

SILENT INFLUENCES.

We do not always understand how powerful these are; if we did, we should be almost afraid to live. When some incident occurs to remind us of it, or some noticeable illustration of it is given in our experience, we are startled for the moment into surprise and awe. Our ordinary life seems wonderful and fearful: it becomes invested upon the instant with an immeasurable responsibility.

A parent lets fall a remark before a thoughtful and sensitive child, which arrests his attention. It may have been merely the tone in which it was uttered, or the peculiar collocation of its words, or some equally insignificant circumstance connected with it which makes him notice it, and the parent has no idea that he has noticed it. He hardly thinks of it, indeed, again, but loses it in the instant rush and press of life. But it sticks for some reason in the child's thoughts, and will not out; and years after, it is freshly remembered. A whole system of action and belief has sometimes been drawn out of such a remark, and the destiny has been shaped by it.

A man of cultivation and social attractiveness, especially if he hold some position of influence and distinction, as a journalist, a statesman, a professional man, is often little aware because he has strangely forgotten the days of his own boyhood—how wide and permanent are the influences he leaves upon the society he passes through. What he says, may not be remembered; but what he is, will be. Many think of him with pleasure, and with a secret wish to know him and be guided by him, of whom he does not think at all. And if his life and words consistently show forth the true, generous, high-minded character, he will do much toward training the quick and eager minds about him, to the same high qualities. The memory of his example will repress their inclinations to wrong, and will stimulate to new effort for nobleness of character and largeness of culture. So a beautiful, accomplished and winning woman, is the cynosure of more eyes than she herself knows of, and there are many young and ardent hearts, in her sex, and in the other, who love to think of her, to imitate her social manners, to train the thoughts and words into the fashion of hers; whose hope it is, and the star of her desire, some day to win her thought and regard. Even after she has passed away from the earth, the thought of her gentleness and grace and truth of character, may linger like an essence about the thoughts, and with regret for her loss, will mingle the joyful recollection of her excellencies, and the glad hope of meeting her in heaven.

It is a wonderful, intricate, sensitive system—this of human thought and life. The influences that circulate through it are silent as light, and yet binding as gravity. They pass noiselessly into the soul, but they stand there oftentimes more durably than if cut into Egyptian granite. They imbue and characterize the spirit indelibly. It is a fearful thing to live and move—either as influencing or as being influenced—in such a system; and it gives motives to individual watchfulness and holiness, and the continuous exercise of all gracious and kindly affections, which it seems impossible to surpass.

You Have a Soul.

Last Sabbath morning I met a man with a fish-basket on his arm, indicating how he designed to spend the Sabbath. Said I to him, "P., remember that you have a soul, and that there is to be a day of judgment." This was all I had time to say before he was out of hearing. While he was engaged in violating the fourth commandment at the sea-side, he might have fallen into a train of thought like the following: "I have a soul, which is destined to an immortal existence. It has entered a road that has no end; it must travel on, and on, and on forever. I can take up in one hand more grains of sand than I can count in one year; and yet my soul will live long enough to count every sand of which the earth is composed. As I dip my finger in this water of the ocean, and let a drop fall from it upon this flat rock, that drop flies into a thousand particles; and yet my soul is to live more years than there are particles of water in all the oceans, seas, lakes and rivers on this globe. There is to be a day of judgment, and I must be there. What then? I am to be tried and judged for the deeds done in the body. If I am contentious towards the Almighty, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, then indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, will be my inevitable

portion to all eternity. If I swear, lie, drink, break the Sabbath, disobey my parents or any rightful authority, hate my fellow-creatures, commit adultery, steal, bear false witness, covet what belongs to others, neglect meetings and prayers, and repentance and faith in Christ then at the judgment I must bear the judge command me to depart accursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. I shall join with others of like character in weeping and wailing forever and ever. This will be my portion in all eternity if I retain a character which allows me to break the Sabbath, and disobey the Gospel of Christ.

Will it not be wise in me to foresee this evil, and hide myself in Christ's all-sufficient atonement, and thus change the current of my destiny? If I will now cease to do evil, and learn to do well—if I will now break off my sins by righteousness, and my iniquities by turning unto the Lord—if I will now exercise repentance toward God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ,—then by the sovereign mercy of God I may stand at Christ's right hand in the judgment, and hear him say to me and others, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' Then may my eternity be spent among the choirs of heaven in wonder, love and praise. If such are to be the results of the deeds done in the body, then my mind is made up—my purpose is fixed—'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.' If I have a soul, it shall be entrusted to Christ's hands, and its salvation secured. Then at the approach of Christ to judge the world, I will lift up my head with joy."

A Sabbathless World.

How dreary and death-like would the world become without a Sabbath! Its workshops would resemble the wards of some mighty hospital, tenanted by the pining victims of immense toil. Manhood would, in one or two generations, lose all its characteristic strength; youth would be smitten with a fatal blight ere it had half attained its growth; and hale old age would become a prodigy to be wondered at in the land.

Yokefellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labour thus going on in the monotonous and eternal cycle; the limbs forever on the rack; the fingers forever plying; the eyeballs for ever straining; the brow for ever sweating; the feet for ever plodding; the brain for ever throbbing; the shoulders for ever drooping; the loins for ever aching; and the restless mind for ever scheming. Think, as your imagination beholds the unvarying wheel of work, the treadmill of labour thus going round, and round, and round, without a change, without a pause, from morn to night, and from year to year—think, if you can, of the desolation that must follow this absolute reign of labour over the whole realm of time. Think of the beauty it would efface; of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish; of the giant-strengths that it would tame; of the resources of nature that it would exhaust; of the aspirations it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the groans that it would extort; of the lives that it would inmolate; and of the cheerless grave that it would prematurely dig! See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, strewing and gathering, sowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling,—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the road-side and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth and in the earth,—in the days of brightness and days of gloom, in hours of sun and seasons of storm, in times of trouble and times of peace, in the heights of day and in the depths of night, through the savageness of winter and through the gentleness of spring, in the energy of youth and in the impotence of age; when health is dancing in the blood, and when disease is eating up the strength; when death is in the lonely home, and when happy life encircleth the hearth;—thus the wheel of labour would go round with the earth, and the children of industry chained to its surface, must follow its ruinous circulations, till, exhausted by unnatural efforts, they relax their hold, drop off, and suddenly disappear.

The worn-out wayfarer, finding no verdant resting-place, and no house of entertainment to

cheer him in his travel, must sink at length on the road-side and miserably perish. The delicate and fragile would be speedily 'crushed' by such a doom 'before the moth.' Feeble constitutions, that with a seventh day's fostering care might eke out their residue of strength for many years, would be broken down with a sudden crash. Incipient diseases, which nature, invigorated by adequate rest, might overgrow, would be developed with a deadly rapidity. An intense labour would be found a dreadful forcer of the seeds and rudiments of decay, which are embedded, more or less plentifully, in all of us. Under the vassalage of such a gigantic oppressor as unrestricted labour, earth would reck with the sufferings of her offspring; whilst the all-absorbing prayer of her millions would be for 'Rest! Rest!' or the quiet slumber of the grave!—*Christian Penny Magazine*.

Do Not Lose Your Soul.

Some time ago, a young person residing in the city where I have long labored in the work of the ministry, was summoned to her home for the purpose of listening to the last exhortation of a pious father. When she arrived at his habitation, he was exhausted and well-nigh gone, and he could only whisper gently to her the words, with his expiring breath,—"Do not lose your soul!" She had been gay and thoughtless, but the words arrested her; she attended upon the sanctuary of God, and remained for a period apparently under the power of religious impression; but gradually that impression waned. It appeared but as the morning cloud and the early dew; it passed away, leaving her in carelessness again. Circumstances under divine providence, led her, one Sabbath evening, to the sanctuary of which I am pastor, when she heard a sermon on the value of the soul, which she passed by, from the commencement till well-nigh the close, with inattention; but by the singular overruling of Divine grace, the last words in the discourse were these—"Do not lose your soul!" It seemed to her as though the voice of her departed father had uttered them; but it was more—it was the voice of God. She repented; she was converted; she confessed Christ, as a member of the Christian community over which it is my happiness to preside, and some time since I was summoned to her death-bed, when, amidst much anguish and pain of body, she gave testimony to the power of Divine grace upon her heart, and departed with the blessed confidence, that she had not lost her soul. Dear reader, one word, and I have done. If you lose your soul, you will have murdered it! May God prevent you from being the murderer of your own soul!—*James Parsons*.

Conversion of a Sinner.

The Scriptures speak of the conversion of a sinner as a very remarkable exertion of Divine power. They compare it to that which was put forth in raising Christ from the dead.—Paul, addressing the Ephesians, says, "Making mention of you in my prayers, * * that ye may know * * what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead." He speaks of the same power, as "working in himself mightily." This is strong language—strong without exaggeration. Unless we misapprehend its import, it teaches us, that almighty power is as really and essentially concerned in renewing a sinner, as it was in reanimating and bringing up from the grave the lifeless body of our Lord. It is a supernatural work, in that it is above and beyond nature, or the power of natural man to accomplish. It is something done for man, which, independent of Divine help, he cannot do for himself. A human volition cannot accomplish it; no human appliances can effect it. The regenerate are "born not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God."—*A. Cummings, D. D.*

Coming to Christ.

Once more, coming sinner! think of the Saviour who inviteth thee; full of grace as well as of truth. He complaineth if thou come not; he is displeased if thou call not upon him; he can bear with thy weakness; he can pity thy ignorance; he can be touched with the feeling of thy infirmities; he can affectionately forgive thy transgressions; he can heal thy backslidings, and love thee freely. His compassions fail not; He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; he can pity where no eye pities, and be afflicted in all thy

afflictions; he will bow his ear to thy stammering prayer; he will accept the weakest offering if there be in it but thy heart; he hath strewed all the way from the gate of hell where thou wast, to the gate of heaven whither thou art going, with promises.

Behold, how the promises, invitations, calls and encouragements are mixed with the names of mercy, goodness, love, pity and pardon!—In his book they are fairly written, that thou through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope. Coming sinner, blessed art thou, for "flesh and blood have not revealed this unto thee, but thy Father who is in heaven!"—*Bunyan*.

The Reason Why.

Suppose a prayer-meeting had been appointed at Laodicea. Think you it would have been well attended? Why should it be?—None of them felt his need of Divine aid.—They were all satisfied with their present condition. They would probably assign as the reason for non-attendance, want of time; but the real reason would be, no such sense of want as required the merciful interposition of God. Is not this the reason why many professors of religion are habitually absent from the meeting for prayer, to ask for gold tried in the fire, that they might be rich? Were they conscious of their nakedness, they would feel the need of prayer, to obtain the white raiment with which they might be clothed.—Did they realize their blindness, they would rejoice to come together, and to ask for the eyesalve, that would cause them all to see.

Reader, are you of this class? Then you have the Laodicean spirit, and should earnestly ponder what the Spirit said to that church.—*Herald of the Peairies*.

A Universalist Silenced.

The following actually occurred a few years since. A universalist, who did not pretend to be a moral man, once met a minister of the gospel and commenced preaching to him, in the presence of a large number of people his favorite doctrine, and saying a great deal about what Christ had done for all mankind. The minister heard him through, and then said,

"Friend, if you are a reasonable man, I will convince you, from your own words that Jesus Christ never did any thing for you. Now, what do you say Christ came into the world for?"

"To save us from our sins."

"Well, he certainly has not done that for you, since you are committing sin every day."

"He saves us from the punishment of sin."

"But you have just told me that you receive the punishment of your sins every day, as you go along, and he certainly has not saved you from hell, for you said, but a moment ago, that there is no such thing as hell."

Amid the laughter of the bystanders, the universalist was glad to retreat in silence.

League of Brotherhood.

A committee has just been formed in Paris to co-operate with the League of Brotherhood in this country, for the dissemination of peace principles on the Continent. This committee already comprises the names of Victor Hugo, the Abbe Deguerry, M. Cornein, and M. Zieglen; and other influential men are expected to give in their adhesion. This committee has made arrangements to dine together every month, when the operations of the society will be discussed and directed. A monthly "Olive leaf" will be issued in the French language, containing short paragraphs adapted to the popular mind in France. This will be forwarded by post every month to about 800 newspapers, with a request to the editors to insert such of the articles as they may approve in their respective journals. By thus feeding the continental press, it is hoped to imbue public sentiment abroad as well as at home with the principles of peace and brotherhood. These "Olive leaves" are also to be distributed by hand among the *ouvriers* of Paris and other large towns. An effort will be made, in accordance with a suggestion of M. de Lamartine, to form corresponding committees in all the principal towns in France. In this way the combined influence of many of the most progressive minds on the Continent will be brought to bear in promoting the widest possible extension of peace and brotherhood.

"Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity, than he that is perverse in his lips, and is a fool."