

That day is lost in which I have not made some advancement on my way to heaven. The traveller justly regards it a day lost when he lies by, and does not go forward in his journey.

Alas, how many lost days are marked in the calendar of our past life! The time is short—death approaches. Shall I not begin this day to do some of the neglected work for which I was sent into the world.

THE LITTLE ONES.

Be patient with the little ones. Let neither their slow understanding nor their occasional perversity offend you, or provoke the sharp reproof. Remember the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellects the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength through years of experience, and it ill becomes you to fret at the little child that fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept; here a little, and there a little." Cheer him on in this conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise up and call you blessed.

Bide patiently the endless questionings of your children. Do not roughly crush the springing spirit of free inquiry, with an impatient word or frown, nor attempt, on the contrary, a long and instructive reply to every slight and casual question. Seek rather to deepen their curiosity. Convert, if possible, the careless question into a profound and earnest enquiry; and aim rather to direct and aid, than to answer the enquiry. Let your reply send the little questioner forth, not so much proud of what he has learned, as anxious to know more. Happy are you, if in giving your child the molecule of truth he asks for, you can whet his curiosity with a glimpse of the mountain of truth lying beyond; so wilt thou send forth a philosopher, and not a silly pedant into the world.

Bear patiently the childish humors of those little ones. They are but the untutored pleadings of the young spirit for care and cultivation. Irritated into strength; and hardened into habits, they will haunt the whole of life like fiends of despair, and make thy little ones curse the day they were born; but, corrected kindly and patiently, they become the elements of happiness and usefulness. Passions are but fires, that may either scorch us with their uncontrolled fury, or may yield us a genial and needful warmth.

Bless your little ones with a patient care of their childhood and they will certainly consecrate the glory and grace of their manhood to your service. Sow in their hearts the seeds of a perennial blessedness; its ripened fruit will afford you a perpetual joy.—*Journal of Education.*

SIGNAL memorials of received mercies help to present duties, and quicken faith in the greatest future difficulties.

THE fairest and finest impression of the Bible is to have it well printed on the reader's heart.—*Arrowsmith.*

MANY a man shifts his sins as men do their clothes; they put off one to put on another. This is but waiting upon the devil in a new livery.

RESTLESSNESS AT NIGHT.

Sleeplessness in many cases is caused by nervous affections. Intense activity of the brain, over exertion, grief, and other mental distractions, also exercise an influence over the body which prevents the nerves and muscles from relaxing sufficiently to produce that perfect and quiescence of all its members necessary to healthful slumber. Various remedies have been proposed for it. The late Washington Irving was in the habit of getting up when afflicted with this malady, and either shaving himself or else slowly pacing up and down his room until nature was overtaxed and demanded rest. Artificial remedies, such as drugs, generally react on the system, and much injury results from their employment. We have found a most efficacious cure in our case to be the application of cold water to the body; beginning at the small of the back and continuing to bathe it and the legs until a healthful glow and reaction is produced. In winter or summer this plan is decidedly agreeable and has the merit of simplicity at least. The blood which was sluggish in its circulation is stimulated naturally, and no relaxing is perceptible, as is the case with stimulants or narcotics of any kind. People of nervous temperaments know what intense suffering results from the want of sleep; and physicians and philosophers are cognizant of the losses the world has sustained through bodily weakness and debility in great men, no matter what their profession may be. Any remedy, therefore, that promises immunity from this disease, will be truly an acquisition to the world at large.—*Exchange.*

THE GLORIOUS LIGHT,

"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."—*Psalms, 4: 6.*

The force of this language, so highly figurative, cannot be appreciated unless we consider the ground of the figure, which is the effects of the human countenance under certain conditions. The human countenance has its light and its darkness, just as the soul within is light or darkness. The countenance is, in some way, an index to the soul.

There are the countenance of love, the countenance of pity, the countenance of forgiveness, in all of which there is light, because there is a blessing in them. Hence, we feel that there is light in the presence of some persons more than others. It is the light of a countenance indexing a heart of friendship, of sympathy, of love.

There are countenances of clouds, of storms, and of darkness, because they indicate hearts full of anger, envy, deceit, selfishness, malice, &c. The darkness of such countenances appals us, and we instinctively turn away from them, for there is not a ray of light, nor a spark of life, nor the least degree of pleasure to be borrowed from them.

The light of God's countenance is the knowledge of his approbation. To enjoy that light is to realize that he loves us as his children; that he is near us, watches over us, and takes pleasure in us. But why should David pray, "Lift the light of thy countenance upon us?" Was he not a saint, always dwelling in the light? True, a saint; but saints often have clouds to intervene between themselves and the divine favor—thick, dark clouds—and this because they sin, and because of the weakness of their faith. Not one of God's saints has ever enjoyed, or ever will enjoy, in this trial state, the light of His presence equally at all times. The world, the flesh, and the devil, have yet too much power over our weak natures; and amid the struggle for eternal life, there will be conflicts in sorrow and