

"I desire to thank Thee, my God and Father in Christ Jesus, for this and every other opportunity of improvement which Thou hast given me! Enable me to receive it with thanksgiving, and sanctify it to me by the word of God and prayer. O, let me know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and other things *just so far* as may be for my good, and Thy glory, and *no farther*. I would mourn before Thee the base ingratitude with which I have hitherto abused my time and talents by loving Thy gifts more than Thee, and seeking myself, not Thee, in them. Now I bring all my things to Thee; for they are not mine, but Thine own. Take that *accursed thing* *SELF* out of them all, and condescend to use them for Thy glory. . . . Holy Lord God the Spirit! who dividest unto every man severally as Thou wilt, *bless such of my studies, and in such a degree*, as may be most to Thy glory. If it be Thy will, prepare me by them for the work to which I desire Thou wouldst call and separate me. I commit this work to which I would devote myself unto Thy hands. Prosper it or not, as Thou seest good. . . . Even so, Holy Spirit, for the sake of Thy great mercies in Christ Jesus; to whom, with Thee and the Father, be all the honor, all the praise, and all the glory, now and for ever.—Amen."

A DIALOGUE ON BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCH.

Mary. I HOPE, papa, you have no meeting to attend to-night.

Mr. Cultus. Why, my daughter?

Mary. O, I want you to stay at home, sometimes, that we may have the benefit of your instructions. I find so many things in reading that I cannot understand, and no one teaches like you. There is a passage in the lesson I read this morning, which I wish you would explain to me.

Mr. Cultus. Repeat it: where is it found?

Mary. In Eccles. v. 1: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools: for they consider not that they do evil."

Timothy. Why, sister, I can explain that to you: it means that you are to keep your feet still in church, and not scrape them on the floor, or kick the back of the pew with them, to disturb everybody, as Jem Rowdy did last Sunday.

Mr. Cultus. You are a great commentator, my boy!