

The Power of Example.

Histories and biographies make little account of the power men exert insensibly over each other. They tell how men have led armies, established empires, enacted laws, gained causes, sung, reasoned and taught; always occupied in setting forth what they do with a purpose. But what they do without a purpose, the streams of influence that flow out from their persons unbidden on the world, they cannot trace or compute, and seldom even mention. So also the public laws make men responsible only for what they do with a positive purpose, and take no account of the mischiefs or benefits that are communicated by their noxious or healthful example. The same is true in the discipline of families, churches, and schools; they make no account of the things we do, except we will them. What we do insensibly passes for nothing, because no human government can trace such influences with sufficient certainty to make their authors responsible.

But you must not conclude that influences of this kind are insignificant, because they are unnoticed and noiseless. How is it in the natural world? Behind the mere show, the outward noise and stir of the world, nature always conceals her hand of control, and the laws by which she rules. Who ever saw with the eye, for example, or heard with the ear, the exertions of that tremendous astronomic force, which every moment holds the compact of the physical universe together? The lightning is, in fact, but a mere fire-fly spark in comparison; but because it glares on the clouds, and thunders so terribly in the ear, and rives the tree or the rock where it falls, many will be ready to think that it is a vastly more potent agent than gravity.

The Bible calls the good man's life a light, and it is the nature of light to flow out spontaneously in all directions, and fill the world unconsciously with its beams. So the Christian shines, it would say, not so much because he will, as because he is a luminous object. Not that the active influence of Christians is made of no account in the figure, but only that this symbol of light has its property, in the fact that their unconscious influence is the chief influence, and has the precedence in its power over the world. And yet there are many who will be ready to think that light is a very tame and feeble instrument, because it is noiseless. An earthquake, for example, is to them a much more vigorous and effective agency. Hear how it comes thundering through the solid foundations of nature. It rocks a whole continent. The noblest works of man, cities, monuments and temples, are in a moment levelled to the ground, or swallowed down the opening gulfs of fire. Little do they think that the light of every morning, the soft, and genial, and silent light, is an agent many times more powerful. But let the light of the morning cease and return no more, let the hour of morning come and bring with it no dawn; the outcries of a horror-stricken world would fill the air, and make, as it were, the darkness audible. The beasts go wild and frantic at the loss of the sun. The vegetable growths turn pale and die. A chill creeps on, and frosty winds begin to howl across the freezing earth. Colder, and yet colder, is the night. The vital blood, at length, of all creatures, stops concealed. Down goes the frost towards the earth's centre. The heart of the sea is frozen, nay, the earthquakes themselves are frozen, in, under their fiery caverns. The very globe itself too, and all the fellow-planets that have lost their sun, are become mere balls of ice, swinging silent in the darkness. Such is the light, which re-visits us in the silence of the morning. It makes no shock or scar. It would not wake an infant in his cradle. And yet it perpetually new creates the world, rescuing it, each morning, as a prey from night and chaos. So the Christian is a light, even 'the light of the world,' and we must not think that because he shines insensibly or silently, as a mere luminous object, he is therefore powerless. The greatest powers are ever those which lie back of the little stars and commotions of nature; and I verily believe, that the insensible influences of good men are as much more potent than what I have called their voluntary or active, as the great silent powers of nature are of greater consequence than her little disturbances and tumults. The law of human influence is deeper than many suspect, and they lose sight of it altogether. The outward endeavors made by good men or bad to sway others, they call their influence; whereas it is, in fact

but a fraction, and in most cases, but a very small fraction, of the good or evil that flows out of their lives. Nay, I will even go farther. How many persons do you meet, the insensible influence of whose manners and character is so decided, as often to thwart their voluntary influence; so that whatever they attempt to do, in the way of controlling others, they are sure to carry the exact opposite of what they intend! And it will generally be found, that where men undertake by argument or persuasion to exert a power, in the face of qualities that make them odious or detestable, or only not entitled to respect, their insensible influence will be too strong for them. In all such cases, the voluntary influence of men will not even compose a fraction, however small, of what they do.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

Day of Judgement.

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating any thing of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little, creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened, that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbors of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new born heir, the priest of the family, and the honor of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the Divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto: no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red sea, and be all baptized with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite.

Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear;—and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes.

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men and women, shall then appear. It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single Province, are gathered into heaps and confusion of disorder;—but then all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all the world that Augustus

Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates; all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude.

Patience in the Pulpit.

1. Be patient towards those loiterers and lingerers who come too late for public worship. They are a trial; for some of them live near the sanctuary, and it would cost but slight exertion to be there in time. Bear with them. They will get in by and by, and then besides the comfort of having been patient, you can enjoy the pleasure of thankfulness that they are in at last.

2. Bear, too, with that noisy worshipper.—The Church door rings when he shuts it; he marches to his pew with the tread of a heavy dragoon. A crash announces that his pew door is closed. He has a cough that terrifies the nervous, and a sneeze that annoys many a church slumberer. He snores too, to the manifest discomfort of the drowsy about him. It is a pity there was not such a modification of all these matters, as that you might have a sacred stillness in the place of prayer. But you must bear with him. He gives you a capital opportunity of improving by exercise in the virtue now recommended.

3. Be patient with the sleepers. Perhaps they have never yet awakened to the fact that the House of God is not the most proper place to take a nap. Perhaps they will wake soon enough to hear the better for their refreshing slumber. It is a moving thought, certainly, that you can look them up during the week and taking your sermon in your pocket you can inquire if they would not like to hear what they so unfortunately lost.

4. The noisy boys in the gallery, and elsewhere, will try your patience. But you will add to your stock of knowledge by learning how poorly they are trained and disciplined at home; and how lovely an affair it is for parents to suffer their children to be beyond their sight and influence in the sanctuary.

5. Show sweet patience also toward that man yonder who demonstrates his interest in the close of worship, by various timely preparations. Incipient steps are taken during the singing. He buttons on his coat; puts on his gloves; disposes of his spectacles; looks after his hat; grasps his whip and cane, &c., all of this before the benediction. During that he gets the door of his pew ajar, ready for a leap into the aisle, and the benediction sounds are scarcely uttered ere he begins his flight towards home. One would think from his haste, that his precious life depended on the despatch with which he could leave the sanctuary behind him. Bear with him. It is, indeed, a pity he shoots out of the house of prayer with such unbecoming haste; but be comforted. Time cures many evils. He will not be able to flee the temple of the Lord in such swiftness, when increasing years have laid their burdens upon him. Think of that.

6. If yours is a country congregation, be patient to such parishoners as feel it indispensable to bring their dogs with them to meeting. It shows kindness, for how lonely the poor fellows would be at home! Besides, a goodly group of dogs patrolling the porch—whining after masters—chasing one another up and down the aisles and anon up the pulpit stairs, making all the children giggle, and starting church officers in pursuit—all this will help to keep people awake—will show that the sanctuary is a place not altogether destitute of excitement, and will give an excellent opportunity for patience in the pulpit.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

Female Influence.

Under God, I owe my early education, nay all that I have been or am, to the counsel and tutelage of a pious mother.—It was, peace to her sainted spirit, it was her monitory voice that first taught my young heart to feel that there was danger in the intoxicating cup, and that safety lay in abstinence.

And, as no one is more indebted than myself, to the kind of influence in question, so no one more fully realizes how decisively it bears upon the destinies of others.

Full well I know, that by woman came the apostasy of Adam, and by woman, the recovery, through Jesus. It was woman that imbedded the mind, and formed the character of Moses, Israel's deliverer. It was a woman that led the choir, and gave back the response of that triumphal procession, which went forth to celebrate with timbrels, on the banks of the Red Sea, the overthrow of Pharaoh. It was a woman that put Sisera to flight, and composed the song of Deborah, and Barak, the son of Abinoam, and judged in righteousness, for years, the tribes of Israel. It was a woman that defeated the wicked counsels of Haman, delivered righteous Mordecai, and saved a whole people from utter desolation.

And now, not to speak of Semiramis of Babylon, of Catharine of Russia, or of those queens of England, whose joyous reigns constitute the brightest periods of British history, or her, the young and lovely, the patron of learning and morals, who now adorns the throne of the sea-girt isles; not now to speak of these, there are others of more sacred character of whom it were admissible, even now, to speak.

The sceptre of empire is not the sceptre that best befits the hand of woman; nor is the field of carnage her field of glory. Home, sweet home, is her theatre of action, her pedestal of beauty, and throne of power. Or, if seen abroad, she is seen to the best advantage, when on her errands of love, and wearing her robe of mercy.

It was not woman that slept during the agony of Gethsemane; it was not woman that denied her Lord at the palace of Caiaphas; it was not woman that deserted his cross on the hill of Calvary. But it was woman who dared to testify her respect for his corpse; that procured spices for embalming it, and that was found last at night and first in the morning, at his sepulchre. Time has neither impaired her kindness, shaken her constancy, or changed her character.

Now, as formerly, she is most ready to enter, and most reluctant to leave the abode of misery. Now, as formerly, it is her office, and well it has been sustained, to stay the fainting head, wipe from the dim eye the tear of anguish, and from the cold forehead the dew of death.—*Dr. Nott.*

One Drop at a Time.

'Life,' says the late John Foster, 'is expenditure; we have it, but as continually losing it; we have the use of it, but as continually wasting it.—Suppose a man confined in some fortress, under the doom to stay there till his death; and suppose there is there for his use a dark reservoir of water, to which it is certain none can ever be added. He knows, suppose, that the quantity is not very great he cannot penetrate to ascertain how much, but it may be very little. He has drawn from it, by means of a fountain, a good while already, and draws from it every day. But how would he feel each time of drawing, and each time of thinking of it? Not as if he had a perennial spring to go to; not, 'I have a reservoir, I may be at ease.' No! but, 'I had water yesterday—I have water to-day—but my having had it, and my having it to-day, is the very cause that I shall not have it on some day that is approaching. And at the same time I am compelled to this fatal expenditure!' So of our mortal, transient life! And yet, men are very indisposed to admit the plain truth, that life is a thing which they are in no other way possessing them as necessarily consuming; and that even in this imperfect sense of possession, it becomes every day less a possession.'

TAVERNS SEVEN HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The following description of a drinking tavern or groggery, is in the seventh part of the confession of the Waldenses and Albigenses, composed as least as far back as the year 1120, or 726, years ago. It will be seen that strong drink holds its own, and that the fruits thereof are as deadly and destroying now as they were in ancient days.

"A tavern is the fountain of sin; the school of the devil; it works wonders, fitting the place. It is the manner of God to show his power in the church, and to work miracles; that is to say, to give sight to the blind, to make the lame go, the dumb to speak, the deaf to hear; but the devil doth quite contrary to all this in a tavern, for when a drunkard goeth to a tavern; he goeth uprightly, but when he cometh forth, he cannot go at all, and he hath lost his sight, his hearing, and his speech. The lectures that are read in this school of the devil are, gluttonies, oaths, perjuries, lyings and blasphemies, and divers other villanies; for in a tavern are quarrels, slanders, contentions, murders."