

GOD'S JUSTICE DISTINGUISHED FROM MALIGNITY.

Many cannot conceive of God's inflicting the curse of his law, without laying aside his benevolence, and entertaining revenge and malignity towards the offender. They fancy a contradiction to his exercise of exemplary justice, in his assertion, that he delights not in the death of the sinner, and that he does not willingly afflict the children of men. It is an axiom with them, that punishment must look simply to the good of the offender, or it must be an expression of malignant feeling. They will not allow that an officer of the law, can take the life of a murderer, acting as a minister of public justice, where he has at heart such a kindness towards him, that he would gladly spare the fatal stroke if he might. Nor will they allow, that the Judge of all the earth can be clear of the feeling of malignity, while inflicting the penalty of the eternal law upon the wicked.

But there is one fact which sets this matter in daylight. God inflicted the tokens of his wrath upon his only Son, while he stood in the sinner's stead. That Son was "smitten of God." "He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities."—God said, "Awake, O sword against him that is my fellow." The whole current of Scripture goes to the point, that the death, that was inflicted upon Christ as our surety, was an overwhelming expression of the wrath of God, or in other words of God's abhorrence of sin.

But while inflicting on him, who personated the sinner, a punishment which in its results, was an element in his moral government equivalent to the eternal death of the human race, the Father can be supposed to have had no feeling of malignity or revenge to be gratified. All his love for his only begotten Son could have had no real abatement, when that Son went under a cloud of wrath. By inflicting such agonies on one still so dear to himself, he made the demonstration of his hatred of sin so much the more impressive. As there was a hiding of his power in the humiliation of his Son, so there was a hiding of his love for his Son; a withdrawal of the light of his countenance from him, when in the sinner's stead, he went under the curse. Yet, as the magistrate may inflict the stroke which the law requires for the public good, while he has in his own heart, nought but benevolence towards the sufferer, so God must have inflicted the curse on his own Son, retaining all his kindness for him, having himself the same feeling which the Son had in that prayer—"If it be possible let this cup pass from me."

Here, then, was one unquestionable instance in which God was willing to show his wrath, and yet not willing to afflict. When his own Son stood in the sinner's place, it must be believed, that he delighted not in the death of that sinner. And if so, it can be believed, that for the sake of public justice and the great purposes of his kingdom, he can sustain the penalties of his law, and show his wrath upon incorrigible sinners, without a feeling of malignity. Here is proof, that if any of us shall come under that sentence—"Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire," our sorrows will not have the poor mitigation of the feeling, that God has smitten us in malignity or spite. We shall know that God makes not even a parenthesis in the course of his goodness, while he shows his wrath upon those that spurned his mercy. When, as the Apostle expresses it, wrath came upon the Jewish nation to the uttermost, God caused his feelings towards that generation of vipers to have utterance in—"O that thou hadst known, in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes." The feelings of a father could not be wholly suppressed, while the incorrigible son was disinherited and cast out. And in those instances of punishment that are to take place in the great day of the Lord, there will be full demonstration given, that it is not malignity, but goodness, infinite goodness, that moves the heart of God; while judgment is pronounced on the wicked.

And then this instance of God's inflicting the curse upon his Son, while it vindicates him from all suspicion of malevolence in punishment, becomes a strong confirmation of all assurances, that the wicked will be punished. Though the Son was nearer to the Father than all worlds full of angels and men could be, yet the Father's hatred for sin was so intense, that he was willing to see it smitten, though the stroke must go through the heart of his Son to reach it. If he was willing to inflict the curse, when there was so much to make

him unwilling, it were folly to presume that he would forbear, when there is a world of provocations, to "If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

In some old and respectable institutions of our country, the question has been gravely started, whether the studies of Latin and Greek ought not to be abandoned, or at least confined within a far more limited space. Against this opinion I seriously protest, and boldly pronounce it one of the most alarming literary heresies of the age. Allow me to dwell for a moment on this subject. As a means of discipline for the mind, I am firmly persuaded that the study of languages, and especially of the ancient languages, calls into wholesome and harmonious exercise more of the intellectual powers than any other department of study; it exercises simultaneously the memory, the taste, the fancy, the judgment, and the powers of discrimination. The Greek and Latin are, in their structure, the most perfect languages in existence, and their writings have attained to the purest and most finished standards of uninspired composition. It is almost impossible to master the anomalous structure of modern languages, without that acquaintance with the principles of government that is to be gained alone from the ancient. To them we must resort for a proper and clear idea of the power and dependence of words. The ancient languages are the roots of the modern—the key to unlock the treasures of all the refined languages of this age. The nomenclature of the natural sciences, and the technical languages of the arts and learned professions, are borrowed from these sources. The inflets to the fountain of all historical information is found through the ancient languages. Without a knowledge of these, we must take our information on trust, and the authority of others. True, we have translations of many of their best works—but a good writer always suffers from translation. There is a power in language and style which discriminates the peculiar qualities of the mind, and which genius claims as its own. You may peruse the translations of an author, but it will be like culling a flower that has been dried on the stalk—fragrance and the beautiful tints are gone—the unadorned substance alone remains.

I repeat it, the most finished, of uninspired productions on earth are those of the Greeks and Latins; they have gone to the ultima Thule of refinement, the perfection of style. The works of literature and art of the Grecians and Romans, challenge our admiration; they ever have been, and probably ever will remain the standards and models of perfection. The overweening arrogance of many superficial moderns, in talking of the improvements and advancements of the modern world, of its inventions, and discoveries, and progress in literature, compared with all former times, would be rebuked and humbled by a fair examination. Few men in modern days have been found to excel as eloquent writers or speakers who have not been classical scholars. Shakespeare, Burns, Franklin, and Patrick Henry have been adduced as examples to show what men could accomplish without a knowledge of ancient languages; but they are only exceptions, to make the very best of it. As to Shakespeare it would appear that he had some knowledge of the Greek, as he exhibits a familiarity with portions of Grecian literature, that seem never to have been translated in his day; and the superiority of the others might and doubtless would have been much greater had they been aided by classical learning.—Pres. Talmage.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The eccentric, but brilliant, John Randolph, once rose suddenly up in his seat in the House of Representatives, and screamed out at the top of his shrill voice:

"Mr. Speaker! I have discovered the philosopher's stone. It is pay as you go!"

John Randolph dropped many rich gems from his mouth, but never a richer one than that.

"Pay as you go," and you need not dodge sheriffs and constables.

"Pay as you go," and you can walk the streets with an erect back and manly front, and you have no fear of those you meet. You can look at any man in the eye without flinching. You won't have to cross the high way to avoid a dun, or look intently into the shop windows to avoid seeing a creditor.

"Pay as you go," and you can snap your fingers at the world, and when you laugh, it will be a hearty, honest one. It seems to us, sometimes, that we can almost tell the laugh of a poor debtor. He looks around as though he was in doubt whether the laugh was not the property of his creditors, and not included in "articles exempted from attachment."—When he does succeed in getting out an abortion—he appears frightened, and looks as though he expected it would be pounced upon by a constable.

"Pay as you go," and you will meet smiling faces at home—happy, cherry-cheeked, smiling children—a contented wife—a cheerful hearth-stone.

John Randolph was right. It is the philosopher's stone.

MISSIONARY PROSPECTS.

We do a grievous wrong to our prospects when we measure the illumination of the coming period by the poor twilight of the present. "The light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold, as the light of seven days, in the day when the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people, and healeth the stroke of their wound." By one effusion of the Spirit on the seed sown, Christ can, and doubtless will, make the labours of a single husbandman equal to that of thousands. We must not measure everything by our present rate of progress.—It may please God to work in the latter day, on an unexampled scale. Jericho fell at once, after seven days of circuit. The man of sin is to fall, all at once "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming."—Babylon the great is to fall, all at once, "in one hour." (Rev. 18: 17) and who shall say, that by unparalleled manifestations of the Holy Ghost, other great and longed for consummations shall not as suddenly come to pass? At any rate,—all the effects produced are by the Spirit, and all the influence needed for the utmost effect is pledged in the covenant. Our present orderly and punctual quietude will give place to a radical disturbance and shaking of all nations, and all former precedent shall give way when the time of harvest shall be announced by the voice of the archangel; and the GREAT TRUMPET shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts of the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem.

PLEASE TO STOP MY PAPER.

"I am going to stop my paper," said a miserable subscriber to a newspaper to one of his neighbors, "I cannot afford to take it."

"What is the price of it per year?" said the other.

"Two dollars," was the reply.

"And can't you afford two dollars a year? Think of it, truly, two dollars a year! A year is a long time! Perhaps you have only a few such to spend here on earth. A year is a whole year! and only two dollars! And what do you get for your money? A large, closely printed, useful sheet, giving you the news of the week, and a large amount of miscellaneous reading. And you can't afford two dollars for such a paper a whole year?"

"Well, I declare, neighbor, you talk like an experienced man. I never thought of it in that light before. It is only two dollars for a year, and yet the paper comes to me every week, and I love to read it; I always find something in it that interests me. And moreover, on a second thought, I perceive that after all, a good newspaper is about the cheapest thing a man can have. He gets more reading for his money than he can get in any other way."

"True, neighbor, and this shows that what I have always said is true; newspapers seem to have been designed almost exclusively for the benefit of the poor. No man is too poor to take a good newspaper, because it is the cheapest thing he can have."

GEMS FOR MINISTERS.

"I observe in my mind a sinful anxiety to ureach well, rather than a holy desire to preach usefully."—Hinton.

"A sermon that has infused into it more head than heart, will not come home with efficacy to the hearers."—Ogil.

"Since I began to beg God's blessing on my studies, I have done more in one week, than I have done in a whole year before."—Dr. Payson.

"To win a soul is your noblest prize, and the greater number you win, the greater and richer will be that crown of rejoicing, which you will wear in the day of the Lord."—Watson.

CORRECTION OF MISTAKES IN THE PULPIT.

A celebrated teacher once prescribed to his theological pupils, "never correct an error in the pulpit, unless it be either heresy or nonsense." We remember hearing a clergyman say in a discourse, "blessed are the eyes which hear and the ears that see what ye see." He did not correct himself, and everybody perceived it to be a mere slip of the tongue. We lately read in an exchange paper that "Mr. Imlach, late minister of the Murrhouse, near Dundee, was remarkable for his absence of mind. In his prayer one day he said, 'Oh, Lord! bless all ranks and degrees of persons, from the king on the dunghill, to the beggar on the throne.' Then recollecting himself, he added, 'I mean from the beggar on the throne, to the king on the dunghill.'" We have often heard men make their mistakes worse, by attempting to correct them. They blundered in their correction more than in their original error.—Congregationalist.

THE ESSENCE OF HEAVEN.

"Lord it is good to be here." For where indeed is heaven? Is it beyond the stars? Is it where the seraph strikes his golden harp, or where the palm trees flourish in eternal youth? Brethren, I think it is where the beloved Son abides, where he reveals himself fully to the soul. So, then, our knowledge of him here, "in part," is indeed a part of heaven. What a lonely place in itself was this solitary mountain! But as soon as the disciples saw his glory, when he was "transfigured before them," they might well say, "It is good for us to be here!"—There are some who are fond of inquiring what sort of an abode heaven is. But what need is there of such inquiries, if we only can be present with the Lord? How much more needful, then, is it for us to inquire, whether he is ours and we are his?—He is, verily, our real heaven, and his nearness to us, is our highest bliss. How comfortable are the words, "It is good to be here!" Whereas, under the old dispensation, it was said, "How dreadful is this place!" Gen. xxviii. 17; and "We shall surely die, because we have seen God," Jud. xiii. 22. "It is good to be here!" said Peter; how seldom is this expression heard among thousands, who nevertheless, profess to belong to the New Testament Church! Alas! but few know the true element of peace and joy, and fewer still endeavour to breathe perpetually in it.

Krummacher, (Elijah, the Tishbite.)

A WRETCHED PRACTICE.

"What is it?" "Sleeping in the house of God." Of it one says, "He that sleeps in the place of worship is no better for the time than a corpse, at whose funeral the preacher is preaching." And another, "that sleepers are public nuisances, and ought to be driven out of religious assemblies where they are a common disgrace." As Mr. Nicol, of Exeter, was once preaching, he saw several aldermen asleep, and thereupon sat down. Upon this, and the movement that at once took place in the Church, they awoke and stood up with the rest; upon which he again rose and said,— "The sermon is not yet done, but now you are awake, I hope you will hearken more diligently." Of Dr. South, it is also said, that seeing, in the middle of his sermon, that many of his hearers were sleeping, he at once stopped short, and altering the tone of his voice, called out "Lord Lauderdale," three times. His Lordship standing up, "My Lord," said South, with great composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you not to snore so loud lest you should wake the king."

CONSTANT SUPPLIES OF GRACE.

The acts of breathing which I performed yesterday will not keep me alive to day; I must continue to breathe afresh every moment, or animal life ceases. In like manner, yesterday's grace and spiritual strength must be renewed; and the Holy Ghost must continue to breathe on my soul from moment to moment, in order to my enjoying the consolations, and my working the works of God.—Toptady.

Public men should have public minds, or private ends will be served at the public cost.