

Correspondence.

SACRED SYMBOLS.

BY REV. DANIEL MARCHE.

NO. VII.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

Is xli. 12.—The morning cometh, and also the night.

Imagine a company of pilgrims, encamped for the night in one of the narrow valleys among the mountains of Idumea, which were familiar images to the prophets of Israel. They were waiting impatiently for the coming dawn, that they may start upon their journey in the cool air of the morning, and reach their place of rest before the burning heat of noon comes on.

Meanwhile the humid air, which at midnight was transparent to the ray of the feeble star, becomes agitated by the approach of day, and begins to break up into opposing and diversely tempered currents. The icy wind of the morning sweeps down from the cold heights, and condenses the previously invisible vapor of the warm valleys into thick clouds.

THE WAR JUSTIFIED. BY REV. W. W. TAYLOR. Suppose, out of the best motives, the government had let the South go, unrebuked and unmolested; and the nation had found itself, some stormy morning, divided into two parts?

ness, but it is night before noon. Disheartened by private griefs, and misled by vain attempts to foretell the future, we enlarge the lesson of individual disappointment, and say there is no hope for the world.

But the morning is not stayed from its appointed hour, although, to man's imperfect vision, the envious night keeps ever pace with the dawn. The full day of truth, and righteousness, and liberty may be ushered in by a horror of great darkness, and a cup of trembling, and the earthquake throes of revolution.

Suppose, out of the best motives, the government had let the South go, unrebuked and unmolested; and the nation had found itself, some stormy morning, divided into two parts? At once, our national glory pales, and our national strength, whether to defend ourselves or to succor others, is diminished far more than one-half.

out such concessions and humiliations on our part, as justly to have put us in the dust under their feet, or produced the speedy outbreak of hostilities.

What power could have divided the national debt, the national property, the national territory, and determined what States might go, and what remain? and where was to be found the dictatorial pen to draw the line of visible boundary between the North and the South, the East and the West?

And more than this are we bound to contemplate, in the question of acquiescence in secession, or resistance to the movement. Could we have hoped for a single division of the nation into an unbroken North and South?

And, O, if it shall prove, that we have been fighting the last great battle of Armageddon, for freedom, equality, democratic government, education and industry, and God shall exact of the nations no other; if He shall graciously make our national afflictions disciplinary, for the promotion of national virtue and godliness, to make us the glory of all lands?

WHEN power, policy and tumult have done their utmost, they have but effected what "the hand and counsel of the Lord had determined before should be done."

HUMAN FRIENDSHIPS AND A DIVINE FRIEND.

There are events in all natures which qualities in other natures are adapted in a measure to meet and satisfy. The qualities sought for in friends, depend much on necessities growing out of differences of temperament, which influence the choice of friends and give character to friendships.

The strong, cheerful, self-reliant nature, is drawn toward the one of a timid, self-depreciating temperament, whose heart turns to its greater cheerfulness and strength, as naturally as the "wee modest mountain daisy spreads its snowy bosom upward; or the blue-eyed morning glory lifts its feeble tendrils, to the offered support of some fair pillar of strength.

But how much we all discover in human friendships that disappoint and pain us! How many unlovely traits remain in the loveliest characters, how much cease to have friends, the best and purest, to bear and forbear. How sweet to know then, that every one, with every variety of temperament may find a friend in that "One" perfect, unchanging, undying friend, Jesus!

No matter how unlovely by nature, or peculiarly organized, or little understood, we may regard ourselves, Jesus understands us freely. "Yes he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust, and like as a father pitieth his children, so he pitieth them that fear Him."

Human friendship is rendered imperfect and insufficient in its adaptation to our wants, because earthly friends are imperfect like ourselves. How often have we gone to earthly friends seeking comfort because our hearts were sick with sin and care, only to find them encumbered with the same earthly load.

to attend to all our wants for "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

O who but a divine friend could thus meet and satisfy the almost endless number and variety of wants which yearn from the great aching heart of this needy world!

Soldier's Scrap Book.

ELEVENTH SCRAP—THE FAREWELL.

SOLDIER.—Throughout the variety of thoughts which, during the last ten weeks, I have sought to commend to your notice, my heart has kept a singleness of purpose. I have earnestly desired to set religion before you as the object of your highest effort, and to persuade you to give to our Saviour Jesus the warmest love of your heart, and freshest consecration of your life.

While writing these articles, I have felt myself renewing the intercourse which I have before enjoyed with my soldier friends face to face. I say friends, because to the right-minded American, every brave soldier is a friend, and more than a friend—a guardian protector. We always love to behold the quality of goodness in our benefactors; and we mourn over anything which lessens the respect which we wish to feel for them.

But soldier, the time has come for me, to give up this imperfect mode of intercourse with you. This is the last scrap which, for the present at least, I can contribute to the "Soldier's Scrap Book." I wish that some better man or woman, with heart of love and pen of fire would give another three months' service to this column. I believe any one who will do it, will love both the soldier and Jesus all the better, for there is a sweet, reactionary power in all labors of holy love.

comrades and ask for prayers. They give their hearts to God; and,

What a dear Saviour they have found! Ministers return overdone from this great, ripe harvest field, but they cry earnestly for others to fill the ranks from which they have fallen out exhausted.

Thronged with intelligence of this character, I close this series of scraps for the soldier, with such an appeal as befits the hour. Soldier, it is the cloud of mercy which is passing over you now. The shower which is raining from it, is the shower of salvation. Now is your time. It is the hour of the Spirit's call—the celestial reveille!

ONE OF THE HIDDEN ONES. Ps. 119: 105 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. The missionary Moffat relates the following:—I was once travelling with an associate in the interior. We had journeyed day and night without food. Hungry, almost famished and wearied out, we came before sunset to a heathen village, but did not venture to set foot in it, fearing, we might be robbed or murdered by the inhabitants, the wild Korannas.

When the pious missionary Georg Schmidt, was obliged to leave his church with much labor he had gathered out of the heathen, it was soon scattered and the Moravian missionaries who, after an interruption of fifty years, settled there again in 1792 found scarcely a trace of the laborers remaining. A single aged Hottentot woman, named Helena, was pointed out to them as having been baptized by Schmidt. The newly arrived missionary visited the humble dwelling of Helena. She lay there, an old, blind, helpless woman; her powers of mind had suffered like her hut from age. It was only with the greatest difficulty that the missionary could make her comprehend who she was and why they had come to Africa.

By degrees a ray of light seemed to fall upon her memory, her heart revived with her, her eyes began to sparkle. Tremulously she raised herself upon her straw bed and commanded a Hottentot girl who was by, to bring her something from the corner of the hut. That, she said, the pious Georg had left with her at her departure, charging her to preserve it as use it until she should see him again. It was brought. As a precious memorial it was wrapped up with the greatest care in two sheep-skins! They unpurged them, and found them to contain a Hottentot servant, (Luke, 19, 20-22) kept wrapped up in a napkin, but faithfully used it according to her limited abilities. She herself could not read, but a young woman of the neighborhood, had taken it to her. The venerable disciple who, surrounded by heathen, had fifty years long remained to her Master through the strength imparted by his word, was now overjoyed at the arrival of the new missionaries. She filled her soul with heavenly pleasures. For six years she was privileged to be in communion with the church, as established by the missionaries, and the good old age was gathered in as a sheaf of corn in his season.