

LOOKING UNTO JESUS. BY REV. B. FRANKLIN RATTRAY. Looking unto Jesus, O the glorious sight ! Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of light; Looking unto Jesus when the soul is sad,

Looking unto Jesus makes the mourner glad. Looking unto Jesus in temptation's hour,

Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of power; Looking unto Jesus makes the weakest strong, Looking unto Jesus gives the victor's song.

Looking unto Jesus, in the days of youth, Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of truth ; Looking unto Jesus tho' your strength is small, Looking unto Jesus you shall never fall.

Looking unto Jesus as your cares increase, Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of peace; Looking unto Jesus as you toil below, Looking unto Jesus, he will grace bestow.

Looking unto Jesus, as your strength decays, Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of days; Looking unto Jesus when the wheel shall break, Looking unto Jesus, he will ne'er forsake.

Looking unto Jesus, as we rise above, Jesus full of pity, Jesus full of love ; Looking unto Jesus we shall ever sing, Jesus is our Saviour, Jesus is our king.

Looking unto Jesus from the golden streets, Jesus full of beauty, Jesus full of sweets ; Looking unto Jesus shall our glory be, Looking unto Jesus to eternity.

DIRECTION IN DILEMMA.

A SERMON DELIVERED ON SUNDAY MORNING, NOV

22, 1863, BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON. Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Ex. xiv. 18 Our text exhibits the posture in which a man

should be found while exercised with trial. Methinks, also, it shows the position in which a sin-ner should be found when he is under trouble on account of sin. We will employ it both ways, I. Take our text first, as a PICTURE OF THE BELIEVER WHEN HE IS REDUCED TO GREAT STRAITS. Then God's command to him is, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

In this brief sentence there are two things very conspicuous: first, what is to be done, "Stand still," and secondly, what is to be seen, "See the salvation of the Lord."

1. What is to be done? The man is brought we will suppose, into very extraordinary difficul-ties. He cannot retreat—that is sure destruc-tion; he cannot go forward—that appears to be an impossibility: on the right hand he is shut up by providential kindnesses; on the left an adver-

from thy course. What, if for a while thou art called to stand still, yet this is but to renew thy strength for some greater advance in due time. Dream not, I pray thee, of so much as *looking* back; take courage, and in believing silence, possess thy soul, while the Captain bids thee "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Precipitancy, another evil counsellor, cries, Do something. Something or other must be done. Do not despair; do not turn back, but stir yourself, and leave no stone unturned. To stand still and wait, is sheer idleness. There is no time to be lost, you must do something, be it, right or wrong." Yes, but it is well to remember, that in some cases, the more haste the less speed. When a christian is in very sharp trou-ble, one of his strongest temptations is to be in an unbelieving, fretful state of agitation, which leads him to premature and unwise action. How sad some who are weak in faith are doing and undoing themselves, by indiscreet haste | If they duced by our being in a flurried state of heart ; for then our soul is like a silly dove without heart, which has forgotten the dovecot, and therefore flies hither and thither, round and round, at imminent peril of its life from the hawk. We must be doing something at once we must do it so we think—instead of looking to God, who will not only do something, but who will do every-thing. Many of us when in a strait are hardly reasonable in our hasty endeavors. O that we could learn to trust in the Lord with all our hearts, and lean not to our own understanding. What the christian does with cool deliberation, when he has waited upon God, when, like David, he has said, "Bring hither the ephod," he does with a purpose, and God is with him; but what he does when he is excited or depressed, with an aching head and a fluttering heart, he will usually find cause to mourn over, and possibly he will be involved in more trouble through what he has done himself, than through the affliction which God sent him. But faith, I say, listens neither to Despair, nor to Cowardice, nor to Precipitan-cy, but it hears God say, "Stand still," and im-movable as a rock it stands.

Another hiss of the old serpent, is the suggestion of presumption. "On, ou," says Presump-tion, "neck or nothing, make or break. If the sea be before you, march into it and expect a miracle. It is true you have no divine command, but never mind, your own daring will work wonsary prevents him. Here, then, is the counter-part of Israel's position : Egyptians behind, the Canaan, and therefore go on towards it, sea or Dear brethren, there is much hellish craft in this temptation ; it is peculiarly adapted to beguile those advanced Christians, who know what it is to walk by faith. I am afraid it is very easy for us to mistake presumption for faith, although there is a wide difference between the two. There is so much of dash and dare about an excitement to presumption, that brave, Christ-loving spirits must be on their guard against it, for presumption will never work the wonders of faith. If Christ bids me come on the water to him, faith shall tread the billow; but if I spring upon the water myself, to walk to Christ, I must expect to sink far sooner than Peter did. When our illustrions Commander putteth a man upon an extraordinary work, he will give him extraordinary strength; but if a soldier runneth without the captain's order, and defieth a giant adversary, he may not expect assistance, and will be sure to return with defeat. What a needful prayer is that, "Show me what I am to do." In dilemmas between one duty and another, it is so sweet to be humble as a child, and wait with simplicity of soul upon the Lord. My soul, seek thou earnest-ly the grace to stand still in obedience to thy Lord's behest. But in what are we to stand still, dear friends? Surely it means, among other things, that we are to wait awhile. Time is precious, but there are occasions when the best use we can make of it is, to let it run on. If time flies, that is no reason why I am always to fly. Every experienced man knows that by being wrongly busy for one hour, he may make mischief which a lifetime would he may make mischiet which a metime would hardly rectify. I may cut my fingers if I am too fast in reaching down my sword; and if I run without waiting to inquire the way, I may run upon my ruin. Many who have been very busy in helping themselves, had better have been wait-ing upon their Lord. Prayer is never a waste of Wait awhile, then. Wait in prayer, howtime. Wait awhile, then. Wait in prayer, how-ever, Call upon God, and spread the case before him; tell him your difficulty, and plead his pro-mise of aid. Express your unstaggering confi-dence in him; wait in faith, for unfaithful, un-trusting waiting, is but an insult to the Lord. Believe that if he shall keep you tarrying even till midnight, yet he will come at the right time; the vision shall come and shall not tarry. Wait in quiet patience, not murmuring because you are under the affliction, but blessing God for it; never murmuring against the second cause, as the children of Israel did against Moses; never wish you could go back to the s; never wish you could go back to the world again, but accept the case as it stauds, and put it as it stands simply, and with your whole heart, without any self-will, into the hand of your heart, without any self-will, into the hand of your covenant God, saying, "Now, Lord, not my will, but thine be done. I know not what to do; I am brought to extremities, but I will wait until thon shalt cleave the floods, or else drive back my foes. I will wait, if thou keep me many a day, for my heart is fixed upon thee alone, O God, and my spirit waiteth for thee in the full conviction that thou wilt yet be my joy and my selvation, my refuge, and my strong tower" salvation, my refuge, and my strong tower." 2. But now, secondly, what is to be seen? You are to see, O believer, the salvation of God. In which is bound to go forward, which you your that even when evil is most rampant, the force of grace within will impol you towards the right, constanting you to stand in the ways of God. Where God impels forward, hell cannot drive back. O sun, thou turnest not back, because of the clouds which veil thy splendors. Predestina-ted of the Lord to parasyzere in thy perpetual

this morning, reduced to the lowest ebb; it has run dry; I cannot believe the promise." "Ah, now," you say, "even my faith fails me." Every-thing that is of the creature is now gone; you are like the poor lost one in the desert, your tot gue faileth for thirst; and now the Lord will save, for the God of Israel will not forsake thee. Evidently you are reduced to the extremity of an extremity, when hope and faith alike are drowned ; but now it is that the Lord will manifest his mighty strength. But you are saying, "What shall I see?" Well, I know not precisely what you shall see, except I am sure of this, you shall see the salvation of God, and in that salvation you shall see, except I am sure of this, you shall see the salvation of God, and in that salvation you shall see two or three things, just as the chil-dren of Israel saw them. You shall see, if needs be, all nature and all providence subservient to God's love. They saw the waters stand upright, contrary to nature; the east wind was made at once to obey God's behests, and blow all that night; thus they saw how there was nothing upon earth which could stand against the divine will. And you shall see the same. If it be need-ful for your deliverance, fire shall not burn you, neither shall the floods drown you. If you can-tot be beheviol in the source of this, you shall see the salvation of God, and in that salvation will subject to this room to be pre-served with the other memorials which are here religiously kept. In this same room is his store, which was made by his own directions, and which has never been removed. Indeed, to remove it would be to destroy it. It is *built* just where it stands, and it could only be removed as a brick oven would be with us, by tearing it down. His table stands here—the very one on which he wrote his theses, probably. Here is a plain wooden sofa, or lounge, as we should say, and a very plain wooden "tete-a-tete," occupied by him and his wife. I looked at it with reverence. It undoing themselves, by indiscreet hastel If they could but be quiet in faith, and stand still in pa-tience, until the Master led the way, they would be led aright; but they run before the cloud, and fall into the not. So in haste are they to escape from Pharaoh's clutches, that they run into them at unawares. I am sure that much of the sin which we commit when we are in trouble, is proful for your deliverance, fire shall not burn you, neither shall the floods drown you. If you can-not be helped in the common order of providence, God will give some extraordinary proofs of his power. It may be that as you look back upon the method of your deliverance, you will be so surprised at it, that you will say, "If anybody had told me this beforehand, I would have laughed at them; but now I admire and wonder at the love of God." You shall be led to see that all things, even the most deadly, work together for good to them that love God. The waters cannot drown them, but they shall drown their foes. You will see again, if you will but stand still and see it, the Lord reigneth. I have had this text burnt into my own con-sciousness. I desire to be found in that posture

I have had this text burnt into my own con-sciousness. I desire to be found in that posture with regard to my own position in Christ's church, and the work that the Master would have me per-form. There are hours of perplexity when the most willing spirit, anxionsly desirons to serve the Lord, knows not what part to take. Then what shall it do? Vex itself by despair? Fly back in cowardice, turn to the right hand in fear, or rush forward in presumption? No, but just say, "Lord, thou knowest what I know not. Make a plain path for my feet; because of mine enemies, be my guide. Guide me with thy coun-sel while on earth, and afterward receive mesto glory." Depend upon it beloved, if we can get glory." Depend upon it beloved, if we can get

marine minutes in

and an interest one was From the Morning Star. PRES FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS -No. 8

logical Seminary building, and the Augustine convent in which Luther lived with his beloved wife, "Kate," for thus the doctor himself chose wife, "Kate," for thus the doctor himself chose to call her. We were specially interested in visiting the apartments occupied by them and their six children. They were in the first and second stories—the family room below, Luther's study above, with another room adjoin-ing—the former 16 by 80 feet, the latter 16 by 10. In the larger stands the pulpit from which he delivered his lectures and his Professor's chair, which have been brought to this room to be apart which have been brought to this room to be pre-

could have found an oak leaf beneath its branches glory." Depend upon it beloved, if we can get and keep in that frame of mind, it will not be long ere God shall say to us, as distinctly as ever Moses said to the people, "Go forward;" and we shall go forward to our joy and rejoicing, prais-ing and magnifying his name. (To be Continued.) of Luther's oak.

I left Wittenberg with strong emotions. Tears welled up to my eyes as I stood at the railway

This is left almost entirely as when he occupied it. The same stove, bedstead, table, clothes-press and paper weight. The table has been badly whittled, until it has become necessary to put an iron band around it. The bedstead has also been treated in the same manner. Indeed, some parts of this have been entirely renewed. The old chair had been all used up, and we were told that the one now in the room was simply an imitation of the original. This saves it, of course, Nobody has ever whittled that. Here hang Luther's portrait, Melancthon's, and between the two the portraits of Luther's father and mother. From these last it appears that Luther bore a striking resemblance to his father, and but little to his mother. House out

Lieft this old castle, thinking that Luther's esidence in this stronghold made that scripture residence in this stronghold made that scripture which he so often quoted more real to him than otherwise it could have been. He had known what a "strong tower" meant. We passed out, as we had passed in, through a wall twenty feet in thickness, through three sets of gates—inner, middle and onter. The outer as it opened was let down so as to span a gulf on the side upon which we entored and from a bidge upon which we entered and form a bridge over it. When closed, your nearest approach to the gate was ten or twelve feet

This week has also introduced us to the Universities at Halle and Leipsic; but I defer any account of them until a more convenient season.

E. B. F.

GOD IS LOVE.

Passing through the desert, you pick up a withered gourd. You are amazed at its lightness, and much do you marvel how an object so bulky should prove such absolute levity. Yet you can understand how it happened. Lying there in the burning sand, no wonder that every particle of sap is absorbed, and that its moisture is turned into the drought of summer.

But now that you have come to this fountain. east it in, and leave it a little. How is it now Does it feel full and solid ? Nay, east it out on this mighty and horizonless main; and after it has nodded and tumbled awhile on the billows; stretch forth your hand and take it up once more. Is it not light and empty as ever ?. And how is this ?. With an ocean on every side, able to fill it millions of times over and over, why does it continue empty and void ? Why, because it is closed all round and round. There is not an open valve, nor the smallest crevice at which a drop can enteer. It continues empty and hollow, because water-proof and hermetically scaled.

Have you never felt your own heart like that rattling gourd dry, empty, unloving ? The deepest thing in all your nature do you not feel est thing is a dismal love to God should be-the spirit's strength and blessedness-does it not feel a great vacuity-a thirsty chasm a dreary, sounding emptiness? And why is this? Is God unloved, because un-And why is this? is God unloved, eccause an lovely? Is he unenjoyed, because unapproach-able and incommunicable? Is it a dry, parched land—a dusty, burning desert, on which your poor soul is east out to pine and shrivel—a world rom which like the last shower which fell on Sahara, and which is long since forgotten, God's kindness is long since departed ? Ah, no li the gourd is afloat. All round is the gospel. On every side stretches the multitudi-nous expanse of God's mercies. It was he who shed down sweet sleep on your eyelids last night, and roused you this morning to blessings wide as your horizon and high as his own heaven. It is he who, every Sabbath in the sermon, and every day in his own book, keeps whispering, "Trust me, love me, believe me, return to your spirit's ine. Father : oh, be reconciled to God !" And if your spirit is not long since inundated and surcharged with the inflowings of fatherly affection, and the raptures of filial devotion, it is because unbelief has made it loveproof, and, amidst the full blood of God's mercies, keeps it hermetically sealed. Such is the sont of the worldling. Such is the neart of the unbeliever. It is a little self-contained desert afloat on an ocean of blessing ; and it is only by breaking the heart-by making an opening in the love-excluding unbelief, crushing in its arrogance and self-sufficiency---that the same stroke of God's Spirit which reveals its own emptiness, lets in something of the encompassing rospel, and fills it with peace and joy in believing. It is this holy love—it is this opening of the heart to God's good-will—which draws back to himself that heart in grateful devotion and ten-der affinnce. The love of God you cannot over rate, nor from its infinite well-spring drink too largely. "God is love;" and to believe that love, of which the sinless creation is the boundless sphere, and of which Calvary is the focus concentrated, the bright and burning expression - to betrated, the bright and burning expression to be lieve that it is not a cold law, a dark fate, a som-bre power, in which you live and move and have your being; but to believe that it is God's great life which now encircles and will eternally enclasp your little life; to believe that a Being most wise, most holy, most tenderly merciful, hovers round your daily path, guards your bed of slumber, and listens to your every prayer; to believe that that God whom Jesus' loved so ardently, in commu-nion with whom he speat the sights are determent. nion with whom he spont the nights so pleasant-ly, and into whose hands he commended his spirit so serenely; to believe that this God and Father so serenely; to believe that this God and Kather of the Lord Jesus is for Jesus' sake a fatherly loving God to you; to get grace to believe this is to learn the lesson which the Incarnate Word was constantly teaching, and the faith of which gave to John and his brethren their fulness of If you, too, would be happy, learn to love. New God as he reveals hunself. Believe him to be what Josus said ; believe him to be what Jesus be what Josus said; believe him to be what Jesus was. When any mercy or any happy moment comes, remember the pleasant truth—God him-self is near. And just as in your chamber there is a brightness, and though you cannot see the firmament, you know the unclouded san is shin-ing: so in your home there is health, there is comfort, there is a glow of affection, and you feel how sacred is this happiness ! It is a smile from God. And just as your little child wakes up and finds a present on his pillow, and shouts forth his wonder and his thanks : so when, through no la-bour of your hands, through no procurement or desert of yours, there comes to you some good desert of yours, there comes to you some good and perfect gift, you ory, "Thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ I My heavenly Father has been here; for it is thus he giveth to his beloved into the vessel should, by imperceptible deg

Not long ago, Richard Weaver, the converted ollier, addressed the inmates of Calton prison, Edinburgh, Scotland. Among them was an in-telligent young man of considerable culture, who from the bosom of a religious family had gone forth into the world gay and reckless, the a crime against society expelled him from it and shut him up in the felon's cell. The words of the humble earnest preacher reached his heart, and amid the anguish of deep conviction he found peace in believing. good a nor 1 and response no Soon after, he wrote a poem on his career, and

THE PRISONER.

handed it to an American gentleman, who gave it to the writer. It was entitled, "The Wanderer Reclaimed," followed with these words of Scrip-ture—"And you that were sometimes alienated, and enemies by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of his flesh through dente?" death."

At the end of the poetry was drawn a sketch of the rising sun, and under, it Resurgaments shall live again-indicating his own changed prospects for eternity. "The Sun of righteons-ness had risen with healing in his beams."

How impartial and unsparing in its wages is sin! How impartial and marvellous is the exer-cise of saving grace! The child of prayer must reach a prison before he could be stopped in his career and subdued at Jesus' feet. What encouragement to the wrestling guardian of souls, what warning to the trifler with God's mercy and means of salvation !

BITTER WORDS.

It seemed a little thing to the speaker, that teenly barbed sentence which had found its way so surely to the sensitive heart of her young friend; and she looked with surprise upon the color, staining the cheek of her listener, as the bright hot tears came flashing into her expressive eves.

It was as much the overflowing of the bile of a morbid, chaffing temper, which had prompted morbid, channing temper, which had prompted their atterance; but once spoken, they burned, themselves in fire upon the listener's memory; and even in moments of pleasure, long after, if inadvertently her eyes fell upon the scar they had left, the same old pang returned; the same bitter feeling with which she first heard them.

Oh, it is a sad thing, when angry words over leap the bounds of reason, and are permitted to rush from the lips, with their scathing, torturing power; true, the oil of repentance, poured upon the wounds they made, may healy but the sears remain while recollection lives, as uppleasant mer mentoes; we cannot erase or hide them from our minds. Words of fondest endearment may fol-

Red Ses in front, the craggy steeps of Pi-hahiroth on the right, and the fortresses of Migdol and Baal-zephon frowning on the left. What is the believer now to do? The Master's word is the same to him as to Israel, "Stand still." Brethren, let me warn you of our advisers. Despair whispers, "Cast thyself down; lie down and die; complain against God; give it all up. You have been buffeting for years with circumstances, and you have made no headway; give up the unequal contest; float with the stream, even though you go over the cataract; let the worst come to the worst, for there is no hope of any success in life for you. If the Lord will always give you evil and not good, then curse God, and die. No lon-ger attempt to provide things honest in the sight of all men, just let things go as they will; drift into poverty, or die in a ditch. God has given you up; evidently you have been the butt for all his arrows, the target for all his shots. Now, despair; let there be an end of the thing." Not so, saith the God of our salvation ; he loves us too well to bid us yield to despondency. He would have us put a cheerful courage on, and even in our worst times rejoice in his love and aithfulness. Faith hears the bidding of her faithful God, and is not willing to be shut up in the iron cage of despair; nay, she defies the old giant to put so much as a finger upon her. Lie down and die? that she never will, while her God bids her stand. See, beloved, the word stand. What does it mean? Keep the posture stand. What does it mean? Keep the posture of an upright man, ready for action, expecting further orders, cheerfully and patiently awaiting the directing voice. This is a noble posture, but to despair, is mean and beggarly. Up, bro-ther, play the man, be strong! While Jeho-vah lives there is no room for fear; a happy future awaits thee; yea, the present itself is bright with mercy, for the Lord's love is still the

"Behind a frowning providence, He hides a smiling face."

He hides a smiling face." "Ah," saith Cowardice, "Retreat." Coward-ice whispered to the children of Israel that it was better to go back into Egypt. They are willing to go with ropes on their necks, and their hands bound behind them, and give themselves up to Pharaoh. To have their lives spared, they will relinquish their liberty. Hear them, they are basely talking about their graves while they are yet alive. So Cowardice, sometimes, when the christian comes into a great strait, whispers, "Retreat to the worldling's way of action ; you caunot play the christian's part, it is too difficult. Evidently there are some men who can have faith in God, and can live in this world, but you can-not. If you must be in business, it is vain to atnot. If you must be in business, it is vain to at-tempt to be a christian," says Cowardice. "Do as others do; follow the hollow maxims and tricky customs that once ruled you ; let the shop be open again on a Sunday; adulterate the goods once more; tell lies as you once did; be as other men are; go back and be Satan's slave; it is evient that religion will not keep a coat on your ack and bread on your table; give it up now; go back. Relinquish the ways of God, and be mee more the bond-slave to your own corrup-tions and to the world's evil habits." Ah, trembMemorable places in Luther's life-Erfurt, Wittenberg and Wartburg-Grave of Luther and Melancthou-the old Castle in which Luther found refuge.

DRESDEN, Nov. 7, 1863. This week has taken us to three places memoable for their association with the history of Luther-Wittenburg, Erfurt and Eisenach." At lived, taught and died Philip Melanethon." Why Erfurt is the old Augustine Convent in which we did not go in and see some of the rooms I he spent his days as a monk. There we saw the very room which he entered July 17, 1505, and in which he lived for several years afterwards. The building, as a whole, is used for an orphan asylum, but Luther's room is preserved almost entirely in its original condition. It is a room about nine or ten feet square ; the walls are made in the form of panels, and these panels covered with paper on which are printed passages from various authors in large German text. The room is 8¹/₂ feet high, and lighted by one window. On the table lie a new Testament, and in a separate volume the old Testament of Luther's translation -both of which he brought to the town many years after he left it. On the wall hang his portrait and a few of the letters written to him-one of them by Melancthon. It was in this convent that his life began, for here he found the first Bible he had ever seen, and read enough to learn that men are saved by faith-not by penance. Wittenberg is the location of the old Univer-sity at which he became Professor of Theology and Philosophy. This University was established by the Elector of Saxony in the latter part of the 14th century, and after having attained to a wide celebrity was in 1816 incorporated with that of Halle. The readers of Shakespeare will remem-ber that "Hamlet" studied in this University. While Professor here, Luther posted upon the door of the castle church his ninety-five theses against the dogmas of the church of Rome. This was on the 31st of October, 1517. The old church, which was then comparatively new (hav-ing been built in 1496) still stands. The door on which these celebrated theses were posted was which these celebrated theses were posted was burnt by the French fifty years ago, and its place has been supplied by one cast in bronze, in which the theses form a part of the casting itself, cover-ing almost the entire door. In this church are full length portraits of Luther and Melancthon, taken in their old age, and here lie their remains buried beneath the floor. A trap door was un-locked and lifted up from each sepulchre, that we might read the inscription upon a bronze door still below. Here are fine statues in bronze of Frederick the Great, and of Luther's two vers Frederick the Great, and of Luther's two very valuable friends—Blectors of Saxony—Frederick the Wise, and John the Steadfast. This is known as the 'castle' church, or "Schlors Kerche," beas the 'castle church, or "Schlors Kerche," be-cause connected with a castle or "Schlors." The old castle is now occupied as soldiers' barracks. An amusing experience occurred to us here. We had gone into the yard adjoining the enclosure, so as to see all the surroundings and appendages of this historic old building, and after taking a look and asking a few questions, we passed out again, thanking our informants, the soldiers, for their information. We had scarcely passed from the gate when we were hailed by a sergeant who called us to give an account of ourselves. Exi-dently sense. called us to give an account of ourselves. Evi-dently suspected of spying into things, we were closely questioned. However, we gave so fair an account of ourselves that we were allowed, after a few minutes' inquisition, to pass on. Monarchy is fearful. More than once I have had Monarchy is fearful. More than once I have had a similar experience, but as yet have escaped arrest. The regular normal state of Europe is a state of war. Not in the last two years have I seen in the Northern States so many indications of war as I have seen everywhere in Europe in this tour. But to return to Wittenberg. In the market place stands a very fine bronze statue of Luther—erected only four years ago. On two sides of the pedestal are the record of his age and the time when the statue was erected; and on the other side are the following significant

station and looked back upon the town containing these mementos of Luther, and also the home of Melancthon; for I have neglected to say that between the market and the old University stands a house, among the very best in the old town. on the outside wall of which is engraved : " Here Melancthon this world has not often scen. He was not a leader as Luther was : he had not so much physical courage, nor physical endurance; but he had quite as much intellect, and very much more amiability and tenderness. And now that I looked back upon the old town where lived these men, and where began, in a certain sense, the great Reformation, and remembered that more than three hundred years had passed since these devoted heroes had rested in the vanits over which I had just been standing, mighty waves of deep emotion rolled over me. "Men die, but God lives I" was the grand thought that lifted me on high. God grant that I may do well the work that he giveth me to do, how-ever small it may be; for I shall soon be through with it. Yet God's triumphal march will be just as grand, and grander far, perhaps, after I have ceased from my labor than now. How small and feeble are human agencies in the great work of God! O, I felt like hiding in some little place, away from all human observation, that from my "leop-hole of retreat" I might look out upon the majesty of the scene, as the grand panorama of the ages passed before me. But there was yet another spot to visit. Worms

I have yet to see. But you remember that after the courageous man had been summoned to the Diet, and after he had gone in obedience to the summons, and discharged with more than human courage and fidelity the duty of the hour, he left the assembly, attended by a few friends, and on reaching the borders of the Thurnigian forest on reaching the borders of the Thuruigian forest on his way home, he was waylaid by a party of armed and vizored knights, who dispersed his friendly attendants, and made him prisoner. His captors took him to the castle of Wartburg, near the village of Eisenach, and there Luther learned that all this was merely the shrewd device of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, who adopted this scheme for the purpose of protecting him from the violence of the Papal, wrath. It was a most ingenious and successful device, and so secretly was the capture effected that for a long time no one knew what had become of him. In this one knew what had become of him. In this one knew what had become of him. In this castle he passed for a young nobleman, allowed his moustaches to grow, and took the name of "Squire George." Here herennained ten months, and busied himself in writing for the press, and in translating the Bible. In the convent of Erfurt we were shown his three portraits—as monk, with his head shaved, as Doctor of Theology, and as Squire George, with his head tossed back, and his mustache well growing. I wanted to visit the Old Castle. And so after spending a night at Eisenach we set out to climb

I wanted to visit the Old Castle. And so after spending a night at Eisenach we set out to climb the hill on which it stands. Forty minutes brought us to the top. And I have seen no other such vision since I came to Europe. If Luther had never been here, it were worth a day's journey to get the vision which is seen from this mount. On all sides the scenery is most magni-ficent. "Glorious! glorious!! glorious!!!!" was the spontaneous expression, as we looked first on one side and then on the other. Hills and valleys, and forest clad heights, with their endless variety, stretching as far away as the eye could reach—O it was an inspiring place for the Reformer. He called it his "Patmos;" and it is a sort of island of rook, piled up with steep declivities on every side save one; and steep enough on that, no we found by our experience in climbing it. Here is

low, their foliage may twine around us ike luxuriance, but some breath of recollection displaces a leaf, and in its hideous repulsiveness, appears the grinning spectre.

these Ætna-like natures, at all times liable to an eruption of the fierce lava of temper, which like that of the volcano, parches the flowers which have bloomed upou its lips: nor enjoy the atmos-phere, bracing and serene, which upholds as, in the sphere of one whose elevation of thought and feeling places him above imagining himself the object of insult, much more of giving one. He who possesses this great poison to happi-ness a fierce temper—should chain it in the trongest dupment of his atom.

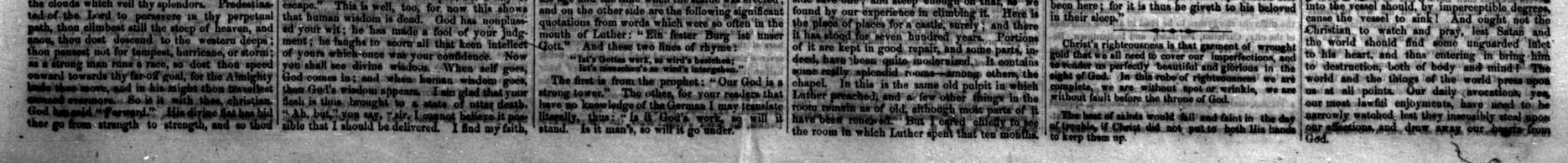
strongest dungeon of his nature, as he would a madman in his cell o for when it assumes dominion, judgment, tenderness, all the bigher attributes are paralyzed; and its victim becomes a toy in the hands of a maniac .- Arthur's Mana-

CANNOT A MAN BE AS GOOD A CHRISTIAN OUT F THE CHURCH AS IN IT !- A man can be a christian in any place where God's providence fixes him. If you are on the deck of a man-of-war, where there are no christians, and you cannot get off, God will provide for you according to the exi-gencies of your case. He that took care of the lisciples in the fiery furnace, can take care of you on the deck of a man-of-war. But if there is a church accessible to you, you are bound to unite yourself with it. Think of it. Out of the church yourself with it. Think of it. Out of the church you are just like a man that says—" They tell me that I ought to plant a garden; but what am I going to plant a garden for ? Here is my neigh-bour's asparagus bed, and the asparagus grows through my fence; and here are my neighbour's peach trees, the branches of which reach over into my yard; and as I can hook all the vegeta into my yard; and as I can hook all the vegeta-bles I want, I am not going to take the trouble to plant a garder." You stand in a community that is held together by the great moral power of the church. Christians gather together and main-tain the preaching of God's word and morality, and fill society with the living presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, and you stand and take the benefit of those things, and say—"I can live as well out of the church as in it." Yes, by virtue of what the church is doing.

of what the church is doing. The church is surrounding you with various supports, and you are mean spirited enough to take every thing that it will, give you, and then turn about and say, "I am not going to take the responsibility of entering the church and helping along the cause which it was established to maintain." A man that is outside of the church against his wish and will, and that cannot help himself, though he is to be respected, is to be pitied, but no man that has liberty of choice should be willing to receive everything that the church affords, without joining himself to it, and giving something to others, and and the state

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.-It is God's ppointment to every Christian to grow holy in he world, not to run away from it in dismay or despair. Christ has overcome the world, and gives His people grace to win the victory. It is every one's duty, therefore, to watch and pray, and in his own sphere of life to honor Christ, and bring the world in subjection. An exchange

says :---A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship be-ing in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So in the like manner the Christian is not ruined by living in the world which he must needs do, whilst he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. The world in the heart has ruined millions of



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