

highest happiness, honor, and delight to be in a state of entire subjection. Our only denomination is "New Testament Disciples." Mr Hine (the brother to whom allusion was before made) and myself were chosen by the body to preside at the meetings, and to act as Deacons also till persons Scripturally qualified be raised up amongst us proper to fill the offices of Bishops and Deacons.

Believe me yours affectionately for the truth's sake, and in hope of a glorious immortality,

J. WALLIS.

[May the Lord of the harvest raise up many reapers in Britain! and may the little band in Nottingham be multiplied a thousand times so many as they be, that the original gospel and institution of our Lord may run and be glorified in the length and breadth of the land of our forefathers, the land of Bibles—of free and benevolent institutions!—A. C.]

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### WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY HERE.

Is this to be believed? Who does believe it? The poor sick man, worn with continual pains, weakened, cut off from every pleasure,—who enjoys neither taste, nor sight, nor sound; he believes it. But I see a professor of religion, who labors daily to amass property with an enthusiasm, a perseverance, an absorption of mind, which withdraws him from every thing else. He attends church boldly—he drives business mentally: he looks at his minister, but he thinks of his prospects. With what a dash he goes from Sunday to Monday—it is like the springing of the bent bow,—a whole day's reflection has settled all the little details of business, and he hastens to execute them. I seldom see him at a prayer meeting, I never feel in his presence as if he was a christian; I can never persuade myself that he thinks about heaven, that he wishes to leave earth. His whole life is a loud voice saying—Here is my abiding city. Men point him out, as a shrewd man, a thrifty man—but I never heard one unacquainted with him, suspect that he was a christian. I began to blame this man, I said he could not be a christian, I thought of what he had to be, and it occurred to me suddenly to enquire if I was not pursuing exactly the same course? I was surprised to see how little I have felt that another world is my home, and how entirely I had arranged my plans as though it was, while looking inward I forgot to censure my friend. Reader, are you living as though this world were your home?

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**EFFICACY OF PRAYER.**—Good prayers never came weeping home, I am sure I shall receive, either what I ask, or what I should ask.