

dered by satan. It were well if his hindrances were confined to journeys. They affect, alas ! many other things.

A professing Christian is prompted to go to an impenitent sinner, and to remonstrate with him respecting his course. Satan suggests that the effort will be in vain, or that another time will do just as well. In consequence the sinner goes on unwarned, and becomes hardened to resist subsequent appeals.

A Christian is at variance with his brother. He sees and feels that it is a sad thing for differences to exist between those who are redeemed by the same blood, and travelling together to the same Father's house. He finds that he cannot offer the petition, "forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." He resolves to go to his brother, and make confession, and seek reconciliation. Satan tells him that he has done enough now that he is prepared to confess his fault,—that the offending brother is bound to come half the way,—that it is not wise to make any advances till he is assured they will be well received. Thus he is hindered, and the cause of Christ continues to suffer.

A Christian is sitting by his fireside reading an account of the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom. His heart rejoices; and the petition rises to his lips, "thy kingdom come." He perceives that there is a call for funds to aid in spreading the word of life. He is ready to meet the call, but while he is considering what sum he shall give, satan suggests that he will thus diminish his capital, and lessen his profits in a transaction in which he is about to engage,—that it will be better to secure those profits, and then to make a larger donation to the cause.

Reader, has satan hindered you in any of your purposes of doing good? Be on your guard. When an opportunity for good is presented, beware of giving place to the devil. If you must be hindered by him, let it be by his influence over others, and not by the free consent of your own mind.

ARNON.

From the New York Observer.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A court-room in one of our large cities is thronged with a dense mass of spectators. From floor to ceiling rises one crowded array of anxious faces. The room is as silent as death. A human being is on his trial for life, and his advocate is just rising to make his last defence. Mark the carefulness with which he reviews the testimony. Mark the intense solicitude with which he avails himself of every symptom of feeling in the jury-box. And as he draws near the close of his argument, see how his hand trembles, how his face is flushed, how his whole frame is shaking under the weight of an overwhelming solicitude too great even for utterance. *Is he too earnest? Is his appeal too impassioned and fervid? Look at that wretched criminal with his quivering lip, and let him answer! Look at that pale wife,*