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"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS: PERVENT IN SPIRIT."

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Poetry.

The Flight of Time.

BY HENRY WATKINS.

HEARD ye the knell of the dying year,
As its dirge on the breeze was borne?
Saw ye the clouds encircle its bier,
When the gems from its brow were torn?
It passed away with a noiseless tread,
And quick from the earth it flew;
But the gems, as soon as the Old year fled,
Were placed on the brow of the New.

It passed in regal pomp and pride,
To the silent years that were;
And borne on its smooth resistless tide,
The young, the old, and the fair,
Have gone, like it, to their lasting rest—
To their long unbroken sleep—
To the spirit-land where the pure are blessed,
And angels their glory-watch keep.

Ah! many a desolate hearth and heart
Attest Time's potent sway,
As friends and loved ones all depart
Slowly from earth away.
But through the gloom of future years—
Beyond the bounds of space—
A beacon-star of light appears
To Adam's dying race.

Miscellaneous.

New Year's Admonitions.

Could I prophetic say
Who next is fated, and who next to fall,
The rest might then seem privileged to play;
But naming none, the voice now speaks to ALL.

It is recorded of Queen Elizabeth, that, upon her death-bed she exclaimed, with peculiar vehemence, "O time, time! a world of wealth for a moment of time!" The right estimation of time is important and beneficial. It excites us to improve it; it makes us cautious how we spend it, and leads us to consider the solemn account that we must finally render to God at the day of judgment, of the right use or the abuse of so inestimable a talent.

Another year has fled, during which death has been seizing his victims in every direction! Unconfined to any locality, he has ranged through the world, and visited every spot where feeble dying man was to be found. Some have been arrested in the sanctuary of God, some in the public street, some along the railroad, some in the ball-room, and vast numbers on the mighty ocean! Happy, supremely happy, they who, habitually prepared for another world, have departed joyfully to be with Christ for ever. But the unprepared, the irreligious, the dissipated, the unbelieving, what a summons for them!

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death! To him that is at ease in his possessions: Who, counting on long years of pleasure here, is quite unfurnished for that world to come?

The commencement of a new year should be improved in the best possible manner. Reviewing the past, you will perceive, reader, that God has strong inalienable claims upon your gratitude. That you are among the living, may well excite your admiration, your joy, your praise. From a calculation made some time since, it has been stated that no less than thirty millions of human beings die every year; upwards of eighty-two thousand daily; more than five thousand every hour; and eighty-five each minute! In this number how many young persons are included? Scarcely entered upon the active scene of life, when hurried to the grave—the house appointed for all the living! The writer has seen many a blooming flower blasted—many a child torn from a parent's fond embrace by the ruthless hand of the king of terrors. How should such events impress both old and young with the necessity of personal religion! What instant attention should we all pay to the voice, which, by these affecting and frequently returning providences, admonishes us—"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

The first day of January is another milestone in the road of life. Observe how many miles from the place from which you started, and how frequently you have letered by the way; remember the former

days; anticipate the future; gird up the loins of your mind, and with renewed and inflexible resolution, with your eye on the Cross, and a firm dependence upon divine aid, press forward towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

When David indulged in reflections upon mortality in general, and adverted afterwards particularly to his own mortality, he exclaimed:—

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psalm xc. 12.

And can there be a better model for us at the commencement of the year? Let us examine the expressive sentiments that are uttered in this petition, and inquire into the meaning of "numbering" our days. Looking backward, we may count how many are gone—gone for ever! Whether they passed in the service of God or in the slavery of sin; whether employed in profitable pursuits, or in unprofitable labours; in saving or neglecting the soul; in glorifying God or in dishonouring him; they are gone irretrievably, and have joined the years beyond the flood! And they have gone rapidly; for time flies on pinions swifter than eagles' wings. It is remarkable that to convey forcibly an idea of the rapidity of time, the Holy Spirit, in the scriptures, has presented to us the most striking figures, such as a weaver's shuttle (Job vii. 6); a hand-breadth (Ps. xxxix. 5); a tale (Ps. xc. 9); wind (Job vii. 6); vapour (James i. 14). The retrospect will justify these comparisons. The Latin poet, Ovid, has given a striking picture of the rapidity of time, under the similitude of the flowing stream, (Metam. lib. xv. l. 791.

Swiftly the rapid river flows,
Nor heeds the pensive stranger's eye,
No pause, no rest its current knows,
Stream after stream still passes by!
So move our ages, months and days,
Successive years still gliding on,
We gaze at time, and while we gaze
That time is gone—for ever gone!
O could I wisely time improve,
And learn each moment how to live,
Increase in all the fruits of love,
Till call'd to realms of bliss above,
I shall the end of time survive!

Grotius took for his motto, "Hæc ruit,"—Time hastens; to remind him that he ought to employ usefully that time which was flying away with greatest rapidity; and yet, notwithstanding all his labours, so much was he impressed with his non-improvement of it, that when he came to die, he exclaimed, "I have wasted my life in incessant toil, and have done nothing." Jacob, the venerable patriarch, exclaimed, "Few and evil are the days of the years of my pilgrimage!" If a person were to live a hundred years, they would appear, upon a review, a mere span; every event would seem as the occurrence of yesterday. Now, if life pass with so much rapidity, and our days are so few, how necessary it is to number them, and to be found in this employ daily.

The Psalmist desires that God would "teach" him to number his days. Why so? I answer, there is in human nature, which is in all persons depraved, an indisposition and dullness in regard to heavenly things, so that, like slothful and ill-disposed scholars, they neglect the important task. This indifference is perceivable in all classes of society, from the king to the pauper, from the philosopher to the illiterate. Witness their neglect of the Bible, their inattention to the messages of God, their reluctance to listen to any advice which relates to their eternal state! To remove this natural indifference, men must be taught, and brought under divine discipline. God teaches and enforces upon men the duty of numbering their days.

The great design of numbering our days is, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, the wisdom which cometh from above; compared with which all other entertainments are, to a being destined for eternity, trifling and vain. The Bible is the fountain and source of wisdom. It is the book of knowledge, guiding to Christ the author of salvation, assuring us that in him there is pardon, peace, and everlasting happiness.

Love to the Saints.

BY THE REV. JAMES SMITH.

Some Christians think they are not loved as they should be, and they complain of other people as cold, distant, and perhaps proud. They say that churches are selfish, carnal, and sadly wanting in love to the brethren. Now, I dare say there is some truth in this, and no doubt some have just cause to complain, but it is necessary sometimes to ask, "Is all the fault on one side?" Are we as loving as we should be? Are we very loveable? We may love ourselves, and love ourselves dearly, but is our spirit, temper, conversation, and general behaviour, such as to win the love of others? If we are sour, morose, reserved, snappish, selfish, or given to taunt, we must not be surprised if people are not very warmly attached to us. They must be more than human to love us much. Let us, therefore, leave off complaining, take it for granted that there is some defect in us, and make up our minds that people shall love us, just because they cannot help it.

In order to do this, we must be more like Christ. All Christians love Christ, and they love all that are like Christ, and just in proportion as they are like Christ. There is something in meekness and humility, in gentleness and forbearance, in kindness and love, in disinterestedness and concern for the good of others, which always wins love. Depend upon it, if we had more of these excellencies, we should be much happier, and should be loved more by others. Let us, therefore, seek more earnestly the spirit of Christ, that we may manifest the temper of Christ, and copy the life of Christ; and if we do, no one will ever hear us complain that other Christians do not love us enough.

If we would be loved more, we must have a greater measure of the Holy Spirit. Primitive Christians were very lovely, and therefore it is said that they "were of one heart, and of one mind; neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." But then the testimony is, that they were "full of the Holy Ghost, and great grace was upon them all." Now the Spirit is promised to us, just as it was to them. God is not weary of giving, nor has he changed his mind. His promise stands good, and he is ready to perform it. Depend upon it, if we had a greater measure of the holy, loving, and lovely Spirit of God, we should never have reason or inclination to find fault that our fellow Christians did not love us enough.

If we would be loved more, we must be more kind, obliging, and ready to assist each other. Love cannot be forced or commanded, it must be won. We love because we cannot help it—do not desire to help it. Kindness is a key that fits the lock of every human heart. Some of these locks go much harder than others,—they are rusted with sin,—but there never was a human heart that kindness would not open, and when once the heart is opened love walks out. "Be ye kind one toward another," is an apostolic precept, and if we were more kind we should be more loved. Kindness is always obliging, and when we can descend to men of low estate, and think more of obliging others than being obliged ourselves, we shall win the love of all about us.

On the other hand, if we would love others more, and love some that we do not, we must look at them in Christ. Every Christian, however imperfect he may be, is in union with Christ—is a member of his body, of his flesh, and of his bones. Now, though I may find it difficult to love a man, as I look at him in himself apart from Christ, and compassed with infirmities, yet when I view him as the purchase of my Saviour's blood, a member of my Saviour's body, and, therefore, a part of my Saviour's self, I can, I do, I must love him. The way, therefore, to love an imperfect Christian is, to put him into Christ, identify him with Christ, consider him as one with Christ, and so we can love him. We must love Christians for Christ's sake. Because they belong to him, are loved by him, and he wishes us to love them. I can love the

dog of my friend for my friend's sake, much more his poor, deformed, and wayward child. So I can love an imperfect, fretful, faulty Christian, because he belongs to Christ. If, therefore, we are tempted to dislike or to turn away from any one who believes in Jesus, because of poverty, imperfections, or anything else but sin, let us remember they are the Lord's, and love them for his sake. We must also make allowance for many things. Education, prejudices, connections, and religious training, greatly influence us; so also do constitutional peculiarities. We ought therefore to make allowance for each other, and continue to love, though there may be much that we dislike, and some things that we cannot understand. Once more, we must be more active in God's cause. Active Christians are generally loving Christians. They who work much for Christ, have neither time nor disposition to quarrel about trifles. Workers discover so much of their own defects, and smart so frequently on account of their own imperfections, that they make an allowance for others, and love notwithstanding faults and follies. A loving Christian is so set on honouring Jesus, that he overlooks a thousand things which stumble others. Let us then endeavour to love all on earth whom we shall love in heaven; and so act as to win to us the love of all that now love Jesus. Love to saints, as saints, for Christ's sake, is one of the clearest and surest evidences of the new birth. We love the picture, because we love the original. We love the child, because we love the parent. We love the believer, because we love Jesus; and we love Jesus, because his loving Spirit has taken up his residence in our heart. Every real Christian loves Christ; and every one that loves Christ, loves every real Christian. We may mistake character, but if we be persuaded in our own minds that any one is a Christian, if we have the grace of God in our hearts, we do, we must love them; and the degree of our love will be just in proportion to their resemblance of our beloved Lord and Saviour!

The Conversion of Father Chiniquy and ten thousand Roman Catholics.

A REMARKABLE HISTORY.

The last Evangelist contains a clear account from a correspondent in Illinois, of the remarkable career of "Father Chiniquy," the French priest, who has recently quitted Rome with all the flock, numerous though poor, who follow him as their spiritual guide. It appears that when Chiniquy removed from Canada—where he had been a sort of Father Matthew in the cause of temperance, and by his honesty, earnestness, and unbounded charity, had acquired a father's influence indeed, over a large proportion of the poor Roman Catholics of the province—he drew after him into Illinois, not less than 2000 families, numbering nearly 10,000 souls, whom he formed into a parish under the name of St. Anne, in Kankakee County. He had about \$6000 of his own, which was given up to the benefit of the colony, and with his own hands mainly, he quarried and built a rough stone house for himself. About 800 families had also emigrated to Chicago, and there they erected a church and parsonage worth several thousand dollars. The Bishop ordered them to deliver up the property to himself, and they appealed to Father Chiniquy to plead their cause, which he did, but without avail. The title-deeds were wrested from the people by the threat of excommunication, and the Bishop sold the property to the Irish Romanists, and put the money in his pocket. There was no redress.

The same demand was then made upon Father Chiniquy and his people. The Bishop granted them fifteen days to consider, but before the time expired, excommunicated the whole colony. But this Bishop was soon after removed, and another sent in his place. At first a reconciliation appeared practicable, and terms of submission were agreed upon. But the Bishop presently revoked his terms, and commanded Chiniquy to promise for the future to