

Selected Articles.

Autumn has Come.

The seasons are beautiful illustrations of our lives. We all have our spring of hope, our summer of joy, happiness, growth and maturity; our fall, mixed with joys and happiness, favorable breezes and adverse winds; our winter of gloom and final decay.

Of all the seasons, that of Autumn we admire most. It calls the vigorous mind to profound contemplations. The bounties of earth are propitiously spread out before us, and we find ourselves praising God for his unmeasured goodness. Inestimable are these habits of thought and observation, which convert nature into the temple of God, and render all its different scenes expressive of the various attributes of the Almighty Mind. It is now the pride and glory of the year.—The earth is covered with plenteousness, and the sun is pursuing, like a giant, his course through the heavens, dispensing light and vigor over the world beneath him. Are there no classes or conditions of men, of whose character and duties this season is descriptive? Are there no moral lessons which they who love the Lord may gather from this season that brings the "sore and yellow leaf?"

The grain that the summer ripens and the fall harvests, are but ripened and harvested to be transplanted, and yield perhaps an hundred fold. So with man:—"Though he dies, yet shall he live again, for death shall no longer have dominion over him."

"Autumn has come;" and as we see all nature's work decaying, we are reminded that we, too, must die. The frost of death will soon cut down our mortal bodies, as the frost of autumn has cut down the vegetable kingdom. Let us then, ripen for the harvest, and be always ready for the reaper, Death.

"Autumn has come;" and with the thief of time. How many precious moments has he already stolen from the last nine days? how many times have we passed the needy on the "other side?" How often have we neglected to feed the hungry and clothe the naked?

"Autumn has come;" and as winter is rapidly coming, we shall be wise and work while the sun shines; fill our granaries, so as to be provided when the storms and darkness overtake us.

"Autumn has come;" and with thankful hearts we look around us, knowing that all our wants have been supplied.—Praise the Lord for his loving kindness and tender mercies towards the children of men.

"Summer is gone, the fair young flowers
Have faded in their bloom,
And the music of the fairy waters
Is hush'd 'mid Autumn's gloom.

And yet the trees all gloriously,
Have put her mantle on—
Of gold and scarlet gorgeously,
Like banners proudly borne.

O! Autumn—thou art beautiful,
For the Frost-King in his might
Hath robed the earth all fanciful
With hues of rosy light.

Our Summer life hath Autumn too,
And 'mid its winding bloom,
We wait the Spring, whose faithless hue
E'er glows beyond the tomb."

The Mission of War is Death.

Great as has been the number slain in battle, they are but a small part of the victims of war. "In France, the mortality among soldiers, generally in youth or middle life, was found to be even in peace nearly twice as great as among galley slaves! In a time of war they live on an average about three years; and even in peace their life is probably shortened fifteen or twenty years.

Their exposures, hardships and diseases often sweep them away like dew before the sun; in some cases one half, in other three-fourths, in others still, nearly nine-tenths!"

Armies are engaged but occasionally in battle.—the greater portion oftentimes exposed to pestilential diseases in sickly climates, shut up to unwholesome food, confined to camps ill chosen and badly supplied with comforts; the sick beyond the reach of proper aid, crowded into miserable hospitals, exposed to contagion without the means of escape. So that death oftentimes does a more fearful work and reaps a richer harvest from an army encamped, than from an army actually engaged.

War has a mission of death also for its defenceless victims. An invading army prostrates and destroys all before it. Says a writer, "In the war of 1756, there were in some instances no less than twenty contiguous villages left without man or beast. An eye witness of the French butcheries in Portugal says: The ditches along the line of their march were often literally filled with clotted and congealed blood as with mire, the dead bodies of peasants, put to death like dogs, were lying here horribly mangled; little naked infants of a year old or less, were found besmeared in the road transfixed with bayonet wounds; and in one instance I saw a child not more than a month old, with the bayonet still sticking in its little neck!"

The entreaties of age, the cries of the sick, and the shrieks of innocent helplessness, present no barrier to the bloody march of war. Every thing lies at the mercy of the conqueror.

Life in every stage and circumstance is "a boon dependent on the sword." It is protected by no law—guarded by no principle—safe in no refuge. Whithersoever the tide turns, nothing is known of the destiny of human life. Revenge, ambition and power tread down the ties of blood and burst every human bound.

The Sinner's Heart Hardening.

On a winter evening, when the frost is setting in with growing intensity and when the sun is far past the meridian, and gradually sinking in the western sky, there is a double reason why the ground grows every moment harder and more impenetrable to the plough. On the one hand the frost of evening, with increasing intensity, is indurating the stiffening clods. On the other hand, the genial rays which alone can soften them, are every moment withdrawing and losing their enlivening power. Take heed that it be not so with you. As long as you are unconverted, you are under a double process of hardening. The frosts of eternal night are setting upon your souls, and the Sun of righteousness, with westerling wheel is hastening to set upon you forevermore. If, then, the plough of grace cannot force its way into your ice-bound heart to-day what likelihood is there that it will enter to-morrow?—*McCheyne.*

The Expense of War.

Give me the money that has been paid in war, and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe; I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire that kings and queens would be proud of; I will build a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley over the whole inhabitable earth; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors; I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning, the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another, round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.—*Stebing.*

The Right use of History.

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, farther than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven-Wise Masters.

I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valor as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness.—*John Locke.*

Education, What is it!

We stated in a former number of this Journal, that a right education of the young, is the most effectual instrument of a thorough and permanent reform in society. But let no one take too limited a view of what is meant by the phrase, "a right education." By the expression we do not mean simply that instruction and discipline which children receive at school. We do not mean a knowledge merely of the arts and sciences, the instructions to be derived from study of books. To educate a child is to draw out, to develop, and to direct his faculties. A right education is the right development, and the right direction of his powers. But the child's powers are various and manifold. He has appetites and passions pertaining to the body; faculties and capacities which we call intellectual; he has also moral and religious susceptibilities and powers. This complex is human nature. The body, the mind, the soul, these constitute the man. The body must be so trained as to secure its full growth, and the vigorous and healthy action of all its parts and functions. The powers of the mind must be cultivated in a way to secure their fullest development and their noblest action. The moral sentiments and the religious susceptibilities, must have that culture which Christianity prescribes. The inferior part of man's nature must be under the control of his superior powers—his reason and his conscience—and his whole nature, body, mind, heart must be in subjection to the will and laws of his Maker. This is in brief, general terms what we understand by a right education; and this is to be secured, not simply by the schools which our children attend, but by every means which a benevolent Father has furnished for the purpose.—*Brattleboro Eagle.*

Christianity and Sectarianism.

We doubt whether sectarianism, in general, is any part of all of true Christianity. We suspect that Christianity is one thing, and sectarianism a separate thing; no more the thing than the husk is the corn, nor at all as necessary to true religion as the worthless husk to the rich corn which it encloses. Sectarianism may be essential to the leading individuals, and but for it many great systems would vanish into air at once; but religion would be left, nevertheless. Christ promulgated Christianity; men have promulgated sectarianism. There have been thousands of occasions when this has been practically illustrated. Christian missionaries of various denominations have often found, when they have met together, that they were all one. Men in great peril together, have often by their mutual danger been stripped of their sectarianism, yet with all their religion left, have called aloud and together for help from the mighty God who alone could save them. It is in rich churches be-

nough tall spires, and in irreligious associations, that the weeds of sectarianism grow ripe; but in poverty and sadness there is often none of it, though much more true piety. In fact if sectarianism were not constantly fomented by interested officials, we should not be certain that the great mass of Christians would not directly fall into one great brotherhood. We are not so much troubled about sectarianism as some people are. We are not certain that, small as the portion of true piety is among all denominations in these days, sectarianism is, not a good thing. It sets up a rivalry of opinion where the motive of benevolence is to be feeble, and so creates Christian action and usefulness, when but for it there could be nothing but dry bones. Still we cannot think that the true vitality of religion is in sectarianism. While we do not think that Christian union on a common basis, as things now stand, to be established by a world's convention, yet we do think it a possibility and even a probability at some time. Pray what will give vitality to the saints in heaven? Will it be Episcopacy, or Congregationalism, or Methodism?—*Jour. of Com.*

Cheerful Submission.

To submit cheerfully to all the dispensations of divine Providence, "is more than whole burnt offerings and sacrifices." To the men of this world this is a mystery, while among professed Christians it finds, alas! too few practical illustrations. But wherever it is thus illustrated, there is one of the brightest jewels of the universe, one of the most perfect reflectors of the light of the glory of God! How bright, how radiant then, will be that world where every one of the heavenly throng are cheerfully submissive. Well may it be said of that world "They need neither the light of the sun nor the moon; but the glory of God's countenance which they undergo an infinite succession of reflections of an diminished splendor, while the original source of all is still pouring it forth in everlasting fullness. Cheerful submission to the will of God implies strong evangelical faith. Submission may exist in the heart of an infidel, even as a man may submit to an antagonist that he finds more than his match. But cheerful submission is peculiar to him whose faith can see smiles and read promises behind the dark and frowning clouds of the sensible heavens. It is only they who endure as seeing him who is invisible," that can smile through the tears shed over the grave of buried hopes. It is only the man of faith who may sing.

"Sweet the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh,
When tear of resignation,
Trickles from the weeping eye."

These know not only the fact of submission; but they know also the joy of it—a "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Whatever befalls them, "they count it all joy." Their light afflictions are profitable of future glory.—Their long nights of what to others would be deemed sorrow, are darkness shining as the light round about them. There is no mysterious hand-writing upon the wall's of Time's hoary temple, but their faith can interpret it. And high above the all other inscriptions, and standing boldly out, is the sentiment, "all things shall work together for good to them that love God," emblazoned upon it. "O house of Israel, trust in the Lord."—*Morning Star.*

Honey Moon.

The origin of this word is so little known and yet so highly interesting, that we are constrained to give an account of it. It is traceable to a Teutonic origin.—Among the Teutones was a favorite drink called *Metheglin*. It was made of honey and was much like the present mead of some of the European countries.—The same beverage was in use among the Saxons, as well as another called *Marat*, which was also made of honey and flavored with mulberries. These honied drinks were used in great abundance at festivals.