

THE MAN WHO RIDICULED PRAYER.

In a congregation with which the writer was intimately acquainted, the pastor, at the commencement of the winter amusements, preached a sermon against dancing. Though he was a man of great prudence, and treated the subject with great kindness and delicacy, yet a young physician, who was a prominent leader in the dissipations of the place, was greatly offended, and swore that he would dance every night that week, to show his pastor that the young people were not to be influenced by his officious meddling with their concerns. In accordance with this resolution, he got his young associates together, and after kneeling down and offering a *mark prayer*, to ridicule his ministrs, he induced them to make arrangements to spend every night that week in the ball-room. On Monday evening, the young people assembled to commence their week's dissipation, in accordance with the arrangements which had been made. Some time in the evening, the doctor was sent for, to visit a sick man, who lived a few miles out of the village. Though the night was extremely cold he started on horseback, with his silk stockings and dancing slippers on, to go and see his patient. Though he had no appearance of being intoxicated, and was perfectly acquainted with the road, yet he missed his way, and after wandering round in an untravelled path, where the snow was deep, for some time, he was thrown from his horse, and the next morning was found near the road which he had left, crawling upon his hands and knees in the snow. He was taken home, and medical assistance immediately called in; but his lower limbs were so badly frozen, that after great suffering, he was obliged to have them amputated just below the knee-joints. He ultimately recovered his general health, but was obliged to walk on his knees the rest of his life. When he saw that he must be reduced to this sad necessity, he remarked that he never bowed the knee to God or man, but that he should now have to humble himself in the sight of them both.

I have seen him often since his recovery, going about the village in this painful posture, and could not avoid feeling that he had been left to eat the fruit of his own doings, and was a sad monument of man when he set himself against the Almighty. From the day he resolved to dance six nights in succession, to grieve his pious minister for kindly warning the youth of his charge of the dissipating tendencies of that amusement, he was forever unable to step to the sound of the viol; and from the day on which he impiously knelt to ridicule the prayer of his godly pastor, he had been doomed to go upon his bended knees to the close of his life.

I would never rashly interpret the providences of God, but I love to study them;—and when they speak as plain a language as they did in this case, I feel that we should be belying the Lord, to say, "that it was not He." His providences, like his word, are designed for our own instruction and admonition, and when we see him rebuking presumptuous sins, by signally punishing them in this world, others should take warning that they fall not under the same condemnation. It is a fearful thing to disregard the monitions of those whom God has set to watch over our souls, and give us warning from him; but when, in addition to this sin, we maliciously insult the Lord's messenger, and deride the very prayers which he is daily offering up for us, we ought to expect a severer punishment than which falls upon ordinary transgressors.—*Rev. William Wisner, D. D.*

I am a lost man.

The newspapers inform us that these were the last words of Bugeaud, marshal of France, and duke of Isly. When he uttered them he was just closing a brilliant, and many would say a useful life. He had led vast armies to battle. He had governed extensive states.—He had been conspicuous in the councils of his nation. The President of France made anxious visits to his death-chamber. The stern Cavaignac wept as he looked upon the dissolving frame of his old comrade; and the convention was profoundly affected when the news of his death was announced. With all this accumulation of honor, he was, by his own confession, "a lost man." How mournful the contrast between the glory of his life and the deep gloom of its close. From the same source we learn that Bugeaud had a pious mother. In the history of his eventful life, this seems to have been the only quarter in which a good influence was exerted upon

his heart. His mother's voice alone warned him of his danger, and spoke to him of eternity; all other influences led him astray. In the camp he heard of God only in blasphemy. In civil life he saw nothing but a desperate struggle for earthly place and power. In the saloons of Paris he heard wit mocking and philosophy denouncing the religion of his youth. The quiet voice that had warned him and prayed with him was, alas for him, overborne and lost in the midst of these babbling voices of the world.

In the hour of death, however, these voices die away and are forgotten. The acclamations of the world could not have made the failing pulse of Bugeaud beat faster. Other tones were in his ears; for the accents we will not listen to when they admonish us, we are too often forced to listen to when they accuse. The dying moments are often the time of resurrection for abused privileges and neglected gifts. They stalk forth from the "burial places of memory," to foreshadow our doom, and convince us of its undeniable justice.

Thus we explain that fearful expression which fell from the dying warrior. He heeded a voice which he had long neglected and forgotten. Across the waste of years, and through the storms of battle it comes, clear and distinct upon his failing ear. It asks for the fruit of early counsel. It seeks for the result of pious care and zeal. One comprehensive glance over his life satisfies the man that he has wasted it. His own conscience condemns him. In this he knows that he but anticipates the sentence of God, and he sinks into death "a lost man."

The lesson of this sad incident is easily explained. It is only another instance of the ease with which carelessness can turn our best blessings into curses. A mother's love and a mother's pious care are inestimable gifts of God's mercy. Indifference and impenitence can make them causes of our deeper damnation, and so change the soft voice that sung our infancy to sleep, that it will haunt our dying pillow with accusations that we can neither gainsay nor resist.—*Green.*

A Great Revival.

The Richmond Watchman and Observer, has the following notice of what it calls "a great revival," prevailing in that city. Such revivals are not confined to the meridian of Richmond, especially at this season of the year.

"It becomes our duty as the chroniclers of the day to record the occurrence of a great revival in our city. The work is a very extensive and pervading one, and has been in operation for some time past, and the prospects are, that it will continue for some time to come. The excitement and interest are very great, as will be inferred by some of the facts we will mention. The meetings are crowded both in public assemblies and private houses, and this in spite of the fact that many of them do not assemble until nine or ten o'clock at night and continue until an early hour of the morning. They are thronged with eager inquirers, although the usual effect is a headache or a sick stomach the next day.—A wonderful spirit of liberality seems to be developed, so that large sums are freely given without a murmur. And no postponement or derangement of the appointed meetings takes place because of weather. The darkest and rainiest nights do not deter or materially affect these night meetings. All the old and foolish objections that were wont to be urged against excitements, night-meetings, damp air, &c., &c., are flung to the winds. And this revival is not confined to any one denomination or name, it pervades all, and what is remarkable it is connected with a most efficient system of colportage. The colporteurs are busy at every corner, and the counters are covered with books that carry forward this great work.

"But before the reader begins to exult too greatly at this state of things, it may be well enough to advertise him that this revival is not a revival of the religion of Christ, but a revival of the religion of mammon, of fashion and of pleasure. Great devotion is evinced, but it is devotion to the worship of the god of this world, and the maxims of the world, the flesh and the devil. The places of meeting are crowded, but they are the temples of pleasure from the theatre with its flaunting flag and its glaring lights, and the ball-room, with its glitter of beauty and its whirl of excitement, to the red-curtained faro-banks and the filthy gin shops. Money is freely given in every way for the carrying forward of these schemes, and

no pause seems likely to occur in the rush of the excitement. The busy colporteurs of Satan are seen at every corner with their baskets, full of yellow and other colored pamphlets, a few of which are adroitly kept at the bottom to be turned up only as occasion may permit. Thus the worshippers of the world are in the midst of a great revival; and are really in earnest in the matter. If happiness and peace are not found, it will not be because they are not earnestly and eagerly sought.

"O! that the worshippers of God could be taught a lesson by this earnestness and energy. When these people are so earnest in going to hell, why are we so listless in going to heaven? When they are not deterred by any obstacle from thronging their churches, why will so little a thing detain us from ours?—When they give their money so freely, why do we give ours so niggardly? When they know so well, and use so well the stupendous power of the press, why do we care for and use it so little? We trust that this great excitement of the world's votaries may provoke a corresponding excitement to activity of Christ's friends, and soon we may be enabled in another and better sense to record a revival.

No Satisfaction without God.

Who is there that, apart from God's favor, has ever tasted solid joy and satisfaction of spirit? You have perhaps tried learning.—You have wearied your flesh acquiring some branch of knowledge, or mastering the arcana of some science; and you promised yourself that, when once you were an adept, it would introduce you to a circle of transcendental friends, or would drown you in a flood of golden fame. You won the friends, and, apart from this special accomplishment, you found them so full of petty feuds and jealousies, so cold-hearted or so coarse-minded, that you inwardly abjured them, and vowed that you must follow learning for its own rewards; or you won the fame—you secured the prize—you coveted distinction, and like the senior wrangler, you found that you had "grasped a shadow." Or you tried some course of gaiety. You said, "Go to now—I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure." You dressed—you took pains with your appearance; you studied the art of pleasing. But even self-love could not disguise that some rival was more dazzling, more graceful and self-possessed, and had made a more brilliant impression; and you came home mortified at your own sheepishness and rustic blundering; or, if content to mingle passively in others' merriment, tattling with the talkers, and drifting along the tide of drollery, was there no pensive reflection as, late at night, you sought your dwelling?—did you not say of laughter, "It is mad? and of mirth, What doeth it." Or, perhaps, at some pleasant time of the year, you made up a famous play. And the excursion went off, but the promised enjoyment never came up. Mountain breezes did not blow away your vexing memories, nor did the soft sea-wind heal your wounded spirit.—In the rapid train you darted swiftly, but at the journey's end you were mortified to find that your evil temper had travelled by the same conveyance. And though it was a classic or sacred stream into which you looked, not even Arethusa nor Siloah could polish from off your countenance the furrows of carking anxiety, or the frown of crossness which wrinkled there. The truth is, all will be vexation to the heart which is vile, and all will be vexation to the spirit which the peace of God is not possessing. When you remember how vast is the soul of man, and also what a mighty virus of depravity pervades it, you might as well ask, How many showers will it need to make the salt ocean fresh? as ask, How many mercies will it need to make a murmuring spirit thankful and happy? You might as soon ask, How many buckets of water must you pour down the crater of Etna before you convert the volcano into a cool and crystal jet d'eau? as ask, How many bounties must Providence pour into a worldling's spirit before that spirit will cease to evaporate them into vanity, or send them fuming back in complaint and vexation?—

"Attempt how, vain—
With things of earthly sort, with aught but God,
With aught but moral excellence, truth, and love—
To satisfy and fill the immortal soul;
To satisfy the ocean with a drop;
To marry immortality to death;
And with the unsubstantial shade of time,
To fill the embrace of all eternity!"

[*Dr. Hamilton.*]

"For attaining perspicuity and precision of style, first, consider *what* you wish to say, and then *how* to say it."

Because He first loved us.

The essential element of religion is love.—But how could I love the being who was a tyrant; the stern interrupter of my lawful enjoyment; and who, reversing the statement of Scripture, desired that his creatures should perish? The discovery of God as a Father, is constantly the turning point in religion.—Suppose that we should discover some individual, whom we had considered to be a mere stranger, to be a long-lost parent, how would this indifference be melted into love! And when the soul makes similar discovery, with regard to God, the frost of indifference dissolves, and the heart surrenders itself at once and altogether to his service. "One is your Father, which is in heaven." To believe this truth, as explained and illustrated by the gospel; to value it, and act upon it, is genuine religion. God is my reconciled Father in Christ; then I must love, and trust, and cheerfully and unequivocally serve him. Is the Father in heaven? then I must mingle reverence with affection, and tremble at his displeasure, even when I repose upon his love. Is one only my Father? Then I must oppose no authority to his; I must admit none to wield his sceptre, or to occupy his throne in my soul; I must obey God rather than man. Lord, we have too long halted between two opinions. Come, thou that art the Father of our spirits, come and dwell in us and rule in us. Wash us with the blood of atonement, sanctify us by the Spirit of truth, clothe us with the white robe of the Redeemer's righteousness, and give us at once the adoption and the dispositions of sons—the delightful portion of those who are admitted to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.—*Rev. J. W. Cunningham.*

The Useful and the Beautiful.

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and the wealthiest of monarchs, with the cedar and gold, and ivory, and even that great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The temple of the sun at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays, as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site, save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the midst of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men, rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and will shine with undying lustre from generation to generation; imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing them from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.

I have to Steal a while Away.

The writer of the beautiful hymn, of which this is the first line, obliged to struggle hard to support a large family, was in the habit, after the toils of the day were over, of stealing out to a quiet and shady retreat for prayer, "where none but God was near." Her regular visits to this spot drew the attention of a neighbor, a lady of wealth and influence, who in the presence of others censured her, intimating that instead of rambling out in the evening, she had better be at home with her children. Grieved that her hour's communion with God after the exhausting labors of the day should be construed into a neglect of her family, she sat down that evening with a babe in her arms, and wrote her "Apology for her Twilight Rambles." When Dr. Nettleton was preparing his collection of hymns, a friend looking over her manuscripts found this gem, and had it inserted.