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The Home Missionary;
OR WORSHIP IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. J. L GRAY.

To our lowly sanctuary,
Reared amid the cooling shade,
Comes to-day the missionary
Here to break the living bread.

Seldom drops the dew of Hermon
On this thirsty forest ground,
Seldom doth a song of praises
Through these sylvan arches sound,

Seldom moves the healing waters,
By the living preacher stirred;
Seldom is the gospel message,
By these forest children heard.

Spread the tidings, spread the tidings;
Tell the story far and wide;
Come from valley, glen and mountain,
Come from hill and dingle side,

Come, though humble be our temple;
Come, though rude its shrine may be;
Contrite hearts are holy altars;
Sweet their incense, Lord, to thee.

Hunter of the tangled thicket,
Hither with thy children come;
Lead them to this open fountain;
Guide them to a heavenly home.

Mother, on thy tender bosom,
Bring the babe, that God hath given;
Here present thy cherished blossom,
Sing, and seal its name for heaven.

Grandsire old, and weak, and weary,
Tottering down life's pilgrimage;
Hear once more the life-fraught message;
Listen to the sacred page.

Man of God, no longer tarry,
Come, thy waiting flock to greet;
Feed them with the heavenly manna;
Lead them to the Mercy-seat.

Ah! thou comest, weary stranger!
Traveller of a thorny road;
Yet is thine a glorious calling,
Servant of a faithful God.

What, though toil and want depress thee;
What, tho' darkening clouds may lower,
This is not thy home, my brother,
Traveller of a stormy hour.

Christ, thy master and thy pattern,
Had not where his head to rest;
Roll on him thy care, thy sorrow;
Lean when fainting on his breast.

This is not thy home, my brother!
Soon a welcome voice shall come,
Well done, servant good and faithful,
Leave thy labours, hasten home.

Home, to that bright world above thee;
Home, where saints and martyrs be;
Home, with Christ, thy elder brother,
There, remains a rest for thee.

Earth receding, heaven appearing,
Peace and joy, and Eden's bowers;
Oh! to die as doth the righteous;
Be like his my closing hours.

As weary stars, their night-watch ended,
Still to sleep in sunbeams bright,
So to heaven the saint retireth,
Paling, fading, lost in light.

The Son's Promise.

Saturday night, with its hour of liberation from the demands of six days' toil, was fast stealing on, after a warm day and a brilliant sunset. The river was yet gay with returning boats of all descriptions, the paddle and the oar stirring up a refreshing foam here and there on the otherwise still surface of the waters.—The step of the wanderer not bound to hasten homeward, lingered involuntarily on the bridge which spanned the scene below, and among such came a youth of respectable appearance, and just then of a thoughtful countenance, who, after gazing right and left, chose a spot at a distance from all observers, and, planting his arm upon the parapet, leaned over apparently to watch a boat shooting through an arch, or to note the ripples that played softly against the piers. He stood until all others, discerning but little more to attract in the deepening twilight, had retired; and still he stood, until the moon shed her silver light from the deep blue sky, and few distinct sounds disturbed his reverie, save the clang of a chain as a boatman moored his bark, or the roll of a carriage over the bridge behind him. What could thus absorb the attention and occupy the mind of David Carver? Certainly nothing visible to his bodily eyes; but to his earnest mental gaze, an object dear to his heart was distinctly and influentially present.

Many, many leagues away, the little sitting-room in his dear old home is pictured to his imagination. The window is open, and a gentle evening breeze laden with the perfume of flowers fans the snowy curtain, and refreshes the calm pale face of one who sits near it. Before the window is a little table just large enough to bear a great open volume, on the page of which rests the hand of his widowed mother, as, unable to read further, she has taken off the spectacles suddenly bedimmed with loving tears, and looking up to the sky, where a star or two begins to twinkle, she prays to God "whose eyes are in every place beholding the evil and the good," for her absent boy.

If he could hear her speak, there might be the faintest tremor in her voice, but the smile would play round her lip, hope would sparkle in her eye, for faith in the pledged word of a covenant-keeping God was warm and active at her heart. Thus he had seen her on the last Sabbath evening they had spent together, when her earnest counsels accompanied the maternal blessing, and, deeply touched by the tenderness of the being who loved him best on earth and the nearness of the hour of separation, David had knelt by her side, and earnestly promised to remember and to do as she desired.

"I will not exact too many promises from you, my son," she had said, "but there is one which I could desire to invest almost with the sacredness of a vow. Its fulfilment might prove a blessing; its neglect must assuredly lead to evil and sorrow. It is this, that wherever you are, however situated, tempted, or beguiled by the sophistries which sometimes make evil appear good, and good evil, you resolutely keep holy the Sabbath-day.

"Oh, mother!" he had exclaimed, "surely you do not think I could so far forget the habits and training of childhood and youth as to become a Sabbath-breaker.

"Not at once, David; I am sure it would cost your conscience many a pang before you could become habitually negligent of the whole of the Lord's day. But you have known few temptations at home. You have supported your mother's steps to the house of God ever since she was bereaved of her best earthly friend, and one of his dying charges on your behalf was this, 'Teach our boy to reverence the whole of the Sabbath-day. It is not his, not an hour of it, for ordinary work, or thought, or pleasure. It is a link between fallen man and the great Father, who waits to be gracious in pardoning love through his risen and interceding Son. It is a clue, amidst the labyrinths of sin, by which man may retrace his wandering steps towards his forsaken home; and he who reverences and keeps the Lord's day is at least in the way to meet the offered blessing of the Lord himself.' And now, David, you are going where many consider all days alike, or, if there be a difference, they make Sunday the most profane and godless of the seven. Many, too, devote an hour or two to formal prayer, and claim the rest for their own amusement. Places of entertainment will entice you on every side, but oh, never be beguiled to enter one of them on a Sabbath day; for if you have not opportunity to enjoy such recreation or amusement without breaking God's command, neither benefit nor pleasure can result. On the contrary, the benefit and the blessing are lodged in self-denying obedience; for it is written, 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and thou shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.' If the Lord God set apart one day out of seven to be peculiarly hallowed when man was innocent and happy, how much more is it needful now, when man is fallen and miserable, and all around him tends to withdraw his mind from him to whom 'belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him.' He who keeps the Sabbath is constrained to obey another precept: 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth; while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,' when 'man goeth to his long home,' dust returning 'to the earth as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.' Once more, my son, If I may add a lower motive, the Sabbath-day will remind you of your mother, of her prayers and hopes for you; and now dare she ask you to promise to keep it holy?"

"Yes," he had earnestly answered, "I do promise."

"Not lightly, my son. Let us count some possible, nay, probable cost,—a fierce struggle with some wayward will, of the strength of which you are not yet aware; the friendship of some admired companion, whose views may seem more enlarged, whose education you may deem more liberal than your own; the laugh of some mocking jester, who scoffs at God's authority as an old fable, and recognizes no law but his own choice; the charge of hypocrisy, self-righteousness, fanaticism. Could you bear all this for Christ's sake?"

"I could bear it, mother, for your sake."

"Then the Lord help thee higher," she replied, with a gentle sigh; "be it so, bear it for my sake. 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not;' it would grieve your mother."

All this, and much more, had passed vividly through the young man's mind, as he leaned on the parapet of the bridge that Saturday night; and as the clock struck ten, startling him into a recollection of the fast flying hours, he dropped his head upon his hands, and half murmured to himself, "It would grieve my mather; no, mother, I cannot, I will not go." Then brushing away a salutary tear, he darted off with the speed of an arrow, and paused not until he gained the door of a house, where stood a young man a few years his senior, with his hands in his pockets, lounging against the door-post, smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Carver," he cried as David came up, "is it you? Glad to see you. Come in and take a puff."

"No, I thank you," replied David; "but I am glad to find you at home, for I wish to tell you I have changed my mind, or rather my intention, about accompanying you to-morrow. I shall not go."

"And why not? Of course you have a good reason for disappointing me, and breaking your word."

"I am sorry to cause you any disappointment, though indeed my vanity did not suggest that possibility; but I do not remember to have pledged my word; it was rather a sort of silent consent, more weak and foolish though, I admit."

"But your reason, man, your reason," impatiently demanded the other.

"It satisfies myself, Horton, but I did not conclude it will be equally satisfactory to you, therefore it is needless to inquire."

"This is ungentlemanly," cried Horton hastily; but seeing, in the lamplight, the expression of David's countenance, he changed his tone, and added, "Forgive me, Carver, I mean it is unfriendly, unkind, when you know my desire for your company and your own enjoyment. May I not claim your confidence on this little matter?"

"I wish my reason could influence you, Horton, and in hope it may from the kind feeling you have shown towards me, I will give it. I faithfully and solemnly promised my mother, when I parted from her, that I would reverence the Sabbath-day. We were intending to break it to-morrow, and the recollection of her wishes and my promise deters me."

"Ah, I see," said Horton, repressing the sneering laugh which had almost burst forth; "but come in and let us talk it over. I can soon show you your good mother's mistake, in withholding from the Diety the acceptable offering of your enjoyment of his works in creation, and the use to which they have been applied by the ingenuities of art. We can worship, too, more freely under the blue sky than within the crowded walls of churches. But if you are so scrupulous, you can go and say your prayers first if you please, for we shall not start until noon."

"How long is a day?" asked David quietly.

"A day! Why, from morning till night, I suppose."

"It is written, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.' I am decided, Horton, and, with many thanks for your intended kindness, I must say good night."

"Stop, stop. Carver! you may never have such an opportunity again. I do really wish you to see this wonderfully beautiful place, and if you will go with me to-morrow, I will never interfere with your mother's wishes again. Come, oblige me this once, and remember that your company may be useful to me. I may go to church to please you next Sabbath."

This was plausible. Horton was a talented, fascinating companion. What if he could be led to a more serious way of life. Surely one concession,—even his mother might yeild this—his mother! Ah, no! his uncompromising mother never did evil that good might come. Happy rememberance! "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not, it would grieve your mother;" and turning full towards Horton,—the wavering moment had passed,—and with one more steady and gentle refusal, David bade him good night. His step was not so rapid as to prevent the shrill whistle and loud laugh of the temper from reaching his ear, and then the bang of disappointment and vexation which was inflicted on the unconscious door.

On reaching his lodgings, David found one of the officials from the railway awaiting his arrival, having kindly called to say that a few minutes' alteration had been made in the time of departure of the excursion train, and that Carver must be at the station at a certain hour.

"I am obliged to you for taking this trouble," said David, "but I am not going, and very much regret that ever I allowed the probability."

"Not going! why, my dear fellow, you will loose a very great treat and pleasure. You had better think again, for you will certainly regret it."

"If I should die before next Sabbath, do you think I shall regret not breaking the last one I spent on earth?" said David, with some agitation, for he was afraid of another laugh of scorn.

"Is this indeed your reason?" asked his visitor, looking with earnestness and astonishment in his face.

"Partly so," said David, colouring; "but I ought to add, that the strongest reason is the counsel of a dear mother far away, and for her sake I am resisting this temptation, which I own has been very great."

"I wish my mother's son had been as firm," said the other, feelingly. "Do you know that, for months past, I have wavered about retaining my situation, because my attendance is required on the trains on a Sunday,—the excursion trains too. Bnt you see my salary is good, and sometimes there is a cheerful party of us, drowning all thoughts about right and wrong, and so I have never come to a serious decision.

"But does not conscience interfere with your enjoyment sometimes?"

"Yes, very often, for I was early taught when a boy. I wish something would turn up elsewhere, for I really do believe I am going wrong, but then I cannot afford to be idle."

"Don't you think," said David, gathering courage in a good cause, "that the God for whose sake, and in respect to whose authority, you give up a profitable situation, would take care of you in some way?" and he added the text his mother had cited, with its promise annexed.

"Well," said the other, "I promise you I will think about this, and perhaps take the first opportunity to get free."

"I would get free ot once," urged David. "Your resolution may evaporate, and there is no need to consider whether to do a right thing; do it while you can."

"Hush, my good friend. I must take time to make arrangements; but we will talk of this further when we meet again. Good night, and I can't help being glad you are not going. I like you fifty times better for thinking of God's word and your mother's advice."

David felt happy and thankful. He read his evening chapter with interest, and knelt down to thank God for guiding his thoughts towards home that night, and the bridge was a marked spot in his little history for ever.—Then he fell asleep to dream that his mother's hand was upon his head in commendation and blessing, and that her beloved face was lighted up with joy and thankfulness.

On the morrow, hundreds of gleeful pleasureseekers were conveyed to the fairy scenes which invited their admiration, and few could be disappointed in the object of their expedition. The time for return arrived, again the train was filled, young men and maidens, old men and children, satiated with the Sabbath-breaker's godless enjoyments, were rushing at full speed towards home. Suddenly a shock, with results too awful and heart-sickening to describe,—and how many of that giddy throng were in eternity! The news reached the city, and spread like wild-fire through every rank. Friends hurried to the stations, not to meet the living, but to claim the dead.

Carver, pale with excitement and mingled feelings, stood amidst the inquiring crowd.—Horton, with his open defiance of God's authority, had received a summons he could not disobey, and lay mangled and disfigured among the dead.

The railway officer, with his roused convictions, his delay to "a more convenient season" was gone for ever.

David Carver turned, shocked and distressed, towards home, scarcely able to define and gather up to present before God his ardent thanksgivings for the influence that had controlled and counselled his own wavering way. At last, from the contemplation of a hideous death and more terrific resurrection, his heart gradually calmed before the cross of Christ, realised the atonement for sin in the blood of the Lamb, and offered in humble faith to the service of God, the life that his mercy had so signally preserved.

The frightful account of the catastrophe reached the widow's dwelling, and for a moment a torturing fear distracted her heart.—Could her boy be among those unhappy dead? Had he forgotten his promise?

Soon a letter from himself comforted her fears. "My dear and precious mother," it began, "you have been permitted to save your son. Temptation pressed hard; I had yeilded, but recoiled only for your sake. The command to honour my father and mother, remembered in time, has brought its blessing with it, and my days are prolonged in the land. Help me up higher by your prayers, my mother, for your God shall be mine, and to him shall be dedicated the spared life of your greatful son."

The object of this little narrative is not to amuse with fiction, but to warn by fact. It occurred a few years since, in connection with a scene of human agony seldom surpassed.—The three young men lived and acted as described. May the fact of two be a warning to surviving Sabbath-breakers, and the example of the third a stimulant to prayerful parents and tempted wavering sons!—*Tract Magazine.*

Evidences of Design in Sea and Air.

The admirable work of Lieutenant Maury, lately issued, on the *Physical Geography of the Sea*, is not less instructive in its moral lessons than its physical facts. It every where recognizes and traces the Divine Hand in the laws of nature. The following beautiful passage is one of many which point out the spiritual design in the laws which govern the world. There are others equally suggestive and beautiful.

In contemplating the system of terrestrial adaptations, these researches teach one to regard the mountain ranges and the great deserts of the earth as the astronomer does the counterpoises to his telescope—though they be mere dead weights, they are, nevertheless, necessary to make the balance complete, the adjustments of this machine perfect. These counterpoises give ease to the motions, stability to the performance, and accuracy to the workings of the instrument. They are *compensations.*

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by others; things and principals are meted out in directions the most opposite, but in proportions so exactly balanced, and nicely adjusted, that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come to its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us, when the little snow-drop, which in our garden walks we see raising its beautiful head to remind us that spring is at hand, was created, that the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to the fibres of even this little plant.

Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require, that at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not reproduce itself.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the athosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment, and the due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well-being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdom of the world?

Therefore, in considering the general laws which govern the physical agents of the universe, and regulate them in the due performance of their offices, I have felt myself constrained to set out with the assumption, that if the atmosphere had had a greater or less capacity for moisture, or if the proportion of land and water had been different—if the earth, air, and water had not been in exact counterpoise—the whole arrangement of the animal and vegetable kingdoms would have varied from their present state. But God chose to make those kingdoms what they are; for this purpose it was necessary, in his judgment, to establish the proportions between the land and water, and the desert, just as they are, and to make the capacity, of the air to circulate heat and moisture just what it is, and to have it to do all its work in obedience to law, and in subservience to order. If it were not so, why was power given to the winds to lift up and transport moisture, or the property given to the sea by which its water may become first vapour, and then fruitful showers or gentle dews? If the proportion and properties of land, sea, and air, were not adjusted according to the reciprocal capacities of all to perform the functions required by each, why should we be told that he "measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and comprehended the dust in a measure, and weighted the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?" Why did he span the heavens, but that he might mete out the atmosphere in exact proportion to all the rest, and impart to it those properties and powers which it was necessary for it to have, in order that it might perform all those offices and duties for which he designed it?

Harmonious in their action, the air and sea are obedient to law, and subject to order in all their movements; when we consult them in the performance of their offices, they teach us lessons concerning the wonders of the deep, the mysteries of the sky, the greatness, and the wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. The investigation into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven and the waves of the sea are second to none, for the good which they do, and the lessons which they teach. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky; but does not the right-minded mariner, who looks aloft as he ponders over these things, hear his voice in every wave of the sea that "claps its hands," and feel his presence in every breeze that blows?

Foreign Missions of the Free Church.

We select the following from the annual statement of the committee:—

"In appealing to the friends of missions on the present occasion, the Assembly's Committee on Foreign Missions would briefly ask attention to the following points:—

"I. We may now be said to have entered on the reaping time of our missions. Hitherto, though there have been conversions not a few, they have been in no degree adequate to the longings and aspirations of the Church and her missionaries. Now, however, there are many legible proofs, that, both in India and Africa, men's hearts are touched, men's consciences stirred, and the delusions of long ages surely breaking up. Last year the committee could announce that eleven baptisms had taken place at Calcutta, fifteen at Madras, and several at Bombay. This year they have similar intelligence to impart. At Puna, At Surat, at Bombay, at Nagpore, at Madras and its stations, at Calcutta, at Chinshura—indeed, wherever we have agents labouring, the Spirit of God has blessed the Word, as far as we can judge. Souls have been born of God and added to the Church, not only by an outward ordinance, but, it is hoped, by an inward change. And from Africa, as well as India, we were cheered by similar intelligence.

"II. At some of the stations these effects are produced in very close connexion with the preaching of the truth by the native ministers and preachers. At Bombay and Surat, at Madras and its branch stations, and at Calcutta, with its branches, such results have been quite remarkable. Even Mohammedans begin to yield to 'the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God;' and not merely to yield to it, but, moreover, to wield it for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Nothing appears to the committee to be more encouraging than this feature of our missions. At Calcutta and its neighbourhood there are now, or will speedily be, three ordained native ministers, holding forth the Word of Life, besides several native preachers and students of divinity. At Madras there are three ordained native ministers, four native preachers, and several students of divinity. At Bombay, or connected with it, there are also three ordained native ministers, while at Puna there is one native preacher. Slowly, therefore, the Free Church is accomplishing *one* of the objects of her missions—namely, to train up a native ministry for India. One missionary, Mr. Anderson, writes to say that, every Sabbath, as many as from 1,500 to 2000 heathens are now addressed by the native ministers in their native tongues.

"IV. The committee cannot but advert to the marked success with which the Lord has crowned the endeavours made to bring females in India to the Saviour of the lost.—That result is regarded by all the missionaries as promising great things for the future of that land At Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras, this branch of work has been carried on, mainly by funds raised by the Scottish Ladies' Society for Female Education in India. These efforts are to be hailed as imparting blessings manifold to India, and assuredly are not second to any efforts now made on behalf of the heathen."—*Free Church Record.*

A Little German Story.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with the rosy cheeks, soft, plumb-like skins. The father divided them among his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How did you like the soft rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit—so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone, that I may cultivate a tree."

"Bright and bravely done," said the father, "that speak well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming in a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine and threw the stone away," said the youngest, "besides which, mother gave me half of her's. O! it tasted so sweet, and so melting in my mouth."

"Indeed," answered the father, "thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second one, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and eat the kernel—it was as sweet as a nut to the taste—but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city, I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying, "Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" ask the father, turning to his third son, who frankly and openly replied,

"I have given my peach to the son of your neighbour—the sick George, who has had the fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund?" the three exclaimed aloud: "Brother Edmund!" Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

Inexorable Law.

Every act of life is made solemn by its consequences, and by the fact that opportunity once lost cannot be recalled. The [illegible] gone is gone for ever. The deed do[illegible] not be undone. The choice made, the soul is given up to the operation of the law under which it has placed itself. The wretch who commits suicide cannot come back to life, though he shrieks like a madman when he hears the death rattle in his throat! Or if a man commits murder, he cannot call his victim back by repentance. Perhaps he stabbed his friend in a passion. It matters not. Death has no pity. It knows not friendship nor remorse. Though the murderer throws himself upon the corpse and weeps in agony, the dead wake not.

Suppose a sailor, in a fit of revenge, set fire to a ship at sea! The next moment he is horror struck at what he has done. But will his bitter repentance soothe down the enraged elements? Will it cause the billows to cease their dashing, or the flames their fury? No! he has done the deed, and he must abide the consequences. The flames will still roll on, and mount on high, and wrap their fiery shroud around him for his ocean burial. Slowly but steadily sinks the wreck. An hour passes on and he is struggling with the waves. He reaches out his arms in convulsive agony. He curses and prays by turns. But his strength grows weaker with his efforts till—despite his strugglings and prayer, and dying blasphemies—his form sinks beneath the waves, and the calm deep rolls over his head, smoothly as ever.

The laws of God in the moral world are as inflexible as those of nature. They are incapable of being turned aside by human power or ingenuity. Every man has reason to tremble lest he find too late that it requires a stronger hand than his to stop that terrific machinery which sin sets in motion. Let him not flatter himself that he can repair the injury by repenting of it. No! the only way to make life right is to start right. A late repentance may save a man's soul from hell.—But it cannot undo the wrong that he has done. It cannot repair the evil which he has inflicted. In this sense, repentance comes too late. It may help to set the future right.—But it is not an atonement for the past. At the bar of conscience sin hath never forgiveness. It remains for ever, an eternal loss to the soul!—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Earl Grey and the Saints' Days.

By a custom, "more honoured in the breach than the observance," various kinds of public business are suspended on particular days. Earl Grey had given notice of a motion in the usual course, for Thursday, the 25th of January, and on Tuesday he postponed it a week, to Thursday, Febuary 1, because he has discovered that the first Thursday, is a Saint's day." Whether the House of Lords will sit on the second Thursday is not quite certain, because the very same authority which makes January 25th a Saint's day, prescribes that Febuary 1 shall be kept as "a fast day." It is singular to observe, that Parliament will not sit on January 25, in every year, because that day is dedicated to the popish festival, named "The conversion of St. Paul"—that same apostle who rebuked his readers because they "observed days, and weeks, and months," which long before his time, had been a common Pagan practice. With the religious part of the question, we have nothing to do; nor would a particular examination into the origin of the festivals of the Anglian Church discover a closer connection with Christianity than is to be found in some of their names. They are Popish travesties of Pagan celebrations. Of days thus devoted by the Church calendar to profitless and superstitious idleness, there are 88 saints' days, properly so called, to which are added 18 others, including fast days. In all, there are 106, which, with six in Passion week, make 112, or very nearly a third part of every year is set apart for the observances, which the Apostle rebukes. They are Pagan feasts, disguised with Christian names and allusions, in times when Europe was filled with ignorance, corruption, and all kinds of imposture. A great part of them are the proper names of persons who never existed out of the imaginations of the compilers of lying legends belonging to the darkest ages of priestly fraud. To give one or two instances:—In January we have "Prisca," a *vox et præterea nihil*, and "Agnes," a myth formed from the Latin *agnus*, a lamb, and with a lamb the legend of Agnes is chiefly occupied. To these, as to other feminine names in the Church calendar, the words "virgin" and "martyr"