

Varieties.

THE MOLTEN CALF.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

A cloud on Sinai's summit sleeps
Which o'er the plain no shadow throws,
The tempest which around it sweeps
Mars not its deep repose.
And though the gush be wild and loud,
The hill before their force shall bend,
Ere in its slighted folds they read,
The tabernacle cloud.

Within its deep, mysterious folds
Jehovah's presence dwells in light,
And Israel from the plain beholds
His God upon the height,
Unseen but visible, as when
A veil of flesh the cloud supplied,
And covered, though it could not hide,
God from the eyes of men.

And he, of sinful mortal mould,
Admitted to that veil alone
High converse with his God to hold,
Before the cloudy throne,
Hears in entranced and trembling awe
Syllabic thunders round him roll,
Revealing to his inmost soul
Jehovah's holy law.

The moon, since first he climbed that hill,
Hath waned and waxed, and waned again,
While sinful thoughts and wishes fill
The crowd upon the plain:—
And, whilst the tents around them shake
With Sinai's thunders loud and dread,
Their hearts to holy impulse dead,
Jehovah's laws forsake.

And he, borne on by floods of sin,
Whose lips should sacred truth unfold,
Reddens the furnace, and throws in
The de-se-rated gold:
And from the mould their hands had made
Comes forth their god!—a molten beast—
In whose foul worship Levite, Priest,
And People bow the head.

And marvel we that man, with all
God's power displayed before his eyes,
Should from his high allegiance fall
To senseless sacrifice?
Like those whose feet the desert trod
Trifles and toys our bosoms fill,
Earth claims affection deeper still
Than heaven and God.

Look round; where'er thine eye can rest
A present Deity is there,
His footsteps on the billow's crest,
His voice is in the air,
His hand in every tree and flower,
His eye in Heaven's eternal blue,
And in life,—instinct,—reason,—view
"The hiding of His Power!"

And still from him we turn away
And fill our hearts with worthless things,
The fires of Avarice melt the clay
And forth the idol spring!
Ambition's flame and Passion's heat,
By word and alchemy, transmute
Earth's dross, to raise some gilded brute
To fill Jehovah's seat.

A MERE PROFESSOR'S SICK BED.

If I had travelled into some region where few, if any, had travelled before, and of which region no account had been published, many would be the inquiries as to what I had seen. I have been, reader, not where you may, but where you must go, some day or other; that is, I have been in the jaws of death, though the Lord in mercy, has brought me back again, for a little season. What I have gone through, I would try to make known before the impression of the scene is weakened by returning health. May this be written as from my sick chamber, and may it be received as the testimony of one who has been in close conference with "the last enemy!" In what state was the writer when God brought him to this interview? He was in the very condition in which multitudes of others now are. He knew the grand scheme of man's deliverance by the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus—he knew the necessity of sanctification by the Spirit of Christ—and that "with our holiness, a man shall see the Lord." This he knew, because he had heard it from the pulpit, and read it in his Bible; but the vitality, the life of these views, he knew not. Like the soldier who has never been in action, he was a stranger to what the conflict was—the grapple with death was new to him—he had thought of death, but never met him eye to eye. Oh! what a difference this makes! it is all the difference which exists between the shadow and the substance. That I was a sinner there was no room to deny; for my conscience talked loudly of many transgressions. But I had never weighed my sins in their guilt and aggravation, as I weighed them and felt them on my sick bed. Behold the danger of merely confessing sin generally. When the Spirit of God is convincing you of any sin, keep your finger upon that for which he is reproving you, and go in before the Lord to own its defilement, and seek its pardon. By this course, when the adversary presents it to your sinking spirit, you can tell him, "My Saviour knows it. I have already confessed it in deep humiliation, and sought its removal by 'the blood of sprinkling.'" It is staggering, to a fearful degree, when the enemy is able to

accuse us of unacknowledged, unrepented transgression; and the recording angel can find no entry of it as already brought in before our great High Priest.

But the sick chamber strangely alters our views of sin. In the season of health and strength, we unconsciously charge to the account of infirmity many sins which ought not to be so regarded; but when we are upon the bed of languishing, conscience will not pass the account. The shallow excuses which satisfied us in health will not satisfy us now. The mole-hill swells into mountains of guilt, and our best actions dwindle into nothing. Let me give you some faint view of the appearance of things in the eyes of a dying man. Have we been active for the benefit of others? Have schools and religious institutions employed our time? In the excitement of such pursuits, we dreamed not that the love of display, and not the glory of God, might be the moving spring. With my sick blanket about me, I could not shut out this fact, and was now constrained to acknowledge, "They made me keeper of the vineyard, but mine own vineyard have I not kept." With many, I had passed for a zealous, liberal, devoted servant of Christ; but when apparently on the brink of eternity, I read my character with different eyes. The zeal which had been commended by the short-sighted or avaricious around me, pleaded guilty to the charge of icy coldness; liberality felt itself a close-hand-diggard; and as to Christian devotedness, it was so unlike the original, that it dared no longer to usurp the name. We may not wish to deceive others; but in those matters we are apt to delude ourselves, and think, that because we do more than many, we may look upon our case with self-satisfaction; "comparing ourselves among ourselves, we are not wise."

But the heaviest blow which I felt in this hour of trial, arose from not being able to realize the fact that I had ever laid hold upon Christ as my Saviour. True, I had talked of him as such. I had often expressed my conviction that Christ, and Christ only, was the sinners' hope; but where was my proof that I had closed with him? "Oh! yes," said the accuser, "Jesus casts out none that come to him; but what reason have you for supposing that you ever did come?" It was of no use to tell him that I came to Christ in my baptism; for he replied that Simon Magus did the same. It availed not that I spoke of having come to Christ in the Lord's Supper; for Satan suggested, that it was possible to "eat and drink our own damnation, not discerning the Lord's body." This was his rich harvest-time, while my poor soul was struggling "in darkness and in the deep;" yes, I can say, that "an horrible dread over-whelmed me."

Now, shall I tell you what was the anxious wish of that hour? I wished that I had "made my calling and election sure;" that I had not taken for granted, that because the head was enlightened, the heart must needs be under Divine influence; yea, I wished I had enabled the Spirit to "bear witness with my spirit,"—that I had lived upon Jesus from day to day,—that I had gone in to him for strength against my sins, and come out from him with power unto victory. In such a season, the recollection of prayerful resistance to one bosom sin; an act of self-denial for the glory of God; or patient continuance in the way of duty will be a surer sign of our personal interest in Christ, than can be derived from any other source—These may be considered by some as legal notions; but sure I am, it is the only safe ground to tread upon—the only path in which the joy of the Holy Ghost comes to the Christian pilgrim, or "an abundant entrance, ministered into the everlasting kingdom."

My dear reader, you will gather from what I have said, the vital importance of searching into the actual state of your soul before God. Are you living as you would wish to be found in that hour when "heart and flesh are failing?" Are you "walking with God" through the day?—that is, "seeking to approve yourself unto him that searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins?" Furthermore, are you making use of your Saviour to teach you, to cleanse your conscience from guilt, and to "strengthen you mightily by his Spirit?" If this be the case, you and your Saviour are not strangers to each other; you will "know whom you have believed, and commit the keeping of your soul unto him, as unto a faithful Creator." And now I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."—*Churchman's Magazine.*

ILLUSTRATION OF ISAIAH.—XLIV. 9 20—"Massa," said a negro at Sierra Leone to a Missionary, "them words you talk last night strike me very much. When you preach, you read the fifteenth and sixteenth verses of the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah, and explain them, you show how our country people stand. Me say, 'Ah! who tell massa all this? He never been in my country.' You say, 'Do not your country people live in that fashion?' I say, 'Yes, that true: God knows all things; he put them things in the Bible.' Massa, I so sure that the Bible is God's word, for man cannot put all them things there, because he no see it. That time I live in my country, I live with a man that make greegree. He take me into the bush, and teach me to make greegree too. He show me one tree; he say, that greegree tree; he take country axe, and cut down some of that tree; he make a god; and he take the leaves and that which was left, and give me to carry home. When we come home, he make a fire, and all the people come and sit round the fire. Then they cook and eat. When they done eat, the men take the leaves of the greegree tree, and burn them in the fire; and then all the people stand round the fire, and clap their hands, and cry, 'Aha! aha!' Massa, when you read that verse—the sixteenth—'He burneth part thereof in the fire; with part thereof he eateth flesh; yea, he roasteth meat, and is satisfied; yea, he warmeth himself, and saith, Aha, I have seen the fire.'—I can't tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text (verse 20.) 'He feedeth on ashes,' and I was struck again; for when they done cry, 'Aha! Aha!' they take the ashes, and make medicine they give to the people when they be sick. You been see some greegrees which look like dirt; that is, the same ashes; they carry that round their neck, and they eat it

sometimes. You see, Massa, our poor countrymen feed upon ashes. For true the Bible God's word."

PORTRAIT OF A CHRISTIAN.—The Christian is a man, and more—an earthly saint—an angel clothed in flesh—the only lawful image of his Maker and Redeemer—the abstract of God's Church on earth—a model of heaven made up of clay—the temple of the Holy Ghost. For his disposition, it hath so much of heaven as his earth may make room for. He were not a man if he were quite free from corrupt affections; but those he masters and keeps in with a strong hand; and if at any time they grow testy and headstrong, he breaks them with a severe discipline, and will rather punish himself than not tame them. He checks appetites with discreet but strong denials, and forbears to prompt nature lest it grow wanton and impetuous. He walks on earth, but converses in heaven—having his eyes fixed on the invisible, and enjoying a sweet communion with his God and Saviour. While all the rest of the world sits in darkness, he lives in a perpetual light. The heaven of heavens is open to none but him; thither his eye pierceth, and beholds those realms of inaccessible glory which shine in no face but his. The deep mysteries of godliness, which to the great clerks of the world, are as a book clasped and sealed up, lie open before him fair and legible; and while those book men know whom they have heard of, he knows whom he hath believed. He will not suffer his Saviour to be ever out of his eye; and if, through some worldly interceptions he loses the sight of that blessed object for a time, he zealously retrieves him; not without an angry check of his own miscarriage; and is now so much the more fixed by his former slackening, so as he will henceforth sooner part with his soul than his Redeemer. The terms of entireness wherein he stands with his Lord of life, are such as he can feel, but cannot express though he should borrow the language of angels: it is enough—they two are one spirit. His reason is willingly captivated to his faith, his will to reason, and his affections to both. He fears nothing that he sees, in comparison of that which he sees not, and displeasure is more dreadful than smart.—*Bishop Hall.*

FALSE SECURITY.—A young man was relating to an experienced Christian, that he felt none of those temptations of which true Christians complain, and that he had never experienced any inward combat in his soul. The aged Christian replied, "The reason is this,—you are yet like a house of which neither the door nor the windows can shut, and where everything can enter unperceived and without any obstacle. Had the house but a door, and it were constantly shut to evil thoughts and everything wrong, you would see with what fury it would be assailed by those external enemies who would force the entrance."—*Feuille Religieuse.*

A SWISS LABOURER'S REASON FOR NOT WORSHIPPING THE VIRGIN MARY.—A poor Swiss shoemaker, or wooden shoe maker, recently converted from Popery, on being asked why he had left off worshipping the Virgin Mary, replied, "Because she says, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.' Now, if she has need of a Saviour herself, how can she save me?"

BRICK BUILDING,

SOUTH SIDE KING STREET.

150 BOXES, Half and Quarter Boxes best RAIL SINKS; 5 Casks Cooking do.,
5 Drums Sulphur Raisins;
3 Casks CURRANTS; 10 Kegs GRAPES;
50 Bbls APPLE; 20 Bbls ONIONS;
50 Bags WALNUTS, 10 bags soft shelled ALMONDS;
4 Bags Castina NUTS.
150 Bbls. Canada Superfine FLOUR;
1200 Pounds Clark and Thomson's CHEESE;
15 Bbls. Porter's FLUID;
With a general assortment of GROCERIES, SPICES, &c.
Jan. 15. HANNAH & UNDERHILL.

ETNA, PROTECTION, AND HARTFORD

INSURANCE COMPANIES

AGENCY, ST. JOHN, N. B.

7th January, 1853.

THESE are to certify, that Messrs. ROBERT and HUGH DAVIS, having recently lost by Fire their Milling Establishment in the Parish of Hampstead, Queen's County, and having furnished me with the several proofs required by the conditions of Insurance, and being satisfied therewith, I have paid them their claims; and do hereby declare that I still do, and have no desire to relinquish the Insurance on their Property in Woodstock, or to effect further Insurance for them if required, notwithstanding the several rumours that have been circulated regarding the origin of the Fire, and also as to the value of the property recently destroyed. A. BALLOCH, Agent.

NEW BRUNSWICK HOTEL,

CHARLOTTE STREET.

Nearly opposite the Country Market, St. John, N. B. THE Subscriber would respectfully intimate to the Travelling Public, that extensive improvements have been made to the above House, and that it has been well furnished and renovated, and good accommodations is now offered to Transient and Permanent Boarders.

This House is conducted on strictly Temperance principles.

Good accommodations for Horses. An experienced Hostler will be in attendance. E. W. FLAGLOR.
St. John, N. B., January, 1853.

GEORGE W. DAY,

PRINTER.

No. 6, King Street, Saint John, N. B.

All descriptions of PRINTING executed at this office with neatness and despatch.