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For the N. C. Christian Advocate.
A Remedy for Church Evils.

The effects of a loose administration upon the fruits of a revival, are truly deplorable.

It is a proverbial saying, that "one bad sheep will spoil the whole flock." What then must be the consequence of turning in the young converts among those who are in the habit of breaking over the restraints of Discipline? Will they not follow, like lambs, wherever the prevailing examples of the Church shall lead the way? Will they keep within bounds, when they see others leaping over and enjoying themselves without any official censure? "Be not deceived, evil communications corrupt good manners." As long as we neglect to reform or remove the disorderly, we may expect to see the fruits of our revivals withered and blighted. What minister among us has not witnessed this sad result to his arduous and wasting toils, extorting from him the bitter lamentation, "I have labored in vain: I have spent my strength for naught?" How mournful and disheartening to pass, after the lapse of years, over the fields of our early triumphs. It is more sad than a visit to the tombs of departed friends. From the sacred memorial that guards the place of the dead, hope wings away in rapid flight to their bright resting place in heaven, and light from the world beyond plays upon the tomb, and tinges it with joyful anticipations of reunion in heaven. But the names struck from the Church record, or that ought to be, shame us for cherishing hopes and indulging joys at their conversion, and raise gloomy mists over the soul, darkening forever the scenes of our triumph.

The history of revivals, for the last ten or fifteen years, must tend, among the old, reflecting members and friends of our Church, to diminish confidence in these extraordinary and short-lived excitements, and must turn their hopes for the future of our Zion, more earnestly to the ordinary means of grace, and the more careful cultivation of indoor and outdoor piety. That there will be special harvest seasons in the fields of the Gospel, as well as in those of industry, is gladly admitted. But the husbandman is careful to provide safe granaries for the fruits of his toil, and to separate the sound from the rotten and mouldy. So let judgment begin at the house of God; let the Church "withdraw from every brother that walketh disorderly," and close the gates against the world. Then let us come rejoicing with our sheaves, and our joy shall be everlasting.

But this depending, for the increase and continuance of the Church, upon extraordinary, annual excitements, is more and more fruitful of injury to our cause. We may think that the revival has restored to vitality and healed the backslidings of some incorrigible delinquent, and we may even congratulate ourselves on having borne with him until the revival; but the excitement has only arrested and kept at bay, for a short season, the symptoms of the disease. No sooner are the extraordinary influences abated, than the same old disease re-appears in all its virulence. The right remedy was neglected. He should have been expelled, when, after due admonition and forbearance, he refused to amend. Then being convinced of all, and judged of all, and the secrets of his heart being made manifest, he would have fallen down on his face with the other penitents, and confessing his backslidings or his hypocrisy, he would have been soundly converted and made a blessing to the Church, warning others of the dread consequences of violating the rules. But being permitted, under our present policy, especially if he be a man of wealth and influence, to remain in the Church unrepented and uncorrected, possibly even crested, if his crime is merely a violation of the rules and not a breach of worldly morality, his backslidings soon after the revival, spread like contagion in a camp; (for one infected with a contagious disease will infect thousands piously healthy); and behold! the plague is again in the Church, and upon some of our brightest converts, and continues to spread, until the ways of Zion mourn, and her solemn assemblies are deserted for the amusements, fashions, speculations or excitements of the world! Effectually would this sad result have been avoided, had the noxious examples been carefully weeded out and eradicated from the Church; had the rules been elevated to their true places in the Church of God, inspiring respect and awe for its authorities; and had the violations been promptly met with the treatment provided in the Discipline for such cases. Thus the plague would have been stayed.

But no; this treatment is too cruel and destructive! Discipline is designed to save, and not to destroy! Is the rebuking exclamation, "Therefore, those who would go for the execution of the law as it stands on our statute book, must be held back with bit and bridle." "Should such ultraists take their course, our Church would be emptied

of its wealthy, influential men, and other churches would be filled up."—The Discipline, then, the concentrated wisdom of our fathers, must not be carried out in its plain, honest, common sense import. The Discipline executed would ruin the Church! The rules endorsed and consecrated at each quadrennial session of the General Conference, must be held to the restraints of a discreet, that is, loose administration, lest we should lose some desirable members. Then the rules are wise in the abstract, but highly impolitic in application. We are willing to parade and eulogize them as the best rules a church ever had; but we are not willing to observe and execute them. We have a Discipline, a wonderful production of hoary wisdom, renewing itself every four years, and adding to its bold wing to the storms of the times, but it will not do for the government of the Church!

J. TILLET.
Ridgeway, July 19th, 1858.

Selectious.

From the New York Observer.
Jem, the Sailor Boy.

"What makes you so sad, Jem? you are a dull companion when you ought to be merriest. Here we are, close in shore."
The two boys were standing on the deck of the "Saratoga," as she swept gallily into the port of New York.
"I have no reason to be merry," said Jem. "It has been a sad voyage to me."
"Sad! why we have had some pleasant times together."
"And yet I have not been happy a moment since I left New York."
"Well, what is it, Jem? Tell me now."
"A guilty conscience, Will, that is all; and that is enough to, everybody knows. Bad companionship has led to all my troubles, and I have cried myself asleep many a night in my hammock."

"Come now, Jem, and confess your sins, as if I were a priest." And Will tried to laugh away his sadness, but in vain; he still gazed thoughtfully at the sunset over the water, and continued silent. "Jem, we have always been good friends ever since we met on ship-board, and friends should always tell each other their troubles."
"It is of no use, Will. You are going home to meet your father and mother; and I—"

"Well, if you have no home, that is no reason for a guilty conscience."
"But, Will, I ran away from it, and I have never been really happy since."
The boys stood leaning over the railing, and looking down into the water; as it parted, before the prow, and broke into myriads of foam-crested waves, the silence grew deeper and deeper. At length it was broken by Jem, and in the hope of relieving his mind, he related to Will the circumstances of his childhood. His mother had died in his infancy, and his grandmother had the charge of his early training. His father, a poor but honest man, had endeavored to instil good principles into the mind of his son; but as he grew up he became wayward and passionate; a bad companion in the neighborhood had counteracted all the home influences, and made him restless and impatient of restraint.

They urged him to go to the Sunday-school; Jem rebelled, because his companion told him that it was "pleasantest to go out into the fields on Sunday afternoons; it was bad enough to study on week-days." Time rolled on, and even a removal from the neighborhood did not separate them. The boy followed Jem wherever he went, and finally, in an evil hour, induced him to run away with him, and ship as an apprentice on board a sloop of war.
He was then fourteen years old. The vessel was to sail immediately, so that Jem had no time for reflection or repentance. They had been at sea but one week, when his companion fell from the mast-head upon the deck, and was killed. Then it was that Jem, terrified and conscience stricken, as he looked upon the mangled and bleeding body of him who had acquired such an ascendancy over him, awoke to a sense of his own guilt.

The chaplain, observing his distress, obtained from him a confession of the circumstances, and availed himself of the opportunity to induce him to a right course, and to fill his mind with better thoughts and new resolutions. Convinced of his penitence, he comforted him with the promise of pardon which the Bible offers to the penitent sinner; and Jem was changed. Day and night the thought was on his mind of the distress which he had caused to those who had loved him through all his waywardness. How could he atone for it? Would they forgive; would God forgive him? Oh! could he only see his father and grandmother once again! Could he only get back to that poor little homely dwelling? It was too late. Jem must bear his punishment; it was to be greater than he anticipated.

They touched at a foreign port for supplies, and from thence he wrote a letter to his father, and told him all. The pages were blotted with his tears,

and for the time he was relieved; but he was never to see that father again; he told him where to address his next letter, and in due time he received one, in the trembling hand of his poor heart-broken grandmother. He broke the seal in haste, and through all its bad spelling, and crooked lines, he discovered the fact that his father had been ill ever since he left; that anxiety on his account had increased his malady, and that his penitential letter had arrived only a few days before his death. His most earnest earthly wish had been for tidings of his son, and when they arrived, and showed him penitent and resolved to amend his life, and to atone for his sins, he fervently thanked God "for his mercies to his unworthy servant." Then a deep serenity had taken the place of his restlessness, and when he yielded his spirit to his Maker, he left his blessing for his prodigal but repentant son. She also assured him of her forgiveness, and hoped that he would come to her as soon as the vessel returned; she would try to keep the little old home till then, but her means were very small.

Jem's sorrow was indeed bitter for his father's death, and his poor grandmother's desolation. He felt for the time, that his punishment was greater than he could bear; and he went for consolation once more to the good chaplain, who prayed with and for him, and offered him all the soothing influences of religion. He felt that he deserved the trials which God had sent upon him, and in daily petitions for strength and guidance, he awaited the end of the voyage. The months passed slowly on; and, faithful to his duty, he continued so, also, to his new resolves.—At another port, Will Fowler had joined the vessel, and his ceaseless wit and merriment had won Jem, in some degree, from his sorrow; but his gaiety was only the ripple on the surface; that there was an undercurrent of deep feeling he had already seen.
On his arrival, he hastened to the old home. It had twice changed hands. Strangers inhabited it. They knew nothing of its former occupants. Broken-hearted he turned away. What should he do? How find his poor and aged grandmother, who might be starving even now? Where was she in this wide world? Homeless perhaps, and friendless.

On the steps of the Custom House in Wall street, sat an old woman with a little stand before her, covered with a snowy white cloth. On it were piled pyramids of ruy apples, polished like a mirror. The sale of these, with some candies, made her whole revenue.—There she sat knitting, knitting, the long day through, in her neat calico dress, white apron, and close cap, with a sun-bonnet drawn over it; and the officials as they passed in and out, often stopped to drop some pennies into her hand, in exchange for what her neat little table offered them. She tried to be submissive to God's will; but, sometimes a tear would trickle down over her furrowed cheek and awaken sympathy for her age and apparent sorrows. Then a larger token of benevolence, in the shape of a half dollar, or two shilling piece, would fall into her little treasury. Sometimes in her human longings for the one being, for whose sake she yet clung to life, she would become abstracted, and then the money would touch her hand to recall her to consciousness.

"Oh! if I only knew where poor Jem is! If these old eyes could only see him once more! But, it isn't likely—it isn't likely. I could not keep the old house any longer: a little room in an attic, must do for me now; and an honest man, where to find me." Such thoughts were continually in her mind, and prayer for him, was daily and hourly in her heart and on her lips.
"Well, good mother, can you spare some of your red apples to-day?" and some pennies fell upon her little table. She started at the voice, and looked up; but she drooped her head again, in disappointment. The young sailor who addressed her, wore the uniform of a ship-of-war. The white pants, and blue jacket, the large blue shirt collar with stripes, and the broad-brimmed straw hat, and black ribbon with long ends, like streamers, she had never seen before. He had grown taller, too, during his two years absence.
"May be you have been to foreign parts, young man."
"Yes ma'am, I have."
"Did you ever see a sailor, called Jem Bogart, in your travels?"
"Jem Bogart? Let me look under that big sun-bonnet of yours, if you please ma'am," and suiting the action to his words, she stooped down suddenly, and gazed at her. Another moment and she was clasped in the young sailor's arms, and held to his heart.
"So grandmother, you don't know poor Jem, in all this 'toggery'?"
"Praise God! praise God! dear Jem! now I can depart in peace."
"No, no, grandmother, all my earnings I have saved for you, and I have found you at last; after looking three days, all over this great city. I am tired of the sea; and now I am going to live with you, and work for you."

"God bless you, my boy! and you will not leave me any more!"
"No, grandmother, nothing but death shall separate us. You have forgiven me, I know."
"Yes, my boy, as I hope that God will forgive me."
The punishment of Jem had been severe, but it had "wrought a good work in him," and by a new life he proved his contrition for the sins of "The Sailor Boy."
E. W. B.

One Word.

Harlan Page once went through his Sabbath school to take its spiritual census. Coming to one of the teachers he said: "Shall I put you down as having a hope in Christ?" The teacher frankly replied: "Then," said M., "I have no hope." He closed his little memorandum-book, and went on to the next class. He said no more to the young man, but that word was enough: "No hope." God's spirit strove with that teacher's soul, until he found a hope at the cross of Jesus.

"Make one honest effort for your soul's salvation," said a professor of Brown University to young Malcom, then a student in the institution. The student went to his room, and shut himself up with God. The expression, "make one honest effort," sounded in his ears. He obeyed. He struggled. He cast himself on Christ. He came from that room an altered man. In after years the preaching of our dear friend Malcom has been blessed with revival influences; but have brought scores to the cross—among them two now in the Presbyterian ministry. A word fitly spoken, is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.

"I never can forget that word, which was once whispered to me in an inquiry meeting," said a Christian to his friend.
"What word?" "It was the word eternity." A young pious companion who was yearning for the salvation of my soul, came up to my pew, and simply whispered "eternity" in my ear with solemn tenderness, and left me. But that word did not leave me; it drove me to the cross of salvation.

It is said that Henry Martyn was first drawn to the missionary work by a single remark of the Rev. Charles Simeon on the results of Carey's work in India. His mind began to stir under the new idea, then came the perusal of Brainerd's Life, and Martyn's soul was consecrated to his apostolic toils. How many missionaries Martyn's biography has made, the judgment day alone can determine.

Reader! have you never yet spoken one word for Christ? Have you never invited one sinner to the Saviour? Then I fear that though you may at least reach the New Jerusalem, you will tread those golden pavements wearing a starless crown. A single sentence may see a soul from perdition.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Touching Incident.

Some gentlemen passing through the beautiful village of Renton, in the vale of Leven, Dumfriesshire, about nine o'clock at night, directed their attention to a dark object in the churchyard. On going in to ascertain what it was, they found a boy of tender years lying flat on his face, and apparently sound asleep, over a recently-made grave. Thinking this was not a very safe bed for him, they shook him up, and asked him how he came to be there? He said he was afraid to go home, as his sister, with whom he resided, had threatened to beat him. "And where does your sister live?" asked one of the party. "In Dumbarton," was the answer. "In Dumbarton—nearly four miles off?—and how came you to wander so far away from home?" "I just came," sobbed the poor little fellow, "because my mither's grave was here."—His mother had been buried there a short time before, and seeking a refuge at her grave, his sorrow was a beautiful touch of nature in a child who could scarcely have yet learned to realize the true character of that separation which knows of no reunion on earth. Thither had he instinctively wandered to sob out his sorrow, and to moisten with tears the grave of one who had hitherto been his natural protector, for he had evidently cried himself to sleep.

Talents no Protection.

Were they so, Bacon, would never have taken a bribe, nor Dodd have committed forgery; Voltaire might have been another Luther; David Hume another Matthew Hale; and Satan himself might yet be in the canopy of heaven, an orb of the first magnitude. Indeed, high talent, unless early cultivated, as was that of Moses, and Milton, and Baxter, and Wesley, and Robert Hall, is the most restive under moral restraints; is the most fearless in exposing itself to temptation; is the most ready to lay itself on the lap of Delilah, trusting in the rock of its strength. And alas! like Sampson, how often is it found blind and grinding in the prison house, when it might be wielding the highest political power, or civilizing and evangelizing the nations!—Dr. Murray.

A Thrilling Sketch—Charmed by a Rattlesnake.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

A writer in the United States Magazine, pronounces the following description of a young girl, charmed by a rattlesnake, one of the most remarkable and beautiful descriptions ever penned:

"Before the maiden rose a little clump of bushes—bright tangled leaves flaunting wide in glossiest green, with vines trailing over them thickly decked with blue and crimson flowers. Her eye commended vacantly with these; fastened by a star-like shining glance, a subtle ray that shot out from the circle of green leaves, seeming to be their very eye, and sending out a fluid lustre that seemed to stream over the space between and find its way into her eyes; very piercing and beautiful was that subtle brightness of the sweetest, strongest power. And now the leaves quivered and seemed to float away on a breeze that came in fantastic mazes, unfolding ever charming varieties of form and color to her gaze; but the star-like eye was ever steadfast, bright and gorgeous, in their midst, and still fastened with strange fondness upon her own. How beautiful, with wondrous intensity, did it gleam and dilate, growing larger and more lustrous with every beam it sent forth. And her own glance became intense, fixed, also; but with a dreaming sense, which conjured up the wildest fancies, terribly beautiful, that took her soul away from her and wrapt about as with a spell.—She would have fled, she would have flown, but she had no power to move. The will was wanting to her flight. She felt that she could have bent forward to pluck the gem-like thing from the bosom of the leaf in which it seemed to glow, and which irradiated with its bright, white gleam; but ever, as she stretched forth her hand, and bent forward, she heard a rush of wings and a shrill scream from the tree above her—such a scream as the mocking bird makes, when angrily it raises its dusky check and flaps its wings furiously against its slender sides. Such a scream like a warning, and though yet unawakened to a full consciousness, it startled and forbade her effort.

"More than once in her survey of this strange object had she heard that shrill note of warning, and to her mind the same vague consciousness of an evil presence. But the star-like eye was still upon her own—a small bright eye, quick like that of a bird; now steady in its place, and observing seemingly only hers; now darting forward with all the clustering leaves about it, and shooting up toward, as if wooing her to seize. At another moment riveted to the vine which lay around it, it would whirl round and round, dazzling bright and beautiful, even as a torch, waving hurriedly by night in the hands of some playful boy; but in all this time the glance was never taken from her own—there it grew fixed—a very principle of light—and with a bright, subtle, burning, piercing, fascinating gleam, such as gathers in vapors above the old grave, and binds us as we look—shoots directly into her eye, dazzling her gaze, defeating its sense of discrimination, and confusing strangely its sense of perception. She felt dizzy, for as she looked, a cloud of colors, bright, gay, various colors, floated and hung like so much drapery around the single object that had so secured her attention, and felt-bound her feet. Her limbs felt momentarily more and more insecure, her blood grew cold, and she seemed to feel the gradual freeze of vein by vein, throughout her person.—At that moment a rustling was heard in the branches of the tree beside her, and the bird which had repeatedly uttered a single cry above her, as it were of warning, flew away from her station with a scream more piercing than ever. This movement had the effect for which it seemed intended of bringing back to her a portion of that consciousness she had been nearly deprived of before.—She strove to move from the beautiful but terrible presence, but for a while she strove in vain. The rich star-like gleam still riveted her own, and the subtle fascination kept her bound. The mental energies, however, in the moment of their greatest trial, now gathered suddenly to her aid, and with a desperate effort, but with a feeling of most agonizing uncertainty and dread, she succeeded partially in the attempt, and threw her arms backwards, her hands grasping the neighboring tree, feeble, tottering and depending upon it for that support which her own limbs almost entirely denied her. With her movement came, however, the full development of the powerful spell and dreadful mystery before her.

"As her feet receded, though but a single pace, to the tree which she now rested, the awfully articulated ring, like that of a watch then wound up with the verge broken, announced the nature of the splendid yet dangerous presence, in the form of a monstrous rattlesnake, now but a few steps before her, lying coiled at the bottom of a beautiful shrub, with which to her dreaming eye many of its own glorious hues had been associated. She was at length consciousness enough to perceive and feel the

danger; but terror had deprived her of the strength necessary to fly from her dreadful enemy. There, still gazed the eye beautifully bright and piercing fixed upon her own; and seemingly in the spirit of sport, the insidious reptile slowly unwound himself from his coil, but only to wind himself up again into his muscular rings, his great flat head rising in the midst and slowly nodding as it were toward her, the eye still peering into her own, the rattle slightly ringing at intervals, and giving forth that paralyzing sound, which once heard is remembered forever.

The reptile all this while seeming conscious of, and to sport while seeking to excite her terror.

Now, with its flat head, distended mouth and curving neck, would it dart forth its long form to warn her—its fatal mouth unfolding on either side of its throat, striking her, and scattering her with instantaneous death, while its powerful eye shot forth glances of that fatal fascination, malignant bright, which by paralyzing with a moved form of terror and of beauty, may readily account for the spell which it possesses of binding the feet of the timid, and denying even to fear the privilege of flight. Could she have fled? She felt the necessity, but the power was gone; and there still it lay, coiling and uncoiling, its arched neck glittering like a ring of bronzed copper, bright and lurid, and the dreadful beauty of its eye still fastened, eagerly contemplating the victim while the pendulous rattle still rung the death-note, as if to prepare the conscious mind for the fate which is momentarily approaching the blow. Meanwhile the stillness became death-like with all surrounding objects. The bird had gone with its scream and rush. The breeze was silent. The vines ceased to wave. The leaves faintly quivered on their stems. The serpent once more lay still, but the eye was never turned away from the victim.—Its corded muscles are all in a coil.—They have but to unclasp suddenly, and the dreadful foils will be upon her in full length, and the fatal teeth will strike, and the deadly venom which they secrete will mingle with the life blood in her veins.

"The terrified damsel, her full consciousness restored but not her strength, feels all her danger. She sees that the sport of the terrible reptile is at an end. She cannot now mistake the horrid expression of his eye. She tries to scream but her voice died away to a feeble gurgling in her throat. Her tongue is paralyzed—her lips sealed; once more she strives for flight, but her limbs refuse their office. She has nothing left of life but its fearful consciousness. It is in her despair, that, at a last effort she succeeds to scream—a single wild cry, forced from her by this accumulated agony; she sinks down upon the grass before her enemy—her eyes, however, still open, and still looking upon those which directs forever upon them. She sees him approach, now advancing, now receding; now swelling in every part with something like anger, while his neck arched beautifully, like that of a wild horse under the curb, until at length, tired as it were of play, like the cat with her victim, she sees the neck growing larger, and becoming completely bowed as if to strike—the huge jaw unclinging directly above her; the long tribulated fang, charged with venom, protruding from the cavernous mouth—and she sees no more! Insensibility came to her aid, and she lay almost lifeless under the folds of the very monster."

Nothing in ancient or modern literature is more strikingly conceived, or vividly described than this scene. At this moment, when we feel that the summer air is unchanged with this evil presence, and nature agast in her solitudes under these human pangs, the arrow of a young savage transfixed the neck of the reptile, and thus turns aside the deadly fang. The accessories are all in keeping—the snake-like vine; the golden and crimson blooms, the shadows of the old woods, the cry of the bird; all enhance the sense of the beautiful and remote, the touches which we have italicized heighten the effect, till we feel the glittering eye of the beast, and its terrible undulations rise image-like to the mind, and we see how all benignities of nature are at war with the spirit of the reptile.

The Happy Family.

BY WM. COBROLL.

A friend of ours met his neighbor's coachman looking remarkably facetious, on a Monday morning. As the man touched his hat, he said to him: "Well, what has happened to make you look so pleasant to-day?" "Why, sir," was the reply, "what do you think?" "We are a pretty lot at our house—that we are. I started with five of us in the old carriage yesterday morning. First of all I drove the young lady to the Episcopal church, and her father to the Wesleyans; next I took young master Augustus to the Spiritualists; my wife went to the Ranters; and when I had put the horse up, I took a turn myself with the Calvinists."

MORTALITY.—During June there were 82 deaths in Wilmington, N. C., including 18 children.

From the New York Observer. A Blessed Tract.

A woman having spoken of the conversion of several of her relatives, was asked what were the means the Lord employed; and this was her reply: "One of the New York City Tract Society Visitors gave me a Tract entitled, 'The Sword of the Spirit.' I thought it a wiser title; so after the Visitor had gone, I put aside my work and sat down to read it. It was indeed a sword, and nothing ever pierced me so deeply. When my husband came home, I read it to him. At first he made light of it; but I read and wept over it, I saw that he felt it too, although he tried to hide his feelings. The next day I went to a minister who gave me good advice, and invited me to attend his church. I and my husband did so, and soon after both of us became church members."

That husband had been a wicked and intemperate man; but reading that Tract was blessed not only to him, but also to other members of his family.—Ten hopeful conversions may already be traced to that instrumentality; nine of the converts have been received into the fellowship of evangelical Churches, and the woman to whom the Tract was given is now a Tract Visitor. O.

The Awakening.

Some beautiful verses upon the topic of all topics now interesting the people of this nation we find in the columns of Morris and Willis' Home Journal. They are written by our friend and correspondent James O. Clark.

See them go forth like the floods to the ocean,
Gathering might from each mountain and
glen,
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosom of men;
Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
Glean as they gaze from the earth to the
sky,
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er
us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw
nigh?"

"Look on us, wanderers, sinful and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptations below—
This is the goodness o'er everything holy—
Thine is the mercy to pity our woe;
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us,
Spotless and pure as the angels on high;
Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
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Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw
nigh?"

Let the vast depths of Futurity's ocean
Heave with Jehovah's mysterious breath;
Mortals, press on while the deep is in motion,
Jests in trodding the waters of death;
Angels are mingling with men, in the chorus
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
"Father, the billows grow brighter before us,
Heaven, with its mansions eternal, draws
nigh!"

Invisible Harmonies.

We are apt to "limit the Holy One of Israel," and to say, "Some things have worked together for our good." God says, "All things." Joys, sorrows, crosses, losses, prosperity, adversity, health, sickness; the gourd bestowed, and the gourd withered; the cup full, and the cup empty; the lingering sick bed, the early grave!

Often, indeed, would sight and sense lead us to doubt the reality of the promise. We can see, in many things, scarce a dim reflection of love. Useful livestock, blossoms prematurely plucked, spiritual props removed, benevolent schemes blown upon. But the apostle does not say, "We see," but "We know." It is the province of faith to trust God in the dark. The uninitiated and un-discerning cannot understand or explain the revolution and dependencies of the varied wheels in a complicated machine; but they have confidence in the wisdom of the artificer, that all is designed to "work out" some great and useful end. Be it ours to write over every mysterious dealing, "This also cometh from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."—Rev. R. Meddell.

The Mourner's Prayer—A Chant.

BY WM. COBROLL.

God, in mercy, ruling ever,
At thy footstool while we bow,
Kindred hearts here doom'd to sever,
Humbly we approach Thee now.

Wanderers, journeying hither, thither,
Often weary, oft astray;
While our expectations wither,
God, our Father! hear us pray.

While we look to Thee, the only
Real solace for our care;
Suffer not our sorrows lonely,
Here to crush us in despair.

Ever seeking Christ—who sought us—
How He his afflictions bore;
How upon the cross he bought us,
There redeemed us evermore.

Teach us to regard the blessing;
Grant the mourner's tears may dry;
And while here our sins confessing,
Teach us, Father! how to die.