

who may not take a few persons into his heart and throw the strength of his love about them, at least binding them fast round God's throne with the golden chains of prayer, and becoming their patient, helpful friend, thus blessing them and leading them into truer, nobler life. In doing this he will not do any less, but more in general lines of ministry, and will find also that in blessing others he is also receiving untold good into his own life.—*Phil. Pres.*

WHAT CAN I DO?

When we think of nearly a thousand millions of our species at once inhabiting this globe, all sinners, all having immortal souls, all to stand before God in judgment, all soon to die, yet to live for ever in another world, either in happiness or misery; when we reflect that another thousand millions will in a few years have succeeded the present generation, all born in sin, the children of wrath and disobedience, to be soon swept away into eternity; and that this is the case from age to age! and when we remember that God has so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life; that in infinite mercy He has sent us the Gospel, and led us to embrace it; that we possess a good hope through grace; and that the same Gospel is suitable, free, and sufficient for all throughout the world, if they heard and believed it, surely the mind that was in Christ, love to Him and His cause, and a desire to imitate His example, will combine to excite us to use all our influence in every way which may tend, either directly or more remotely, to promote the great end of Emmanuel's incarnation and death upon the cross.

Our life is short; a great part of it is already spent; we have lived too much and too long unto ourselves; and there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither we are going. Let us, then, not merely inquire what we are bound to do, but what we can do; and how any of our labors, efforts, or contributions according to our several talents may produce some effect in spreading our holy religion; and how we feeble and insignificant individuals, by combining our influence and exciting others to join us, may extend its blessings to the remotest

nations, and to those who shall exist in future ages.

Surely this is the grand end for which we ought to value life, after we have "known the grace of God in truth;" and all that respects our temporal interests should be entirely subordinated to the desire of glorifying God and doing good to mankind, above all in their eternal concerns. — *Rev. Thom. Scott.*

SOUL RESTORATION.

A man upon the way having accidentally lost his purse is questioned by his fellow-traveller where he had it last. "O," he said, "I am confident that I was in such a town, at such an inn." "Why, then," said the other, "there is no better way to have it again than by going back to the place where you last had it."

This is the case of many in these loose, unsettled times. They have lost their love for Christ and his truth since their corn and wine and oil increased; since outward things are in abundance added unto them they have slighted the light of God's countenance. When they were poor and naked of all worldly goods then they sought God's face both early and late, and nothing was more dear unto them than the truth of Christ.

What, then, is to be done to recover this lost love for Christ? Back again, back again, directly where you last had it! Back to the sign of the Broken Heart! There it was that you drew it out into good words and better works; and though this love be since lost in the crowd of worldly employments, there and nowhere else can you be sure to find it again. — *Fr. Spencer.*

Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle that they dog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. — *Isaac Walton.*

There is perhaps no more fruitful source of wretchedness in this world than ungoverned tempers. How many a home which should be a Heaven on earth is transmutated into a very hell by an unruly tongue! — *Witness.*