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Poetry.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

NO. IV.—GOD IS A SPIRIT.

God is a Spirit—near, where'er thou art,
To lead the latest throbbings of thy heart.
Be noble, then, and true, since He is nigh,
Thou canst not shut him out by bolted door.
His pardoning grace for that blind craft implore,
That thought to hide from his soul-piercing eye.

Presumptuous, mean, the aids that would portray
Kin who but steps, and into stars dark clouds glow.
By acts and words he shows his soul to you.
In two-fold robe God wraps his face and face—
Of infant's duration, infant's space;
And educate the nations up to God.

But how didst thou, the aids that would portray
Kin who but steps, and into stars dark clouds glow.
By acts and words he shows his soul to you.
In two-fold robe God wraps his face and face—
Of infant's duration, infant's space;
And educate the nations up to God.

Then his two words—the written ones that tell,
What holiness, what mercy in him dwells,
The living Word, who taught, and healed, and died,
He shows the Father with what winning grace!
See the vast heart, that quickens through all space,
Condensed in the death-drop from Jesus' side!

Matter, inert; but he, allying One,
Scintillates countless worlds; as rays, the sun,
And builds heaven's palace-homes that ne'er grow dim.
He pours forth himself without a pause,
Affixes in stars and seraphs, deeds and laws,
While earth and heaven see overflow with Him.

Yet, must not children bring their sire to see
In suits, in angels' halo this longing beam.
Heaven's wants supplied, Christ to the throne hath come.
The brow thorn-crowned, the scars of martyrdom,
The Lamb that died—best type of the Unseen.
ELIASHOTENOS.

Correspondence.

MEETING TOGETHER OF THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY REV. DANIEL MARSH.

The rich and poor meet together in their service for the common good.
The prosperity and growth of a country depend on the industry of its population. The demands of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures are such, that the multitudes must work with their hands in order to supply the world's wants. Labor is salutary in its moral influence. It develops the man. It saves men from a thousand temptations which idleness and leisure throw in the way of youth and middle age. The rich will not labor, they can pay others for what they require. They encourage labor and offer to the poor what they are ready to accept, namely the opportunity of personal support and of comfort and respectability to their families. The service is mutual. The one is the head, the others are the members; the current of life pulsates through all; and by their two-fold, mutual service, they contribute comfort, health and stability to the state. The head presides over the members, while the latter reach out after supplies and bring them to the whole body. So while the proprietor and the thinker give direction to the laboring classes, these in return, by toiling hands, often too by toiling brains, bring out of nature's great store-house the riches of the world.

But they would not do this were they left to themselves. Were all to be laborers there would be but little invention, and therefore slow progress; but when the few direct and sustain enterprise, when they create it by their ventures, they also create demand for labor and increase its benefits. Therefore the head cannot say to the hand or foot, "I have no need of thee;" neither can the member say to the head—"I have no need of thee." The relation, the service, and the dependence are mutual.

But there is another equality in the rich and the poor—namely, their common relation to God. This relation is not merely the fact that they are created by one and the same being; for that may be asserted of all created objects, and thus it would be idle to speak of equality. It is not that men are made with a constitution which demands absolute equality, for reason and experience prove that such does not and cannot exist; for men are unlike in their capacities, forms and natural tastes; and their condition is varied by Providence, "in addition to those diversities which they are responsible." The point of union and equality then is in a "common good" which both classes may derive from God—namely, the harmony of the two so that their inequalities shall be their blessing, and humanity be the better for the diversity. This result is gained by the religion of Christ, by the lessons of the spirit of the Bible teaching patience to the poor, and kindness to the rich, making all to feel that the cross is the centre around which they may gather in one sanctified, hopeful, loving brotherhood; conscious of mutual dependence, and dispensing mutual ministries—the one class opening their hands in bounty and beneficence, the other receiving with gratitude and humility; or laboring with hope, so that the best sentiments and affections shall be called into action, and the great ends and aims of society be gained. Christianity educates the rich to respect the man rather than his fortune; and elevates the poor to an intelligence and goodness nobler than riches; to a benevolence of feeling toward those whom Providence has placed in a higher social scale, thus equalizing their condition, not by levelling mansions and dividing estates, but by giving the same moral, religious sentiments to both classes, and holding up the soul clothed in virtue and piety, as above all outward distinctions, as the true, the universal humanity.

It is thus that the diversity in the human condition is made to disappear, or "is deprived of its evil," and we learn to bestow on those of less social body which we think to be "less honorable, more abundant honor."

All alike are exalted by the Gospel. It stoops as low to save the powerful and great of this world, as to lift up the feeble and the poor; to both it gives the "unsearchable riches;" and when they shall be safe in the "Father's house," and they will ascribe alike their glory and their joy to Him who bought the richest and the poorest "with a price."

Therefore, let the rich remember that their possessions are the gift of God. "The Lord maketh poor and maketh rich, He bringeth low and lifteth up." But for gain wealth, nor be placed in circumstances to possess it. Ye are not your own—much less is your property. Be not proud of that which is only lent to you for a season. Let it not increase avarice and become your master. Keep your wealth, your position, your secular enterprise in subjection to your better nature. Control them. Hold them as servants. Make them work out the purposes of a generous, Christian philanthropy. Build them into institutions which shall send forth perennial streams of blessing. Let them appear to others when you are dead, in churches and schools, and in living men who shall give forth the thoughts of God to all generations. Woe to that man who is a slave to his wealth, to his enterprise, to his position. You must keep all these things under.

If a man carry on his shoulders a chest of silver or gold, it will cause him to stoop. But if he set it down and step upon it, he may stand erect and firm, with his face turned to the heavens. So if a man bear on his heart a slavish care of riches, his whole nature bows earthward; but let him keep his wealth in its proper place, let him stand upon it, and it will be to him a stage of ascent, of moral grandeur, and power.

Let the rich keep in view the common manhood. To be a man is more than to be opulent. The title adds nothing to the true man. He is greater than a Monarch. A good man, a Christian man, though in rags, is above ermine, purple and gold. He has within him that "which worlds want wealth to buy"—a sense of divine friendship, the hope of heaven, the consciousness of right. He is "rich toward God."

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coming Messiah should be turned to Athens, the eye of Greece, the fountain of learning and philosophy, the home of the arts, the haunt of the muses. The Greeks are too busy with the fables of false gods to receive a revelation from the only wise and true. And the great capitals of ancient empire Thebes, Babylon, Ninevah, had been levelled with the dust long before, by the judgments of heaven executed upon their crimes. The bird of night and the beast of prey had found a home amid the desolate palaces of Egypt's kings, and the fallen temples of Assyrian gods.

Yearied with the fruitless search for the scene of the divine incarnation, the enquiring angel begins to suspect that he has mistaken the world in which the great expectation was about to be made. Shocked and terrified by the universal prevalence and boundless excesses of misery and crime, he begins to fear that he has alighted upon the region of the outcast and accursed. Just about to wing his way back to heaven, he hears aloud beneath him, from the vicinity of an obscure village to the south of Jerusalem, a chorus of angelic voices singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

And there indeed was the Son of God, the saviour of the world, in all outward appearance like the helpless creature, man, when his bewildered eyes first open upon the world in which he is to dwell. If angels waited upon him, they were not permitted to display their glory before those whom the Redeemer was born to save. If the swift messengers of the skies bore the tidings of his birth with joy to the courts of heaven, no such intelligence was announced in the palaces of earthly monarchs. Shepherds were told of the coming of the King of glory, while princes and philosophers knew it not. The proud pharisee, with hypocritical devotion, courting the homage of the superstitious rabble in the streets of Jerusalem; the learned Rabbi expounding the law in the schools of the prophets, knew nothing of the babe in the manger of Bethlehem. Their Messiah was to be an earthly prince who should reign on the throne of David, and crush the heathen with his conquering arm, not the despised Nazarene who should suffer and die. The great and mighty of the earth, who were devising schemes to perpetuate their own dominion to the latest posterity, made no account of that Prince whose throne should be set in the human heart, and whose kingdom should endure forever.

And who could have supposed that the King of glory would stoop so low? Who would have thought that the divine nature would shroud itself in the frail form of that child who should be made with the beasts of the stall? Who would dare say that angels might bow down and worship before that babe without forfeiting their allegiance to the King of heaven? What prophet would have believed in Bethlehem if he had said of the Son of Mary, "He shall feed the destitute by thousands, yet himself suffer the pangs of hunger; he shall comfort the afflicted, yet himself become prementally the man of sorrows; he shall be holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sin, yet on him shall be laid the iniquities of us all; he shall still the tempest, yet himself wait protection from heat and cold; he shall give rest to the weary and heavy laden, yet himself not have where to lay his head; he shall heal the sick, yet be as sensible to bodily pain as they; he shall cast out devils, yet himself be assailed by the temptations of Satan; he shall raise the dead, and yet himself suffer the pangs of death."

He might have astonished the world by a display of his real person, clothed in the splendor with which he filled the throne of heaven. He might have revealed himself at the very first in flaming fire, attended by the ten thousand thousands of his ministering spirits. He might have descended from above upon Mount Zion with the trump of the archangel to herald his coming, and the wing of cherubim to waft his flying throne. But he made himself of no reputation, and took upon the form of a servant, and it is only because he submitted to meet such humiliation, that we have the hope of glory and immortality.

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points; then you went off into a discussion of several points in theology, elaborating at length, the doctrines of grace; and exposing the absurdity of the Arminian system; then you spent some time in exhortation, appealing to our fears and warning us of the dangerous heresies prevalent in the world. When you came to pray for the country in its present struggle (a duty which I am pleased that you do not neglect), you discussed at length, the nature of the contest and the terrible consequences that will result if we fail to put down this great rebellion, winding up with a few petitions for our President, and his cabinet, the soldiers in our armies and sailors on our high seas, &c. The prayer seemed long to me, entirely too long; and I asked myself why? Was it because I was not in the original frame of mind? I have felt more despondent of late. I know I ought to pray more so this morning, but somehow your prayer did not reach my heart; I really did not get interested in it. Indeed, I rarely do get interested in your prayers, and never when you pray as you did this morning. And why? I think the reason is that your prayers are not addressed to the point; that there is no such in them that is not prayer at all. It is argument, preaching, exhortation, reproof, rebuke, and I know not what else! Leaving all this out, your prayer is short enough, it is good enough, and I hope it will be put up in faith. But these things in a prayer offend me greatly, they annoy me exceedingly.

"Preaching prayers," as they are sometimes called, though once very common in the church, were never very acceptable to those in the pews. They are not religious, they wear out the patience of the congregation in a few minutes, and always offend more seriously the more devoted part of it.

There is one thing, Mr. B., we believe him to be a good man, born of God; well, this day, he told me that he went to the House of God, this morning, with a soul burdened with a sense of sin; with earnest longings for fellowship with God; desiring fresh manifestations of His favor, and fresh supplies of His grace; that in vain he tried to follow you in your prayer; that he was not interested in your discussion; that he was unmoved by your exhortation, and that, when he sat down, he felt that he had been mocking God.

Now, my dear pastor, this is a serious matter. Will you not think of it? Will you not try and abridge your prayer, by leaving out all that which is not prayer at all; and when you rise to lead us in our devotions, hereafter, will you not try and confine yourself and us to the duty before us?

If you wish to discuss any important doctrine, to exhort us to duty, to warn us against error, to reprove or rebuke us, we will listen with all due respect, and attention; but we much prefer that you would do these things in your sermon and not in your prayer.

But I must close here for the present; I know I take no malicious pleasure in fault-finding, and I am certain I do not want to wound your feelings, I believe you to be a man of good sense and that you will take kindly these suggestions, therefore I subscribe myself

Your Affectionate Friend,
JOHN SMITH.

Soldier's Scrap Book.
FIFTH SCRAP.—THE HEART'S COUNTER-SIGN.

"Hemel Mother! Jesus!" Approaching the soldier with this pass-word, we almost invariably secure his sympathy, and often gain admission to his heart. Each of its parts is, of itself, a word of power over the rougher parts of our nature; but the **heart's** have their highest value in the charn which they lend to the third. Soldier, look at them, one by one.

Home! Have you read Mrs. Hemm's poems? You may not recollect that of "The Two Homes" for you may have read under circumstances different from the present. But had you read it during your present exile from domestic endearments, shorn of almost the whole round of home comforts for either body or spirit, your misery would never have loosened itself from these strains:

"My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every breeze that plays across my track;
From its white walls, the very tendril wreathing,
Seem with soft links, to draw the wanderer back.

There is an I loved, there prayed for; there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch for their passion for the
Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.

There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,
The angels' response. Sad stranger, where is
Home?

When some holiday feast is sent to you in your
distant camp, how quickly the exclamation leaps
from the heart; "O, this is so like home!"
Every thought of the end of your service is
a thought of home. Your comrades dying on
the field, or in the hospital, almost invariably speak
of home, and ask that the message of their love,
stopper than death, may be sent to that home.

Should you fall in battle, it will be an event to
sadden the home you have left. But for that grief,
there would be one tempering consideration.
The dear ones of that home would call to
mind that you died in a noble strife, and fill an
honored grave. But should you return, fallen
in morals and dead to virtue, are there not in
that home those who would keep your living
return with more consuming grief than that which
is felt by the coffin of a dead husband or
son who, in dying for the country, had also died
in Jesus?

Mother! The affection between the mother
and son may not be the most passionate, love of
life, but there is a sacredness about it, deeper than
exists in any other human attachment.

"A mother is another still,
The holiest thing alive.

Your mother, if she be living, will through
all which may befall you, be your mother still.
You may forfeit the regard of all the rest of
the world, but you cannot out yourself loose from her
love. Others may forget you; she never ceases
to think of you. In the camp or hospital, or a
prisoner beyond the line, or in whatever case of

suffering or need, if there be any such thing as
reaching you with succor, she will accomplish it.
The highest heroism of this war is that which
exists in the breast of mothers. The son bravely
going forth to meet the perils of patriotism,
requires for his support less loftiness of pur-
pose, than the mother who is obliged to hold
him to the tenderness of her nature at bay
while she guards him for his soldier life. From
her long parting embrace, you step at once into
scenes of excitement, and thoughts of glory to
we sustain your spirit. But she retires into
her own deep reflections. While you are ac-
counting the thought of danger, she is brooding over
it. Your consecration of yourself to the country
is great and noble; her consecration of you is
more noble and great. The sacrifice is more in-
cessantly felt, and its pangs unexpressed great.

Amid your greatest exposures, home
and the friends at home are no practical avail.
When you faint in the long march, or lie on
the field wounded and forsaken, or feel yourself
dying in the hospital, your heart may turn
fondly to those domestic endearments, but
their help is out of your reach. Receive
Jesus into your heart, and he goes with you
everywhere. Receive him as your Saviour, and
in weakness he will refresh you; in loneliness
he will be your companion; in sadness of heart,
he will comfort you; in suffering he will cheer
you with his sympathy; and through death he
will bring you into the immortal life.

You may or may not gaze behold your earthly
home. Should you return to it, it may not
be for long. But Jesus has an everlasting home
for those who accept his love. There are the
"many mansions" of which he spoke—the place
which he has prepared for them, and where they
will be forever with the Lord. The first and
gentlest human love which you ever received,
you may never in life receive again. Dark fu-
neral shadows are ever overshadowing the sunniest
earthly loves. Partings belong to earth. In
him, all that belongs to home and mother—words
which are sparkling diamonds before the eye of
the lonely wanderer—is more fully fulfilled. All
the best affections of earth, are in his presence,
re-produced. In him, they are changed from
the natural to the spiritual, and their eternal
duration and undying joyfulness, are confirmed.

There are the good and best,
These I loved most and best,
These I love most and best,
Heaven is my home." B. B. H.

Selections.
WHAT KEEPS YOU FROM CHRIST?
BY REV. FRED. L. OYLER.

Perhaps you are kept from coming to Christ
from fear of sickness. This is not a disease,
weak mind alone; to many persons there is
more terror in a laugh than in a blow. Yet,
from whom do you expect ridicule? From
those whose good opinion you ought to value?
No; but only from the giddy, the frivolous, or
the proud. How shall you meet it? You
may, if you choose, quail before it, and be
laughed out of your soul. This will give you
but sorry consolation on your dying bed. At
the bar of God, it will be a poor amendment to
you for having lost the favor of God, and the joys
of heaven that you won the applause and feared
the laughter of fools. There is but one way to
meet ridicule—face it down. It is indeed a
nettle that, if touched lightly, will sting thee;
but grasped firmly it becomes a "handful of
daisies." A college lad, who scoffed at his
room-mate for "saying his prayers" before
retiring, was at last so affected and shamed by
his room-mate's persistency in doing right that
he was led himself to penitence and prayer.

II. Pride has tripped many a soul and kept
it from Christ. Every sinner has his full
share of this—some more than their share.
Naaman, the Syrian, had like to have lost his
life through it. He wished to be served by
two e