

If the house needs repairs, make them; don't wait till the thing is five times as bad for the next preacher to do. If it needs paint, paint it; if new fence, go to work and build it. Do not say, "I can prop this old thing up to do till Conference." Possibly you may occupy it after Conference, and if you do not, some one else will, and a good fence will certainly be needed. Be sure to have a good garden with plenty of Fall vegetables to leave for your successor. It will make him feel good and think well of you. If fruit trees and grape-vines are few, or none on the lot, get them, plant, water, and care for them. True, you may never eat the fruit of them, but somebody will, and bless the hand that planted them. Do not say the next preacher will turn his horse into the yard and have them all eaten off. The next preacher may have as much sense and taste as you have. Or if you want a guarantee, ask your quarterly Conference to appoint a visory committee to keep a sharp look-out for the premises, with special instructions "to take the first preacher by the nape of his neck and shake him," that dares to turn his live stock into the parsonage yard or garden.

L. TAFT.

NOTHING TO SPARE.

"I have found nothing to spare," is the plea of sordid reluctance. But a different sentiment will be formed amid the scenes of the last day. Men now persuade themselves that they have nothing to spare till they can support a certain style of luxury, and have provided for the establishment of children. But in the awful hour, when you and I, and all pagan nations, shall be called from our graves to stand before the bar of Christ, what comparison will these objects bear to the salvation of a single soul? Eternal Mercy! let not the blood of heathen millions be found in our skirts! Standing, as I now do in the sight of a dissolving universe, beholding the dead arise, the world in flames, the heavens fleeing away, all nations convulsed with terror, or wrapt in the vision of the Lamb, I pronounce the conversion of a single pagan of more value than all the wealth omnipotence ever produced. On such an awful subject it becomes me to speak with caution; but I solemnly avow, that were there but one heathen in the world, and he in the remotest corner of Asia, if no greater duty confined us at home, it would be worth the pains of all the people in America to embark together to carry the Gospel to him. Place your soul in his soul's stead; or rather, consent for a moment to change condition with the savages on our borders. Were you posting on to the judgment the great day in the darkness and pollution of pagan Idolatry, and were they living in wealth in this very district of the Church, how hard would seem for your neighbors to neglect your misery! When you should see your eyes in the eternal world, and discover the ruin in which they had suffered you to remain, how would you reproach them that they did not even sell their possessions, if no other means were sufficient, to send the Gospel to you! My flesh trembles at the prospect! But they shall not reproach us. It shall be known in heaven that we could pity our children. We will send them all the relief in our power, and will enjoy the luxury of reflecting what happiness we may cutail on generations yet unborn.—*E. D. Griffin.*