

honor God in their example, is as important and as much needed as that of seeking the conversion of the ungodly.

11. Avoid whatever may tempt those newly converted, as may be hoped, to a want of humility, to a seeking of notoriety. The shade is the price for tender growths, just translated. The roots must make good growth before they can bear the hot sun. The best growth at that age is unseen, in the ground of the heart. What a long shoot the seed of good grain strikes downward in the soil, before it puts out any leaf.

12. Inculcate the love of the Scriptures.

13. Seek that the work may reach with great power among all former communicants, to lead them to search their foundations, to begin anew to live to God.—*Mellvaine.*

#### GOD'S LONG-SUFFERING.

Were there but eight, only eight saved? There were thousands, millions sought. Nor is it justice to God to forget how long a period of patience, and preaching, and warning, and compassion, preceded that dreadful deluge. Long before the lightning flashed from angry heavens; long before thunders rolled along dissolving skies; long before the clouds rained down death; long before the floor and solid pavement of this earth, under the prodigious agencies at work, broke up, like the deck of a leaking ship, and the waters rushed from below, to meet the waters from above, and sink a guilty world; long before the time when the ark floated away by tower and town, and those crowded hill-tops, where frantic groups had clustered, and amid prayers and curses, and shrieks and shouts, hung out their signals of distress—very long before this, God had been calling an impenitent world to repentance. Had they no warning in Noah's preaching? Was there nothing to alarm them in the very sight of the ark, as story rose upon story; and nothing in the sound of those ceaseless hammers to waken all but the dead? It was not till mercy's arm grew weary ringing the warning bell, that to use the words of my text, God "poured out his fury" on them. I appeal to the story of this awful judgment. True, for forty days it rained incessantly, and for one hundred and fifty days more "the waters prevailed on the earth;" but while the period of God's justice is reckoned by days, the period of his long-suffering was drawn out into years; and there was a truce of one hundred and twenty years between the first stroke of the bell and the first crash of the thunder. Noah grew gray preaching repentance.—The ark stood useless for years, a huge laughing-stock for the scoffer's wit; it stood till it was covered with the marks of age, and its builders with the contempt of the world; and many a sneer had those men to bear, as pointing to the serene heavens above and an empty ark below, the question was put, "Where is the promise of his coming?" Most patient God! Then, as now, thou wert slow to punish—"waiting to be gracious."—*Gulhrrie.*

#### PATERNAL DUTY.

The father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children? Nor is it an excuse

to say he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask, by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect his most solemn and important duties? Nor is it an excuse to say that he wishes to leave them a competence. Is he under obligations to leave them that competence which he desires? Is it an advantage to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Besides, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren, and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; hatred of vice and vicious men; and lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue—are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which would render that property a blessing.—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

#### NUTSHELL RELIGION.

Or a kind of religion that confines itself chiefly to its own narrow circle, and looks not abroad upon the wrongs, the woes, the destitutions of a perishing world. Some ministers, churches and individuals, live and breathe in a nutshell—preach, pray, talk, and exhort in a nutshell. Like the spider that winds and weaves itself up in its own web.

Such people want to be happy: they labor and toil and pray to build up their own interest or party; and marvel they make so little progress. "Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not?" Will God stoop, or bow the ear of mercy to exalt self! Sooner would he vacate his throne.

God is love, a God of benevolence; the Bible is for all—everybody. Christ died for all, ascended for all, intercedes for all. Why were the primitive Christians so happy, so joyful, so successful? Why did Paul make such rapid strides in holiness, in the divine life, mount up with wings as eagles? He opened his mouth and heart wide—spread out his arms of love—sacrificed his life, his all, not for a sect or party, but for God and his cause. He flew on the wings of love, preached the gospel to every creature—embraced the whole world in the arms of his benevolence.

Why are many of our churches in a cold, formal stupid, backslidden state—why are their heavens brass, and the earth under their feet iron, why does God withhold the latter rain, the early dew, why turn a deaf ear to our fastings and our prayers?

#### ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred! the mighty warrior, who quelled and drove afar from him the terrible enemy that had baffled the prowess of all his predecessors—the father of his people, who listened to all complaints, and redressed all wrongs—the philosopher, who raised up a barbarous age towards the height of his own mind, and founded the civilization of England—the Legislator, whose laws, after a thousand years, make part of the liberties of his country! Our imagination cannot dream of a greater man than this, or of one happier in his greatness.—Yet, we do not, I opine, think of Alfred as strongly possessed by a love of fame. We think of him as conscious of his own high thoughts, and living in the elevation of his nature. But he seems to us too profoundly affected by his great designs, to care for the applauses of the race for whose benefit his mighty mind was constant meditation. He seems to us rather absorbed in the philosophic dream of the wide change which his wisdom was to