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time in London transacting business on their behalf. Meanwhile many touching and beautiful letters passed between husband and wife, full of tenderness for each other, and devotion to the great work. In prospect of the more trying separation soon to occur, he writes, under date of Jan. 31, as follows :—

“I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments ; for if thou wert as wise and patient as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater because I am so dear unto thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee for a ground of contentment is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in him, and resigning thyself quietly to his good pleasure.”

“Being now ready to send away my letters,” he writes in a hasty postscript to his next, “I received thine ; the reading of it has dissolved my head into tears. I can write no more. If I live, *I will see thee* ere I go. I shall part from thee with sorrow enough ; be comfortable, my most sweet wife ; our God will be with thee. Farewell.”

Days sped on, and all too quickly came the final hour. “From aboard the *Arbella*, riding at the *Cowes*, March 28, 1630,” he writes thus :—

“And now (my sweet soul) I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee ; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, who puts all thy tears into his bottle, who can and (if it be for his glory) will bring us together again with peace and comfort. . . . Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thine heart. . . . Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell.”

So at last the *Arbella* spreads her sails to the favoring breeze for which she has waited so long, and goes forth upon the great deep. Speed thee on thy blessed errand, O gallant ship ! From yonder fast-receding shores prayers continually follow thee ; and from thy distant haven do prayers go forth to meet thy coming. Thou bearest a priceless boon, and neither wind nor wave shall have power to harm.

NO TIME ; OR, MASON EARLE'S PARADOX.

BY REV. W. M. BLACKBURN.

I.

“WHY don't white man hoe his corn ? Weeds choke him dead,” said an Indian to a careless farmer.

“I have no time,” was the reply. “I must cut my hay while the sun shines, and get ready for wheat harvest.”

“*You have all the time there is*,” said the Indian very coolly. A wiser remark was never made by a philosopher. Plato would have made it the text for a lecture.

This was one of the standing anecdotes of Schoolmaster Hale. The new pupils, who did not hear it within three days after entering his school, must have been deaf. Those who had heard it for the twentieth time playfully called it “the essence of Indian wisdom.” It was firmly rooted in the memory of Mason Earle, a bright lad whose father thought that a high degree of knowledge was quite dangerous to honesty and in-

dustry. He would often say, "I do not wish to have my sons learn so much that they will know how to live by their wits. They must *work* for a living." His notion was that nobody ever did much real work except farmers and mechanics. If he had been placed, for a little while, in the store of the merchant, in the office of the lawyer, in the school of the teacher, in the chair of the editor, in the desk of the statesman, in the study of the minister, or the circuit of the physician, he might have found out that some other people were hard at earnest, honest work as well as himself. Still his narrow ideas did not offend his neighbors ; for they respected him as a generous Christian, and they could trust him with uncounted gold. The shade of his trees and the good cheer of his house were very inviting to the villagers, who often walked out to his farm-house in strawberry time, or in the winter, when pecks of apples and volumes of stories gave life to the company that sat before the evening fire.

Why should Mason Earle think of being anything else than a farmer ? And yet he did. He was not an idle boy. "He's a great worker," said his mother. "He helps me wonderfully, when I am tired, and the supper-table must be cleared. If Satan has some mischief for idle hands to do, he don't get a chance at Mason. And he reads ! Why, he has knocked the dust off his grandfather's old books, and he pores over them as if they were as new as the last story-books. He says 'the old is better,' and I think it is. There's the Pilgrim's Progress, and a Church History, and —"

"Does he ever read novels ?" asked the visitor.

Mrs. Earle set her face like a flint and looked astonished. She lifted her glasses, as if she would hear better, or see what was meant. Perhaps she had not understood the question. At best, she ought not to take it as an insult.

"Novels, do you say ?" she inquired. If one had crept into her house, she would have hunted it into the fire.

"Of course I do not mean romances," replied the visitor, changing her tack ; "but those stories made up of nothing. They call them religious novels."

"It must be a novel religion that they teach. Mason does not read them : he has not time."

"What does he do on Sundays ? I wish I knew how to keep my children out of mischief on that day."

"Do !" exclaimed Mrs. Earle. "He don't read religious novels, that is sure. He goes to Sunday school and to church, and reads the Bible so as to get through it once every year."

"Indeed ! my children have not time for that."

"If you kept them busier, they would find time enough."

This was Mrs. Earle's paradox. She taught it to Mason from his infancy. He added it to "the essence of Indian wisdom." It was to be his rule through life. We credit it to him, because he showed how it worked.

Mason often read the old books aloud to his mother, after saving time by being busy and earnest. Many a Latin footnote puzzled him. "Maybe it's something not fit to be in English," said his mother in her simplicity.

"No : it's something very deep and learned," he replied. "I wish I knew Latin." His good mother began to wish so too, and they talked of how it might be learned. It required some courage to meet his father's prejudice, but she would be his advocate.

Mason chose his hour very wisely. It was one cold day, after he had brought the horse and sleigh to the gate for his father to ride into the country, whence he would not return until late in the night. "If he refuses," thought Mason, "there will be no long talk about it afterward, and he may have better second

thoughts." He had everything in just the right order, so as to please him, and he helped his father into the sleigh. He saw that the bells were free, and tucked in the edges of the buffalo robe. The horse was eager to be off. "Father," said Mason, with a trembling voice, and Mr. Earle gave the lines a sudden pull, expecting to hear that a trace was not in trim, — "I wish you would let me study Latin."

"If you learn well what you have now in hand, you will have no time for anything else. What good will it do? Will it help you raise better corn and cattle?"

"I'll find the time," replied the lad very softly; "for I have all the time there is, as the Indian said."

"But your teacher will have no time to aid you."

"Uncle Robert says that he will help me along."

This uncle was the physician of the little village. He had translated some of the foot-notes which puzzled Mason, and thus worn off a little rust from his college studies. He hoped that his nephew might give the spur to his idle son Jerome.

"Very well," replied Mr. Earle, not a little proud to discover the resolute spirit of his boy. "We will see what you can do." The horse started as if these words were meant for him, and if more was said, it was lost in the music of the bells. But what he heard was like a song in his ear. Its chorus would linger in his memory.

Mason had gained one point. The next thing was to get a Latin grammar. Would his father think to buy one for him? "I am glad that I did not ask him," thought the lad. "He has to work hard, and the crops were short last year. If I get a new coat I must not expect a new book. I will try cousin Jerome."

Off he hasted, as merry as if girded with sleigh-bells, and said, "Cousin Jerome, is Latin a hard study?"

"Oh, awful! I have to buckle down to it night and day, and then I have not time to get my lessons."

"When do you use your grammar?"

"The whole day from breakfast to bed-time, except when at play."

"Will you let me have it every morning before breakfast, and at recess?"

"You might have it always, if I had my way. But you will not come for it often. A few doses of it will cure you. Father wants me to be a physician; and he says that, if I would step into his practice, I must study this old dead language, so as to know the medical terms. I suppose I must be able to talk to the people so that they won't know what is the matter with them, nor what the medicine is. But, I'll tell you, when I get to be a doctor, and find any persons too happy, I will prescribe a dose of Latin grammar to them. That will reduce their spirits."

The plan was completed. Mason went home saying to himself, "Cousin Jerome has too much time; that is the trouble. He does not feel that a thing must be done at once, now or never; he thinks that another hour will do as well, and so he waits; when that hour comes he waits again for a better season. If he had just one short hour, and no more, he would go to work with a will." Mason's view was correct. His cousin was ever saying "time enough" until it was gone, and then he said, "I have no time," and took his gun for a hunt after rabbits, or set his trap for quails.

"There will be no time to read the old books to-night," said Mrs. Earle at supper. "You have all the chores to do, and your 'sums' to work out."

Mason had a different idea. He set about feeding the cattle and folding the sheep; he saw that every chicken and turkey was as snugly housed as he would be, and that every horse had plenty of straw in his stall. He flew about so busily that he had no need to

"come in and warm," as his mother suggested. At last he piled up the wood in the corner for the evening fire, and said, "Mother, I will be ready to read aloud in twenty minutes."

"You forget about your 'sums,' don't you?"

"I did them in my head, while I was at work. You see I had my arithmetic in my pocket, and just took a peep into it once in a while."

"I declare! The more work, the more time for study. Cousin Jerome don't understand that. It don't stand to reason very well, but yet it is common sense." The good woman put her kitchen in order, and brought Tabby into the sitting-room to lie on the hearth, and purr away the hours of his life, conscious that not a mouse dwelt in all his domain.

Many a lad could not have given his whole mind to reading if he had been in Mason's place. He would have thought, "Father will come home soon, and I must go and help him put up the horse. How I dread it!" Or he would have said to himself, "I shall have the grammar in the morning. I am so glad that I can not read this solid book to-night. I must get up early; that is a good excuse; so I will go to bed, and let father put his horse in the stable." But Mason was too busy to be tempted with any such thoughts. He was reading, all absorbed in the book, when the sleigh-bells were heard. He knew them, ran through the snow and the cold, opened the gate, and said, "Father, you go into the house; the stall is ready for Tony, and I will attend to him."

Was not Mr. Earle pleased? If he had been asked to buy a Latin grammar, he would have been willing to purchase a dozen books for so good a son. Mason gave Tony to understand that the oats and hay had been waiting for him, and bade him good-night in his stall. Closing the door, he saw a light in his uncle's

office. He ran for the grammar. Idle Jerome was asleep, perhaps dreaming of quail-traps. The next day he would say to Schoolmaster Hale, "I had no time to get my lesson at home." Mason would be able to tell a different story.

Thus the busy lad began his new study. We can imagine how he pushed forward. He found time for play, for books, and for his work at home. "Well," said his father, at length, "he is in earnest. I think I must give him an education. He is worthy of it."

II.

A few years have passed away: Mason Earle is in college. In one thing he has yielded to the tempter. The evil one has whispered, "It is not yet time for you to be a Christian."

He and his room-mate John were deep in Latin one evening, when a fellow-student called, saying, "It is the hour for prayer-meeting. Are you not going?"

"We have no time," said John.

"That is the very reason why I think we ought to go," said Mason. "Whenever I hear that excuse, '*no time*,' I suspect it. The thing from which we excuse ourselves is generally a good one. If asked to do what is wrong, we would not say '*we have no time*.' We would give some other reason. If we have no time to pray, God may have no time to bless us. I will go to the meeting."

Mason went because it was right, rather than from an interest in the services. It had been his custom at home to attend the meetings for social prayer. On his return to his room his class-mate was wearied and nervous. He had not got on in his lesson. "I might as well have gone out somewhere," said he, "although I have no taste for such meetings, and I would not have gone there. I have done nothing here."

"I have got my mind into good trim for study," replied Mason. "One hour will prepare me for the morning lesson."

"Go on, then; you have no time to talk with me, nor to help me."

"I have one thing to propose. It is that we read a chapter in the Bible together every evening, early, while the mind is fresh. If we put it off as the last thing before bed-time, we will often be drowsy, and neglect it."

"We do not have time."

"If we had plenty of time we would waste it, and be doing something worse. If we seem to have none, we shall find all that we need. Hard application will put a margin on every busy hour."

"You can read your Bible whenever you choose. As for mine, it is still in my trunk."

Mason was already carefully reading his chapter. He seemed to be in no haste. When it was finished, he bent over his book as if he were really *buckled* down to it. He gave much aid to John, who had been, like the fishermen, toiling and taking nothing. The lesson was soon learned. Mason took his pen to inform his mother that he had resolved to attend a prayer-meeting every evening of the week. "It is a season of revival," he wrote, "and you will wish me to go. The tempter has said that a student has *no time* for religion. That causes me to remember that I have all the time there is."

The soul of the busy student was touched by the finger of God, that it might be created anew. He began to ask, "What shall I do?" Only show him, and he would do it. It was his habit to postpone nothing that he felt ought to be done at once. The heavenly voice was saying, "*Now* is the day of salvation." "*To-day*, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

John noticed that every evening, after reading the Bible, Mason took his hat and left the room. He did not return for half an hour, and when asked where he had been, he gave no definite answer. At one time John followed him so cau-

tiously that he was not seen. Mason entered a barn. John went near to it and listened. What did he hear? The voice of prayer. It was like that of a man pleading for his life. "Lord, forgive me. I wickedly thought that it was not time to serve thee, that I was too young, and that every day was my own. Can such a sin be forgiven? . . . Forgive my room-mate for neglecting his Bible, and for hating the Lord Jesus Christ."

John had been wondering why Mason should have such convictions of sin and of the need to be forgiven. Where was there a young man more moral and kind? What had he done that was so sinful? Why be so anxious and pray so fervently? Was it such a great wickedness to neglect religion?—only to delay it, and wait for another time? John did not feel it to be so. He did not see that this was to treat God with contempt, as if He had not the right to every moment of our lives. But there were two arrows that entered the listener's heart. He had neglected his Bible. When his mother placed it in his trunk, he promised to read it; but there it had lain ever since. This was one arrow; not that he cared for the Bible, but he had been false to his own word. Delays in religion cause many a one to be false to himself and to his promises. The other arrow was still more keen. It came in the plea that he might be forgiven for hating the Lord Jesus Christ.

"I do not hate him," he said to himself. In anger he turned away. Was it true that such a hatred was in his heart? If it had not been there, he would not have muttered, "I hate such prayers. Nobody need pray for me. I can take care of myself. I hate my room-mate."

Mason calmly returned to his room. It was vacant. Where was John? He was surprised at his absence, but had no time to waste in wonderment. He sat down to his lessons. He had lately

found it quite hard to engage his mind in study, for his sin was ever before him. Now a new thought came to him. "I will pray to God," said he. "If he approves of my studies, he will let me give my mind to them for a proper time." It was a silent prayer. Mason found that he could study with a new zest.

John entered the room roughly, pushing a chair out of his way with his foot, and flinging his cap down, while saying, "I can't get along with so many disturbances."

"Do I disturb you?" gently inquired Mason.

"I can not tell what it is: I am restless."

He knew very well that it was his conscience and his hating heart that gave him trouble. The remedy was in that neglected Bible, and in the neglected Saviour.

"May I help you? I am not very much hurried."

"It is too late for study to-night. I'll wait until morning, and take the hour from the ball-club."

"What! give up the exercise? I would study the harder, and win time for play. We will want you on the ground."

"That's a new idea. Win time for play?" John thought of it. It meant that study was the regular business. Better win by study the time for 'play, than be compelled to give up the play for study, for thus both would be gained. But would Mason still remain in the ball-club? Would the young Christian again be the first on the play-ground, and the first to drop the bat at the college bell? This puzzled John, for he did not understand the motive. Mason would play ball as heartily as ever, so that he might keep his body strong, and his mind fresh for study and for every Christian duty. He would count his moments, and give everything its proper time.

John's heart was touched by the goodness of his classmate. He felt ashamed

that he had just been to see Jerome Roberts, and engaged to room with him. He placed a chair in a corner, sat down, gazed at the wall, and thought over his errors. "Mason is the best friend I ever had," he whispered to himself. "He is right. He is not going to be so dull, and wear so long a face, as I supposed. He will help me, but won't do all my studying for me. He ought not; if I don't get my own lessons, I shall remain a fool. But he may urge me to go to prayer-meeting, and to read my Bible, and to be a Christian. If I say that I have no time for all this, he will prove to me that he finds time enough. He does it all, and still is second to no one in the class. With all his religion he is a first-rate companion, and I'll stay with him. Mother will like it. Jerome is an idler, with a hound in his room, whose name deserves to be on the college roll quite as much as that of his master. I was not sent here to chase after squirrels with him, nor to eat snipe suppers in his room. I'll tell him that no change will be made."

Even a little repentance put John's mind in better order for study. A good resolution aided him still more. He took his book. Mason looked at his watch. It was his bed-time. But he offered to give his friend twenty minutes, and help him over the hardest places in his Latin lesson, one of which was Cæsar's famous bridge. He set him over the stream; the twentieth minute was up: John was deep in his study. Mason went softly behind him into a corner, and knelt down to commit himself to Him who never slumbers. John knew it, rested his forehead on his hand, closed his eyes, and wished that he was like his kind and genial room-mate. Whose sleep was the more quiet and refreshing that night? Surely that of him who had found time for all his duties, to himself, to his room-mate, and to his Lord.

A new idea now was gained. "All time is God's: he is the author of it," Mason often would say, as he pushed on in his studies. "It is wonderful how much time there is; enough for everything true and right and kind; but none for what is evil."

Amid all his duties, he found a way to teach a class in Sunday school, and to do it well. He thoroughly studied every lesson, and expected his class to have the verses of Scripture committed to memory. But the old excuse was often urged, "no time." Even children learn it at an early age. One day he grew earnest, and said to his scholars, "No time to learn God's holy word! You may die unsaved, and then you will have an eternity to regret that you did not read it, and obey it. You may then count up your lost hours and moments. You may then remember those which were wasted. . . . No time! How is it that God has any to give you? He waits to be gracious? Yes, *waits*. He does not come swiftly upon you to take you out of his world. And what are you doing while he is waiting? Suppose your father was on a train of cars waiting for you to join him and go to a great city. You were on the play-ground; he called to you, 'I am waiting!' What would you do? Would you say, I have no time to go?"

"I would run to him," said one of the lads.

"Why would you not say, 'there is time enough yet'?"

"Because the train might start."

"Suppose the signal was given, and your father should persuade the conductor to wait for you just one minute."

"Then I would run all the faster."

"But see how you treat your heavenly Father. He is waiting, as if he had stopped the train of events just for you. And yet you think that if he is waiting you need not hasten at all. That is the

very reason why you should make no delay. You have just time enough to do what God wishes you, and not a moment more. There is one excuse which not a soul will make at the judgment-seat of Christ. None will say, I had no time."

III.

Mason Earle became a physician. He thought how the Lord Jesus healed the sick, and hoped that his Master would bless him in this noble profession. Nobody ever heard him say, "I must visit my patients; I have no time to go to church." He did both. He took an active part in every good work. Whatever his hand found to do, — and an earnest man can find a great deal, — he did it with his might. His pen was busy.

"How is it," asked one of his fellow-townsmen, "that you attend to your large practice, to schools and churches and charities, and do not break down?"

"Simply because God gives me time enough for work and recreation."

"But how do you manage to write so much for the press?"

"By seeming to have no time for it. If I had a month to write a page, I should put off the work from day to day, and at last feel like giving up the attempt. But on some of my rides into the country I arrange my thoughts, and the moment I can sit down, the pen creeps into my hand. The page is written while I am warming my feet in winter, or while I am cooling myself in the shade on a summer day."

Once he was called to see a man who had lived a long, idle life, and had been suddenly brought to his couch of pain.

"Don't let me die yet," said the patient; "doctor, don't let me die!"

"Are you not prepared?"

"Oh, I have wasted my time! If I only had a little more, I would try to be ready."

"When would you begin? To-day? Now?"

"I can not begin now. Do relieve me, so that I may begin to-morrow."

"How many times, in your life, have you said *to-morrow*?"

"A great many."

"And none ever came. None ever will. If you do not repent to-day, there is no reason to think that you would if you could have a to-morrow." The doctor knelt and prayed for him, told him tenderly of the Saviour, and left him. Three hours later, the man was dead.

The doctor shed tears at his grave, and turned away with this awful thought, "That is the man who had no time for religion. If he had been a busier man, he would have found time enough."

Mason Earle's rule was a paradox. The reason why he did so much was because he seemed to have no time to do it. What will my reader do the next moment of his life? Live "redeeming the time."

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE EARTH.

BY J. CARPENTER, F.R.A.S., OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

THE Mosaic record of the Creation tells of the period when "the earth was without form and void." Without this authoritative testimony, the evidence of our senses alone would lead us to the conviction that the materials of which the world is composed must have existed, at some time, in a form different from that in which we now find them. In the smaller phenomena of nature we are for ever witnessing a constant succession of changes taking place, — a perpetual mutation in form and nature occurring in the same material substances. All is transitory, nothing is finite. Everything that is has already existed in some other form before, and will exist in yet another form again. The operations of natural laws vary quantitatively, but not qualitatively; and if the law of transformation governs the lesser works of the Creator it governs the greater also: the earth, like every object that exists upon it, must have had an origin from some simpler and more elementary form of matter. Guided by the light of modern science, let us endeavor to discover what that origin was.

Our earth is but a small and insignificant member of a vast planetary system, all the components of which must have had a common or a cotemporaneous origin: to inquire into the origin of

the earth we must embrace in our inquiry the formation of the whole solar system. The first physicist who attempted a solution of this question was the celebrated French naturalist, Buffon: although several romantic theories for the formation of the earth alone had been put forth by the fantastic cosmogonists, Burnet, Whiston, and Woodward. These, however, scarcely need mention here: as much as is worth knowing concerning them is to be found in popular shape in Goldsmith's "History of the Earth and Animated Nature." Buffon's hypothesis supposed that the sun existed at some period of remote antiquity without any attendant planets, and that a comet, dashing obliquely upon it, plowed up and drove off a portion of the solar matter sufficient in bulk to form the various planets of the system: that the earth and planets at the time of their quitting the sun were in a liquid, burning state, and that by degrees they cooled; while in their liquid state assuming their spherical form. But this hypothesis is in many respects untenable; principally, because it assumes the sun to be already existent, whereas any explanation of the origin of the solar system must include that of the principal member; second, because it is insufficient to explain the mechanical conditions of the system.