

follies, and he is sailing on the same tack with it, and steering for the same point. And thus does it occur, that the person who once set out fair for heaven—was a promising candidate for the skies—has stopped, retrograded, become a Demas, a backsliden believer, and has forsaken Christ.

If we have a reader concerning whom this is true, may that living God from whom he has departed, rouse him to self-examination, repentance, and performance of the first works.—*New York Evangelist.*

#### STRANGENESS OF DEATH.

Angels have no death to undergo; there is no such fear of unnatural violence between them and their final destiny. It is for man, and for aught that appears, it is for man alone, to watch, from the other side of the material panorama that surrounds him, the great and amazing realities with which he has everlastingly to do—it is for him so locked in an imprisonment of clay, and with no other loopholes of communication between himself and all that surrounds him than the eye and the ear—it is for him to light up in his bosom a lively and realizing sense of the things that eye hath never seen, that ear hath never heard. It is for man, and, perhaps, for man alone, to travel in thought, over the ruins of a mighty desolation, and beyond the wreck of that present world by which he is encompassed, to conceive that future world on which he is to expatiate for ever.—But a harder achievement, perhaps, than any—it is for man, in the exercise of faith, to observe that most appalling of all contemplations, the decay and the dissolution of himself; to think of the time when his now animated framework, every part of which is so sensitive and dear to him, shall fall to pieces, when the vital warmth by which it is so thoroughly pervaded shall take its departure, and leave to coldness and abandonment all that is visible of this moving, and acting, and thinking creature—when those limbs, with which he now steps so firmly and that countenance out of which he looks so gracefully and that tongue with which he now speaks so eloquently; when that whole body, for the interest and provision of which he now labors so strenuously, as if, indeed, it were immortal—when all these shall be reduced to a mass of putrefaction, and at length crumble, with the coffin that encloses them, into dust! Why, my brethren, to a being in the full consciousness and possession of its living energies, there is something, if I may be allowed the expression, so foreign and so unnatural in death, that we ought not to wonder if it scare away the mind from that ethereal region of existence to which it is hastening.—Angels have no such transition of horror and mystery to undergo. There is no screen of darkness interposed between them and the portion of their futurity, however distant; and it appears that it is for man only to drive a bridge across that barrier which looks so impenetrable, or so to surmount the power of vision, as to carry his aspirings over the summits of all that revelation has made known to him.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

#### EVERY-DAY PREACHING.

One painful lack with some excellent ministers is the lack of knowledge of the human heart in its daily actings. They are not ignorant men. They are tolerably familiar with Owen and Howe, with Poole and Turretin, and may have waded deep into Havernick, and Hengstenberg. But to the living, acting, weeping, working, tempted, and sinning world around them, they are well-nigh strangers. During the

week, their parishioners have been driving a plow, or hammering a lapstone, or pleading a cause, or have been "up to their eyes" in cotton bales, or sugar casks. When the Sabbath comes, these parishioners bring to the sanctuary their every-day wants and trials, as parents, as citizens, as men of business. They want preaching that shall tell them how to live, as well as what to believe. They want *plain* teaching. They want doctrine, but doctrine made practical. They hunger for truth, but truth purged of all scholastic technicalities. We once heard a young licentiate of great promise preach a sermon in which he talked about "governmental theories of atonement," of "potentialities," of "subjective feelings," and "claircised verities." We said to ourselves, "Young man, you will burn that sermon up before you have been in the ministry twelve months."—Such preaching saves no souls.

The Sabbath teachings which are carried into the week are those which point the sinner most clearly to the Saviour—which meet the Christian in his daily struggles and temptations—which soothe the afflicted with gospel consolations—which tell the young how to shun Satan's pitfalls, and the aged how to prepare for death, and all this in the simplest language possible. A discourse, which a minister would not be willing to read to his domestics and his children of twelve and fifteen years of age, with a good hope that they would understand it, is not usually a safe sermon for a popular audience. "It takes all our learning to make the truth simple." The preacher who never "wears out" is the one who studies most closely the Bible and the human heart in its every-day workings.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

#### "SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

Many of our little friends have, by some means, given themselves a very foolish habit of making use of many words and phrases, which are of no use to any one, and do not at all relieve the mind of the speaker. This practice is not only very foolish and silly, but it is decidedly wrong. Let me illustrate this by a case in point.

Here is little Harry Hills, a smart little boy of six or seven summers, loved by all who know him.—His mother is our neighbor, and a low picket fence divides our gardens. A few days ago, while I was near the fence, I heard some one exclaim impatiently,

"By jimminy that's too mean."

I looked up and saw Harry, who colored up to the roots of his hair, as I asked,

"What's too mean?"

"Why, you see, I was rak'ng here in the garden, and my rake caught in a root, and three of the teeth came out."

"Yes, Harry, I see; but suppose all the teeth had come out, or even the rake broke so that it would be impossible to mend it, is that any reason that you should swear about it?"

"But I didn't swear; I only said——"

"Yes, Harry, I am sorry to say you did. By jimminy is an oath. By any thing, no matter how small is swearing, and the fact is you take an oath. Do you understand?"

Harry did, and the bright tears rolled down his cheeks as I talked to him of little oaths, and showed the step was small from these to the time when he would, without thinking, take the name of his Creator in vain.

Since that time I have never heard Harry use any words not necessary to show his meaning. Children think of it, and remember to "swear not at all."