

ance Societies on the ground that they are useless, might, with as much consistency, say that an army was unnecessary to protect a nation from invasion. *Monitor.*

Flower Basket.

THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.

We are in great danger of idolizing things which Christ does not care anything about, and despising things which are dear to him. Suppose you had a deacon to elect, and two candidates were brought before you, one of whom was not a self-seeker, was kind to the poor, was full of Christ's spirit, but was unknown to the community, and was living in a two-room house—a thing which is always fatal to a man's standing in society; and the other of whom owned a million of dollars—having been converted without suffering in his pocket—bired the best pew, and "reflected great honour on the church,"—and oh, what a good thing it is for a church to have members who reflect honour upon it! Ah, beware! that man is the strongest in the church who brings the most heaven into it. That is the best man whose heart has the strongest magnifying power, and through whom you can see most of God. *H. W. Beecher.*

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.—*David.*

AT THE DARKEST.

God loves to smile most upon his people when the world frowns most. When the world puts its iron chains upon their legs, then God puts his golden chain about their necks; when the world puts a bitter cup into their hands, then God drops some of his honey, some of his goodness and sweetness into it. When the world is ready to stone them, then God gives them the white stone, and when the world is tearing their good names, then he gives them a new name, that none knows but he that has it—a name that is better than that of sons and daughters.—*Brooks.*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A fiery Protestant preacher, by the name of Don Ambrogio, is making no little sensation in Italy. He suffers imprisonment here and there

at the hands of the Romish authorities, but no sooner is he at liberty than he begins his work and draws after him great crowds of the people. He exhorts to the free study of the Bible, and the colporteurs, following in his track, make large sales.

DR. WATTS.

From his personal appearance—judged by the portraits seen in his published works, and by the marble bust recently placed in the public park of his native place, Southampton—we infer that he had a strongly marked face and head. He was thin and angular, with a clear mental temperament, rather than stout and phlegmatic. His brain was large in proportion to his body, and his mind clear and vigorous. Dr. Hatfield, of New York, gives the following description:

The man was, physically, one of the most insignificant of men—scarcely more than five feet in height, frail and sickly, and in person by no means attractive. It is said by Toplady that Miss Singer, to whom he afterwards offered his hand, was, before she seen him, quite enamoured with him, by means of his writings and reputation; but all thoughts of anything, save a Platonic love, vanished on her introduction to him. It is also said that, being in company on a certain occasion, he overheard a gentleman asking, somewhat contemptuously, "What, is that the great Dr. Watts?"—when, addressing himself to the inquirer, he replied to him, good-humouredly, by repeating a stanza from his ode on "False Greatness:"

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

THE HAPPY MAN.

The Happy Man was born in the City of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto Life. He was educated in the School of Obedience, and now lives in the Province of Perseverance. Labouring with all diligence in the employment of Self-denial, notwithstanding he is the possessor of a princely estate in the country of Christian Contentment. In the sight of men he always appears in the plain Garment of Humility; but discerning spirits constantly behold him enveloped in a vesture of exquisite beauty, known to them as the robe of Christ's Righteousness. His daily walks extend from the valley of Self-Abasement to the mountain of Heavenly-Mindedness. For nourishment, he

has meat to eat that this world knows not of; being constantly refreshed and invigorated by the sincere milk of God's Word and spiritual prayer, while bountiful supplies of Angels' food, and of the water of eternal life are communicated to him without money and without price. Thus happy, thrice happy, is the man who has Gospel submission in his will—due order in his affection—sound peace in his conscience—sanctifying grace in his soul—real divinity in his heart—the Redeemer's yoke upon his neck—a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy, truly happy, is the life of such a man! To attain it, believe firmly—pray fervently—wait patiently—work abundantly—live woly—die daily—watching your hearts—guiding your senses—redeeming your time, and, in the love of Christ, longing for glory.

BEAUTIFUL IDEA.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset and sing a melody. After the first stanza, they listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fisherman, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea.

GOD IN NATURE.

When Napoleon was returning from his campaign in Egypt and Syria, he was seated one night upon the deck of a vessel under the open canopy of the heavens, surrounded by his captains and generals. The conversation had taken a skeptical direction, and most of the party had combatted the doctrine of the divine existence. Napoleon sat silent and musing, apparently taking no interest in the discussion, when suddenly raising his hand, and pointing at the crystalline firmament, crowded with its mildly-shining planets and its keen glittering stars, he broke out in those startling tones that so often electrified a million men: "Gentlemen, who made all that?" The "eternal power and godhead" of the Creator are impressed by "the things that