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Poetry.

I am Christ's and Christ is Mine.

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who ope'd his arms, and bids the weary come,
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and He is mine.
Yes, He is mine! and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes, or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forget his love an hour.
Go! worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am; and He is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied.

The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside
And poor without Him, though of all possess'd,
Changes may come; I take, or I resign!
Content while I am his, while he is mine.

What'er may change, in him no change is seen.

A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines.
All may depart, I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down.

Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown,
Which, in return, before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine,
Who deigns to own me his, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love.

But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel, and tell the heavenly choir divine,
How fully I am his and he is mine.

Religious.

The Blind restored to Sight.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Translated from the German, by S. F. Smith, D. D.

Mr. Thesmacher, long known as a beloved Baptist minister in Germany, relates the following:

In July last, in the town of Sage, I visited a family, both the heads of which are, I trust converted persons. They had been for a time in great trouble because all their children, if I mistake not, six in number, from one to eleven years of age, had long been terribly afflicted by a disease of the eyes. When I visited the family about eight weeks previously, the parents were almost inconsolable, the physician having told them decidedly, after a very careful examination, that both eyes of a daughter three years old, were irreparably gone; and if they would do a good thing for their child, they should send her to a blind asylum.

At the request of the anxious parents, I joined them in earnest prayer, begging the Almighty Physician, if it was consistent with His will, to restore to this child the precious gift of sight, as He once healed the blind man in the way, notwithstanding the decided declaration of the physician that both eyes were gone. And the covenant-keeping God enabled this child, who had been totally blind for nearly nine

months to see again. On the day preceding my visit, she had walked out into the broad light of nature again for the first time. When she first saw a flower she clapped her hands for joy, and then taking it in her hands, she kissed it again and again. The parents were so rejoiced when they witnessed her inexpressible happiness, and saw so manifestly that we have a prayer-hearing God, that the father said, "Before, I could not bear my grief alone, when I saw the misery of my poor blind little girl, and now I cannot bear my joy alone; I must and will tell it to others." Eight weeks before, I had wept with the weeping parents, and wrestled with God to restore the sight of their child; now I rejoice with them, and humbly thank God for so great a blessing. O, if we had more faith, how often should we behold the glory of God.

The Expressiveness of Action.

We cannot express so much by action as by language but one may express a few things with even greater force. Indignantly to open a door and point to it, is quite as emphatic as the words, "Leave the room!" To refuse the hand when another offers his own, is a very marked declaration of ill-will, and will probably create a more enduring bitterness than the severest words. A request to remain silent upon a certain subject could be well conveyed by laying the fingers across the lips. A shake of the head indicates disapprobation in a very marked manner. The lifted eyebrows express surprise in a forcible style; and every part of the face has its own eloquence of pleasure and of grief. What volumes can be condensed into a shrug of the shoulders, and what mournful mischief that same shrug has wrought! Since, then, gesture and posture can speak powerfully, we must take care to let them speak correctly. It will never do to imitate the famous Grecian who cried, "O Heaven!" with his finger pointing to the earth; nor to describe dying weakness by thumping upon the book-board. Nervous speakers appear to fire at random with their gestures, and you may see them wringing their hands while they are dilating upon the joys of faith, or grasping the side of the pulpit convulsively when they are bidding the believer hold all earthly things with a loose hand. Even when no longer timorous, brethren do not always manage their gestures so as to make them run parallel with their words. Men may be seen denouncing with descending fist the very persons whom they are endeavouring to comfort. No brother among you would, I hope, be so stupid as to clasp his hands while saying, "The Gospel is not meant to be confined to a few. Its spirit is generous and expansive. It opens its arms to men of all ranks and nations." It would be an equal solecism if you were to spread forth your arms and cry, "Brethren, concentrate your energies! Gather them up, as a commander gathers his troops to the royal standard in the day of battle." Now, put the gestures into their proper places, and see how diffusion may be expressed by the open arms, and concentration by the united hands.

Laborious action is frequently a relic of the preacher's trade in former days. As an old hunter cannot quite forget the hounds, so the good man cannot shake off the habits of the shop. One brother who has been a wheelwright always preaches as if he were making wheels. If you understand the art of wheelwrighting, you can see most of the processes illustrated during one of his liveliest discourses. You can detect an engineer in another friend, the cooper in a third, and the grocer with his scales in a fourth. A brother who has been a butcher is pretty sure to show us how to knock down a bullock when he gets at all argumentative. As I have watched the discourse proceed from strength to strength, and the preacher has warmed to his work, I have thought to myself, "Here comes the pole-axe, there goes the fat ox; down falls the

prize bullock." Now, these reminiscences of former occupations are never very blameworthy, and are at all times less obnoxious than the altogether inexcusable awkwardnesses of gentlemen who from their youth up have dwelt in the halls of learning. These will sometimes labor quite as much, but with far less likeness to useful occupations; they beat the air and work hard at doing nothing. Gentlemen from the universities are frequently more hideous in their action than commonplace people; perhaps their education may have deprived them of confidence, and made them all the more fidgety and awkward.—*Spurgeon's Lectures to Students.*

A Doubtful Blessing.

The Lutheran Church in Beaver City, Pa., has an oil-well on its premises, and the flow is sufficient to pay all the church's expenses.

Happy church in Beaver City, was our first thought. No troublesome slip-rents, no burdensome collections, no arrearages. Raised to a proud pre-eminence which even the "hard times" cannot affect, that church has only to barrel its oil and be happy. They can sing "salvation's free" without mental reservation; for have they now unlimited command of the means of grace?

But is it, after all, just the best thing for a man, or a community, or a church, to be raised above the necessity of effort to maintain their own existence? We have seen the experiment tried with men over and over again; and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it didn't seem to work. We spent a summer vacation many years ago in the city of Halifax, and it seemed to us as if the experiment were being tried on that sleepy community by "the home Government." The utter shiftlessness, the blank expectancy, which the process developed in the object of the experiment, was something to be remembered. We have seen colleges and theological seminaries all whose wants were supplied from invested funds, and we have sighed for the times when they "had to scratch for a living"—when they had stronger incentives to good, honest work.

We have never seen the experiment, in its integrity, tried with a church. We have known churches to be endowed with funds sufficient to provide for their partial support—funds yielding just about enough to cover "that troublesome deficit." We have one such church in mind now—in a part of the world where the *Examiner* isn't taken, so it will do no harm to refer to it. We remember the congratulations with which the brethren hailed good sister Q.'s bequest which "made everything plain sailing for them." We remember the feelings of devout aspiration—let us not call it envy—with which sister churches said: "Q! for some sister Q to do the like for us." Years have passed since then, and if there is a dead church, or a church oftener in arrears than that favoured church, we don't want to see it. If the fund given it had been sufficient to meet all its expenses, we verily believe it would have become extinct. No one would have felt interest enough in it to manage its affairs, or developed energy enough to invite some one to pocket its money.

One would think that if a church were free from the pressure of financial cares, it would devote itself all the more earnestly to spiritual work. But that isn't human nature. It isn't partially sanctified human nature. Upon that which costs us little we set little worth. We prize only that which represents toil, care, self-sacrifice. Was your church, my brother, a less comfortable Christian home, a less efficient agency for Christian work, when you entered upon each church-year with doubt and misgiving—when you had to lift "till you could see stars" in order to carry your burdens—than now when you are rolling in riches? The *Examiner* recently advocated, as a first step towards the revival that the church needs, paying the church debt. It was put to us once this way by a worldly-minded trustee—he represented "the society," of

course, not the church. "Your church is making an effort to pay off their debt," we said to him, "do you think they will succeed?" "Well, yes, I guess they will," he replied, "but if they do, we shall run them in debt again as soon as we can." "Run them in debt again? What for?" "Why they *behave so much better when they are under the harrow.*" It was just about the time, we may say in passing, when Jay Cooke was advocating the magnificent fallacy that a national debt is a national blessing, and he had evidently made a convert in our over-shrewd friend.

A church with a debt is likely to be more economical in its current expenses, more harmonious in its action, than one whose property is unincumbered. Out of debt means, to a good many organizations besides churches, into difficulty. The harder a church has to work to make both ends meet, the better off, we honestly believe, that church is. It attaches a meaning to the divine injunction, "On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," which wealthier churches cannot know. Its members are elevated and ennobled by the consciousness of personal responsibility and personal sacrifice for the welfare of the cause of Christ. They feel a sense of personal ownership in the sanctuary and its belongings. Just in proportion as you raise the church above the pressure of actual want, this feeling diminishes. And when they become positively wealthy? Well, you know what happened to Jeshurun when he waxed fat. We have seen poor, harmonious, efficient churches grow up into churches which strikingly reminded us of Jeshurun. And then we have thought of Agur's prayer: "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

And so this Lutheran church in Beaver City, Pa., isn't, to our mind, the happiest church in the United States? Not a bit of it. We wouldn't be surprised if its members were, at this very moment, gathered about the church-derrick, squabbling over royalties, or going to law with neighbors who had sunk a drill too near the sacred precincts of their Zion, instead of devoting their freedom from care and their exemption from pecuniary burdens to the extension of the Master's cause.

O. P. Q.

—*Examiner & Chronicle.*

"Turn to the Right."

Several years ago, while traveling upon the public highway, I came suddenly upon a bridge thrown across a bold mountain stream. This bridge had two passages, that is, there was a partition to it. Over the entrance, at each end, was the inscription, "Turn to the right." Persons passing from either way would never meet any one, thus avoiding the inconvenience of passing, and the dangers of collision.

If we, in our journey through life, would always "turn to the right" in our business; "turn to the right" in our daily walk and conversation; "turn to the right" in our prayers; "turn to the right" in whatever we undertake; there would be few, if any, clashings of selfish interest, less envy, bickerings and strife. The world would be wiser, happier and better, and our associations would be more Christlike. Instead of man being at enmity with man, father being arrayed against son, and the mother against the daughter, we would be as a band of brothers, "meeting upon the level, acting on the square, and parting upon the plumb line" of life; thus living and acting the "golden rule;" having no emulation but that of—who can best act their part in the great problem of life.

George Muller on Baptism.

A good deal has been said in Pedobaptist papers concerning the religious views of the Rev. George Muller. We have not seen, however, any allusion to his views with respect to the ordinances of baptism, which seem to be quite as pronounced as those which relate to the "life of faith." Possibly

this neglect is due to ignorance as to what his views on this subject are. If so, these journals will no doubt be glad to learn that he is a firm believer in immersion as "only true Scriptural mode"—we quote his own words—and that "believers only are the proper subjects for baptism." To this conclusion, as he himself informs us, he came through a prayerful study of the New Testament, and particularly of Acts 8: 36-38, and Rom. 6: 3-5. And so thoroughly convinced was he by this investigation of the soundness of the Baptist view of this subject, that he says with emphasis "My conviction now is, that of all revealed truths, not one is clearly revealed in the Scriptures, not even the doctrine of justification by faith; and that the subject has only become obscured by men not having been willing to take the Scriptures alone to decide the point."

The state of Mr. Muller's mind before he undertook this inquiry clearly illustrates that of many other Pedobaptist ministers with respect to the teaching of the Bible concerning the ordinance. It was that of unquestioning acceptance of the tradition of his church. "Whilst at that very time," he says, "I was exhorting every one to receive nothing which could not be proved by the word of God, I had repeatedly spoken against believers' baptism, without having ever earnestly examined the Scriptures, or prayed concerning it." When his mind was awakened to the importance of the subject, and he had thoroughly searched the Scriptures for light and direction, he no longer had any doubt either as to the proper mode of baptism, or as to his own duty as a believer. He had much peace, he says, in submitting to the ordinance, and had never for one single moment regretted that he did so. "In conclusion," he adds, "my example has been the means of leading many to examine the question of baptism, and to submit, from conviction, to this ordinance; and seeing this truth, I have been led to speak on it as well as on other truths; and during the twenty-three years that I have now resided in Bristol [this was in 1855], more than a thousand believers have been baptized among us."

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always before or round us that which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them; and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, where there is nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can within and without him; and above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which appears wrong, right. Men are not always to hang down their heads or lips, and those who do only show that they are departing from the paths of true common sense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom. Therefore we repeat, look on the bright side. Cultivate all that is warm and genial—not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose.—*The Interior.*

Never think or speak lightly of the prayer-meeting. It was a quiet prayer-meeting by the river's side at Philippi, which led to the conversion of Lydia, the first Christian convert in Europe. No church member should ever be heard saying, "It is only a prayer-meeting."