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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

Another's Sorrow.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
O, no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His joy to all;
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Saviour is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Saviour is not near.

O! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy,
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

—William Blake.

Miscellaneous.

The glorious Resurrection.

Christ, we are told, is "the first-fruits" of them that sleep. * * * Since then, millions have fallen asleep with the name of Jesus upon their dying lips. Millions of little children, too, have passed away, too young to speak that blessed name. And millions upon millions more, as time rolls on, shall thus depart, speaking or speechless, but dropping their weary heads upon that faithful breast: millions upon millions of them, till the last of the human generations shall have come and played its part in the grand drama of redemption. And then our Lord himself will come, riding down upon a cloud to sit in judgment upon our race. Fear not, ye sleeping millions, ye who are asleep in Christ. Ye shall not oversleep that trumpet call. Your souls are already in the Conqueror's train, coming with him to judgment. And now your bodies shall awake. And then the living shall be changed. And then ye shall all enter together the New Jerusalem. See, oh! see its shining battlements! "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors."

What a stupendous consummation! And yet how sweet! Bodies like unto the glorious body of our Lord, as the three disciples beheld it beaming upon the mount: such is the assurance given us. Painless, tearless, glowing with immortal bloom. No more sin, no more sorrow, no more bitter partings. The venerable sire, the tender mother, the faithful companion, the sweet, sweet child; we shall meet them all. They are not lost to us. They are only lent; their souls to Christ, their bodies to the dust. And both are safe. For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that sleep.

Nor they alone, the partners of our blood, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, who have struck their tents and moved on before us to the silent shore; but a great multitude, whom no man can number, out of all nations and kindreds, and people and tongues. We shall meet them all; patriarchs and kings and prophets, apostles and martyrs, sages and saints; out of the dim ages that lie behind the Deluge, out of Israel and Judah, out of all the Christian generations that are to come, till

the whole harvest has waved and ripened. Enoch and Abraham, David and Isaiah, Stephen, Peter, Paul, John, Luther, with all the heroic and all the gentle spirits that are yet to come and go. We shall meet them all; not as shadows meet shadows, flitting in dim twilight through vast spaces, but as man meets man, as conqueror meets conqueror, all clothed in white, and waving out palm branches, as we march and sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests, unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."—*Prof. R. D. Hitchcock.*

Above appearances.

There is one character in the Bible of whom we know but little, yet that little glimpse of him makes us wish to know more. He is a great favorite of ours. Whatever his parentage, he certainly came of that most ancient of all orders—the order of manhood. Whatever were his virtues or failings, he certainly had one rare virtue. He was a faithful friend, and he recognised true nobility wherever he found it. He "was above appearances," or else Paul would never have said: "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain."

How grateful is this recollection of the old war-worn apostle! He says that Onesiphorus often refreshed him. As a cup of cold water to the fainting wayfarer of the desert came that visit of his Ephesian brother unto Paul. He does not find him in a mansion, but in a prison. "No man stood with him." The timid have turned their backs upon him, and left him in the lion's paw. There he is—with an iron chain on that arm that waved over the Acropolis—that arm which made Felix tremble, and from which the viper fell off harmless into the barbarian's fire at Melita. Like another Paul of modern ages who wrote the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he is under bolts and bars. Thither, to that Mamertine prison, comes Onesiphorus, with the refreshment of his fervid sympathy. He is not ashamed of the chain. He counts it rather a decoration. It spoke of loyalty to Christ, and clanked out a noble eulogy as Paul drew it over the cold prison floor. A mean-spirited, cowardly sycophant would have said that "appearances were against the poor old persecuted man in the jail, and would have given a wide berth to such 'suspicious characters.'" None but a true hero could have worn Paul's chain; none but a true man would have come and visited him in that house of bondage.

O, for more of the spirit of Onesiphorus in the church of God! O, for the spirit that shuns a palace when a Nero is in it, and seeks out a prison when it is the abiding place of a St. Paul! We want more of the spirit that holds men at their value, regardless of appearances; that looks more at principle than social position; that honors virtue when in coarse raiment, and takes sides with fidelity to Christ when in the pillory or the prison.

What is thy portion?

What is thy wealth, reader? Is it money, or houses, or lands? Hast thou gold, and bills, and bonds? Dost thou heap up riches in the coffer? or dost thou make the bank thy treasury? Surely thou hast heard that riches have wings; and that many who are rich for this world, are poor indeed for that which is to come! Ask, then, of God, that he may show thee the riches of his grace, and make thee a partaker of the riches of his glory.

What is thy strength? If it be that of a vigorous frame, a broad chest, and a sinewy arm, the ague may shake thee, the fever burn thee, and consumption may waste thee till thou art weaker than other men. Dost thou ever think of this? Art thou ready for the throes of pain, and the languor of sickness? Be assured thou wilt have them. Go to the strong for strength, and to the wise for wisdom, and then, as thy day is, thy strength shall be.

What is thy choice? Is it the applause of the world? pomp? ambition? fame? Why, these are playthings which are soon broken!

glittering bubbles that soon burst! Is it wise to choose food that will not keep? garments that will not wear? and possessions which are here to-day and gone to-morrow? Choose something better! Make a better choice, for thou canst hardly make a worse. Choose the one thing needful: the pearl of great price, the hope of eternal glory.

What is thy zeal? Is it for trifles, or for things of value? for thine own weal, or for others' good? for time or eternity? for earth or heaven? Is thy zeal foolish, or according to knowledge? Does it bind thee to the world, or wean thee from it? Is it hot, hasty, and fitful; or calm, enduring, and persevering? Saul had a zeal, but he was a persecutor. Peter had a zeal, but for all that he denied his Master. Be zealous in love; be zealous in faith; be zealous in good works; and be zealous in promoting the kingdom of the Redeemer.

Who are thy friends? Are they rich, powerful, and devoted to thee? Have they indulged in large professions, and made large promises? Still have a care! Hast thou tried them in trouble? Hast thou sought favor of them in the day of calamity? "Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint." (Prov. xxv. 19.) Choose for thine earthly friends lovers of peace, and remember there is a heavenly Friend "that sticketh closer than a brother."

What is thy heritage? Is it an estate? The east-off property of those who have gone before thee? A mere life-interest, that may be but for an hour? O there are better things than these! Give up thy chaff for good grain; thy husks for the fatted calf; thy passing shadow for a permanent reality. Look higher than earth, and trust in thy Redeemer, so shalt thou have a heritage of peace and joy, and be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven.

"O seek from God with all thine heart,
Riches which ne'er decay;
And be thy choice the better part
Which none can take away;
Thy zeal for Christ a quenchless fire,
Thy friends the men of peace,
Thy heritage an angel's lyre
When earthly changes cease."

What will you do in Heaven?

Heaven is a prepared place for a prepared people. Many hope for future happiness but give themselves no concern as to what shall constitute their happiness; and do not care to anticipate the blessedness by deeds of love and the cultivation of heavenly dispositions. The following incident may place this thought in a somewhat striking light:—

"It was about thirty years ago, or more, when stage-coaches still ran, that an excellent old clergyman, who had a keen observation of the world, was travelling on the top of the coach from Norwich to London. It was a cold winter night, and the coachman, as he drove his horses over Newmarket heath, poured forth such a volley of oaths, and foul language, as to shock all the passengers. An old clergyman, who was sitting close to him, said nothing, but fixed his piercing blue eyes upon him with a look of extreme wonder and astonishment. At last the coachman became uneasy, and turning around to him, said, 'What makes you look at me, sir, in that way?'"

The clergyman said, still with his eyes fixed upon him, "I cannot imagine what you will do in heaven! There are no horses, or coaches, or saddles, or bridles, or public houses in heaven. There will be no one to swear at, or to whom you can use bad language. I cannot think what you will do when you get to heaven."

The coachman said nothing, the clergyman said nothing more, and they parted at the end of the journey. Some years afterwards the clergyman was detained at an inn on the same road, and was told that a dying man wished to see him. He was taken up into a bedroom in a loft, hung round with saddles, bridles, bits, and whips, and on the bed amongst them, lay the sick man. "Sir," said the man, "do you remember speaking to the coachman who swore so much as he drove over Newmarket heath?" "Yes," replied the clergyman. "I

am that coachman," said he, "and I could not die happy without telling you how I have remembered your words, *I cannot think what you will do in heaven.* Often and often, as I have driven over the heath, I have heard those words ringing in my ears, and I have flogged the horses to make them get over that ground faster, but always the words have come back to me, *I cannot think what you will do in heaven.*"

We can all suppose what the good minister said to the dying man. But the words apply to every human being, whose chief interest lies in other things than doing good, and being good, and who delights in doing and saying what is evil. "There is no making money in heaven—there is no promotion—there is no gossip—there is no idleness—there is no controversy—there is no detraction in heaven. *I cannot think what you will do when you go to heaven.*"

Let these words ring in our ears, as we read these passages, remembering as we read, that they all tell us how nothing except sin keeps us out of heaven, and nothing except goodness gets us into Heaven.—*Banner of the Covenant.*

[We are glad to see some of our contemporaries in the neighbouring Republic with courage enough to speak out on the foibles which have too often made the American nation a common laughing stock. The willingness to adopt such language as the following in the face of a boasting prime minister is a sign of healthfulness and independence which will be appreciated.]

Too much Fourth of July.

The American people have an undesirable reputation in Europe for their gasconading propensities, and it must be confessed that they have been a little more given to self-puffery than is consistent with the highest dignity of national feeling. But that style of rhetoric has generally found its fit place in Fourth of July orations and on the stump, or in publications of a second-rate character. We regret to observe that Mr. Seward indulges in it rather more than is commonly looked for in diplomatic authorship. It was very right that the world should be told of our determination to maintain the unity of the Republic, and Mr. Seward gave admirable utterance to that sentiment in his dispatch to our Minister at Paris. But when he added that this government would be the admiration of mankind, "the rest of mankind" laughed at us. Mankind are pretty likely to give their admiration spontaneously, or not at all. Mr. Seward has treated very justly and nobly the senseless outcry raised against Mr. Russell for his *Times* letters. But what malicious imp could have seduced the Secretary of State into saying that foreigners are enrolling themselves into our army "to defend and maintain the Union as the hope of humanity in all countries, and for all ages?" Some of them may have done so, but it is at all likely that the son and grandson of Louis Philippe, a Prince of Prussia, and other scions of royalty and nobility from Europe, that have sought places in our army, are all fervent Republicans? It may be so; we shall be glad to see evidence of the fact. But, so far as appears from any evidence now before the public, this is only another of Mr. Seward's patriotic flourishes, which do more credit to his loyalty than to his taste. He is welcome to play Jefferson Brick on his own private account, if it is his pleasure to do so, and he thinks he can afford it, but when writing as Secretary of State he speaks for the nation. Can he not sober his official style a little?—*W. & R.*

A Dead Prayer-meeting.

To have a dead prayer-meeting, says the *Western Advocate*, 1. Read one or two long chapters from the Bible having no special relevancy to the occasion, and comment on as many verses as possible. Particularly explain and skim over the ones that ought to be explained. 2. Read some particular-metred hymn, never sung in your society before, of six verses, clear through, and then ask the people to sing it. 3. Pray or call on some-