

CHRISTIANITY.—I go back to the age of Jesus Christ, and I am immediately struck with the comment and rapid progress of the most remarkable revolution in the annals of the world. I see a new religion, of a character altogether its own, which bore no likeness to any past or existing faith, spreading in a few years through all civilized nations, and introducing a new era, a new state of society, a change of the human mind, which has broadly distinguished all following ages. Here is a plain fact, which the skeptic will not deny, however he may explain it. I see this religion issuing from an obscure, despised, hated people. Its founder had died on the cross, a mode of punishment as disgraceful as the pillory or the gallows of the present day. Its teachers were poor men, without rank, office, or education, taken from the fishing-boat and other occupations.—*Amen.*

LIVE TEMPERATE.—All who have a mind to live long and healthy, and die without sickness of body and mind, must immediately begin to live temperately, for such a regularity keeps the humors of the body mild and sweet, and suffers no gross fiery vapor to ascend from the stomach to the head; hence the brain of him who lives in that manner enjoys such a constant serenity that he is always master of himself. Happily freed from the tyranny of bodily appetites and passions, he easily soars above to the exalted and delightful contemplation of heavenly objects; by this means his mind becomes gradually enlightened with divine truth and expands itself to the glorious enrapturing view of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God. He then ascends to Nature, and acknowledges her for the fair daughter of God, and views her varied charms with sentiments of admiration, joy, and gratitude, becoming the most favored of sublunary beings.—*Lewis Cornaro.*

SERMON READING.—Dr. Blacklock, the Blind Poet whom Dr. Johnson looked upon with reverence, was educated for the Church and presented to the Parish of Kirkcudbright, by Lord Selkirk. "Never before or since, so far as we know," says a local Journal, "was an attempt made to induct into a living, a man who had been blind almost from his birth. We have heard an anecdote about his first appearance in the pulpit at Kirkenbright, which those who know the antipathy of some people to read sermons, will well understand. An old woman on the pulpit stairs, asked one of her companions, if the new minister was a reader. And how can he read, woman?" was the reply; the man's blind. To which the first made answer, *I'm glad to hear it—I wish they were a'blin'!*"

A DIRTY SHILLING.—Bishop Meade, in the *South-eastern Churchman*, gives an account of many of the old families of Virginia. Among these he mentions a man named Watkins, of whom the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, left a manuscript notice. A part of that notice in these words: "Without shining abilities, or the advantages of an education, by plain, straight-forward industry, under the guidance of old fashioned honesty and practical good sense, he accumulated an ample fortune, in which it is firmly believed there was not one *dirty shilling*." This is very homely Saxon language, but it is full of pith and point. In Randolph's mind there must have been running some faint reminiscence of the apostle's phrase, "filthy lucre," used more than once

in his epistles. Either term has wide application in these days, when the race for riches seems to absorb all hearts, and few men care for the soil upon their shilling, provided only they have enough of them. Yet the wisest of men says that a good name is better than thousands of gold and silver; whereas a few dirty shillings, a few unjust gains, a few sharp practices, will put a leprous taint upon the accumulations of a lifetime. It is worth while for any man, before he makes a new addition to his heap, to examine the color of his coin, and keep out the *filthy lucre*, the *dirty shillings*.

GOT.—The word *got* is often introduced superfluously and incorrectly into familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "lend me a dollar?" you say, "I've got no money," you simply say what you do not mean; omit the *got*, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've got a cold" is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but, if you merely wish to say, as you probably do, that you are suffering from a cold "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has got a fair complexion." Here *got* is again an interloper; for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she has one. "I've got to go to New York to-morrow." Here *got* is again redundant and incorrect. "I have to go," expresses the idea

THE LOST DAY.

That day is lost in which I have not *learned something from the word of God*. Every day I should open the sacred volume and every time I open it I should seek to discover some treasure of knowledge which I never possessed before.

That day is lost in which I have not done some *act of benevolence*. Where this can be done as a part of my regular calling, I ought to thank God for an employment which offers such occasions of serving God. I cannot live aright without continually looking forward to that solemn award, in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. Doing good to the soul is better than doing good to body; but both may be attempted every day. "Pure religion," or pure religious service, as the word there means, consists largely in visiting "the fatherless and widows in their affliction." James i. 27.

That day is lost in which I have not gained some *victory over sin*. Our indwelling corruption is to be put to death by repeated strokes. The conquest of one habit marks any day with colors of joy. The sensible lessening of any evil temper, or the denying of any evil propensity, is better than all the gains of business. Every sin that is mortified is so much weight thrown off in the race.

That day is lost in which I have not enjoyed some *communion with God*. This is the very life of the soul. He is not living aright, who does not seek this heavenly intercourse day by day.

That day is lost in which I have not sought, in *prayer*, some spiritual blessing for myself or others. Such prayers ought to be earnest and importunate, and we ought to remember them, and look for gracious answers.

That day is lost in which I have allowed myself to remain *unreconciled* with a brother. The sun should not go down upon our wrath.