

**HOME FEELINGS.**—Cherish home-like feelings towards the Father's house. Like an ocean pilgrim who espies a speck of dimness, a wedge of vapour, rising from the deep, and in the cold evening he scarcely cares to be told that it is land, chill and sleepy, he sees no comfort for him in a little heap of distant haze, but, after a night's sound slumber, springing to the deck, the hazy hummock has spread out into a green and glittering shore, with the stir and floating streamers of a holiday in its villages, and with early summer in the gale which morning fetches from off its meadow flowers. So many a believer even has far-off and frosty sensations towards the Better Land; and it is not till refreshed from time's tumult—till waking up in some happy Sabbath's spiritual-mindedness, or skirting the celestial coast in the proximity of sickness and decline—that the dim speck projects into a solid shore, bright with blessed life and fragrant with empyreal air.

"Thou city of my God,  
Home of my heart, how near,  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy pearly gates appear!

"O, then my spirit pants  
To reach the land I love,  
The fair inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above."

And as with its remoteness, so with its attractions. You might imagine a man who had come far across the seas to visit a father whom he had not seen for many years, and in a house which he had never seen at all. And, coming to that part of the country, he espies a mansion with which he is nowise prepossessed, so huge and heavy does it look; but he is told that this is the dwelling, and a gruff ungainly porter opens for him the grand avenue gate; and no sooner does he find himself in the vestibule than a home-glow tells him he is right, and his elder brother hastens out to meet him, and conducts him to his chamber, and soon ushers him into the presence of friends, whom he is amazed and overjoyed to meet. So, in the thought that we must put off these tabernacles and pass away we know not whither, there is something from which nature secretly recoils, and which gives to the earthward side of the Father's house a blank and heavy look; and at the avenue gate, Death, the grim porter, none of us can like. But still it is the Father's house; and by preparing an apartment for us, and decorating it with his own hands, and by introducing us to dear kindred already there, our Elder Brother will do all he can to make it home.—*Dr. Hamilton*

**SUCCESS IN THE PULPIT.**—"Inculcate the duty of acquiring the habit of free speech—of facile and forcible utterance. To this end they must neither neglect previous written preparation, nor burden themselves by committing a discourse to memory to be verbally repeated, nor sink down into the invariable readers of sermons. Let them learn the best methods of charming their minds with the subject to be set forth—arranging the order and process of arguments, the regular successive steps by which they are to reach a certain end—selecting their illustrations and illustrative Scriptural statements—burning the whole into their souls by prolonged thought, and baptizing it by fervent prayer—and then, standing up, with humble dependence on Divine aid, and with faith in themselves, in their power to do what they have undertaken, and in their honesty and consciousness—let them thus seek to bring the truth that is in them, as it has fashioned itself to the intellect and been fused in the soul, with plain, pungen, unaffected speech, the language of the heart, words, for the most part, of the common people and of common life—and they will not fail, God helping them, of acceptance and success. I have no great faith in extemporized thought, nor much in the throes and efforts of verbal memory; but thought being got, mastered, wrought out, arranged, language may be very much left to the hour of utterance. Many passages of the previous preparation will be recalled as they stand, and many better will be suggested at the time."—*Bunney.*