He whose title is found to be defective must suffer eternal loss.

THE COUNTRY PREFERRED.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evangelist*, thus expresses his preference for a country Parish to a city charge:—

I often wonder at the strong desire manifested by my ministerial brethren, to settle in city churches. I can understand why men of scholastic taste should desire ready access to libraries and institutions of literature and science; I can see why ministers may desire to be near the great centres of benevolent enterprise, and contribute to keep the wheels in motion. There are rich facilities in cities for growth of mind and heart, and for promoting the great interests of Christianity. It was so in the Apostles' times, when they were directed to begin at Jerusalem those efforts which were to renovate the world. But for a man who wishes to enjoy the luxury of a pastor's life, and consecrate himself to the pastor's work a plain country parish must present attractions which no city church can offer. In the city there are parish lines; half a dozen churches may be represented in a single family. The pastor of the parents may be a stranger to the children, who prefer other folds, while the servants in the house choose a different and antagonist teacher from all the rest.

And then the week-day interests of city life are so manifold, urgent, and absorbing; the excitements that keep up such quick throbbings of the heart, and such debilitating fevers and chills of the soul, are so incessant, that church, and parish, and sermon, and minister, are words representing nothing, except on Sabbath, and then only for an hour or two. The clang and clamor of a hundred huge bells are needed every Sabbath morning to assure the city that there is a Sabbath and a church in this busy world.

It is different in our country parish. There the Sabbath bell echoes in the soul all the week. There the pastor is "monarch of all he surveys." He is the pastor of families around him, not merely of an individual here and there. The greatest thing that happens in all the week is the Sabbath sermon. The pastor's visit and prayer with the household is talked about for weeks. The funeral service for a neighbor sheds a solemn influence far and wide, and the bell that sounded out its notes of death keeps tolling in men's hearts for a long time. I have often noticed, with great satisfaction, this continuous influence of serious things on the minds of parishioners, long after the immediate occasion which impressed them had passed away. I sometimes jump over the fence where one of my people is ploughing or sowing, and walk by his side, and almost always the conversation relates to some sermon which weeks before impressed his mind, or some Providence which had occured among us, and it is pleasant to note the indications of frequent and well-digested thought surviving the lesser interests of every-day affairs.

At this season of the year, especially, our country parish is rich in the co-operating influence of natural scenery, and the luxuriant outburst of Providential goodness. The singing of birds, the blooming of flowers, the glories of vegetation, the balmy atmostphere, all combine to inspire thoughts and feelings in sweet harmony with the teachings of the Gospel. I have sometimes wondered how it was possible for a man to gaze at an apple orchard in blossom, and meditate wickedness, or refrain from serious thought. And though serious musings inspired by natural scenery may not be religion, still they clog the wheels of sin, and corroborate the impressions of truth and goodness.

So, then, I am a country parson from choice, and thankful for the privilege of sowing a few handfuls of seed in this rude soil, where God seems so willing to bless honest toil of all kinds.

ONE HOUR LABORERS.

Matthew xx. 1-16.

The theme of this parable is discriminating grace among believers. God maketh his children to differ according to his good pleasure. The "last are first, the first last." Many effectually called, a few chosen to peculiar privileges and services. One labors twelve hours, another nine, another six, or three, or one, while all receive the gift of "eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

James and John are brothers, become disciples together, are chosen ones among the disciples, yet themselves distinguished the one from the other. James goes to his reward in about ten years after the ascension; John toils on the half of a century longer.

The martyr Stephen is in the church a man of wisdom, energy, fervent piety, and miraculous endowments, eminently qualified to human view, to be the compeer of Peter or of Paul in "the work of an evangelist." His term is a single year. Paul, then the prince of persecutors, but a "chosen vessel" when in the vineyard, remains "in weariness and painfulness" to write himself "Paul the aged."

The indefatigable John Wesley was in the ministry sixty-four years. George Whitefield, so abundant in travel, in preaching, in varied labors and blessed fruits, thirty-four. John Summerfield, so like Whitefield, in "favor with all the people," so eloquent in the pulpit, so meek, humble, and disinterested in life—seven.

Dr. Archibald Alexander entered the vineyard early, a youth of 19, and left it late, a patriarch of seventy-nine. Sixty years of unobtrusive, persevering, effective service. When Dr. Alexander came to Princeton at the ripe age of forty, Sylvester Larned, a youth of seventeen in Middlebury College, was just consecrating himself to Christ. Afterward he was a theological pupil of Dr. Alexander, and in due time was ordained as an evangelist. The generation yet lingers with us that remember his brilliant ministry and "the sweet savor of his name." He "*wrought one hour*," and then "he was not, for God took him."

In a retired country congregation in Pennsylvania, a youthful mother was called, justified, and glorified, as we hope, all in the space of two fleeting years. Connected with the same church and the same family, was another lady who was an exemplary communicant before the first was born, saw her buried, and remained many years afterward a revered "mother in Israel."

Young ministers, young church members, some of you will be one-hour laborers. Let your brief work be well done. Not only has death "all seasons for its own," but long before death comes, a softened brain, paralyzed speech, pitiable helplessness, may make you as potsherds no longer "meet for the master's use." Then will this parable seem significant: "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"—*Family Treasury.*

HINDOO YEARNINGS.

There are hearts the world over which yearn after God. I was much struck with this in reading lately a Tamil book, the product of a splendid Hindoo mind one hundred and fifty years ago. Let me give you a free translation of a passage, which I made at the time of perusing it, so forcibly did it arrest my attention:

"I yearn for him. O ye sun and moon, tell me who set you in your unvarying course of day and night? Do you know his glory? O thou blowing Wind, by whose power dost thou whirl through the realms of space? Speak thou to me of him, O ye Clouds, which come and drop in thirsty places your genial rain, think and speak. Can you tell me the way in which my divine Master pours down, as freely as ye do, his copious showers of grace? O thou incomprehensible sky, canst thou describe him who transcends thy measureless height? O thou sounding sea, thou of unutterable sublimity, who stretchest forth thy wave-hands, say, who established thy vast bounds? Tell me too, ye forest birds with variegated wings, have ye ever gazed upon and spoken to him who is my lover, who dwelleth everywhere? If ye have, commune with me about him."

Let me ask if you think it labor lost to send the Gospel of our loving Lord to a people among whom such aspirations and such expressions find place?—*H. M. Scudder, D. D.*

THE HAPPY MAN.

One of the quaint old writers thus describes the Happy Man:

"He was born in the city of Regeneration, in the parish of Repentance unto life. He was educated at the school of Obedience, and lives now in Perseverance. He works at the trade of Diligence; notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of Christian Contentment and many times does jobs of self-denial. He wears the plain garb of humility and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the Robe of Christ's Righteousness. He often walks in the valley of self-abasement, and sometimes climbs the mount of spiritual-mindedness. He breakfasts every morning upon spiritual Prayer and sups every evening upon the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word. Thus happy he lives, and happy he dies.—*Christian Secretary.*

HOW TO MISS HARD THUMPS.

"Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. xiii: 4.

The celebrated Dr. Franklin once received a very useful lesson from the excellent Dr. Cotton Mather, which he thus relates in a letter to his son, Dr. Samuel Mather, dated Passy, 12th May, 1781: "The last time I saw your father was in 1724. On taking my leave, he showed me a shorter way out of the house, through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying behind, and I turned toward him: when he said hastily, Stoop—stoop! I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me—*You are young, and have the world before you.* STOOP *as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.* This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortune brought upon people by carrying their heads too high."—*Ladies' Repository.*