

pressed with a sense of the value of souls, and have we *besieged* the throne of grace for them? When have we agonized in prayer for their conversion? How often have our hearts yearned over them? How often, while reflecting upon their condition, have we, with tears, sought the mercy seat, and "told Jesus?" How often has our private Bethel witnessed fervent, importunate intercession for them? When have we felt and interceded for their salvation, as Abraham felt and interceded for the cities of the plain? Has such incense as this ever ascended from our altars? Has such been the character of our prayers? And shall we in whose breasts the Spirit has lighted up a flame of holy love—shall we feel little anxiety that others should share in that love? Shall we, who are heirs to a crown of unfading glory, and who hope soon to wear it, feel little interested to secure such a crown for our unconverted friends? Shall we withhold our intercessions, and fold our arms in apathy and indifference, in the midst of our ungodly friends and relations? Is it a time to sleep, when members of our own families are unreconciled to God, and exposed to his wrath?

We can scarcely open our eyes, without beholding those who are tenderly allied to us by the ties of friendship, and some who sustain a closer relation to us as our kindred, who "have no hope, and are without God in the world." They are "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." The edict of retribution has gone, and they are already sentenced, and the storm of Jehovah's vengeance is impending.

O Christians! do you know that you have influence with God? Do you know what encouragement you have to intercede for those whom you love? You may avert the doom that threatens them. Your prayers may secure their introduction into the family of God, and a title to the rank and privileges of sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Then plead for their salvation. Plead with a warm heart. Plead with faith and earnestness, and implicit reliance on the efficacy of prayers, which are never thrown away.

#### WANT OF FAITH.

The defect of our times is a want of faith. We live in an age of reality, pre-

sent, palpable reality. Every thing is to be paid for on demand, every thing is to be accounted for and answered by return of post. The golden currency of enthusiasm has been called in. There is no reverence for any features of truth behind the veil. Our temper resembles that of the Pundit, who inquired of Henry Martyn whether, by embracing the Christian religion, he should behold the Deity in a visible shape. This eagerness to perceive every object, without delay or impediment, is a characteristic of minds which have not been accustomed to gaze at the luminary of truth, and might be rebuked by a Hebrew legend which we have read. "You teach," said the Emperor Trajan to a famous Rabbi, "that your God is everywhere, and boast that he resides among your nation; I should like to see him." "God's presence is indeed every where," replied the Rabbi; "but he cannot be seen, for no mortal eye can look upon his splendor." The Emperor had the obstinacy of power, and persisted in his demand. "Well," answered the Rabbi, "suppose we begin by endeavoring to gaze at one of his ambassadors." Trajan assented; and the Rabbi, leading him into the open air, for it was the noon of the day, bade him raise his eyes to the sun then shining down upon the world in its meridian glory. The Emperor made the attempt, but relinquished it. "I cannot," he said, "the light dazzles me." "If, then," rejoined the triumphant Rabbi, "thou art unable to endure the light of one of his creatures, how canst thou expect to behold the unclouded glory of the Creator?" It is a beautiful and touching parable, and teaches humility, not only in religion, but in literature and in life.

#### PROPHECY.

"The satyrs shall dance there." Is. xxxviii. 21.

Isaiah, in prophecying the destruction of Babylon, said that "owls should dwell there, and satyrs should dance there." It has long been a query with commentators what kind of things satyrs were. The celebrated Jewish Missionary, Joseph Wolff, related a fact in a lecture in New York, which he thinks throws much light on this passage. Mr. Wolff visited the mountain of Lanjaac, near the ruins of Babylon. This mountain was inhabited by Yesedec,