

evil. Every man's accountable being reaches not only to his grave, but actually stretches on its effects to the judgment day. Every act of this brief life has numberless relations, and takes hold on the coming future, and will have an effect on the final results of probation. Every man of us, humble and insignificant as we are personally, will make our influence to be felt on the character and moral training of future generations of mankind; and for that influence we shall be held to strict account in the day of reckoning. What an opportunity has the good man to honor his God and Saviour, identify his name, and piety, and influence with all that is great and glorious in a world redeemed? And what consequences cast their shadows out of a coming future, and warn the ungodly to beware. Could the wicked man transport himself forward to the day of final revelation, and see at one view, all the final consequences of a single sin, traced out along all the lines of its influence and evil effects, he would not dare to put forth his hand to commit it. In all our plans of living, and in all our preparations for dying, let us not fail to remember that "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.—*N. Y. Evang.*

THE RUNAWAY KNOCK.

"Who can be knocking at the hall door? It is late for a visitor," said Mr. Hardy to the family circle gathered round his evening fire.

"We shall soon know, Thomas is coming to tell," replied his son. But Thomas had no information to give, except when he opened the door no one was there; it was only a runaway knock.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed one of the young ladies, who would have no objection that the arrival of a guest should vary the monotony of the winter evening. "And how foolish," cried another.

"Well! my dears," said the father, "I have known a runaway knock so improved upon, that instead of being either tiresome or foolish, it suggested thoughts that may have been, and probably were, highly useful and improving."

"Really, papa? Please to tell us all about it. Do papa. You always have something pleasant to tell about every thing," said another. "And perhaps we may also find it useful and improving. Won't you begin, father?" said Edward, the eldest son.

"With pleasure, my dear. You are all aware that I spent some of my younger days in Wales, and gained a knowledge of the people who inhabit it, and of their ancient language. I was thus, in attending their religious services, able to understand and appreciate the Welsh preachers, who have been described, and justly, as masters of pulpit power."

"I had no idea of that," said Mrs. Hardy. "I thought the Welsh were quite an uncivilized race."

"I believe the impression is not uncommon," Mr. Hardy replied, "but it is erroneous. It may be impossible that a country and people, situated as they have been, could be cultivated, but some who have had opportunities of judging, assert that in education they are beyond the average of many of the counties of England."

"But, father," said Edward, "where is the runaway knock? "Are you running away from it?"

"By no means my son; I am advancing towards it in mentioning the Welsh preachers, whose usefulness, and the vast impression produced upon the minds of their countrymen by their labors, may be adduced as a proof of the superiority of the mind of Wales. It was from one of these, and one pre-eminently distinguished as a preacher, that I heard the illustration which the false alarm at our hall door

just now recalled to my mind. It was a magnificent temple in which I heard this man. A romantic dale among the mountains of Caernarvon, hemmed in by beetling crags, with an opening here and there, which gave a view of distant hill tops, far away. It was the middle of summer, at which season such meetings usually take place, and over country and scenery was spread a delicious calm. "A chapel stood not very far off, and not a small one, but far too small to accommodate even a fifth part of the large mass of people convened on the present occasion, who were arranged upon the gentle slopes of a rising hill, with a platform for the ministers in front of it. Before service commenced there was a perfect hush, a profound silence, broken only by the twitter of a bird; not a leaf rustling, not a breeze straying abroad."

"How beautiful, how striking it must have been!" observed one of the young ladies.

"You have all heard singing in cathedrals," continued her father, "but what would you say to the burst of song that arose suddenly from thousands of voices, beneath the blue arch of heaven, amidst those rocks, and fields, and woods? Dr. K's sermon, delivered, of course, in the native language, was quite suited to such a scene. It was on the subject of prayer; and the passage that has remained fixed on my memory may be thus translated:—

"While the prayer of faith is sure always to succeed, our prayers, alas! too often resemble the mischievous tricks of children in a town, who knock at their neighbor's houses, and then run away. We often knock at heaven's door, and then run away back to the spirit of the world, instead of waiting for an entrance and an answer. In short, we often act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered."

"What a strange idea!" exclaimed one of the young people.

"Truly a startling one," observed their mother, and if it be so, such prayers are a solemn mocking of God.

"But is it so?" inquired another.

"Well, really I do think it is," answered their brother Edward, "though I never was aware of it before. Do you think so, father?"

"I have no doubt of it, my dear children; and I believe it on the authority of many years' experience. We feel conscious of something in our affections or practice which is a hindrance in our Christian course, and inconsistent with the profession we make of discipleship to the Saviour; we know that we ought to pray for deliverance from it, and set about doing so, but the natural heart has cherished it too long to like to give it up, and whispers at the close of the petition, "Hear me, but not yet, Lord—not yet; let me enjoy it a little longer."

"I knew," said Mrs. Hardy, "that our prayers are sadly deficient in many ways: that they were cold, careless, wandering, but it never occurred to me that they might be deceitful. This is an awful thought, for prayer is one of the works of the Lord, and it is written, "Cursed be he that doeth the works of the Lord deceitfully."—(Jeremiah xlviii. 10.)

"It is an awful thought, indeed," her husband answered, "and a most humiliating view of what we must appear in the eyes of Him who has said, "I know the things that come into your mind, everyone of them."—Ezek. xi. 5. But it is well to be aware of it, that we may watch and ascertain whether we really desire the spiritual blessing that we ask for."

"I can easily comprehend," said his daughter, "how one whose heart was uninfluenced by vital religion, and who trusted in externals, might repeat