The Watchman and Southron.

RELIGION, MORALS AND PHILOSOPHY.

Rev. C. C. BROWN, Editor.

UNREST.

"Our heart is restless till it rests in Thee."—[*St. Augustine.*

There is a strange wild wail around, a wail
of wild unrest,
A moaning in the music with echoes unconfessed,
And a small mocking twitter here and there,
with small notes shrill and thin.
And deep low shuddering groans that rise
from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,
And still the wailers wander through his fair
lands, rich and broad;
Grave thought-explorers swell the cry of
doubt and nameless pain,
And careless feet among the flowers trip to
the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless
search for truth,
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's
unresting sleep,
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's
unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain
and still in vain,
Though they glory in the dimness and are
proud of very pain;
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,
While the spell dream is upon them, and they
cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer
is near.
Arise, go forth to meet Him! Bow down, for
he is here!
Ye shall count your true existence from this
first and blessed tryst,
For He waiteth to reveal Himself, the very
God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the
shadows grim,
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

A Beautiful Incident.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigor and with many engaging social qualities, found a woman who appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him:

'Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and if I could have operated upon them 20 years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cause you much pain.'

'I can bear that,' was the reply, 'so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him and was gradually successful. First there were faint glimmerings of light; then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose; he had smelt one before, but had never seen one. Then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: 'Oh, why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor.' And when he was pointed out to him he embraced him with tears of gratitude and joy.

So when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No; we shall say, "where is Christ—He to whom I am indebted for what Heaven is? Show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages."—*Christian at work.*

Socialists Confounded.

The Paris socialists, on a recent Sunday, had a great meeting in a Belvidere theatre, under the auspices of Louise Michel, the returned Communist, now editing a French Newspaper called *La Revolution.* After one or two speeches of an inflammatory character had been given a lady stood up in the front row of one of the boxes, and she also wished, to speak, and to point to another respect in which men and women were all equal, namely, in the sight of God! At the very name of God there was great uproar, but some present had already recognized that the speaker was Miss de Broen, who for many years has labored among them, and they were anxious that she should have a hearing. After considerable excitement and discussion, she was invited to the stage, and there gave a short but pithy address to a comparatively attentive audience. She first interested them by speaking about her nine and a half years' work among them, referring especially to her medical mission and sewing classes for the women, and then went on to dwell upon the love of God, pressing on all to accept it and give themselves to Him, and concluded by inviting any who were willing to come to her meeting at Bellville, promising them there a hearty welcome. Such devotion to her Master's cause could not fail to be appreciated even by these misguided people, and many testified their approval. One female on the platform, who is known as a determined Communist, warmly embraced the speaker, saying, "she would give anything to possess her faithfulness and courage."

Mr. Carlyle happend to be present when a number of so-called philosophers and scientific men were airing their opinions. The theory of evolution had been asserted with much confidence; and under the supposition that he was a sympathizer, and not at all fettered by religious scruples, he was challenged to deliver his opinion as to Darwinism. Gathering himself up, and speaking in a tone that silenced laughter, Mr. Carlyle replied: 'Gentlemen, *you* make a man a little lower than the *tadpoles*. I hold with the Prophet David—*Thou* madest him a *little lower than the angels.*"

No degree of knowledge attainable by man is able to set him above the want of hourly assistance—*Johnson.*

Live Your Religion.

'Why did not some one speak to him?' were the words of an agonized mother, as she stood over the coffin which contained the motionless body of her first-born In the fresh bloom of youth disease suddenly fastened upon him, and from the first delirium clouded his mind and darkened his understanding. He has been raised in a godless home and by godless parents, who became sensible, too late, of their fatal neglect. The first responsibility rests upon parents to train the young, but it is not all there. It is on you my reader if you have failed to live the religion you profess It is on you if in the prayer-meeting you make your profession, while in the world you cover your light with a bushel. The world is full of dying men and dying women, who should be the subjects of earnest prayer and anxiety. Let us take home the lesson, and remember that there is work for all; and may those who are with us now not go up as witnesses against us in the great day of final reckoning.

An every-day religion—one that loves the duties of our common walks; one that makes an honest man—one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth on the subject; one that works in all weather, and improves all opportunities—will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church and the power of the Gospel.—*Bushnell.*

Science tells us that there has been a survival of the fittest. Doubtless this is. So in the future there will be a survival of the fittest. Why is it? Wisdom, gentleness, meakness, brotherly kindness and charity. Over those who have these traits, death hath no permanent power.—*H. W. Warren, D. D.*

There is none made so great but that he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.—*Seneca.*