

His reading of the great riddle of crime is one to delight the illustrator of the bottle. "Whether taken to beer-houses, gin-shops, lush shops, ale-houses, dancing-rooms, or singing-rooms, drink is still the great destroyer, and drunkenness is still the national sin."—His testimony against drink is all the more valuable as coming from a reverend gentleman who is not himself a teetotaler, and not fanatic in any way.—An odd petition was presented a few weeks ago to the House of Commons from nearly two hundred and fifty prisoners in Preston gaol. When laid on the table it excited some curiosity, petitions from prisoners being now extremely rare. What was it about? Was it severe usage—illegal punishments—a cry for tobacco—an assertion of "Never did it," or what? None of these things. It was a petition praying the hon. house to make beer ten shillings a quart, and to provide poor people with other and healthier means of recreation than swilling ale and smoking tobacco!

**THE HOUSE OF GOD.**—The glory of a sacred edifice lies not in its vaulted roof and lofty spire and pealing organ, but in the glory that fills the house—the Divine presence; not in its fabric of goodly stones, but in its living stones polished by the hand of the Spirit; not in its profusion of gold, but in the gifts and graces of the Spirit; not in its painted windows, but in its Gospel light; not in its choir of singing men and singing women, but in the music of some well-tuned hearts; not in its sacred priesthood, but in the great High Priest. If every stone were a diamond, and every beam of cedar, every window a crystal, and every door of pearl; if the roof were studded with sapphires, and the floor tessellated with every manner of precious stones, and yet if Christ and the Spirit be not there, and if the sacrifice of the heart be not there, the building has no glory. The house of God must have a glory beyond what Solomon's cunning workmen can give it, even the Lord God, who is "the glory thereof."—*Remains of Rev. William Jackson.*

**A GOOD SAMARITAN.**—We do not know of a more devoted body of men, as a class, than converted sailors; and somehow it turns out that if one of these men enters the ministry, he is sure to be successful as a "fisher of men," and at the same time to manifest a lively sensibility to human suffering, and a prompt readiness to relieve it. The New Orleans Delta gives us a case in illustration of our statement, in the person of Rev. Jas. C. Whitall, a well-known sailor preacher in that city, and pastor of one of the Bethels: "Having served for a long time before the mast, he has for some years past devoted his talents and energies to the enlightenment and improvement of the minds and hearts of those with whom he has been so long identified. Besides preaching, the worthy pastor employs himself actively in deeds of practical benevolence and charity. During a pestilence like this, his services are invaluable. We heard of an incident which occurred a few days ago, illustrative of his character, which combines a certain off-hand bluntness with the most lively sensibility to human distress, and the most active philanthropy in aiding the afflicted.

"Passing along the levee a few days ago, Mr. Whitall observed a poor Irish laborer lying on his wheelbarrow, apparently quite sick. Hundreds had passed the poor fellow without observing, much less turning aside to render any assistance to the sick man; but the quick eye of the Bethel pastor discovered the signs of the pestilence in the flushed and darkened face of the man, and stopping to feel his pulse, he next proceeded, without asking the assistance of any one, to roll the wheelbarrow to his (the pastor's) residence, where he was immediately supplied with the necessary remedies, and in a few days recovered. Such deeds as this are worth a thousand elegant charity sermons, preached by dainty clergymen, who fly our city when an epidemic visits it."—*N. Y. Recorder.*

**THE GIVER AND THE GIFTS.**—"All creatures were made by a Giver, therefore all creatures give. The dull clod gives life to the bountiful seed, the grass blade gives beauty to the eye, and food to the herd. The flower gives manifold pleasure, the trees give majesty and good service, the stones give a dwelling. The air, the rain, the ocean, the river, all give—and who shall tell how much? The bird gives its music and its loveliness. The vine give food, the fold give raiment; the horse, the silk-worm, and all things we love to mention give, give, and above us every star gives though but a slender ray, and every planet gives, and that great sun gives so much, that withdraw him and all these others would give no more. And above him is the giver who gives all these, and has yet better things to give, which will make all these look trifling.

God is ever giving. He has given Heaven above and earth below—there given angel life,—here human life; there thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers—here grace, mercy, and peace. He gives ever; but He does not receive except, indeed, the joy of seeing those happy whom He has enriched out of His own store. As a man enters on this world, he enters it the offspring of the great Giver, and looking around on a whole race of brothers his inquiry should be "What service can I do, what part can I bear, what contributions can I give?" not "What claims can I establish, and what consideration can I obtain?" "What can I do for all?"—not, "What can I force all to do for me?" And to a man in this mood of heart, nothing would be more unwelcome than to tell him, "You are to be kept and cared for by the toil of others; you are to be the taker, not the giver. All of the Divine image that was in him would rebel gently, generously rebel. No, no; he would not be a taker, he would be a giver; none should bear his burden, he would bear it; and if his services were of little account, still the world has many wants, and he would supply some one of them. And say not that any man's gift is small. He that fells trees for us, is his gift small? He that raises coals for us, is his gift small? He that tends sheep for us, is his gift small? He that spins or weaves for us, is his gift small? He that breaks stones for us, is his gift small. No: every one of these, if he be "a partaker of the Divine nature" and love to "live not for himself," but to show forth the image of God, can rejoice in his labour, that he is employed under the great Giver to perform a part in the universal giving, whereon all happiness depends. Let the gift of those who give in any one of these lines be withheld for a year, and all would cry aloud under real want.—Yes, my honest brother, low-seated there this frosty morning, breaking cold stones, those art giving, bearing thy part toward the comfort of God's creation! Pity thy heart should not have a sense of the office thou art discharging; it would make thy service proceed more cheerily! I cannot help feeling humbled before thee: thy toil for our common family is least kindly than mine; it is a pleasanter thing to make books for mankind than to break stones for them."—*Successful Merchant.*

**THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.**—"There is a life the world sees, a life the neighbourhood sees, a life the family sees, a life God sees. These are often strangely inconsistent. It is pitiable when each succeeding enclosure you pass to reach the man, introduces you to diminishing charms and growing blemish."—*Ibid.*

"Some delight to tell us of the power of nature to mould and ennoble man; but where could you find whether on the Himalayas, in the isles of Polynesia, among the forests of North America, the snow fields of Greenland, the plains of Australia, or any other scene whereon nature displays herself in beauty or in grandeur, a single tribe which has been left to her sole teaching, that has received an education worth anything, either for this life or a life to come. "The children of nature" have been much glorified; but her children, all the world over, are a very ill-conditioned and ill-behaved race, the most pitiable beings the world upholds. If they were all assembled—Esquimaux and Bedouin, Bushman and Dyak, New Guineaman and Choctaw, Veddah and Fejean,—it is likely that on surveying them you would be of opinion that nature had made amazingly poor progress in the instruction of her own peculiar family. Nature is a sage and inexhaustible book for him whom revelation has taught to read; a clear, sonorous, and multiplying echo where revelation lifts up her voice: but without a teacher the book cannot explain one of its own letters; without a voice the echo is mute."—*Ibid.*

"Now society is one hand, composed of several fingers, and institutions are but a glove. He that made the fingers did not make them equal, and you need never try to invent a glove that will. You might make an iron glove, and stunt and hamper, but though all would be distorted they would not be equal even then. If you make a glove to fit their natural inequalities, it may prove that the thumb with his large portion is just as much straitened as the little finger with his small. I have no faith in any attempt to make us equal in circumstances, no idea that our great Father ever meant us so to be, and no relish for that style of brotherhood which would make me hanker to have as much as my brother, and share all he earned. No: let me rejoice in my own; and if, after every honest effort, I cannot have the satisfaction of eating my own morsel, why then, if he is a brother he will divid-

his with me. But I would rather burden no man. One hardly sees the wisdom of systems which are perpetually tolling society that it must take care of the individuals of which it is composed. Who ever know of a whole making up its parts, not of parts making up a whole,—of a corn-stack making the ears, not of ears making a corn-stack? Looking at this, one is much more inclined to toll individuals to serve society, than to toll society to serve individuals."—*Ibid.*

**THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.**—Christians are not so much required to live out of the world as to live above it. A hard duty, indeed! yet there is a victory which overcometh the world.

Many flowers open to the sun, but only one follows him constantly. Heart, be thou the sunflower, not only open to God's blessings, but constant in looking to him.

He that is good may hope to become better: he that is bad may fear that he may become worse: for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best: in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Religion is much talked of, but little understood, till a man's conscience is awakened: then a man knows the worth of a soul and the want of a Saviour.

Religion must be our business, then it will be our delight.

Four things a Christian should especially watch after, to be humble and thankful, watchful and cheerful.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves those that are lawful.

If you follow Satan, you will find the tempter prove a tormentor: if you follow the spirit, you will find the Counsellor prove a Comforter.

They that spend their days in faith and prayer, shall end their days in peace and comfort.

**THE EARTH'S DESTRUCTION BY FIRE.**—"Geology tells us very plainly that all the elements of that catastrophe predicted by Peter are at this moment ready. It is well ascertained, that Fahrenheit's thermometer rises one degree every 45 feet we penetrate into the earth, and that, if you were to descend 60 miles, the heat at that depth is so intense as to melt the hardest flints, and the most solid rock: and that this globe is therefore a cooled crust, composed of the granite and the fossiliferous, and that at the heart it is one molten and surging sea of fire: that the volcanoes are the safetyvalves which prevent the earth's crust being riven into atoms, and all humanity perishing.—A day will come when God will remove the restrictions, when the elements shall "melt with fervent heat." O! may we be found in the happy company, amid the blessed group of them who, through Christ Jesus, are looking for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness!"—(Lecture before the Church of England Young Men's Society, 1852.)

"Let us not flatter ourselves into security because he who is now our Advocate shall be then our judge: but rather consider that, though he be a Lamb, he will then be found a lion. Let us prepare ourselves against that day, in fear and trembling: and let us send up strong cries to him, that, as the good thief obtained to be remembered of him when he came into his kingdom, so we may obtain of him to be remembered in mercy when he comes to judgment."

"When, while quick and dead assemble,  
Flames this universe destroy,  
While the wicked quake and tremble,  
Saints shall lift their heads with joy;  
Raised to life, like them, may we  
With the Lord forever be!"

[Church of Eng. Mag.]

**FAST MEN.**—The vicious die early. They fall like shadows or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave—often while quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked "liveth not half his days." The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason by describing the dissolute as "fast men:" that is they live fast—they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. "Their sun is down while it is yet day." And they might have helped it. Many an one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal, and your care and nameless "wandering stars," who waste their youth in libertine indulgence: they cannot live long. They must die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate, that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing can save them.—Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to: while the state of their minds is often such that the soul would eat the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts.—*Edney.*