

* LOTTERY GAMBLING.

A lottery is defined by Johnson to be "a game of chance," and wherein consists the difference between it, and a game of dice, or cards, or rouge-et-noir, billiards, bagatelle or ten pins? Are not stakes deposited? Are there not winners and losers? A few of the former and many of the latter. A Lottery is only Christmas turkey-shooting on a large scale. What is it that determines the moral quality of an action; its wisdom or its folly, its right or its wrong? If the result of a lottery may be allowed any influence in determining; then its history pronounces it unquestionably wrong. He who allures his fellow-beings into a deposit of their hard earnings on a game of chance, should consider that there is a Being to whom he stands related in an inconceivably solemn manner: who has claims of the most solemn character to his unconditional obedience both in his conduct towards God, and towards his fellow-creatures; one precept of whose law is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But what kind of love is that, which would foster in others a spirit of covetousness, in which many must be the losers, and not a few injured? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

It is a principle of morals that every man is under obligation to give an equivalent for value received for their money? a mere trifle to evade the law! Can a Christian's conscience be satisfied with this? The experience of the past is but a history of the wrongs inflicted, of the injuries perpetrated by lottery schemes: and can a christian engage in the infliction of injuries, and the perpetration of wrongs? God forbid!

"But I am necessitated to do something," says one, "and it is most expedient that I should dispose of what I have by a lottery." Beware, the law of expediency is not the law of right! and it is no valid plea in justification for a christian, to say, "others are engaged in Lotteries." It is true and deplorable; and others are engaged in the rum traffic, and the slave trade; Professing Christians should think of whatsoever things are honest; whatsoever things are just; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report.

But while we inflict pain upon some, we intend them not injury, but good, when we say that in the light of a coming judgment, and a retributive eternity, lotteries are dishonest: unjust; impure; unlovely; and of evil report.—*Independent.*

ANECDOTE.—On one occasion, the late Rev. W. Blunt requested a lady, whom he thought qualified to undertake some charge in district visiting, or some kindred engagement. She answered him, rather declining the proposal—"My stay here will probably be too short for me to be of any use. I do not know that I shall be here three months." His answer was brief, calm and solemn "I do not know that I shall be here one." He alluded to his time and life in this present world.—She saw his meaning and answered no more, and heartily embraced the work offered her to do. In God's sight time has in reality no remnants, no shreds, no patches to be thrown away; and the habit of speedy and ready application of our faculties is one of the most important acquisitions which can possibly be formed.

TAKE SUCH AS YOU GIVE.—A little boy, whose name was George, as yet knew nothing of the echo. On one occasion, when left alone in the meadow, he cried out loudly, O! O! when he was directly answered from the hill close by. O! O! Surprised to hear a voice without seeing any person, he cried out loudly, "Who are you?" The voice replied, "Who are you?" He then screamed out, "You are a silly fellow," and "silly fellow," was answered from the hill.

This only made George more angry, and he went on calling the person, whom he thought he heard, nicknames, which were all repeated exactly as he uttered them. He then went to look for the boy in order to strike him but he could find no one.

So he ran home and told his mother an impudent fellow had hid him self behind the trees on the hill, and called him nicknames. Having explained to his mother what had taken place, she said to him:

"George, my boy, you have deceived your self. You have heard nothing but the echo of your own words; if you had called out a civil word towards the hill, a civil word would have been given back in return.

"So it is," said the mother, "in life," with boys and girls, men and women. A good word generally produces a good word, or as the wise man said, "a soft answer turneth away wrath." If we smile on the world the world will smile on us; if we give frowns we shall have frowns in return. If we are unkind or unlovely towards others, we cannot expect anything better from them in payment.—*Ohio Farmer.*

A VINEYARD FOR EVERY MAN.—Every man has a portion of the great vineyard assigned to him to cultivate, and no one else can do it for him. Each one has as much as he can do for himself, and, therefore, cannot take the place of his brother, and cultivate his part for him. A working church will generally be a thrifty one. It is the law of the Master, that they who water others shall themselves be watered. If we could set all our members to work, to doing something for God, we would soon see a new face put upon every thing around us.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN NEW YORK.—The New York Observer furnishes the following account of Presbyterianism in that city; by the census of 1830, we find that the population of the city was 202,589, by that of 1840 it was 312,710, and by that of 1850, it was 515,507. Consequently, computing by the average of the increase between 1840 and 1850, the population at the present time is 596,625. There is, however, good reason to believe that it exceeds 600,000. Now, from the above data, it appears that in 1837 there was one Presbyterian church to every 8,225 souls, and one member to every 97 souls; and that in 1854, there is one church to every 17,548 souls, and one member to every 54 souls. Thus we find that the relative numerical force of the membership has diminished just one-half in 17 years, and that the strength of the churches has diminished numerically more than one-half.

AVARICE OF SLAVERY.—A planter was afflicted with a loathsome disease. So offensive were the ulcers that he was deserted by his white friends; and while thus afflicted and forsaken, a girl, whom he owned as a slave, kindly and patiently waited upon him dressed his ulcers, cleansed his person, and watched him until he eventually recovered.—With gratitude and affection to his benefactor, took her to Cincinnati, Ohio, executed to her a deed of manumission, had it recorded, returned to Mississippi, and there married her in legal form. They lived together affectionately for many years, reared a family of children, and, as he lay upon his death-bed, by will he divided his property between his wife and children. His brothers hearing of his death, came forward and demanded the property. The widow and children were indignant at the demand. They, too, were seized; and the validity of that marriage was tried before Judge Sharkey, of that State, who decided that the whole matter was a fraud upon the law of slavery—that the property belonged to the collateral heirs. His widow was sold by the surviving brothers, the children were bid off at public auction, and both mother and children now toil in chains or sleep in servile graves.