

# The Religious Intelligencer

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FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA

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## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

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### THE JAPANESE.

There are many odd customs; but for the oldest of people, and the queerest of manners, commend us to those islands included in the sovereignty of Japan.

Until a recent date, no Europeans were permitted to trespass beyond the sacred limits of this most exclusive of empires, nor were any Japanese allowed to quit their native shores. Even now, when you land at Nagasaki, your movements are watched by regular sentries, who report every step you take to their superiors; while to prevent the Japanese themselves from roaming to foreign lands, all their vessels are held in a government model, with open sterns, so that long sea voyages are impossible; and if they exclude us from visiting them, they are in turn equally debarred from visiting us.

They need not be afraid of visitors, for any possibility of being overpowered by numbers; for the thousand and one isles, which make up the empire of Japan, contain thirteen thousand densely peopled towns. Jeddo, the capital, seated in the island of Nippon, has a population nearly equal to that of London; and we are told by travellers that the castle in which resides the secular emperor (there are two emperors—one sacred, one secular), could accommodate forty thousand men. Mito, a city covering twelve square miles, could raise a battalion of fifty-two thousand privates alone; while Osaka, the Birmingham of the empire, could itself send forth an army of eighty thousand.

"You scarcely emerge from one borough," says Kempter, "but you enter another; and you may travel many miles, as it were, in one street, without knowing it to be composed of many villages, save by the different names that were formerly given them, and which they after retained, though joined to one another."

Earthquakes are disastrously frequent in Japan, and are of terribly long duration. One in 1586 lasted, with varying intensity, for forty days. Two hundred thousand perished at Jeddo, during the convulsion of 1703; and a large city was prostrated by that of 1792. It becomes impossible, therefore, for the Japanese architects, to construct lofty piles out of clay and bamboo, and the chimneys of the Manchester factories would be out of place in Nippon. The law restricts the height of a dwelling to six, or forty-four feet three inches, and there are few houses which boast of more than one story.

Let us walk into a Japanese house, passing without notice the worthy householder, who sits in a tub of water at the door, performing his ablutions with a refreshing freedom from bashfulness. You notice that the floor is slightly raised above the level of the earth, and thickly covered with mats of rushes and rice-straw, elegantly decorated. These mats are used instead of chairs, and there are no tables, but you will be provided with a little raised tray when you take refreshments. There are no beds—you must sleep upon mats, sit upon mats, smoke upon mats, and sit upon mats.

Observe that the rooms are separated by folding screens of gilt or colored paper, and lighted by windows of oiled paper, for glass is unknown. You cannot warm yourself at the fire—there is, alas! no fire place; but in the middle of the room you may crouch down on the brink of the square-tiled hole, from which ascend the fumes of charcoal. The said charcoal, by-the-by, is always burning, and over it a kettle of hot water is always boiling. The Japanese drink tea as voraciously as English old women; but they use little sugar; don't put many spoonfuls into the pot, and serve it up in porcelain cups.

The bath-room resembles European bath-rooms in its general appointments; but it is more frequently resorted to than in our chilly British isles. The Japanese men, bathe, the women bathe, the children bathe, in-doo and out of doors, morning, noon, and night. The water movement is universal, and most zealously followed out.

At the top of the house is a large tub of water, as a resource in the not infrequent event of a conflagration. No London insurance company, we fancy, would insure, at any premium, the inflammable structures of bamboo, screens, oiled papers, mats, and timber cycled by the Japanese—houses. There are wooden tanks in the streets, and rude fire-engines at appointed stations—where the alarm is given by the patrol, who on discovering the first shooting flames,

strike forcibly the thick planks, suspended from posts for that purpose.

The Japanese women, according to recent travellers, are models of amiability and good temper, graceful in their manners and attractive in their persons. But they dye their lips a fierce scarlet, their cheeks a violet, and stain their teeth black, with a detestable gangrenous compound—practices scarcely in harmony with the toilet artifices of an English belle. They are fond of dress, of course, or would they be women?

The Japanese gentlemen, generally, a well-looking, intelligent, and active individual. He wears two swords—a large and a small one; while the middle class men are only entitled to one sword; and the "lower orders" carry none. He carries a fan wherever he goes, and whatever he does, and he delights in huge trousers, like a sheet "stitched up between the legs, though open at the sides, in order to allow of the play of the feet while walking." His shoes, and his horse's shoes are made of plated straw. Consequently they wear out with unequal rapidity, and force upon their wearer a shuffling, shuffling gait, like Robinson's in the "Wandering Minstrel." Tanners and curriers are not in good odor in Japan, for they have to touch the bodies of the dead—a necessity which the Japanese religion, singularly enough resents.

Rendall, in his "Memoirs of the Empire of Japan," pronounces an opinion on the Japanese character which seems admirably impartial:—"They carry," he says, "their notions of honor to the verge of fanaticism, and they are haughty, vindictive and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity; they are open-hearted, hospitable, and as friends, faithful to death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust; and that even the stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop of blood."—London Journal.

### The Crown Rooms.

An interesting and pious young man, just entering upon the business of life, had heard the cry of a perishing world, and while his heart was pained for the misery of the millions who know not God or the way of salvation by a Redeemer, he felt within his own heart the call of the great Master. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."

He listened but with reluctance; he pondered and reasoned, but found himself continually more and more unwilling to devote himself to personal service in the cause of Christ. Month after month he passed in the vain effort to rid himself of a sense of personal obligation; but from the depths of his soul there seemed to come up a voice, which said in accents which he could not misunderstand: Go thou and preach the kingdom of God.

At last, he resolved to bring the matter to a final issue, and although he shrank from making a full consecration of himself to God, he resolved by earnest prayer to seek direction from on high. Strange though it may seem, the more he prayed the greater his repugnance to the work became, and it was not very long before he became satisfied that it was not his duty to preach the gospel, either to the heathen abroad or sinners at home. Thus he reasoned: "My talent for business is so great that I cannot fail of acquiring wealth enough to send several who are willing to go. This I will pledge myself to do, and thus accomplish more than I could by doing violence to all my own inclinations, and simply sacrificing myself. 'God loveth the cheerful giver.'"

Accordingly he engaged in business, and his efforts were immediately crowned with a degree of success which he did not fail to interpret as a sign that he had not mistaken the path of duty. Years passed. Wealth poured in upon him from every side. He surrounded himself with comforts, and luxuries, and friends, not however forgetting his pledges, but faithfully paying over into the treasury of the Lord that proportion of his income which he thought consistent with his obligations, and possibly indulging a little self-congratulation when he remembered the large sums which had found their way from his counting-house into the coffers of the church.

Nor did our young friend allow business to engross all his time. He was never absent from the monthly concert, and kept himself fully posted on missionary intelligence. No one seemed to feel more deeply the obligation resting upon the church; none spoke more frequently and freely on the subject, and in the light of his own love for home and friends and worldly comforts and ease, did he most sincerely pity those who had forsaken all to follow Christ.

He was present at one of the great Missionary gatherings which have recently occurred, where the interest of the meeting was very great. Although still a young man, he spoke among the elders of the land, and as his glowing thoughts fell from his lips, the fire burned higher and brighter in many a breast, and as he that night deposited his offering (which drained even his well-filled purse), who shall blame him if he felt that the smile of the Master was upon him.

He retired to his room and shortly fell asleep. He dreamed that an angel, the majesty of whose bearing, and the ineffable sweetness of whose countenance almost overpowered him, approached and invited him to follow him. He

followed his mysterious guide through scenes new and strange, until he reached the portal of a stupendous edifice. He entered an apartment of dimensions which surpassed his power to measure, and whose magnificence bewildered and awed him. "This," said the guide, "is the Crown Room, and here you see deposited the crowns which await the faithful when they have finished their course. I have been permitted to indulge you with a brief inspection of these crowns. Improve your opportunity and examine freely for yourself."

What a sight was presented to his eyes! Arranged in glittering rows, one above the other, suspended from the lofty dome and piled up on every side were innumerable pile crowns of every size, form and device. Some of these were simple circlets or crescents of gold, containing here and there a single jewel; others more thickly sprinkled with brilliants or studded with gems.

By degrees, encouraged by the heavenly guide, he ventured to draw nearer, and at length to inquire for whom these crowns were designed. A thrill of inexpressible delight passed through his soul as he listened to the names of many whom he knew and loved, as well of some who though personally unknown he recognised as those who were fully entitled to the love and confidence which the church reposed in them.

Two tiny circlets of gold attracted his attention, and the guide informed him that they were reserved for two little ones who yet lingered on earth, but were soon, by their infant grace and early death, to bear their parents' hearts to heaven. Then he raised another graceful diadem, beaming with untold yet chastened lustre, and evidently intended for one bearing no mean rank in the heavenly kingdom, and ere he could ask, the guide exclaimed, "for thy mother!" Another, of a different style of beauty, but flashing with countless gems, awaited a poor and suffering saint, neglected and despised by the world, lingering through long months of languishment with almost angelic patience, and making his poor hovel vocal with songs of praise for the love of Him who died.

Long, long did the visitor linger amid the glories that surrounded him, until the attending angel admonished him to return. "Thy crown," said he, "is yet to be won." He lingered, reluctant to go, and his eye was attracted by a crown which he had not yet observed. As he gazed upon it and turned it from side to side, with increasing wonder and admiration, the gorgeous brilliants with which it was adorned seemed to glow with living light. A strange fascination seized him. He trembled as he gazed, and tears fell from his eyes, as he exclaimed, "Oh Earth! Earth! what canst thou offer this?" "Tell me, Oh, thou shining one! for what favored one can this glorious crown be reserved—who shall be worthy to wear it at last?"

"Alas! alas!" said the angel, "I know not! Once, indeed, it was prepared for thee, but thou knewest not the time of thy visitation. Thou didst turn away from yonder glittering crown, from the joy that was set before thee, from thy Master's work! I know not who shall stand in thy lot, or wear the diadem intended for thee! Not every one that saith Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

Startled he awoke from his slumbers. The scales fell from his eyes, and he saw how he had temporized with duty, had offered gold instead of the living sacrifice which his Lord had demanded. How did he now depise the pleasures that had cheated and deluded him!

Once more he prayed, and his petition was not now, "I pray thee have me excused," but "here am I, send me." Bitterly he mourned his guilt and folly, and wasted years, and the dawn found him now indeed ready to leave all and follow Christ, for "he had respect to the recompense of reward." Difficulties of his own making indeed encumbered his path, societies bound him in their meshes, and worthy widows raised his wild uproar at his mad choice, but he could not be hindered now. He rejoiced as a strong man to run a race, to strive for the prize that was set before him, and doubtless, when the everlasting doors shall be opened and the crowns of life distributed, he shall hear his blessed Master say, to his unspeakable joy, "Well done, good and faithful servant."—Sunday School Times.

### The House of God.

The glory of a sacred edifice lies not in its vaulted roof, and lofty spire, and pealing organ, but in the glory that fills the house—the divine presence; not in its fabric of costly stones, but in its living stones, polished by the hand of the Spirit; not in its painted windows, but in its Gospel light; not in its choir of singing men, or of singing women, but in the music of well-tuned hearts; not in its Sacred priesthood, but in the great High Priest. If every stone were diamond, and every beam of cedar, every window a crystal and every door a pearl; if the roof were studded with sapphire and the floor tessellated with all manner of precious stones; and if the sacrifice of the heart be not there, the building has no glory. The house of God must have a glory beyond what Solomon's cunning workmen can give it, even the Lord God, who is "the glory thereof."—Remains of Rev. Wm. Jackson.

### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THROUGHOUT the glorious realms of heaven Angels are hurrying to and fro, through yet The reason why they know not; from corners Most remote up to the glittering throne, At sound of the archangel's trumpet they come, And, bending low before the Lord, they form Rank after rank, from east to west stretched out.

Innumerable, thousand on thousand; Each, shining as the sun, holds in his hand A golden trumpet, and with his wings veils— As toward God he looks—his eyes. The Son, Surveying with a glance the wide domain Of heaven, and the ministering spirits In millions round him thronged, rise upright; Upright he stands as only once he stood When all his works be formed. The angels know.

The sign, and all their trumpets with one accord They raise, and with triumph and rejoicing, (Though the whole earth seem but of yesterday To them, who count naught but eternity,) "Glory to God," they sing, "Praise to the Lord! Then from his throne the Son aloud proclaims The end of all things. The angelic host With shout of reply—"Worthy of all honour, Riches, praise, in our God and the wide bounds of heaven!"

Man also be created, and all things Are the Lord's. Great is our Lord of lords; To judge the earth and finish all his work He goeth forth—prepare the way, the gates Wide open fling! There in a circle great They wheel—a circle, wide as the whole earth Ten times doubled. Standing away around, With each a trumpet laughing down in front They seem like one great ring of fire, more bright.

Than lightning—Miles in thousands paved with gold And shining like a sea of jasper clear, Are vaunted in their midst. Across the space They look, and with eyes fixed upon the Son High seated on his throne, they wait his signal.

An angel, clothed with light like a meteor, Shoots upward from his side, and flying high, Reaches at length the centre of the ring. Then, hovering, sounds aloud his golden trumpet: All around, with motion simultaneous, The trumpets are raised, and throughout heaven Rings Jehovah's praise. The signal angel Touches upon the centre while they sing, And, lo! the vacant ground has passed away And in its room an opening gulf with fire Is formed, rolled on all sides back to their feet And through this gap their trumpets sound to earth.

Then all amazed the noise hear borne on high, And wondering gaze upward. The reveller Leaves his cups and staggers forth; the merchant Quits his traffic; the marriage feast Is left; and from pole to pole, on sea, On land, stand gazing in astonishment.

Far up in heaven's blue dome, a circle wide They see; and, as with shaded eyes they look, Brightness more brilliant than the noon-day sun Shines forth; fingers are looking o'er the edge Wide wide-mouth trumpets pressed against their lips.

And in one part seems set a throne, covered With flame transparent, and shining beings Moving within and out, and on their wings Bearing in triumph the glorious burden. Upon this throne sits One enshrined in majesty, Whose face, the brightness of sun, moon, and stars

Compressed, outshines; and blazing on whose head A diamond crown is set; in his right hand He wields a golden sceptre, whose motion Angels all see a joyfully obeying.

Thus, as with dread and wonder up they gaze, A rapt, chief of all the glorious band, Flies downwards towards earth, and from mid air, With shout of trump tremendous, shakes the globe.

And in an instant all thereon are changed. Soon forth from heaven other bright angels join, And flying to the boundaries of the earth Sound their loud trumpets. The unbodied first

Then rums burst open, and all men From the last born to Adam, live again. Quickly before the throne they are borne up, And soon the universal race of man Is judged. The righteous are received in heaven.

Welcomed with loud praises and rejoicing, And to the bosoms of bright angels strained With joy; upon their Saviour lovingly They gaze, while in white robes they are arrayed, And on their heads are placed triumphal crowns; Each in his hand a palm of victory waves, And with celestial harps, by angels tuned, A new song they sing, and for all goodness Praise the Lord continually. Brothers, Welcome long to lost brothers; sisters, sisters; Mothers in glory find their little babes Arrayed before the throne, with voices sweet, Thinking like silver bells, praising the Lord; All is sweet welcome and all happiness; The golden gates of heaven are closed—the blessed

From every clime have reached their happy home. Oh! how fares now the wicked?—those who lived All for this world, despising heaven and God? The scoffers—where is he? And the Atheist—Where stands he now? Where are all wicked kings?

Where all those who foamed in blood, with murder Glutted? See! chased by flaming swords they fly, Hurled from the outer gates of heaven Down in a yelling mass into hell's fire— Buried, down they plunge into the sulphur tide, Down in ocean red surging flame, Each tearing each, and through fierce gnashing teeth

Launching defiance wildly towards heaven. Upon a throne of torture seated high, Writhes their king—him angels, black as darkness, Ever obey, and to his subjects spread The wages of their sin. The hatch of hell Upon them down is fixed, unopenable.

Now the earth with fire by God directed Flaming through space is hurled. The heavens Roll off in a fierce heat. Red burning The moon, as blood, drops from her sphere. The sun Is darkened; and all things which were are past—Chaos reigns supreme.

J. H.

### A Soul Forsaken of God.

If the soul be forsaken of God—if the Holy Spirit, by whose power alone the heart can be renewed, take his departure—how utterly hopeless is his condition! It stands as a monument of Divine wrath, to whom the Lord says, as he did of the accursed fig tree, "Let no fruit grow thereon forever." Already its doom is fixed beyond change, and its everlasting ruin as certain as though it were shut up in the prison of despair. What! is there no efficacy in the blood of Jesus? Ah! his atoning sacrifice has been rejected. Is there no power in the grace of God? That grace has been despised. Is there no love in the heart of God? His love and patience have been so long slighted and abused, that the very heart which once melted with pity is now insensible to the sinner's guilty state. Will no cries for mercy reach his ear? Ah! time was when he said, "I love them who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me; but now he is regardless of the sinner's prayer, and though from the borders of the grave he lift his agonizing cry to heaven, the Lord replies, "Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out mine arm, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when you feel cometh. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early but they shall not find me."

Dear reader, what an affecting appeal does this subject make to your heart, urging you to immediate repentance! I might enforce this obligation by a consideration of approaching death. But suppose God should spare your life for many years, is there not danger that you may grieve away the Holy Spirit, and exhaust the forbearance and patience of God? Reflect how long he has been calling you by the awful threatenings of his law, and the mild accents of the gospel. You have grown up amid the privileges of a Christian land, and truth has been addressed to you in every variety of form. God has showered upon you many blessings, that your gratitude might be awakened and his goodness lead you to repentance; and occasionally perhaps, he has afflicted you, that in the experience of earth's vanity you might seek heaven's bliss. He has visited you by his Spirit. You have heard the Holy Ghost knocking at the door of your heart. At the grave of a friend, on a sick bed, or under an impressive discourse, you have felt his secret influence, and have been almost persuaded to be a Christian. And yet, after all, you remain impenitent and far from God. Oh! would it be surprising if even a long suffering and compassionate God should be wearied and provoked to anger by such treatment, and should leave you in total obduracy? Then your case would be desperate, and nothing could produce sincere repentance. At the prospect of death you might be alarmed, and wringing your hands in anguish, you might cry for mercy, but such fear would be only the forebodings of eternal sorrow, and God will have forgotten to be gracious. You might be overwhelmed with alarm and terror, but like Esau, who sold his birthright, and no place for repentance, though you sought it carefully with tears.

Be cautious, lest, by the too oft repeated rejection of the proffers of love, your heart become callous and indifferent under the most meeting exhibitions of truth; lest the blessed Spirit of God, offended at the ungrateful refusal required at your hands, should go away forever, and your life be continued only to glorify the power and justice of an insulted and incensed God, by adding sin unto sin, and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

A NEW CREATURE.—A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was—"Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart; there is a great change somewhere, I'm sure; for everything is different from what it once was."

A very apt commentary on that passage (2 Cor. 5: 17), "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

"How wonderfully," says an ancient writer, "does the new-born soul differ from his former self? He liveth a new life, he walketh in a new way. His principle is new; his practices are new; his projects are new; all is new. He ravel out all he had woven before, and employeth himself wholly about another work."

### Christ's Agony.

Oh, what a melting consideration is this! that out of Christ's agony comes our victory; out of his condemnation, our justification; out of his pain, our ease; out of his stripes our healing; out of his gall and vinegar our honey; out of his curse our blessing; out of his crown of thorns our crown of glory; out of his death our life; if he could not be released, it was that we might. If Pilate gave sentence against him, it was that the great God might never give sentence against us. If he yielded that it should be with Christ as they required, it was that it might be with our souls as well as we can desire.

Little sins are the natural sins of man's life—that do of themselves tend toward hell; but when greater, grosser sins join with them, they hurry the soul with swift and rampant motion down to hell.—Hopkins.

### Select Thoughts.

Though Mary Magdalen was very near to Christ, yet she stands sighing, mourning, and complaining that they had stolen away her Lord, because she did not see him. Christians, though you may be very near and dear to Christ, yet till you come to see your assurance, you will spend your days in doubting, mourning, and complaining.

Cold prayers are as arrows without heads, as swords without edges, as birds without wings; they pierce not, they cut not, they fly not up to heaven. Cold prayers always freeze before they reach heaven.

It was a good saying of one to a great lord, upon his showing his stately house and pleasant gardens: "Sir, you had need make sure of heaven, or else, when you die, you will be a very great loser."

It is an honour to be good betimes. A young saint is like a morning star: he is like a pearl in a gold ring. Among all the disciples, John was the youngest, and the most and best beloved.

The ball in the emblem says, "The harder you beat me down, the higher I shall bound toward heaven;" so afflictions do but elevate and raise a saint's affections to heaven and heavenly things.

The best way to do ourselves good is to be doing good to others; the best way to gather is to scatter.

Titus Vespasian never dismissed any petitioner with a tear in his eye, or with a heavy heart; and shall we think that the God of compassion will always dismiss the petitioners of heaven with tears in their eyes? Surely no.

In the winter men gird their clothes closely about them, but in the summer they let them hang loose; in the winter of adversity many a Christian girds his heart closely to God, to Christ, to the Gospel, to godliness, to ordinances, to duties, who, in the summer of mercy, hangs loose from all.

### On Pride.

Let this be the test of true or false religion; that which teacheth us to exalt God most and most to depress ourselves, is the true. As the lightning has always a spite against the high spires and tall pines, striking them, when the shrubs and cottages stand untouched; so hath the God that made it, a self-advanced greatness. Besides the odiousness of a proud man among men—God is commonly even with him here.

How many have we known that have been fastidious of their diet which have come to leap at a crust, to beg their bread. How many that have been proud of their beauty, have been (ere they died) the loathsome spectacles of deformity. The Lord roots up the house of the proud.—(Proverbs 15:25). The proud man is an abomination to the Lord. (Proverbs 16:5). Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. (Proverbs 16:18). There is not the holiest of us but is in this way faulty. O let us be humbled by our repentance, that we may not be brought down to everlasting confusion. Let us be cast down upon our knees that we may not be cast down upon our faces. For God will make good his own word. A man's pride shall bring him low. Is it our riches? We riches have wings, and if they leave us not, we must have them. Is it our land? How long is that ours? Is it our honor? Alas, that is none of ours; for honor is in him that gives it, not in him that receives it. Well may I, therefore, ask with Ecclesiastes, "Why is this earth and ashes proud?" Though it were as free from sin as it is from perfection; but now, when wickedness is added to vanity, and we are more abominable by sin than weak by nature, should we not be utterly ashamed to look up to heaven, to look upon our own faces! Surely, therefore, whenever you see a proud man, say, "There is a fool." Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart, both he and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, so that the wrath of the Lord came not upon them in the days of Hezekiah.—Bishop Hall.

### Christianity.

Philosophy can only leave a sigh, a longing sigh, after immortality. Eternity is to her an unknown vast, over which she soars on conjecture's trembling wing. Above, beneath, around, is an unfathomable void, and doubt, uncertainty or despair is the result of all her inquiries.

Christianity, on the other hand, having furnished all necessary information concerning life, with firm and undoubted step crosses death's narrow isthmus, and boldly launches forth into that dread futurity which borders on it. Her path is marked with glory. The once dark, dreary region frightens as she approaches it, and benignly smiles as she passes over it. Faith follows where she advances, till, reaching the summit of the everlasting hills, an unknown scene, in endless varieties of loveliness and beauty, presents itself, over which the ravished eye wanders, without a cloud to dim or a limit to obstruct its sight. In the midst of this scene, rendered luminous by the glory which covers it, the city, the palace, the throne of God, appears. Trees of life wave their ambrosial tops around—rivers of salvation issue from beneath it. Before it angels touch their harps of living melody, and saints in sweet response breathe forth to the listening heavens their grateful songs. The