

and are going to take a long journey," observed Mr. H. "O yes, Sir!" "Where are you going, think you?" "I do not know, Sir." "Is it not a dangerous thing to enter upon such a journey and not know where you are going?" "O, it is, Sir!" "Did your husband tell you what has taken place in his mind?" "No, Sir." "I am grieved that he did not tell you what happened him. He says, *he* is not now afraid to die, because he is sure of heaven when he does die. The recipe I gave him, he says, has cured him of the fear of death; and if you attend to the same, it will. I have no doubt, cure you." He then repeated the words, and said, "This can cure you as well as your husband." "O, Sir," she replied, "the husband I used to have was the cursingest, swearingest, drunkenest, and wickedest man in all the country; he would knock the children and servants about; we were all afraid of him: but the one I have now is the quietest, easiest, sweetest man you ever saw!" "When did that change take place?" "Just about a week ago. When he came home from minding the cows, those within ran to hide, as they used to do; but he came in so easy, they did not hear him; and when they looked out, they saw him sitting in the chair so nice, not saying a word. Ever since, he is just like a little child going through the house." Again the Missionary commended her to use the recipe which had proved so effectual in the case of her husband, and, followed by the old man's blessings, went on his way rejoicing."

THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

You have seen a piece of iron drawn to a magnet: now what that magnet is to iron, gold is to many. It exerts an omnipotent, at least irresistible, attraction over them. Let the news go forth of the discovery of a country where the veins of the mountains are filled with gold, and the streams run over golden sands—the glad tidings of salvation has seldom seen such a stir. The land may be distant; its soil poor; its climate inhospitable; its inhabitants a race of savages—it does not matter. Sudden jewels are spoken, families are broken up, and the tenderest ties are suddenly rent asunder; the roads are crowded with eager emigrants; and the great press of sail ships race on the high seas, striving which first shall reach the golden strand. Men that would have pronounced the hardships they have to suffer intolerable at home, pour in eager crowds upon the sea. They toil, and scheme, and dream of gold; and, in the lust for gold, humanity, virtue, and piety are swallowed up—as in a roaring whirlpool. But why go to the gold fields of California and Australia, to seek such distant regions illustrations of my remark? They may be found nearer home. Are there none of us—are there not many, as well in quiet rural scenes as in busy cities, whose sole ambition is wealth, who are hasting to be rich? theirs the old cry, the complaint of the grave that, though gorged with the banquets of battle-field and pestilence, still opens its black, greedy jaws to cry, "Give, give, give."

The thirst for gold, like the drunkard's, is insatiable. The more