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For The Christian Era.

THE CONSTITUTION.

We do not propose to follow Lysander Spooner in his exposition of the Constitution, nor any other man. We purpose briefly to speak as a common sense man to common sense men, without a word of hair splitting, sophistry or dogmatism. We frankly say then, *as a matter of compromise, slavery is in the Constitution in three badly stained spots.* Hence in all our papers thus far, you, who have read, can judge how carefully we have di-crim-inated as to the power of Congress and of the Government over slavery. We repeat, it is absolute in the rebelling states, but limited in the others. We call your attention to those three portions of the Constitution, and ask Congress unanimously, if they can, or at least by a two-thirds vote as the Constitution requires, to propose amendments to these compromise slavery items to be submitted to conventions of the States for their ratification as the Constitution directs in Article V.

Article I, Section II, Clause 3.

As the clause is a long one we shall omit it. The compromise slavery portion that is objectionable is—"which shall be determined by adding to the whole number of free persons, including those bound to service for a term of years, and excluding Indians not taxed, *three-fifths of all other persons*," which should be amended by striking the whole we have here quoted out. *It is the first miserable compromise* to slavery. And in any other cause than as a compromise would stamp the framers of the Constitution, in the light of its preamble, with folly and knavery. In the first original draft of the Constitution this quotation and the others we shall make were never there. They were forced upon the nation as mean, despicable, devlish compromises. That is the way they got into the Constitution. Let us be done with compromises to sin and get them out of the Constitution as quickly as possible. And now is an extraordinarily good time to do it, as we shall show in its proper place.

Art. I., Sec. IX., Clause 1.

"The migration or *importation* of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year 1808; but a tax on duty may be imposed on such *importation*, not exceeding ten dollars for each person." This should be amended as follows—

The migration of such persons as any of the States shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress; but a tax on duty may be imposed, at their discretion, not exceeding ten dollars a head.

Art. IV., Sec. II., Clause 3.

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping to another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

This should be amended in only a single word. It should be—No person "indentured," &c.

What we have now to say is, first, these miserable dogmas, unholy compromises of the Constitution are, every one of them, totally obnoxious to the higher law of heaven—the great Magna Charta of all human rights, the superior law of the universe—and in this sense they are and forever were null and void. Hence every *obedience* to them has been *disobedience* to heaven—every execution of them has been direct, overt rebellion to God. They were begotten in the spirit of slavery, incubated under her nascent, foul influence and forced upon our fathers in the hour of their temptation, and miserable seedlings indeed, they have proved to be. It is time in the name of everything that is good and of God that we were rid of them.

And 2d, now is an extraordinary good time to be rid of them. It is so because eleven out of the fifteen slave States have, by their rebellion, united our Government, by making it perfectly lawful and not contrary to the Constitution, to abolish slavery throughout their territories. We say, this is so, and that it is equivalent to an invitation on the part of the revolting States that we should treat them to it. And were we as wise as a one eyed honey bee in the cup of a flower, we should do it and take the blessing at once. We say it is so. But the discussion and proof of this matter we shall reserve for another paper. We shall then, in what we have further now to say, take it for granted that it is so. Now, in order to make our case—and it being all right in this exigency for our Government to do this—thing we will suppose she has done it, that slavery is abolished in all the rebelling States. Then it is easy now to see it quite possible for Congress, if it is not absolutely battish and pur-blind to the soles of its feet, to propose to the States such amendments as we have suggested or better ones, since it is relieved of so many pro-slavery members—and for the States, in this condition of new life and light from the dead, to ratify such amendments by a three-fourths vote of all the States in the Union; and so the foul stains should at once and forever disappear; and so, we pray God, all compromises to sin in our great and happy nation should cease. In this view of the case we feel compelled to press upon our rulers and the nation, this God-given opportunity and necessity to move in this matter. Lift your hands to heaven, ye men of strength, and swear that slavery shall be no longer. Let the trump of your voice, in this time when it can be heard, go sounding through all the regions of the South, "Liberty, Liberty, the jubilee is come." Show infinite kindness to the rebellionists, treating them instantaneously to an expurgation of all their internal wrath and most terribly troublesome stomach complaints, by one overwhelming decoction of *Universal Emancipation* in the first instance, and then a drift, in the second, of the pure snows of the Constitutional waters of Liberty's own emendations as above suggested, and all will come well in a very short time. Our nation will look forth fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible to her enemies as an army with *banners*—the star-spangled, blood-striped banner of Liberty. Amen, and Amen.

C. WELLINGTON.

For The Christian Era.

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

Camp near Harper's Ferry, Aug. 5th, 1861.

Mr. Editor:—I hope you have not thought that, because I have not contributed lately to your paper I was among the fallen at the battle of Bull Run. True, I was in that battle, and in the thickest of the fight for five long hours; but no missile of death was allowed by my Heavenly Father to strike me down. Members of my own company and of my own mess fell at my side, the shells burst at my feet, the spent musket balls struck me, but I am still unscathed, ready for another conflict with my country's enemies; ready for the life long conflict with the enemy of souls, ready I hope to proclaim the gospel of Jesus Christ to lost men.

It seems strange to me, that even the presence of death has no effect upon the minds of men. One can still hear the same coarse jests, the same profane language, the same taunts at those who speak to them of religion, as before they were surrounded by the dead and dying.

We are now encamped in a lovely place; the mountains of the Blue Ridge are on every side except where the Potomac winds through them. We have taken the 1st R. I. battery, as their time is up, and our battery with the exception of one piece, was lost at the battle of Bull Run. Perhaps your readers would like to have a short account of that battle, which was one of the bloodiest in American history.

We were encamped between Fairfax and Centerville, and expected to remain there for some time. We had built our huts of branches, our fire places and cranes were ready for use. Sunday morning at one o'clock the bugle sounded, and the battery was harnessed up. We mounted the boxes and silently wound along the road towards Manassas Junction. There was no music, no loud command; our General wished to steal a march on the enemy. We were confident of victory, as we had confidence in our commander. We took a circuitous path through the woods, and without once having halted during the march of twelve miles, we reached the field of battle. The Rhode Island troops had the right of the line, the 2d regiment in advance, the 1st next in order with our battery between. The first notice we had of the presence of the enemy was the volley of musketry from the woods upon our lines. The 2d regiment charged and drove them from the woods, down the hill. We were instantly ordered into action. We got into battery as quickly as possible and engaged a battery about a third of a mile from us. We soon silenced that and engaged the enemy in other parts of the field. The battle grew hotter and hotter—thicker and thicker flew the bullets, the shot, the shell. Our horses suffered severely, our men at the guns were entirely exhausted, wounded or dead. We were so thirsty that we threw ourselves into the mudy brooks and eagerly swallowed the mud and water. The enemy were retreating on every hand. Already Beauregard had sent a dispatch to Richmond, and even while we were fighting, Jeff Davis was packing up his State papers to send them to a place of safety. But all day there had been a constant stream of reinforcements pouring into the woods where the rebels had their head quarters. All at once the celebrated black horse cavalry charged upon us, their fresh infantry poured their volley into our ranks, their masked batteries opened upon our flank; thick as hail the shot flew; four hundred of the Zouaves were cut down. We retreated. We ran before that stream of lead and iron. No man could stand such a fire as that. The retreat became a rout; all were mingled together in dire confusion; the road was crowded with fugitives; the wounded, the wearied all rushed along together. We brought our battery off the field, and dozens of wounded men climbed upon our boxes and pieces, some with broken arms, some with broken legs, some with the blood flowing down their faces, some with their clothes red with blood. We were obliged to leave many a poor wounded, dying man who beseechingly begged us to take him upon our boxes. Those that were free from wounds were panic struck. At the least alarm every man almost would flee for his life, not knowing where he went. Thus we passed slowly along. We came out of those long woods, the dust in the road was so thick that nothing before us could be seen. We began to hope that the enemy would not disturb us, for now we had reached the direct road to Centerville, and our reserve was two or three miles before us. It began to grow dusky, for the thick dust and the woods on either side of the road hid the setting sun; all at once into that dense mass of men, horses and wagons, the enemy from a masked battery poured their shell; the musketry opened upon them; their cavalry charged upon them. What a scene! We were just at the bridge, but upon it was piled the government baggage wagons. We could not pass with our battery; for it was a narrow bridge, and there were deep gullies on each side. Our drivers cut the traces, we left the wounded men to save our own lives, and helter skelter we dashed on towards Centerville. The cavalry of the enemy charged upon us, and many a poor soldier fell before their sabres. We soon met the reserve coming up under Colonel Miles, but still we hurried on through that long dark night; morning dawned, and still we had not halted; Washington and the long bridge hove in sight, and we sank down upon the ground exhausted! for we had eaten nothing since Saturday. We had marched ten or twelve miles to the battle field without halting, we had fought through that hot day, we had marched nearly forty miles from the battle field to Washington. Thus we fought, thus we retreated.

I will not say upon whose head a terrible retribution should be visited. We long for an opportunty to wipe off the disgrace of that day.

O! how much pleasanter we spent the hours of the last Sabbath (the 4th inst) Though separated from our regiment, we had religious services. We repaired to a huge pile of rocks shaded by tall trees, and there one of our number preached to to us the gospel of Christ. It seemed lik a heaven below. JUVENIS.

SACRIFICES FOR CHRIST.

The present crisis will furnish a stern test of christian liberality. Business is generally depressed, and the future is clouded with gloom and despondency. The infamous repudiation of debts by southern merchants, has brought embarrassment or bankruptcy on men of wealth, who have been liberal contributors hitherto, and the general stagnation of business has thrown many out of employ, whose aggregate mites have swelled largely the general receipts. There will be strong temptations to penurious giving. Those who have been accustomed to a large income, and have found it easy to give what they scarcely missed, will be in danger of husbanding their limited resources, and withholding from the Lord what he may rightly claim. Families compelled to economize, to reduce their expenditures within the limits of their receipts, will deem themselves excusable if they give little or nothing to the claims of charity. And young men and women, with irregular employment and uncertain salaries, may feel that duty to themselves requires a suspension of their ordinary contributions. There is reason to fear that all our benevolent institutions will suffer, and their operations be cramped for want of funds.

The danger, though urgent, is not inevitable. There need be no emptiness in the treasury of the Lord, if his people are willing to make sacrifices for the cause of their Master. Hitherto, they have given of their abundance; now, they are called on to imitate the poor woman who gave all her living and received the Savior's approval. The resources of the country are still abundant, and the money in the hands of christians is ample to meet all the demands of charity. Economy may be rigidly practised in personal and household expenses, but it need not be enforced in appropriations for the Lord.

It would be a glorious triumph of christian principle, if the people of God should unite in the solemn purpose that the walls of the Lord's house must be built even in troublous times, and that no worthy cause must suffer for the lack of funds. Such a purpose would impose self-denial and sacrifice in many homes, and would require the surrender of luxuries which long use has made almost essential to comfort. But the sacrifice would be repaid a hundred-fold in spiritual gain, and in the consciousness that religion is a vital power in the soul, elevating its aims, and subduing its selfishness.

Christians may be shut up to the alternative of self-denial for the Lord, or self-gratification at the expense of the Lord's cause. Patriots have been driven to a similar choice between the preservation of their country, and the temporary sacrifice of business. The unanimity of the response has filled all hearts with wonder, and has proved that earnest devotion to commerce and manufactures has not undermined patriotism, and emasculated manly courage. Let the united action of christians in sustaining all benevolent operations prove that prosperity has not undermined principle, nor adversity weakened faith. As money has been given without stint for the troops who go forth to defend the Government and repossess the property stolen by traitors, so let money be freely given to sustain the missionaries and colporters, and all agencies which aim to subdue rebellion against God, and bring back a revolted world to loyalty to Christ.

For The Christian Era.

IDLENESS IS CRIME.

Look, man, to the shining heavens;
Look upward and ask why
Yon orbs are traveling always
So swiftly through the sky.
We honor our great Creator,
They whisper to thy soul;
And chanting—Labor is honor,
Right onward still they roll.

Thy researches still pursuing,
Turn toward our nether sphere,
And ask it why its revolvings
Cease not from year to year.
There comes a voice from the ocean,
And echoes o'er the hill—
It mutters—Labor is honor,
Go and thy task fulfil.

Go visit the humble insect
That toils the live-long day,
To rear him a habitation
And store his food away.
Pause there for awhile and listen—
In accents low, but clear,
He whispers—Labor is honor—
Who wins must persevere.

Go stand by the crystal fountain
And watch the gushing rill,
As it dashes down the mountain
And winds around the hill.
Ask why it can never tarry,
Then listen to its song—
It murmurs—Labor is honor,
And swiftly glides along.

Come now to the sacred volume
By inspiration given,
And learn by its holy teachings,
The path that leads to heaven.
The crown of life is before thee,
Labor to win the prize,
And thou shalt be crowned with honor,
At home beyond the skies.

My Father worketh and I work,
Jesus, the Savior saith;
He labored for man's salvation,
And bowed his head in death.
Then sound it through every region,
Tell it in every clime,
That labor, to man, is honor,
And idleness is crime. S. H. M.

QUIETNESS IN THE STORM.

"Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." The forty-sixth Psalm is evidently from the first to the last a military or war song. It assumes tribulation, warfare, in the midst of the world: and it points the christian to his refuge, his safe and blessed retreat, amidst war storms gathering from the distant horizon. God is not only our refuge, but he is also with us. "He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; He breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear asunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire." If God is thus the source of victory, if the battle is not to the strong or the race to the swift, then "be still;" do not be alarmed, agitated or vexed; but be satisfied of this: that God will be exalted in the earth. Fear not for his kingdom, be not alarmed for his cause; not a hair of the head of his saints shall perish. Be still, and know that he is not a man to repent, not a creature to fail: but the mighty God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

This prescription is suitable to the age in which we live, in the scenes that are opening on a world that appears to be about to go through its last baptism. What are some of the grounds of disquiet in the minds of true christians? Why is it we need the prescription, "Be still?" We answer, first; from the imperfection of our knowledge. We see but a fragment of God's procedure; we cannot see that out of evil he still brings good. When we behold overshadowing error, we think it will deepen and darken till the whole sky is overcast; whereas, by and by it is dissolved, and truth shines forth with all the splendor of the sun, the momentary cloud seems to have only increased the intensity of the glory that succeeds and follows it. We hear of divisions and disputes among christians; we think the church is going to pieces; but it is because we see but a part, we do not see the whole. If we saw the whole, we should discover that the momentary discord is only preparatory to lasting harmony; that the dispute of a day precedes the peace that will prevail throughout ages to come. We see through a glass darkly; we do not always recollect this, and because we forget it, and fancy that we can see more clearly than is the case, we are troubled and disquieted. Because we are blind we think the world is going to pieces, and that God has left it to itself.—*Cumming.*

THE PERILS OF THE TIME.

It becomes us, at this time, to consider carefully what are the perils with which the hour is fraught, to the followers of Christ. There are at all times, temptations and dangers in the way of the christian disciple; now it is Apollyon who withstands him, and would overwhelm him with fierce assaults; then the Flatterer, who would beguile him by his fair speeches; now the giant Despair seizes him in his clutches, and anon he finds himself ready to fall asleep on the Enchanted Ground.

But in a time of war and civil commotion, there are especial perils which beset the path of the Zionward traveler.

1. *He is tempted to forget God.* The display of human power, the vast preparations which the nation is making for conflict, dazzle his eyes, and lead him to forget him who while he rules over the armies of heaven and does his will among the inhabitants of the earth, has yet an ear to hear the prayer of the contrite, and the supplications of the lowly.

2. *He is tempted to be borne away by excitement.* The din and turmoil around him, the exciting topics of the day, the movements of armies, and the expected shock of contending hosts, all tend to distract his mind, and draw him away from the closet and communion with God.

3. *He is liable to entertain harsh and bitter feelings of hatred toward those who are the enemies of his country.* That he should be displeased and angry with treason and wrong, is right and proper, but while hating the sin he should love and pity the sinner.

4. *There is danger of cherishing a hasty and impatient spirit, and being in haste to shed blood.* While we may desire to have our country's laws and authority maintained at all cost and hazards, we should remember that it is a terrible thing to take away the life even of an enemy—a life we cannot restore; and one which may be that of one who is now an enemy of God. If the sinner can be saved and repent, it is better than that he should be slain. There are, indeed, those whose lives are justly forfeited by treason, and if taken, they must pay the penalty; but it is not of them we now speak, but of those who would be slain in a battle.

5. *There is danger, too, of the growth and predominance of the war sprit in the heart.* War is essentially a barbarism, and though when a great people rises up to maintain its national existence, as ours has done, there is something grand and ennobling in it, yet in the details even of a patriotic war, there is much to demoralize and degrade. And if we cherish in our hearts the vindictive spirit which is one of the elements of war, we shall find that it will drive out the heavenly dove of the Divine presence.

Let us then, brethren, ever seek to keep our hearts in such a frame, as that we may call on God for his blessings, and may rejoice when peace, a peace founded on right and justice, shall again return.—*Examiner.*

THE DISPERSED PROTESTANTS IN MOLDAVIA AND WALLACHIA.

M. Filo, professor of divinity in Pesth, has kindly communicated to us (*Semaine Religieuse*, from which we translate) the following report, which he submitted, on the 7th of February, to the Genevese Committee on Foreign Churches.

In Moldavia and Wallachia there are many villages inhabited chiefly by the descendants of Hungarians, who emigrated from Transylvania during the eighteenth century.* The number of these dispersed Protestants is probably from eight to ten thousand souls.

They have faithfully preserved not only the language, but also the Protestant faith of their forefathers, though completely surrounded by Greeks and Romanists. They have occasionally obtained the ministrations of traveling pastors from Transylvania, but, owing to their poverty and their dispersion, they have been unable to secure the permanent services of preachers and schoolmasters. The Protestant religion has been preserved among them, however, by an unbroken chain of domestic reminiscences. The heads of families among them, have been, like the patriarchs of old, their pastors and instructors; but their fondest desire has ever been to procure settled and qualified pastors, in order to enjoy the privileges of regular worship and adequate instruction.

With the assistance of the Protestants of Hungary and Transylvania a reformed church was built about twelve years ago, by the Hungarian Protestant settlers at Bucharest. M. Kooss, who was sent to them from Transylvania about five years ago, and who is still their pastor, displays great and persevering zeal in his efforts to save the Protestant remnant among the Hungarian settlers in the Danubian principalities. Through his indefatigable exertions, and by means of contributions from our churches in Hungary, the Reformed church at Bucharest was soon completely organized. At present it has not only regular ministrations and ordinances, but also a flourishing primary school; and this church is now the central institution for all the Protestant Hungarians in Moldavia and Wallachia.

M. Kooss, about three years ago made a missionary tour in the three provinces, for the purpose of encouraging the members of his communion, and establishing them in the christian faith, and, at the same time, of introducing among them, in spite of the distance that separates them from each other, mutual intercourse and regular correspondence. He found the condition of these dispersed Protestants sad indeed. Their poverty is as great as their ignorance. In spite, however, of this two-fold pressure, their hearts are still very accessible to religious impressions, and their desire to be made acquainted with the word of God is great.

Our church, on ascertaining from M. Kooss the desolate situation of our brethren in Moldavia and Wallachia, resolved at once to aid this body of Protestants, with whom we are connected by the double tie of religion and language. As they are isolated by their language from all their Protestant neighbors, and as they have not as yet obtained the benefit of a connection with any missionary society, our church has been obliged to undertake alone, to provide for their religious destitution. Missionary societies, that yearly make so large sacrifices for sending the gospel to the most remote regions of the earth, are probably not aware even of the existence of our brethren in the Danubian Principalities. In regard to Protestant missionaries from England, Switzerland, and Germany, who are laboring in Turkey, they naturally confine their ministrations to those inhabitants whose language they understand, so that the Protestant Magyars entirely escape their attention.

* This emigration was the result of the fearful troubles of which Transylvania was the theater during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

DAVID'S WELL.

The following extract from the correspondence of an exchange is instructive and will be read with interest.

This is a large deep cistern, hewn in the solid rock, with several openings in the top. The event that has given it its celebrity is recorded in 1 Chron. ii. The Philistines had taken possession of Bethlehem, and David was sheltered in the cave of Adullam. And David said, "O that one would give me to drink of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate." And three of his men broke through the host of the Philistines and drew water from the well and brought it to David. But David would not drink it, for it was like drinking the blood of the men whose lives had been put in jeopardy to procure it; and he poured it out to the Lord.

We ascended to the flat roof upon the top of the convent and took a survey of the surrounding country and meditated upon many of the interesting historical events that had made this place so prominent in the religious history of the world. We called to mind the history of Ruth the Moabitess. Here she came with her mother-in-law, and upon some one of these fields upon which my eye now rested, she went out to glean barley in the field of her husband's kinsman. But what was of deeper interest, here was the home of the shepherd boy that afterwards became Israel's King. Over these hills and through these valleys David led his flocks, before any visions of his future greatness had dawned upon his imagination or inflamed his ambition. It was here to the house of his father Jesse, Samuel came, his steps directed by the Almighty, to anoint with his horn of oil the lad who was afterwards to act so prominent a part in the history of the nation; whose sword was terrible to his enemies, and whose devout and holy meditations still continue to awaken the devotions of the pious heart. But what was of more interest, here on these very fields, at a later period, other shepherds watched their flocks, and here was announced the advent of another and a greater King, and from the angelic choir the song of peace and good will first fell upon the ear of man.

Bethlehem is still little among the thousands of Judah, but it has a history that will never be effaced. Men and nations have changed and passed away. The glory of Israel has departed, and the hand of desolation has been laid upon this once fertile land. But here stand the hills, there lie the valleys, and these are the rocks and the fields that were kindled by the glory of the presence of God and gave back the triumphant echoes of that heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace and good will to men."

But how variable are human events. How closely allied are light and darkness, joy and sorrow. How these mothers of Bethlehem were made to sit in sack-cloth, and these same rocks and hills echoed with the wail of thousands of bereft ones, when Herod, jealous of the security of his throne, "sent forth and slew all the children in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under."

But I fancy I hear my readers saying "I thought you were going to Hebron, and here you have lingered at Bethlehem until our patience is almost exhausted." Well I was absorbed and spell-bound by the contemplations that were enkindled as here upon the housetop I communed with the past. What a holy spot! What a place for contemplation! True, the superstitions of Romanism have buried the little stable and manger deep in massive walls of church and convent, and bedecked it with ornaments and shrines, but I forgot the pomp, and forms, and lamps, and candles, and pictures, and thought only of him who humbled himself to take our nature, and be born of a woman, that he might become the ruler of men as he was King of kings and Lord of lords.—*Cor. Journal and Messenger.*

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

The happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine; the rich have not all the privileges, nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which gold cannot buy. The artizan, going from his wearisome labor to his humble home, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife, and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wildwood flowers and the dew-drops are not bought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of affection cannot be purchased; virtue and riches receive not their glorious beauty from the hand of Mammon; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bridegroom workingman, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters used to heighten their charms; but it is a foolish though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those whose love of rivalry, display, and "pride of place" have most likely driven out simple, heart-felt happiness. The radiant smile of affection, and the clear grace of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So the working man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perception as ready, as those of the nabob's upon the next street; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But, in these days, it is not reason why a man should spend his years in grumbling discontent, because he is not rich. Our system of common schools places education within reach of the humblest.—With mind and ambition, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve *respectability* in this country, and it is a false ambition which would seek the power and honor conferred only by money. Yet that son or daughter may have yearnings after the development of peculiar talents or genius; the son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierean spring of classical learning, may have a *gift* for a profession, without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the professions; and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or have dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music.

With health, a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible-gold fever which scorches the sensibilities, and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

AN ALLEGORY.

A hermit was conducted by an angel into a wood, where he saw an old man cutting down boughs to make up a burden. When it was large, he tied it up, and attempted to lift it on his shoulders and carry it away; but finding it very heavy, he laid it down again, cut more wood and heaped it on, and then tried again to carry it off. This he repeated several times, always adding something to the load, after trying in vain to raise it from the ground. In the meantime the hermit, astonished at the old man's folly, desired the angel to explain what this meant. "You behold," said he, "in this foolish old man, an exact representation of those who, being made sensible of the burden of their sins, resolve to repent, but soon grow weary, and instead of lessening their burden, increase it every day. At each trial they find the task heavier than it was before, and so put it off a little longer, in the vain hope that they will by-and-by be more able to accomplish it. Thus they go on adding to their burden, till it grows too heavy to be borne; and then, in despair of God's mercy, and with their sins unrepented of, they lie down and die. Turn again, my son, and behold the end of the old man whom thou sawest heaping up a load of boughs." The hermit looked, and saw him in vain attempting to remove the pile, which was now accumulated far beyond his strength to raise. His feeble limbs tottered over their burden; the poor remains of his strength were fast ebbing away; the darkness of death was gathering around him; and, after a convulsive and impotent attempt to lift the pile, he fell down and expired.

THE PILGRIM COMMUNING WITH HIMSELF.

Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.—1 John iv. 10.

There are some subjects treated of in the Bible which I cannot fully understand—such as the origin of evil, and the future state; but the argument in this text is plain. "Herein is love"—Jesus loves me; of this I am persuaded, because he died for me. He laid down his life even for his enemies. The Father loves me, because he gave his Son to die for me. Some parents have said that they would rather die themselves than to see a child dié; but God spared not his only and well-beloved Son. Such a Friend can do me no wrong. It is true, he has made me a man of sorrows; but the cross he laid upon his only Son was more painful than mine. Thus he assures me that what I endure at his hands, is but the discipline of a Father; and Jesus too says, fear not, "I and my Father are one. It is my meat and drink to do the will of him that sent me. If any man will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." But Jesus will not deceive me, for he loves me. He cannot be deceived himself, for he knows what the fruit of the cross will be in the ages to come. Thus I am assured, though I may not see it now, that there is love in the cross which is laid upon me, as well as in that upon which Jesus died, and the time will come when I shall see inscribed on both, in letters of glory, "Herein is love." —*Presbyterian.*

The Decrees of God.—For men to judge of their condition by the decrees of God which are concealed from us, and not by his word which is near us and in our hearts, is as a man wandering in a wide sea, in a dark night, when the heaven is all clouded about him, who should yet resolve to steer his course by the stars which he cannot see, and neglect the compass which is at hand, and would afford him a much better and more certain direction.

☞ As Joseph's heart was full of love to his brethren, even when he spake roughly to them and withdrew himself from them, for he was fain to go aside and ease his heart by weeping; so the heart of God is full of love to his people, even when he seems to be most displeased with them, and to turn his back upon them.

☞ Get this world, this moon, under your feet. Take no rest till you have broken through the silken net, till you have got off the golden fetters. A heart that is full of the world, is a heart full of wants.

☞ A minority in the right, associated by convictions of right, are sure in the end to triumph. They are so many missionaries of truth.

"Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."—*Proverbs* 15: 16.