

world. God often shuts up his people to faith alone, and bestows, in the diversities of his daily gifts, opportunities not only of putting in the armour and fitting the good life, but also of allowing patience to have her perfect work. Action is not the whole duty of man. Enterprise and energy are manly and promising virtues, but they are worth but little unless directed to proper objects, which it requires thought and consideration to determine. Prudence and patience are also virtues—none the less honourable because less showy and imposing. The two classes of qualities need the mutual correction and influence of each other, and obtain their maturest power and loveliest form when they best combine them both.

Waiting, when the impulses of anger and revenge are prompting us to action, becomes a most active virtue. To be able to subdue the impetuosity of temper—to resist the provocations of insult and wrong—to put a determined arrest upon the quickened pulse of sudden anger, to the current of brooding revenge—to thrust down pride from its throne and to stand guard for the rights of reason and conscience in the soul these are exemplifications of self-restraint and inaction which requires the utmost human energy. It is easy enough to be active under the stress of strong passion—to be energetic in revenging a wrong, or resenting an insult, or paying back a reproach, or expressing indignation and contempt, or giving reins to the tongue in uttering slander and detraction. Action, then, is comparative indolence—the feebler and weaker a man is, the more active will he be. Inaction then becomes the true mark of strength: quiet the deed of heroism; to be still, to do nothing, to wait, to stand by till the torrent has spent itself and passed, brings into play the strong nerve, the dominant will, and every manly power. Few are the victors in such a moral strife; many who could face the cannon's mouth are cowards on this field. He who seriously tries it will not be long in deciding which is the easier, to act or to refrain—to work or to wait.

Impatience and fretting are peculiarly the temptation of our busy times. Energy and action enter into so many of the duties of life, and have such large in determining success and bringing about results, that our humbler graces grow weak and despicable for want of exercise. Everything now goes by steam. Seated in our dashing railway carriages, we are impatient of every stoppage, and find it difficult to understand what God means when he sets us down merely to do nothing. We fret at Providence, fret at the world, fret at ourselves. We become sceptical because God's long coming and circuitous routes. The piety and philanthropy of the times are disfigured by impatience. The secret power of inaction, the mighty energy of waiting, is just the element which the moral activities of the age need. Reforms that do not go right to the abuses they would abate, seem hollow and deceptive; projects that do not leap into realisation at the first bound, become obsolete. Energetic to act, courageous to dare and endure how greatly we need the supplementary qualities of strength to be still, the courage to trust, and the wisdom to understand, that often in life's appointed task, those also serve who stand and wait.

EVIL SPEAKING.

THE delusive itch for slander, too common in all ranks of people, whether to gratify a little ungenerous resentment: whether, oftener, out of the principle of levelling from a narrowness and poverty of soul, ever impatient of merit and superiority in others; whether from a mean ambition, or the insatiable lust of being witty, (a talent in which all nature and malice are no engredients,) or lastly, whether from a natural cruelty of disposition, abstracted from all views and considerations of self; to which one, or whether to all jointly, we are indebted for this contagious malady, thus much is certain, from whatever seeds it springs, the growth and progress of it are as destructive to, as they are unbecoming, a civilised people. To pass a hard and ill-natured reflection upon an undesigned action; to invent, or what is equally bad, to propagate a vexatious report without colour and grounds, to plunder an innocent man of his character and good name, a jewel, which perhaps he has starved himself to purchase and probably would hazard his life to secure; to rob him, at the same time, of his happiness and peace of mind, perhaps his bread—the bread, maybe of a virtuous family—and all this, as Solomon says of the madman, who casteth fire-brands, arrows, and death, and sayeth, 'Am I not in sport?' All this out of wantonness, and oftener from worse motives; the whole appears such a complication of badness, as requires no words or warmth of fancy to aggravate. Pride, treachery, envy, hypocrisy, malice, cruelty and self-love, may have been said, in one shape or other, to have occasioned all the frauds and mischiefs that have ever happened in the world; but the chances against a coincidence of them all in one person, are so many, that one would have supposed the character of a common slanderer as rare a production in nature, as that of a great genius which seldom happens more than once in an age.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

THE HOME MISSIONARY CAUSE

THE following is an extract from an article in the 'North American,' of this city, entitled 'the Home Missionary cause.' We should like to republish the whole article, but have not room:—

The truth is, that in regarding the Pagan

who are afar off, and comparatively alien to our sympathies, we are too apt to overlook those who are at our side. In caring for the eternal welfare of people thousands of miles away, we omit to feel an adequate concern for the future and temporal fate of the miserable creatures who are continually dying with blasphemy on their lips in the very same town with us. This is all wrong—all a sad misapprehension of duty and interest. The work of charity should begin at home; the first claim upon Christian love and assistance is the claim of our neighbour; and, while the evil to be corrected in our own midst is not of less consequence in kind and degree than that upon which so much of our pious pity is bestowed elsewhere, there is a strong social reason why we should thoroughly eradicate it before directing our best energies to improve the condition of nations far removed from us in political as in every other respect.

It would, certainly, be a fortunate privilege if we could convert our own people and the whole infidel world besides. No sensible man could object to the exercise of all necessary compassion for the savages of the Feejee Islands, provided every attention could be, at the same time, devoted to the Feejees in the next street. But if the claims of both cannot be at once faithfully responded to, it is not hard for an enlightened Christian community to decide which are the strongest, and, therefore, entitled to precedence. It is not only a great folly, but a great crime, to abandon the ignorant and depraved of mankind, who are kindred to us by all the ties of local association, in order to go exploring in the Pacific seas, and elsewhere, for fit subjects of physical and moral improvement. There are heathen—and heathen of the worst kind—under the shadow of our altars, within the reach of our own voices, and the aid of our own hands, whom, until now, no sufficient efforts and agencies have been employed to save. They can be reclaimed if we will put forth with proper zeal, and in the right mode, the power that has been given us for the purpose. Providence is watching them and us, and has waited long and patiently the issue. Sending emissaries of His cause abroad, while there is a crying need of missionary action here, will not satisfy His justice. The work that is first to be done is that which being equal in importance, is nearest to us in all its relations.

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO- DAY.

Work for the world as one that hopes
Yet will not rest therein.
For all its upward strains and steps
Against its want and sin.
Work as thou canst in field or fane,
By hearth or senate hall,
With hand or thought, with speech or pen—
The world hath need of all;
For wo is wide, and wrong is old,
And sin hath many a help and hold.
Work for thy soul, and bring not down
To earth its strength and trust:
Heir of an everlasting crown,
Why shouldst thou serve the dust?
Perchance the burdens and the snares
Are many in thy way,
But watch the wheat, weed out the tares,
And walk above the clay—
However low thy lot may be,
Life hath this glorious task for thee.

Work bravely, with a heart made rich
In hope, though helps be few;
Its Maker only knows how much
The willing hand can do.
The hindrance may be praise and gain,
It may be scorn and loss;
But, Christian, is thy faith in vain?
The call was from the cross,
That summon'd thee to seek and save,
Like Him the conqueror of the grave.

Work cheerfully! the thorns and briars,
Through which thy journey lies,
Should they have power upon thy peace,
A traveller to the skies!
A worker with the tried and true
On every store that trod,
With prophets, saints, and angels too,
A worker even with God!
Was it not told thee in his sight
How precious seem'd the widow's mite?

Arise and work while mornings grey
And evenings gold pass o'er
The briefness of thy bounded day,
The dimness of its love.
For when earth's kingdoms fade, with all
Their glory and their gain,
When wisdom fails, and temples fall,
That good work will remain—
Thy garland in the land of peace,
Where rest is won and labours cease.

LITERATURE AS A PROFESSION.

WE do not hazard much risk of exceeding the truth in saying, that of a hundred men who fail in literature, ninety nine of them had no business to meddle with it. Literature is a fascination very much like the stage; and of the multitude who fancy they have 'a soul above buttons,' who throw up *Coke upon Littleton* to strut their hour in print, who despise the honest trade of their fathers, and believe themselves destined to make a figure in the world, the number is incredibly small that are endowed with the attainments indispensable to success. There is no profession so crowded with men so deficient in the qualifications required for their work. In other

professions, men rapidly find their level; but in literature, sustained by a vanity which eternally whispers in their ears that they are ill-treated, and fed by a restless ambition which grows by what it does not feed upon, they are a long time before they find out their own incapacity, if they ever find it out. How many such men are their clinging to the skirts of newspapers and periodicals, bitterly complaining of the rejection of articles, the neglect of the public, the caprice and want of judgment of editors, and of everything above the earth and under the earth except their own unfittedness for the sphere they have chosen, who might have earned a decent competence in obscurity if they had been brought up to some useful occupation instead of being cast upon that occupation which, of all others, exacts the severest toil, the most varied powers, the greatest self-denial, the most earnest labour and vigilance, uprightness and perseverance.—*Westminster Review.*

I WILL HOPE.

I will hope, I will hope,
Though my pathway be set
With the darkest of sorrows,
And deepest regret.

I will hope, I will hope,
Though youth's visions may flee;
I'll believe there is something
In future for me.

I will launch my frail bark,
I will breast every gale,
Though my rudder be riven,
And shattered my sail,

Hope's anchor shall guide me,
And bring me aright.
When the world's fleeting shadows
Shall fade from my sight.

A MONSTER SPIDER.

DURING a mineralogical stroll, on the Cambray Farm, in the parish of Glenluce, a spider of an extraordinary size attracted my attention. There he was seated on the extremity of a stone which projected out of a dike, reconnoitring the surrounding locality with a calm selfpossession, which would reflect credit on any general. He was evidently the undisputed lord of all the insects of the place; for although he observed one of the 'lords of the creation' approach, he betrayed no symptoms of fear, and he plainly manifested that thoughts of a retreat never entered his head. But courage without prudence frequently leads to unfortunate results; and so it happened to my spider, for it served him no other purpose than that of affording his enemy an opportunity of capturing him. The creature measures about an inch and a quarter in length, and nearly the same in breadth. Its back is beautifully spotted and streaked, the colours mixing and blending in each other in the most beautiful confusion. This confusion, however, does not extend to the legs, for they are covered with alternate stripes of white and black disposed with the most mathematical accuracy and regularity. When viewed through a microscope, it exhibits wonders of beauty sufficient to dispel every prejudice against the poor spiders, and to make every one admire them. Does it not shew that Nature, in her lowest, and in what we would consider her meanest development, far surpasses the most delicate and exquisite works of art? Altogether, I consider this spider a rare and interesting creature.—*Correspondent of Free Press.*

ALBION.

GREAT uncertainty prevails as to the origin of the term Albion, or Albium, which is believed to be the most ancient name of Great Britain. Many derive it from the Latin word *Albus*, or rather *Album*, which signifies white; and, in the prosecution of their theory, connect it with the *white rocks* which are first seen by those who approach it from the French coast. Others trace it to a son of Neptune, the fabulous sea-god of the Greeks and Romans, named Albion; who, together with his brother Bergion, was a noted robber of Italy, and at one time king of this island. This latter hypothesis Buchanan justly treats as an 'impudent fable, wholly unsupported by the testimony of antiquity.' The same historian—whose opinion is entitled to respect—contends 'that *Album* was a common name in many nations, among whom it signified not only colour, but height; and he quotes Festus Pompeius, a famous ancient grammarian, as asserting 'that the places termed *Alba* by the Latins, were called *Alpa* by the Sabines; and that hence the origin of the appellation *Alps*, because these mountains were covered with perpetual snows.' Evidence to the same effect is given by Strabo, the Greek geographer and historian. Leaning to their opinion, Buchanan is inclined to think, that Great Britain was denominated Albion, because of its comparatively mountainous coast, when contrasted with that of Ireland; which, being separated from it by a very narrow strait, stretches before the eye into a level champaign.

In one of the chapters omitted by Harrison, Ballenden, as the paraphrast of Boece, thus decerts on the origin of the word Albion:—'This ile, be auld cosmographouris, was callit Albion, *ab albis montibus*; that is to say fra the quhit montanis thairof, full o' chalk. Utheris alleigis it was callit Albion fra ane lady namit Albanye; quhilk history is nocht unlik the fabulis that are writin of the filtie daughteris of Danaus, king of Argives. This Albanye, as is allegit, with hir filtie sisteris' aftir that they had slane all

thair husbandis pullit up salis, and came out of Grece throw the seis of Hercules to Spanye and fra Spanye, came throw the Franch and Almide seis, but only impediment, to the said ile; and, efter hir raving in the samine namit it Albion, fra hir name. This Albanye, with her filtie sisteris, eftir thair cuming in, the said ile, conversit with devilles in form of men, and consavit children be naturail commixtion. Thir childrin increseit of sa hughe stature and pissance, that they were callit by the peple giandis; and inhabit the said region continewallie to the time of Brutus, the first beginner of Britonis.

From Parliamentary Sketches, in Hogg's Instructor.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

* * * Ah! the newspaper reports, a word about them and we have done. It's pleasant to look over the papers in the morning after having spent the night in the house. But how great the discrepancy between what you there saw and heard, and what you now read. Here, for example, is that terrible speech of the honorable member for North Warwick. For a full hour had we to endure the infliction of his insufferably dull and dreary oratory, and that too, unfortunately at a time when, like another wedding guest, we could not choose but hear, the house being so nearly empty, but all the noise the members present could make, did not suffice to drown the drowsy voice still drawing in our ears. Well here is that speech in print, and, besides that you can read it easily in 20 minutes, it really is a very tolerable production—sensible, pertinent, and with some point in it too. Whence all the difference then? Ask a reporter. Then, again, there is the honorable member for Toppleton, who, as he usually expresses himself in somewhat lengthy and complicated sentences, finds great difficulty at times in getting fairly to the end of them; and, occasionally, after backing and floundering about for a while in the endeavour to escape from one of these verbal intricacies, gives the matter up as hopeless, and bolts to the beginning of a fresh sentence—even he becomes quite a respectable speaker in the hands of the gentleman of the press. His speech, here, in the newspaper reads as smoothly and evenly as you could desire; there is not a single broken or unfinished sentence throughout, and all the painful embarrassment, hesitation, and tedious repetitions of its delivery, give place to a steady and sustained flow of language such as no one could object to. Two-thirds of the speeches delivered in parliament are similarly metamorphosed; they are corrected and condensed, and become so improved in character that even the makers of them must sometimes fail to recognise their own productions. And yet perhaps, it is not here in the early part of the report that the greatest discrepancy between the spoken and the printed speech is observed after all, but further on where 'he' (Mr Smith) becomes 'I,' and the whole speech runs on in the first person. Not that the speeches are badly reported either; on the contrary the reporters, in the main, do their work admirably; every word of the best speakers, every nice turn and variety of expression is seized and reproduced in print with the greatest accuracy; but the accompaniments of the speech are all wanting—the eager listening assembly—the alternate calm and storm amidst which the speech is delivered—the flashing eye and distended nostril of the speaker—his lofty tone and bearing—his expressive action and vehement delivery, which lend such additional point and force to the language he employs, transcend alike the reporter's and the printer's art, and can neither be adequately described nor represented on the printed page.

THE TRUTH THAT CHRIST IS GOD-MAN.

WHAT, then, is the special presupposition with which we must approach the contemplation of the life of Christ? It is one on which hangs the very being of the Christian as such, the existence the Christian church, and the nature of Christian consciousness. It is one at whose touch of power the dry bones of the old world sprung up in all the vigour of a new creation. It gave birth to all that culture (the modern, as distinguished from the ancient) from which the Germanic nations received their peculiar intellectual life, and from which the emancipation of the mind, grown too strong for its bonds, was developed in the Reformation. It is the very root and ground of our modern civilisation; and the latter, even in its attempts to separate from this root, must rest upon it. Indeed, should such attempts succeed, it must dissolve into its original elements, and assume an entirely new form. It is, in a word, the belief that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, in a sense which cannot be predicated of any human being—the perfect image, of the personal God, in the form of that humanity that was estranged from him; that in him the source of the divine life itself in humanity appeared; that by him the idea of humanity was realised.—*Neander's 'Life of Christ.'*

I have heard it maintained that no man, women either, could attain a fine English style, unless he (or she) knew a good deal of Latin and Greek. This is sad pendency! Shakespeare, the greatest master of the English poetry, knew little or no Latin; and Cobbett, one of our very best prose writers none at all.

When a man says 'he believes he may say a thing with certainty,' he means he is somewhat uncertain of it.