

ed your heart, it is not possible but you must have a tale more of us to help you. Sure you were never content, having tasted the ever increasing sweetness of seven good deeds, to stop short and leave your task unfinished? Oh then if you did master, said the poor fellow: if you did, it's myself that's sorry for you. Well Mary agra, I thought my heart would burst open when I remembered what came ever mo last night—and much more—arithmetical calculations—when I had full and plenty, of what the little you gave and I taught came to—and every niggard thought was like a sticking up dagger in my heart—and I looked at a glory I could never reach, because of my cramped heart; and just then I awoke—I'm sure I must have the prayers of some holy cratur about me to cause such a warning.

Mary made no reply but sank on her knees by the bedside, weeping—tears of joy they were—the felt that her prayers had been heard and answered. And now Mary, let us up and be stirring, for life is but short for the doing of our duties. We'll have the poor scholars to breakfast—and darling, you'll look out for more of them. And oh! but my hearts as light as the down of a thistle, and all through my blessed dream.

From the Christian Treasury. MOUNT MORIAH.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLY.

MOUNT MORIAH stands just without Jerusalem, and is now crowned with the Mosque of St. Omar, whose entrance has long been forbidden to the Christian, and kept sacred for the followers of Mahomet. It stands where the rude altar of Abraham rose nearly four thousand years ago. The proud city has risen and fallen beside it, the generations of men come and gone, and whole dynasties of kings disappeared one after another; yet there it stands as it stood in the wilderness, when it was trodden only by the wild beast of the forest.

The sacrifice of Abraham, which consecrated Mount Moriah, is to me one of the most touching events in human history. I can never read over the unostentatious, brief account given in the Bible without the profoundest emotions. Knowing that parental feeling and human nature are the same in all ages, my imagination immediately fills up the sketch in all its thrilling details. The shock of the announcement by God—the farewell with Sarah—the three days' lonely journey—the unconscious playfulness of Isaac on the way, and stern struggle of the father's heart to master its emotions, all rise before me, and I seem to hold my breath in suspense till the voice of the angel breaks the painful spell, and the uplifted knife is stayed.

Abraham had long wished and prayed for a son who should inherit his property—bear up his name, and transmit it to posterity, until it had become the absorbing thought of his life. Isaac was the child of his old age—his only son—he single link on which every thing rested, and on him were gathered all the love and hopes of his noble heart. But if he was an object of such intense affection and priceless worth to Abraham; what must he have been to Sarah? Oh, who can tell us with what absorbing love, what inexpressible fondness, the mother bowed over his cradle and watched his growing strength. Isaac—that name was to her the embodiment of every thing beautiful and lovely, and his clear laugh never rung out on the morning air without sending a thrill through her bosom almost painful from its intense delight. His voice without the tent would arrest her in the midst of any occupation, and there was no world where her boy was not. But this beautiful vision was to be cut off—this bright young being slain, and the father's hand was to do the deed. So came the command from Heaven; and the bolt that then and there crushed through Abraham's heart none but God saw enter. 'Take now thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah, and offer him there for a burnt offering on one of the mountains I shall tell thee of.' The lightning had fallen, and the aged tree was struck, though not shattered. The patriarch's fear had come upon him, and he turned to his tent that night with a cloud on his soul the light of faith could scarcely pierce. The voice of his son which had hitherto made his heart leap for joy, now sent a pang through it, as if it were the last cry of suffering rather than the call of affection. No sleep visited his eyes that night; yet he kept the fearful tidings to himself, and summoned all his energies to meet the terrible trial that awaited him. What! tell the mother that her boy was to be slain, and the father to do the deed! that the lamb of her bosom and the only joy of her heart was to be gashed and marred by the cruel knife, and his body buried on a far desolate mountain! that he was to come back no more, his voice to cheer her loneliness no more, but his ashes to be scattered over the bleak hillside by the winds of heaven! Oh no! the barrier was heavy enough already, without taking upon himself the mother's grief. Beside, that boy could never leave the tent in the morning unconscious of his approaching fate, if the mother's farewell was to be a last one. That fatal leave-taking would be a double sacrifice, and before the time.

The morning broke clear and beautiful—the scenes were saddled, and all was ready for departure; yet still Isaac lingered in the tent, covered with the fond caresses of his mother, to part with him a week seemed like losing him an age. But at length she led him forth to the door of the tent, and imprinting a last

kiss on his bright young forehead, bade him go. As Abraham saw him approach with half a smile and half a tear on his face, he thought of his own return without him, and the mute despair and crushing agony that would meet him as he stood speechless, and helpless, and desolate before his wife. Who could answer her inquiries? Who still her piercing cries for Isaac her only son? All these thoughts rushed over the patriarch's heart, bearing him to the earth; yet his firm soul never betrayed his emotions, and he turned away to meet the struggle before him without faltering or delay. His tent disappeared in the distance, and the last object visible on the plain was the form of Sarah watching them from afar. For three weary days did Abraham journey on, pressed with a single thought, crushed by one overwhelming sorrow, and yet without a heart to sympathize with. Isaac, on whose pure spirit young hopes lay like morning dew drops—to whom life was fresh, joyous, and radiant, and the earth belted with rainbows—talked ceaselessly of the new objects and scenes that passed before them. But his delight, his innocent enjoyment brought only a deeper shade on Abraham's brow, and, if he smiled to please his child, it was a smile more painful, to be held than his look of sadness. Each answer to his inquiries seemed a heartless deception, and the weary hours a mere prolongation of the mockery of his young affections and desires and joys. And when that son pillowed his head on his bosom at night, and Abraham, too desolate to sleep, listened to his calm breathings, methinks his purpose to slay him almost faltered; and, when the morning broke over the landscape, and he watched him still in beauty by his side, the task required of him seemed too great for human strength. But the darker the hour grew, and the more fixed the irrevocable decree, the heavier he leaned on the Omnipotent arm.

After three days' toilsome travel, the mountain at length rose before them, and Abraham bidding his servants wait his return, took his son and began to ascend its rugged sides. Like the great antitype who bore his own cross up Calvary, Isaac carried the wood for the burnt offering on his shoulders, while Abraham took the fire and knife in his hand. 'So they went both of them together.' It requires no vivid imagination to fill up this scene, so slightly sketched in the Bible. Human nature is the same the world over, and as the hour of stern trial approached, Abraham became silent and sad. The fire and knife in his hand, caused him to shudder, for they made what had before been a vision, a passing fact, and he started as the blade glittered in the sunlight, as if he already saw it quivering in his son's bosom. But Isaac, unconscious of the fate before him, continued to talk with all the gaiety and carelessness of boyhood, until at length, sobered by his father's stern aspect, and the toil of the way together, he too grew silent. As his buoyant spirits subsided, his thoughts naturally turned upon the solemn event that seemed so to absorb and subdue his father. Suddenly it flashed over him that there was no lamb for the offering, and, thinking it must have been forgotten, he turned to his father with an awakened, inquiring look, and exclaimed, 'Father, father!' 'What, my son?' was the half absent reply. 'Behold the wood and the fire, but where is the lamb,' that question shot through the father's heart. The tone, the look, all showed the very soul of confidence and love, and Abraham staggered under the sudden gush of feeling, as if smitten by a blow. 'My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering.' This satisfied him and he lapsed again in silence. The mountain breeze as it swept by, had a mournful sound—not a living thing disturbed the solitude, and so they went both of them together. But when Isaac saw his father begin to bind him, as he had often seen him bind the lamb for sacrifice; and the terrible truth at length flashed on his mind that he was to be slain, who can tell the consternation of his young heart. And who can tell the anguish of that paternal heart as it met each sob and agonizing cry with the stern language, 'My son, God has chosen thee as the lamb for the burnt offering.' Methinks, as fear gradually yielded to filial obedience, and the command of Heaven, and the moving words, 'My mother, my mother,' died away in indistinct murmurs, that Isaac did not close his eyes against the fatal blow, but opened them instinctively on his father, his only help in that fearful hour, and still watched the glittering blade as it quivered like a serpent's tongue above his bosom, for it was his father who was about to strike. But oh! who nerved the parent's heart in that terrible moment? As his hand put back the clustering ringlets from that fair young forehead, and his glance pierced the depth of those eyes fixed so lovingly yet despairingly on his arm, and strength to his will as he bent to the fatal stroke? He who cried, 'Abraham, Abraham! spare thy son; Lay not thy hand upon the lad, neither do anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing that thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me.' Faith was triumphant—the gold had been tried and found pure: the father, tasked to the uttermost, had stood; and, lo! Isaac bounded from the altar, in all the joy of recovered freedom, and fell on his father's neck in passionate tears. Oh, did ever father and son bend in such overwhelming gratitude before an altar as they, or did the smoke of sacrifice ever go up over two more devoted hearts that then and there went up from the top of Moriah? Faith sublime, unequalled holy faith, consecrated that mountain for ever.

Years afterwards the temple of Solomon

threw the sunbeams upon it, and the children of Israel paid their vows there; but it has no memorial like that of the offering up of Isaac.

What a wonderful sight is here set before us! The long-expected seed, the son of joy, the child of promise, the well-beloved Isaac, now grown up to maturity, and entwining every day more closely around the tender affection of his parents, of which he was justly deserving; has, the Church's hope, and the declared progenitor of Him 'in whom all the families of the earth are blessed,' bound, laid upon the altar, and mildly expecting the fatal blow from the hand of his loving father; who, with collected firmness and intrepid resolution, takes the knife to shed his blood, and prepares immediately to kindle that fire which is to consume him to ashes.

For this singular conduct Abraham could render no other reason than the express command of God; nor was there any other principle of obedience to that extraordinary command but faith, an unshaken belief of the Lord's testimony, a firm expectation of the accomplishment of his promises, and a full confidence in his wisdom, power, and love. Though the command seemed to run counter to those promises; Abraham knew it only seemed to do so: obedience was his part, and he would take care to glorify his own faithfulness. He had received Isaac from God, who had a right to dispose of him; honour and comfort were in his path; and, though untried before, with undaunted constancy he walked in it. Hear this, ye inattentive objectors, who traduce the doctrine of salvation by faith, as inimical to practical godliness; go, and upon your principles equal and exceed this obedience: till then be dumb, or allow that, though you understand it not, his apparently weak principle produces effects beyond comparison prodigious. Hear this, likewise, ye abusers of the most holy faith, whose conduct merits still deeper indignation, who 'say you have faith,' yet cleave to your sins, renounce not the world; deny not yourselves, refuse the cross, are lovers of yourselves of pleasure; of money, or of worldly honour; more than lovers of God; and instead of parting with a deservedly beloved Isaac at God's command; like Judas, kiss Christ, and sell him to his enemies for a few pieces of silver, or some vile sensual gratification! Here then compare your faith with Abraham's and acknowledge that ye are no genuine sons of this father of the faithful; but that your faith is dead, your hope presumptuous, and that Abraham disowns and is ashamed of you. In plain language, nothing but faith will carry a man through with unreserved obedience in every possible trial; and that is no true faith, which perseveres in refusing to obey a plain command, in any other case whatever. 'Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.'—In proportion as faith stands this test, when sharply and repeatedly tried, we may be assured that we are Abraham's children, interested in his covenant, and in the oath by which it was confirmed; and have all right to that strong consolation which by it God wills and intends for his people.—Scott.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

BY ANDREW PARK.

I threw three flowers into a stream
That swiftly journey'd bye,
And sparkled in the golden gleam
Of May's reviving sky.
'Now' said I calmly as I stood,
'This is the stream of life
That sweeps to the eternal flood,
And these, three men of strife!
I placed them gently side by side
Upon the sparkling stream,
Then on they rushed like things of pride
Aroused from Morpean dream.
Awhile they journeyed on in joy
Along their pebbly way,
But soon earth's common lot alloy,
Has seized them in their play.
'One that bade well to be the first
'Mong the ambitious three,
Has hit upon a jarring rock,
And to the side runs he.
The others heedless in his fate,
Moved joyously along,
Nor mourn their poor, wrecked brother's
estate,
Self love has grown so strong.
But ha! the foremost of the two
Has caught upon a briar;
And now the third one rushes past,
Impatient with desire.
Though all are travelling down to death,
Ne'er to retrace life's stream,
Yet do they thus mark other's woe,
Nor sad nor sickly seem.
On bounds the one triumphantly,
More pleas'd to reign alone,
And laughing at the two behind,
Is dash'd against a stone;
While struggling now impatiently,
The other two sweep by,
And gaze on their relentless friend
With an indignant eye.

Thus moves mankind o'er mother earth—
Exceptions little claim:
All are alike at weakly birth,
And have nor wit nor name,
But growing into manhood bold,
They sail life's fleeting river:
One all engrossing object, gold,
Which some find, and some never!

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND REVELATION.

What can philosophy and science teach us but what they gather from the observation of mind and matter? Religion presumes upon the exposition of truths beyond the reach of human observation, yet indefinitely related to our consciousness, and of infinitely greater importance for us to know than the order and results of physical, intellectual or moral laws. Had we no revelation from on high, what answer could philosophy make to the question, What is man? It would be a miserable mockery of his desire, leaving him in a state of doubt and uncertainty alien to the enjoyment of the present life, because of the ever haunting conception of a future state dependent upon the conduct of the present. Philosophy hath its place in the providential arrangements of our social condition, but that place is at the foot stool of religion; there, an humble handmaid, it should await the fiat of its august mistress; its teachers should be humble men, bearing with them the cross of Jesus, to lean upon when doubts prevail, and when truth resists their ardent and persevering search. It is when the natural sun shines that the traveller explores unknown lands, and the philosopher should pursue his devious and difficult path under the light of divine truth.

"PUSH IT ASIDE."

'Push it aside, and let it float down stream,' said the captain of a steamboat on a small western river, as we came upon a huge log lying crosswise in the channel, near to a large town at which we were about to stop. The headway of the boat had already been checked, and with a trifling effort the position of the log was changed, and it moved towards the Mississippi. On it went, perhaps to annoy others as it did us—to lodge here and there until it becomes water-rotten, and the heavier end will sink into a sandbar, and the lighter project upward, thus forming a 'sawyer,' or a 'snag.' It would have taken a little more effort to push it high upon the land, but no one on board appeared to think of doing that, save getting rid of it as easy as possible. By-and-by, if a steamboat should be going down the river, and strike against it, causing a loss of thousands of dollars, if not of life, hundreds will ask the old question, if something cannot be done to remedy such evils, without stopping to inquire whether they cannot be prevented.

Now this is the way in which some of us work, who profess to have a better knowledge than that which belongs to the world. We forget that old proverb, that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure—that that is the truest wisdom which advises the overcoming of the beginnings of evil. It may cost us less seeming labour to 'push aside' the boy who stands in the corner of the street on the Sabbath with an oath on his lips, than to put forth a little extra effort to get him back into a Sabbath school, and teach him, by divine blessing to keep the fourth commandment. But he is not yet a formidable evil to society, and so he is left to float down with the current of vice—to continue his growth in sin, and reach his manhood steeped in habits of evil, and fixed in a position that may work the ruin of more than one soul. Speaking after the manner of men, greater efforts will then have to be made to save him, to overcome his power for evil. Surely if the Church were wise there would not be such an apathy of feeling in regard to the moral condition of the destitute children of our city, and our land. Their claims upon its sympathy and labours would meet a more generous response.

DURABILITY OF THE BIBLE.

Let not anything however plausible, be substituted for the bible: let nothing supersede it. The history of an ancient church teaches a lesson never to be forgotten. The Jews had a written word, founded on stupendous miracles; but they turned aside from the fountain of living waters, and had recourse to the broken cistern of human tradition. The result of it was, that when Barabbas came, they said, let him go free, when the lord of Glory came to his own, they cried away with him, crucify him. And the final issue of this preference of tradition to the word of God was, that the Romans quickly gathered round the free-dommed Jerusalem; the Roman eagle spread his wings, where the cherubim had been; the firebrand of the soldiery were placed among the carved work of the temple; the altar was overturned; the Glory departed. And Josephus the chronicler of the departed glory, waxes as he records the Ichabod that rests on it, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to make void the word of God, by the traditions and commandments of men. It is only when men lose sight of this book, that they take up other things. It is when we turn our backs upon the Son of Righteousness, that we begin to fight up the twinkling taper of earthly tradition. It is when we have lost our way to the fountain fullness that is in scripture, that our vitiated taste is pleased with the dribblings of an earthly and polluted stream. The blessed book! we know that it shall not perish. Those stars may be expunged from the firmament.