

## Varieties.

From the New York Observer.  
STOP AND THINK!

BY R. D.

Stop, thou thoughtless, reckless man  
Trifling out life's little span,  
God and heaven on you demand,  
Stop and think!

Heaven above, and hell below,  
Pleasure, pain, and joy, and wo,  
Repeat the words in accents slow,  
Stop and think!

Life's no time for idle dreams,  
Life was lent for loftier aims,  
Lend your mind to nobler themes,  
Stop and think!

Life calls for thought of earnest hue,  
Calls for thought and calls to you,  
To your soul's best good be true;  
Stop and think!

Live not on without an aim,  
Living thus you live in vain,  
Do not thus God's love disdain;  
Stop and think!

Think how short life's fleeting day,  
Think, O think, while now you may,  
Death soon will hurry you away;  
Stop and think!

Think what work you have to do,  
Think what Christ has done for you,  
Lo your Saviour calls anew,  
Stop and think!

Else when life has passed away,  
And you have wasted its brief day,  
Nought but this your grief will stay,  
You would not think!

Or when time with you is o'er,  
And you have reached that distant shore  
Whence mortal shall return no more,  
Thought will be in vain!

But if now you think aright,  
Soon you'll reach those realms of light,  
Uncloaked e'er by death or night,  
Where thought is joy.

## THE CLOCK OF ETERNITY.

Mr. Bridane, a missionary, preached his first sermon in Paris in the Church of St. Sulphicius in the year 1751. The reputation of the rustic preacher reached the metropolis before he did, and curiosity crowded the church with the most brilliant circles of the capital, and among them were bishops and ecclesiastics of every grade, and persons of the highest distinction. But when Bridane arose and threw his eyes over the brilliant and august assembly, instead of being intimidated, he burst forth in the following exordium:

"At the sight of an audience so new to me, it might seem, my brethren, I should not open my mouth, but only ask favor in behalf of a poor missionary, destitute of those talents which you require when we address you on the concerns of your salvation. But I feel impressed to-day with a sentiment widely different; and if I appear to humble myself, do not believe that I abase myself to the miserable inquietudes of vanity, as though I were accustomed to preach myself. God forbid that a minister of heaven should think he has any need of apologizing for himself. It is before your God and mine that I feel constrained to smite upon my breast.

"Till the present time I have published the righteousness of the Most High in the temples covered with thatch; I have announced the rigors of penitence to the miserable who wanted bread; I have proclaimed to the good inhabitants of the country the most terrific truths of my religion. What have I done, wretch that I am? I have saddened the poor—the best friends of my God. I have carried grief and dismay into those simple, faithful souls whom I ought to have consoled, and with whom I should have sympathized.

"But here my looks fall on the great, on the rich, on the oppressors of suffering humanity, or on sinners audacious and hardened.—Ah, it is here only I should make the holy word resound with all its strength and thunder, and place with me in this pulpit on the one hand death, which threatens you, and on the other my great God, who is about to judge you! I hold to-day your sentence in my hand.—Tremble then, before me, ye haughty and disdainful men who hear me.

"The necessity of salvation; the certainty of death; the uncertainty of that hour so terrible to you; final impenitence the last judgement; the small number who obtain salvation, and above all, ETERNITY—ETERNITY! These are the subjects with which I come to entertain you, and which I ought, without doubt, to have reserved for you alone. Ah, what need have I of your applauses, which might damn me without saving you? God is going to affect you by his worthy minister who addresses you, for I have acquired a long experience of his mercies; then, penetrated with horror for your past sins, you shall come and cast yourselves into my arms pouring out tears of compunction and penitence; and by the force of remorse you will find me to be eloquent enough. Ah, upon what do you found your hopes, my brethren, that your last moments are so distant? It is because you are young? Yes, you say, I have as yet but twenty or thirty years. Ah, it is not you who have twenty

or thirty years, but death who has twenty or thirty years, in advance upon you! Take heed; eternity approaches. Do you know what eternity is? It is a clock, the pendulum of which incessantly says, ALWAYS! EVER! EVER! ALWAYS! During these vibrations a damned soul cries out, "What o'clock is it?" And the same voice replies, IT IS ETERNITY!"

## RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF A LADY.

The following article is extracted from the Memoir of the late Mrs. York, a Baptist Missionary in Greece. It describes her experience of the deep things of God, while she was yet young, unmarried, and residing at home. She is describing her experience in a letter to a friend:

There have been times when I felt, as I then thought, much engaged in religion, and desirous to live for Christ and the salvation of souls, but I think I was never before really willing to submit every thing to God, to choose him for my Lord and King, as well as my Saviour. Some duties I was willing to perform, to some extent would be separate from the world, but complete devotedness I have hitherto not known.

I have felt lately very wretched, I could not satisfy myself, and I found so much pride and rebellion in my heart, such unwillingness to take up every cross, that I have been often in bitter anguish of spirit.

Several times I have been on the point of saying to all the world that I never was converted, and begging the prayers of God's people for me. At length I came to feel that I must give up all to Christ, and cast myself now on his blood and righteousness, or else despair. I never doubted the fullness of his atonement, but I knew that I could not come and ask for pardon through his blood, and yet feel at the same time conscious that I was unwilling to obey him wholly. I prayed for submission, but every thing was dim and distant. Yet I pleaded for mercy, and at length thought I could surrender all. The words of this hymn had been for some time running through my mind.

"And must I part with all I have  
My dearest Lord for thee?  
It is but right since thou hast done  
Much more than this for me.

Yes, let it go! One look from thee  
Will more than make amends  
For all the losses I sustain  
Of credit, riches, friends."

O, thought I, if I could only say, "Let it go;" and at last, I trust, could, with many doubts and fears, and a cloud still over my soul, I tried in God's grace to perform the long-delayed duty of confession, and to proceed at once to take up the many crosses which I had been too long trying to avoid. The right eye sin of worldly conformity rose like a mountain in my way, but I felt it better to enter into life with one eye, than having two to perish. Then came the duty of faithful warning which, as I once told you, I had felt unwilling to do. God strengthened me.

O how sweet to feel that Jesus knows all my trials and anxieties, that he is all powerful, and can do the most impossible things.

I do expect great things; I do expect our dear family all to be converted. And why not? If Christ has given the greater blessing he will not withhold the less. O, I want to live on the word—to believe in the promise—to be dead to the world, and to have my life hid with Christ in God. I do not yet feel that intensity of affection, that strength of faith, that deep humility and brokenness of spirit which I would, but I dare to hope for them through my adorable Redeemer. Pray, O pray that I may be kept."

## WARNING FROM A NEGRO.

One of the most impressive discourses we ever heard, came from the lips of a pious negro.

"This religion of Jesus Christ," said he, "is a religion that requires work. I said to my brother yesterday, Well, Newton how are you getting along in the Christian course?" "Oh," said he, "I am standing still." But my brother is not standing still, for if we don't move forward in the heavenly course, we are sure to go backward. Yes, yes, this religion of Jesus Christ, makes us work, work. Faith without works is dead. The Christian course I can compare to a canoe on the river there. The man in it works his paddles—his course is against the current; he works harder harder—his progress is slow, but he is making headway up the stream, and he will at last reach his landing place. But let him only stop—let him rest his oars—let him fall asleep—down, down, his canoe goes with the rapid current, Swiftly and easily it moves—faster, faster every moment—his back is to the danger—he sees not that great mill-dam below, but on goes the canoe. It is on the cataract's edge—it is swept into the boiling gulf below—the man is lost—lost forever!"

Truly, "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." Such were our reflections, as we treasured up in our heart the strikingly beautiful simile of our poetable preacher, and the solemn, truthful admonition will long ring in our ear. It will rouse us up; our paddles must not rest.

## HINTS TO A PRAYERLESS MOTHER.

As a little boy sat looking at his mother one day, he said "Grandpapa will be in heaven! Mary will be in heaven! Baby is in heaven! But mamma!"

Here the child paused and looked very solemn.

"Well dear," said the mother, "what about mamma? Will not mamma be in heaven?"

The little fellow shook his head very gravely, and replied, "O, no, no!"

"Why do you say so?" asked the mother, deeply affected.

"O, you do not pray," he replied; "so you will not go to heaven."

"Yes my dear, I do; I often pray for you when you do not see me—very often, indeed."

"Ah, I never saw you, then. Kneel down now, and let me hear if you can pray."

The mother knelt by her child, and prayed aloud for herself and little one, and that day learned a lesson she will never forget.

Mother! are you going to heaven?

Do your little ones think you are going by all they observe in your daily walk and conduct? Are you leading them in the way to heaven? Do they often hear your voice going up to the throne of God for them? Those who do not pray on earth, may pray when earth is passed, and their prayer then will not be answered. The rich man prayed for one drop of water—a very small request—but he did not obtain the boon he asked.

May you be anxious to pray now, that your prayer may be heard and answered.—[Mother's Friend.]

## POWER OF TRUTH.

A Swede, after receiving a good education, became a wanderer in the world. At one time a soldier, at another a sailor, and at length, having while intoxicated, sustained an injury, he became a patient in an hospital. A tract visitor entered the ward in which he lay, and observing that he was asleep, quietly laid a tract upon his bed and went away. The Swede was an avowed infidel. When he awoke he saw the tract and read it. It related to the evidences of christianity, and the Lord made it the means of removing his unbelief. He became a new creature; and when he left the hospital, he experienced the power of vital christianity, and felt an earnest desire to do good. Observing that there were many seamen in the port who were his countrymen, and they knew but little of the English language, he collected small companies of them together, and read and sang, and prayed with them. Afterwards he obtained the use of a floating Bethel on Sabbath mornings, and sometimes added exhortation to other exercises. But he longed to hear the gospel preached there by some minister from his native land; for this he prayed, and, as he had opportunity, made known his wishes to his fellow christians. His prayer was answered, and now there is a church in the ship, with a Swedish minister for its pastor. Here the reading of a single tract was blessed. Such has often been the case, and this even when the person to whom it was given had cast it aside unread. A man having received a tract, used it in filling up the space between the inner and the outer sole of the shoe. Sometime afterwards, another man sat down on a sabbath morning to put a new sole to that shoe; but when he had cut away the old leather, he saw the tract, and his attention was instantly arrested by its title, "Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy." It was an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty. The work was immediately laid aside, and the man hastened to the house of God; his soul was troubled, nor could he find rest until he found it at the cross of Christ.

## THE INDIAN BOY'S BIBLE.

A little Indian boy, named Jack, in the Indian school establishment on the Red River by the Rev. Messrs. West and Cochran, missionaries of the English Church Missionary Society, was taken very sick. In this condition one of the missionaries visited him, and observing a Bible lying under the corner of his blanket, he said: "Jack, you have a friend there; I am glad to see that; I hope you find good from it." Weak and almost dying as the poor fellow was, he raised himself on his elbow, held the Bible in his emaciated hand, and while a smile played on his countenance, he said: "This, sir, is my dear friend. You gave it to me when all went down to live at Mr. Cochran's. For a long time I have read it much, and often thought of what it told me. Last year I went to see my sister across Lake Winnipeg, (about two hundred miles off,) where I remained two months. When I was half way back over the lake, I remembered that I had left my Bible behind me. I turned around, and was nine days by myself, tossing to and fro in my canoe, before I could reach the place; but I found my friend, and determined I would not part with it again; and ever since that time it has ever been near my breast. And I have been thinking that I should have the blessed book buried with me; but I have thought since, that I had better give it to you when I am gone, and it may do some one else good."

While speaking thus he was often interrupted by his cough; and when he had finished, he sunk down upon his pillow entirely exhausted. and soon after he died and went to his reward—another trophy of the grace of God, through the instrumentality of his word, which is able to make men wise unto salvation.

IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.—A poor decrepid minister in one of the northwest counties of Georgia, called at a saddler's shop, during a protracted meeting about a month since to buy a new girl. The article procured, "What is to pay, sir?"—"Nothing; as you are a preacher, I will take it out in preaching." Now it so happened that this man was not in the habit of attending preaching. "Sir," said the preacher, "it takes two to make a bargain. I do not want your girl for nothing; if you will not come to meeting and let me pay you in preaching, here is your money. Take it." But the saddler still declined with an intimation however that he might perhaps attend the meeting. He did attend, and during the week became hopefully converted, and united with the church. Great and good is the Lord in turning these little things to such wonderful account.—M. Star.

NOT A MEETING.—If a church can be found in any of our cities, towns, or villages that has no weekly lecture or prayer meetings, it is a dwindling, inefficient, worthless church.—Weekly meetings are absolutely necessary to the prosperity of every church; for if the whole week is given to the world, the hearts of Christians are poorly prepared to improve the services of the Sabbath.—M. Star.