

some good book, where you may see that others have felt as you do, and have found comfort in looking out from the contemplation of their own real or imaginary causes of complaint, into some of the pleasant aisles which open up through the wilderness of life, and have found upon nearer approach, that there are indeed but few spots so dark that no sunbeam has found its way through them to warm into life some flower or blade of grass. A word, a thought, a kind smile, a noble impulse, a friendly action, things in themselves "trifles light as air," seem then to me to bear the same relation to great things, as the alphabet to language; and when I see men listening with admiration when events announce themselves with the sound of the trumpet, while they disregard "the still small voice," I long to remind them of the answer of that clergyman, who, being asked, how he came to alter his manner, from the loud, ranting style he had formerly used, replied: "When I was young, I used to think that it was the thunder which killed the people, but as I grew older, I found that it was the lightning; so I resolved to *thunder less and lighten more.*" One more illustration: the cackling of a goose saved Rome; and though you should smilingly declare this effusion to be something upon the same order, I will not complain if I shall have reminded you, that it would be wise to "despise not the day of small things."

L. R. J.

TWO SHORT PRAYERS.

BY R. E. S.

OUR fair correspondent, who has so often enriched our pages by her elegant and deep-toned poetical contributions, has lately turned her attention to the composition of prayers for her own edification, and she has sent us two as specimens of her work; and we have no doubt that, if these awaken a corresponding feeling of what she has experienced in others, she may be induced to publish a small volume of devotional

pieces, for the improvement of her people. Lightly as many may conceive the effort of writing or composing prayers, there is perhaps not one so extremely difficult in all the range of literature. The Psalms and Hymns of Scriptures are only prayers of various kinds; and yet how unattainable in excellence have they always proved themselves to their imitators. Still the heart feels occasionally impelled to pour itself out in either entreaty or thanks, and we look in vain for a biblical psalm just corresponding to our sensations of the moment. It is then that we naturally desire to have a manual of devotion, which may aid us to fashion our thoughts into prayers; and the closer, therefore, any writer can fathom the inborn wants and imperfections of the human heart, the better guide he becomes to us in our private hours of devotion. The prayer-book embraces a great variety of petitions, we gladly acknowledge, and there are but few *public* occasions when we need anything beyond its contents. But we speak now of the house, the bed-chamber, the solitary walk, the lonely hour, when we are not rarely reminded of our dependence on, of our necessity of divine aid, which we would gladly invoke, had we but *words* to express suitably our inward sensations. Every one is not endowed with the power of continued reflection, to string word on word, and thought on thought, so as to make the whole a suitable gift or petition to the Supreme. If, therefore, we can have another to think for us, we must needs call him our benefactor. The teachers of Israel have always acknowledged this, and hence there are a great variety of occasional prayers, composed in the language of the people, both of the barbarous jargon which was once customary in Europe, and the more refined dialects of modern times. It is needless to say that the ancient matter can be of little use at the present day, as both ideas and language are antiquated; but modern compositions, although occasionally beautiful, have failed, for the most part, to answer the end in view, for the simple reason that the authors *could not think for the people*. If it were necessary, we could exhibit proofs of this fact; but we are not about to indite a criticism on prayer, but merely to introduce specimens of an unpublished work. It is enough, therefore, to say that, though in Germany some excellent attempts have been made to supply the natural want of a domestic manual of occasional devotion for Israelites, the English language is almost without any such pieces at all, the few of the late Miss Aguilar, which, however, we have not read, being, as far as known to us, the only collection that has appeared in print. We therefore hope that the effort may be farther pursued by our gifted friend, and others who are willing to devote their hours to the sacred

service, so that especially those who are not familiar with the Hebrew may have the means to commune with their heavenly Father in meekness of spirit. We would only caution all who make the attempt to take heed how they mix their own private thoughts in their outpourings; for, however blissful in its effects a prayer for the moment may be to the individual, it cannot make a good impression on another, who may never be placed in similar circumstances. Prayers like those we speak of should be universal, to be of the least value, and then they should be free from familiarity, and entirely Scriptural in their construction; for only thus can they be tolerated alongside of the prayer-book and the Psalms of the Bible.—ED. OC.

PRAYER FOR THE LOVE OF GOD.

Almighty God! Infinitely Blessed Being! let this love which I feel towards Thee remain for ever in my heart and soul. The more I contemplate Thee, oh! my heavenly Maker, the more clearly do I perceive the wonderful perfection of thy glorious nature. I see thy miraculous power united with such tender mercy, such loving kindness, such gracious consideration towards the humblest of thy creatures, that my heart melts within me, and my soul bows down before Thee in humility and adoration. Glorious God! whose infinite presence is in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, yet whose Divine spirit resteth in the humble and contrite heart, may these thoughts so fill my heart with love, that I may never be amongst those who forget Thee "days without number." Almighty Creator! who lovest those who fear Thee, and blessest those who trust in Thee, let me be one whom Thou lovest and whom Thou blessest, that the light of thy countenance may shine upon me. Oh! may the Divine love, thine own image in which I was created, be reflected back upon thine incomprehensible majesty, and may this love be felt in me daily and hourly to all eternity, according to thy holy, blessed will. Amen.

A PRAYER FOR KNOWLEDGE OF THE MESSIAH.

Oh! Lord God! I come to ask counsel of Thee. Give me, I beseech Thee, knowledge, wisdom, and understanding. Oh!

God of wisdom, let thy power and thy might be seen in me, for the knowledge that I shall have of thy holy word. Great God! Almighty Creator! enlighten my spirit, that I may know and understand thy wise purposes, and thy merciful intentions in restoring us to the land which Thou carest for, and upon which thine eyes rest all the year. Teach me the truth of that Divine promise, and so enlighten my mind that I may teach it to others, that I may make thy name a praise and a glory to the whole world. Oh, Lord God! may every word I read be clear to my mind and soul, and may this clear light shine through me on others. May this be thy holy will, O Lord God of Israel! Amen.

(Continued from p. 154.)

THE RESURRECTION.

BY JULIUS ECKMAN.

It is with a sacred awe that we now approach those pages in which the High and Lofty *One* has revealed His will to his servants, the prophets. It is with a timid and diffident step that we advance to those אבני קרש "sacred stones," which were set up לתורה ולתעודה "for instruction and a testimony" for Israel during the long and hard trials that he had to undergo through ages of troubles and persecution. *But as they have been poured forth into the streets* (Lament. iv. 1), they, like everything that is sacred and holy, have become not only misunderstood and misapplied, but even אבני נגף *stones of offence* hurled against both the houses of Judah and Israel. Yet we will approach, and try to read "the writing of the Lord, which is engraven upon those tablets." (Exod. xxxii. 16.) We approach now mighty cedars planted in the Eden of the Lord, from whose every leaf a soft and silent voice sweetly whispers into our ears ה' שמה, The Lord is there.