

Will you pray then? It will be useless. "Because I have called, and ye have refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer." You must live on, think on, suffer on, sin on, for ever! Remorse and self-reproach will be your portion. "Thou hast destroyed thyself."

But, my dear friend, one thing remains for you, remember that you are *not yet at the judgment*, though you may be in an hour. Loose no time therefore in coming to Christ. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace. God is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. We beseech you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

Increase of Baptists in Wales.

We find in the *Christian Chronicle* the following extract from a Welsh Magazine, called *The Baptist*, showing the increase of the Baptists in Wales during the year ending June, 1830:

"With peculiar pleasure we look back on the increase of our denomination, during the last associational year. The Lord has prospered the labours of his servants in an especial manner; so that the number of those who follow the Lamb have been unusually increased. This we record not to boast, but to show what great things the Lord has done for us.

The following table shows the number of those baptized, and also the net increase of the churches composing the various associations.

	Baptized.	Net increase
North Wales	1045	1063
The Old Association	516	531
Glamorganshire	3937	3425
Monmouthshire	2728	2884
Caermarthenshire and Cardiganshire	1299	1344
Pembrokeshire	615	533
	9240	9821

If to this we add the increase of the churches unassociated, the number, no doubt, would reach ten thousand, if not exceed that number."

MEETING-HOUSE DESTROYED BY FIRE.—The house of worship of the Baptist church at Piscataway, N. J., was entirely consumed on the morning of the 1st Jan. The fire was communicated to the gallery by the heat of the stove pipe. The church hold a policy of insurance of \$2,000 upon the building in one of the New-Brunswick Insurance Companies. Some particulars connected with this afflictive providence, related to us by the pastor, Rev. H. V. Jones, are truly affecting. The house took fire just before the time of the morning service appointed for New Year's day, and when the audience was already assembling. And as member after member arrived upon the spot, and witnessed the destruction of the sanctuary wherein they had so often and sweetly worshipped God, tears streamed down many cheeks, and many hearts were sad. But when the complete prostration of the building rendered their efforts and presence unnecessary, they adjourned to a private house, and heard an appeal from one of our missionary agents and responded to it, while the members of their meeting-house were yet burning, in a subscription amounting to nearly one hundred dollars. That church will not be long without a meeting-house.

Result of Identifying Religion with the State.

If a state church were pure to day, yet the children of its present members would be born in sin, and must be transformed before they could become fit subjects of the reign of Christ; so that wherever there is a state religion, it must be brought down to a level with man's state by nature; and

thus you establish a system which requires the corruption of the whole body of Christ.—*C. Stouel.*

IN A WORRY.

Some people seem to worry out existence. They have external means of enjoyment, yet they are never at ease. A lady of this character, whose ability to procure every outward enjoyment was fully within her reach, was lately congratulated upon her freedom from all vexatious and annoying trials. "Why," said she, "I am full of trouble. I am always in a worry about Sam; when he returns from sea. I can enjoy nothing, because I know he is going again; when he is at sea, I am always expecting to hear he is dead, or cast away on some desolate island." Yet "Sam" was not her husband, but an adopted nephew, upon whom so much sympathy was lavished. Another friend I could name is always tried or "worried" with her domestic troubles. "Bridget got up late," or "Sally goes out too often," or "Ned is becoming a careless driver." And between seeking comfort, and finding it, life becomes a very wearisome affair, and is entirely fretted away in relating troubles that have been lived over.

What a pity it is that we are so forgetful of the great laws of inward peace, as to brood over the past, talk about its evils, and thus make them ever present to our thoughts. There was much in the philosophy of a divine, who said: "When I have lived over a trouble, I try to use it aright, and then to forget it. When my domestics plague my wife, I always pat her on the shoulder and turn the conversation; for surely the trial of *enduring* was enough at the time; I want no omnipresent troubles."

Then there is another class who are always "worried" about what no human foresight can prevent, An easterly wind, a hot day, a sudden shower, a dense fog, or a heavy dew, all alike vex them. Allowing such things to prey upon the spirits, makes us very disagreeable companions. Who would select such an one for a travelling friend!—who would take such an *one for life!*—When a man considers how much his comfort is concerned with his wife's temper, how she lends him through life's rough places with violent or gentle hand, before he chooses his future destiny, let him consider. The embryo of a woman is often seen in the child; petulant ungovernable, indulged children do not always rise above the natural propensity of early years when they arrive at womanhood; neither does the surly, rough lad often become the agreeable gentleman. Yet upon the disposition to meet the every day discipline of life depends all our enjoyments. A calm trusting spirit, forbearing, hopeful temper, a countenance where smiles predominate; who would fear to unite with such an one? The happiest effect upon a whole life often follows a well matched pair. The mild and amiable graces will blunt the rough edges and awkward manners of one nearest our heart, for the magic influence of sympathy is electric, and assimilation often produces the admirable traits we come in contact with, and a likeness is imperceptibly stamped upon the character. It has been said—I know not how truly—that gazing upon the benign expression of the portrait of a deceased and beloved friend, will in time produce a calm and serene expression upon the gaze—so intellible is the stamp, that the soul of our friend becomes mirrored in our own. Away then with "worrying" trifles—they mar the beauty of the human countenance, and eat like cauter into the soul.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Mr. Phillippe, in his "Jamaica," relates the following striking anecdote as an accurate description of the spirit and conduct of the generality of negro christians.

"A slave in one of the islands of the West Indies, originally from Africa, having been brought under

the influence of religious instruction, became singularly valuable to his owner, on account of his integrity and general good conduct; so much so that his master raised him to a situation of some importance in the management of his estate. This owner, on one occasion, wishing to purchase twenty additional slaves, employed him to make the selection, giving him instructions to choose those who were strong and likely to make good workmen. The man went to the slave-market, and commenced his search. He had not long surveyed the multitudes offered for sale, before he fixed his eye intently upon an old and decrepid slave, and told his master that he must be one. The master seemed greatly surprised, and remonstrated against it; the poor fellow begged that he might be indulged; when the dealer remarked that if they were about to buy twenty, he would give them the old man into the bargain. The purchase was accordingly made, and the slaves were conducted to the plantation of their new master; but upon some did the selector bestow half the attention he did upon the poor, old, decrepid African. He took him to his own habitation, and laid him upon his own bed; he fed him at his own table, and gave him drink out of his own cup; when he was cold he carried him into the sunshine, and when he was hot he placed him under the shade of the cocoa-nut trees. Astonished at the attention this confidential slave bestowed upon a fellow-slave, his master interrogated him upon the subject. He said, 'You could not take so intense an interest in the old man, but for some special reason; he is a relation of yours, perhaps your father?' 'No, massa,' answered the poor fellow, 'he no my fader.' 'He is then an elder brother?' 'No, massa, he be no my brother.' 'Then he is an uncle, or some other relation?' 'No, massa, he be no of my kindred at all, nor even my friend.' 'Then,' asked the master, 'on what account does he excite your interest?' 'He my enemy, massa,' replied the slave; 'he sold me to the slave-dealer, and my bible tell me when my enemy hunger, feed him, and when he thirst, give him drink, for in so doing I shall heap coals of fire on his head.'

Ardent Desires for Holiness produced by a sense of Divine Love.

When I consider that Jesus is the everlasting God, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,—whose name is holy;—who dwelleth in the high and holy place, exalted in his own eternal excellence, infinitely above all the blessing and praise that seraphic powers can raise to his name;—who humbleth himself to behold the purest and the brightest things that are in heaven, and before whom the whole creation is nothing, less than nothing, and vanity;—and when I believe that this high and mighty Lord, infinite in majesty and grandeur, loves me, a worm, an atom, and compared with him nothing, less than nothing,—a sinner, a rebel, a traitor, a wretch laden with guilt, in my flesh replete with evil, utterly unworthy of the smallest mercy from his hand, and deserving the utmost possible destruction,—I wonder with amazement,—I blush and am ashamed,—I fall down into the dust before the feet of my infinitely glorious and condescending lover, covered with shame, and filled with self-abasement and self-abhorrence. I grieve and mourn that sin, which he cannot love, should dwell in me, whom he does love;—I am ashamed that I love him so little, who loves me so much, and that I can do scarcely anything to honour him, who has done, yea, and suffered too, every thing requisite for my complete salvation from eternal disgrace and misery, and is doing everything needful to raise me to everlasting honour and felicity. I long to be entirely free not only from the commission of sin, but also from the being of that hateful and accursed thing,—to love my gracious redeeming Lord without intermission, without weakness, without the least imperfection, and to be devoted to his honour and praise in body, soul, and spirit, every day, every hour, every moment of my future life.