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Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, God

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ed, revered, obeyed and honored. Thus, by a metonymy, Christians are called stones; and by the same figure of speech, the collective body of believers are said to be built up in a house; a spiritual house; and to "grow up into a holy temple in the Lord."

So again, although stones are inanimate materials, life is attributed to them. They are *living stones*. And though every habitation is but carnal, material, and dead matter, this dwelling is a spiritual house. So, as Christ compared his natural body to a temple, because it was the habitation of the Deity; so his spiritual body, the church, is the place where God dwells, and is the anti-type of the temple of Solomon, the glory of the world! In the ancient temple the worship was material and formal, where ancient Israel, as God's nation, was represented; so now his spiritual Israel, the redeemed church, constitutes his holy, spiritual and true temple; where is offered up spiritual sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God. Of this Christ reminded the woman of Samaria, when He said, "the hour cometh when they shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father.—They who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

But, if his church is a "spiritual and living" temple, this is in conformity with the peculiar character of the foundation on which it rests. We come to Christ as unto a *living stone*. He has life essentially in Himself; and gives *eternal life* to as many as the Father hath given Him. This life is the life of God in the soul; and is imparted by the Spirit in regeneration; and in this temple is offered up a spiritual-sacrifice, called "the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart, which in the sight of God is of great price."

Resting on Christ and united to Him, the Church is on the one hand safe; and on the other, accepted of God in and through his worth and merit. The grandeur and chief beauty of the temple consisted in the large stones of which it was composed, and which were hewn out in the most curious and artful manner; and in its ornaments. These were most costly and gorgeous. Gold and silver, precious stones, blue, scarlet and crimson curtains, garments, fringes and phylacteries. God's church, in like manner, is built of substantial materials, curiously wrought by the grace of God; and are built up an habitation for God by the Spirit. Its beauty and chief glory consist of the gifts and graces, which are the adornments of the soul. The humble heart, the heavenly hope, the living faith, the fervent love, the holy zeal, the spiritual joy, and the bright prospect of eternal glory; these are the beautiful garments, the garments of salvation and praise, made and wrought by the Holy Spirit, and worn by the saints, and by which they are known and read of all men.

The chief apartments of the temple, typified also the gospel church. Its outward court, on court of the gentiles, represented the sanctuary or outward public worship, where the gospel of salvation is proclaimed to a lost and alienated world. The holy place, where they of the house of Israel were admitted to a nearer intimacy with God, and where they offered their sacrifices for all Israel, was an emblem of the visible church of God, where dwell the disciples of Christ, the Israelites indeed, in whom is no guile. Then there was the holy of holies, or the holiest of all, into which the High priest entered, but only once a year with the blood of the sacrifice, to appease an offended Deity, and offer up prayers, on behalf of the sinful nation. What a sublime representation this of heaven, where God resides, and into which Christ our Great High Priest has once entered with his atoning blood, and where He appears as the advocate and intercessor of his people; and where He has opened a new and living way within the veil for his followers.

There this spiritual temple, called the church triumphant, whose names are written in heaven will be finally and eternally located! At present, part of the church are on earth and part in heaven. But "the saints on earth and those above but one communion make." An excellent Divine says "there is nothing so august as this church, seeing it is the temple of God. Nothing so worthy of reverence, seeing God dwells in it. Nothing so ancient, seeing the patriarchs and prophets laboured in building it. Nothing so solid, since Jesus Christ is the foundation of it. Nothing so well proportioned and regular, since the Holy Spirit is the architect. Nothing more beautiful or adorned with a greater variety, since it consists of Jews and Gentiles of every age, country, sex, and condition; the mightiest potentates, the greatest lawgivers, the most profound philosophers, the most eminent scholars, besides all those of whom the world was not worthy, have formed a part of this building. It takes in all who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Does not our reader long and pray that he or she, may become a part, a living pillar, in this heavenly temple?

The Claims of the Young.

The youth of the country have a natural claim upon their parents for that measure of education which will prepare them to not the part of good and useful citizens, and which the parent is able to give.

This obligation devolves upon the parent, to whom the child naturally looks for its fulfillment. In what manner the required instruction shall be supplied, wha-

ther by state appropriation, by assessment on property, or at the expense of the parent himself, it is for him to arrange with his fellow citizens, but the child claims an education at the hand of his parent, and that justly, for he has no other natural guardian, and the relationship subsisting between them involves this obligation.

The child depends on the parent for food and clothing, the latter acknowledges the obligation to supply these wants. But if the wants of the body ought to be satisfied, why not the wants of the mind? If the cravings of appetite are to be appeased, why not the cravings of the intellect? If the man would be severely condemned, who, having the means, withheld food from his starving children, what shall be said of the man, who, with ample means at his disposal, starves the minds of his offspring, and stunts their intellectual growth by withholding from them the aliment they need?

But besides this rightful claim, arising from the very relation existing between them, there is another ground on which the claim may be preferred. Children often contribute by their labor to increase the wealth of the family, and may therefore as a matter of right ask that a portion of that wealth be expended on their education.

Habits of industry are excellent, and when formed early become invaluable in their bearing upon the future character. Children in this country are trained to labour, and wisely so, for occupation is a source of happiness, and one most effectual safeguard against temptation.

But if a family of children has been thus wisely taught to contribute to the wealth of the whole, have they not some claim upon the distribution of that wealth, may they not justly ask that some portion of it be expended in fitting them to take a creditable part in the duties and business of life? Having toiled to contribute something to the accumulated stock, shall the only recompense they receive be a subsistence for the present, and the prospect of a portion at some future and indefinite time?

May they not justly claim that their minds be cultivated? They have actually paid the price of it in morning toils, in noonday labours, in tending cattle, in ploughing land, in sowing seed, in harrowing and hay making, in fencing and ditching, in churning and dairy work, in spinning and weaving, in household work, and family duties. They have earned more than their board and clothing, they have earned their wages, and these wages would be most beneficially expended in more schooling; opportunities of mental improvement should be the recompense of their toil. Had a labourer been hired, his wages must have been paid, if therefore the lads and lasses have done the work of the hired servant, it is not too much to ask that they receive, not as a favour but a right, some recompense beyond the day's subsistence. And in what more valuable shape can they receive it, than in that of a good mental training?

"He Can't Help It."

A few evenings since, I was enjoying the conversation in a cheerful parlor, when my friend, John L., exclaimed, "Poor George Conner, I fear, there is little hope of his ever doing any better. He is going down hill as fast as he can since he has taken to drinking again. I pity his poor wife and family."

"Poor George," replied a gentleman, "he can't help it. It was born in him. It is hereditary, like insanity, or any other physical disease. I really think he can't help it. He has tried so many times to break off, but has always failed to keep his good resolutions."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. L., "he has tried hard, if ever a poor fellow did. He has signed the temperance pledge several times but has always been led away by this inherent love of liquor. Each time he has signed the pledge and broken it he seems to sink lower and lower; and now there is no help for him."

The aged grandmother sat in the corner by the open fire at her quiet knitting work listening to what was said, when, dropping her work on her lap, she looked up at us, and in her feeble voice came out the strong question, "Don't you believe in the grace of God?" You talk as if George Conner could not find a Savior, even if he should seek for Him."

"No, no, grandmother," said Mr. L., "I do not mean that; but really George inherits that propensity. He has tried and tried again to break off drinking, but he cannot do it."

"Can't do it?" said the grandmother; "do not say so, John. He has all the more need of the grace of God to help him, as he can do nothing of himself. He has trusted in his own strength. There is *One who is mighty to save*. He must come to him, or he is lost indeed."

"But, grandmother, is a person responsible for a disease which he inherits from his parents?"

"Let me ask you a question in turn, John. Would not you or I be responsible if we allowed an hereditary disease to work in our system, and call no physician, and use no means to eradicate it? Even if this intemperance is an inherited disease, must he not go to the Great Physician, that he may be healed? There is but One who can make him whole. His arm is not shortened, that He cannot save. His grace is sufficient, if he trust in him."

Alas, how do we "try every way but God's," and then wonder that evil propensities are not eradicated. Would we but come to Jesus, without one plea, except

that we are great sinners and He a great Savior, trusting only in Him, our besetting sins would be subdued, and we should be conquerors through Him that loved us.—*Am. Mess.*

"Rich in Faith."

For many days I had been passing through "deep water." A great cloud had settled down upon me, and I felt it would never lift or rift—nor yet, in my own unbelieving blindness, could I see a "bright light in the cloud." So, desponding, I sat one morning in my darkened room, and wondered if any human being could be more miserable than myself.

The door-bell rang, and a neighbor entered. He was a poor man, but a consistent, devoted, happy Christian. Often had I met him, and as often had I been reproved from him for my own lack of faith in a covenant-keeping God. His faith never wavered, His love never grew cold. Outward circumstances, however untoward seemed not to affect his inward peace.

That morning, as I looked on his face almost shining with the happiness in his soul, I asked him, impulsively, how he contrived always to be so happy. It was a thoughtless question, even a cruel one, and so I felt as soon as it had escaped my lips.

A shadow for a moment passed over his face, and a tear dimmed his eye; then I could not but remember his history—how a daughter, the pride and joy of his heart, whom he had tried faithfully to lead in the path of virtue, had gone astray, and brought shame to the poor man's home. I remembered, too, a son, his first-born, on whom he depended for support in his declining years, but who had wandered far from his father's God into the ways of sin, till he was now an inmate of the State's prison.

I thought also of a large family dependent on his daily labor for their daily bread. These thoughts rushed through my mind as soon as I had asked the question, and I regretted that I had been so thoughtless. But his reply was such a rebuke to my own lack of faith and such an exemplification of the power of a living faith!

"I read," said he, "that all things work together for good to them that love God; why should I not be happy?" Poor man! poor in this world's estimation, but "rich in faith," exceeding rich in the sight of God.

I counted over my mercies after he left the room. I enumerated friends, home, health, an open Bible, a living Savior, an ever-present Spirit, a promised heaven; these, and many, many more. What if some had been removed? So much the higher might I prize those that were left.

Then I went out from my darkened room into the light of day, went out also from the state of dark unbelief into the bright regions of an unquestioning faith. Now the cloud lifted, and I saw a "bright light in the cloud."

Yes, "all things work together for good to them that love God," can not we believe it? And when, when shall we learn to take God at his word? Shall we ever *entirely* trust him, till we "see as we are seen, and know as we are known?"—*Am. Mess.*

A Pugnacious Minister.

We have never shared in the admiration felt by many for Peter Cartwright, the hardy Methodist Pioneer in the Western prairies. He believed in the use of carnal weapons of war, and when with rough characters would assert his mastery over them by simple physical strength and daring. The following incident, resting on good authority, is very like one told of a North Carolina pioneer, who "pommelled grace" into a profane and fighting blacksmith:

One day on approaching the ferry across the river Illinois, he heard the ferryman swearing terribly at the sermon of Peter Cartwright, and threatening that if ever he had to ferry the preacher across, and knew him, he would drown him in the river. Peter, unrecognized, said to the ferryman:

"Stranger, I want you to put me across." "Wait till I am ready," said the ferryman, and pursued his conversation and strictures upon Peter Cartwright. Having finished, he turned to Peter, and said: "Now I'll put you across."

On reaching the middle of the stream, Peter threw his horse's bridle over a stake in the boat, and told the ferryman to let go his pole.

"What for," asked the ferryman. "Well, you've just been using my name improper like; and said if I came this way you would drown me. Now you've got a chance."

"Is your name Peter Cartwright?" asked the ferryman.

"My name is Peter Cartwright."

Instantly the ferryman seized the preacher, but he did not know Peter's strength; for Peter instantly seized the ferryman, one hand on the nap of his neck, and the other on the seat of his trousers, and plunged him in the water, saying:

"I baptize thee (splash) in the name of the devil, whose child thou art."

Then lifting him up, Peter added:

"Did you ever pray?"

"No."

"Then it is time you did."

"Never will," answered the ferryman.

"Splash! splash!" and the ferryman is in the depths again.

"Will you pray now?" asked Peter.

The gasping victim shouted:

"I'll do anything you bid me."

"Then follow me: Our Father, which art in heaven," &c. Having acted as

Direct Prayer.

When I direct my prayer, I will "direct it to thee." And so it speaks the sincerity of our habitual intention in prayer. We must not direct our prayer to men, that we gain praise and applause with them, as the Pharisees did who proclaimed their devotions, as they did their alms, that they might gain a reputation, which they knew how to make a hand of. "Verily, they have their reward"—men commend them, but God abhors their pride and hypocrisy. We must not let our prayers run at large, as they did who said, "Who will show us any good?" nor direct them to the world, courting its smiles, and pursuing its wealth, as those who are therefore said not to "cry unto God with their hearts, because they assembled themselves for corn and wine." (Hosea vii. 14.) Let not self, carnal self, be the spring and centre of your prayers, but God; let the eye of the soul be fixed upon him as your highest and in all your applications to him; let this be the habitual disposition of your souls, to be to your God for a name and a praise; and let this be your design in all your desires, that God may be glorified, and by this let them all be directed, determined, sanctified, and when need is, overruled. Our Saviour has plainly taught us in the first petition of the Lord's Prayer, which is "Hallowed be thy name;" in that we fix our end, and other things are desired in order to that; in that the prayer is directed to the glory of God in all that whereby he has made himself known—the glory of his holiness; and it is with an eye to the sanctifying of his name that we desire his kingdom may come and his will be done, and that we may be fed, and kept, and pardoned. An habitual aim at God's glory is that sincerity which is our Gospel perfection; that single eye which, where it is, the whole body, the whole soul, is full of light.—*Matthew Henry.*

Use of Trouble.

There is a little plant, small and stunted, growing under the shade of a broad-spreading oak; and this little plant values the shade which covers it, and greatly does it esteem the quiet rest which its noble friend affords. But a blessing is designed for this little plant. Once upon a time there comes along the woodman, and with his sharp axe he fells the oak. The plant weeps, and cries: "My shelter is departed; every rough wind will blow upon me, and every storm will seek to uproot me!"

"No, no," saith the angel of that flower; "now will the sun get at thee; now will the shower fall on thee in more copious abundance than before; now thy stunted form shall spring into loveliness, and thy flower which could never have expanded itself into perfection, shall now laugh in the sunshine, and men shall say:

"How greatly hath that plant increased! how glorious hath it become in its beauty, through the removal of that which was its shade and delight!"

See you not then that God may take

company who are "prospecting"

sent down boring machines and practiced Pennsylvania oil-well sinkers, a fortnight ago, so we may shortly expect to hear more of their movements—we trust, of their success.

It is plain, from those and other recent discoveries, that Lower Canada is about to add another to the branches of industry open to the inhabitants. And it is well, for although agriculture is and should be our mainstay, as it is the most solid foundation for the prosperity of any country, we cannot here hold out so great inducements for the agricultural

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