

Lowry, from Belfast, the respected pastor of one of the churches in Newton.

I visited Lowell, to see Mrs. Ward, one of the members of my church in St. John's. Lowell is a beautiful little city of about 25,000 inhabitants. I found Mrs. Ward in poor health, but, I hope, recovering. I had only a very short time to spend, as I had the honour of an invitation to dine at the far-famed theological town of Andover. At the house of the Rev. G. F. Wright I had the pleasure of meeting the venerable Dr. Pack, one of the ablest defenders of the faith, perhaps the best theologian on the continent of America. A perfect gentleman, profound scholar, and, withal, as gentle and humble as a child, I felt while in his society that I was carried back to the days of the Puritans. Andover is beautifully situated, and if anywhere in New England the spirit of Puritanism lives, it is here.

One other place outside Boston must receive a passing notice. I spent one of the happiest Sabbaths of my life in Middlebro', Mass., about thirty miles from Boston, and about four teen from Plymouth Rock. I arrived here on a Saturday afternoon, to supply next day one of the churches that was without a pastor. I found myself in the comfortable home of Deacon Pickens. The Lord's Day was very fine. We had two services and a prayer-meeting. Though this people had been for some time without a stated pastor, yet I found much life and power among them, and I judge that they are ripe for evangelistic work. Both deacons and members appeared to be earnest and faithful. I may say that I left with feelings of regret next morning. Should it ever be my privilege to visit Boston again, I will esteem it a joy to renew the friendship with the esteemed and loved friends at Middlebro'.

Though I spent the greater part of two weeks in and about Boston I seemed to have only begun to see its beauties, and to get acquainted with its multitudinous institutions, and introduced to the men of power and mark who are labouring in the various fields of usefulness.

I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Hubbell for much information, and, indeed, for favours that I shall not soon forget. He has a large heart, and it is evidently consecrated to the service of the best of Masters.

(To be continued.)

FLOWERS FOR THE INVALID.

FROM the presence of flowers in an invalid's room a great advantage is derivable. Flowers are very beautiful and very welcome during seasons of health. A stroll through a well-kept garden, especially in the early morning before the dew has passed away, and when the richness of colouring, and the singular sensation of exuberant life, then particularly observable, are at their height; an hour spent in the depths of dingles and green glades, where the sun, shimmering

through the broken boughs overhead, lights up for a moment wild blossoms nestling together amidst the mossy roots of the older trees, are delights that we can all appreciate thoroughly; but when the hour of sickness, of pain, of weariness comes, and we lie on our beds, feeling as though we should never know again what ease and health are, then it is that the languid heart leaps up, the dull eye brightens, the pale lips call back their colour and their smile together to greet the gentle visitants, as the door opens to admit our old out-of-door comrades, who, undeterred by the uncongenial gloom and closeness, come to sympathise with us, to tell us that we are not forgotten in our former haunts, and that our steps will be gladly hailed there when strength is ours again.

Illness, looked at even in the most cheerful light, both by patients and nurses, is a wearisome experience. The same room, the same routine, the same diet, and the same inclines, taken at the same hours, are not by any means enlivening circumstances; clean, well-aired, cheery, as unlike a sick-room as possible as the chamber of suffering may be kept, yet there is, and always must be, a depressing feeling within it; something totally unlike itself is wanting to relieve its oppression, to give rise to new thoughts quite unconnected with it or its occupation. And to supply as far as they can this very need, flowers, tastefully arranged and well placed, offer their kindly services. It is such a relief, such a positive luxury, to turn the eye away from the grim, bad-taste suggesting row of medicine bottles; from the sundry bisect papers that stand on the table, ready to dispense their well-meant but painfully unpalatable contents; from the oft-coneuel pattern on the walls, one rose, two green leaves, a sort of proposal for a brown leaf, ending in a badly-formed piece of trellis, a white rose and a green leaf at top; from the window-curtains hung up in their perpetual folds; from the fire which, though partaking of a family resemblance with the dear old one downstairs, evidently belongs to an ill-conditioned and ill-favoured branch of the original stock; to turn the weary eyes and weary attention from all these things, and rest them gently and peacefully on some spiritual-looking blossom, so unallied to all earthly trouble, so suggestive of coolness, and freshness, and unworldliness, that the tired brain and throbbing pulses become half-unconsciously soothed, and the heavy eyelids drop and droop lower, until, as pitying sleep closes them fast, she transforms our last idea of a beautiful creature; that of the image of a guardian angel watching beside us and warding off all suffering from our pillow. And well may tasteful, hopeful thoughts be suggested by our mute friend, either in their own simple forms, or in the glorified guise bestowed on them by our dreaming fancy—for what is the mission of it and its brethren?

"To comfort man; to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him."

SELF-RELIANCE

SELF-RELIANCE, combined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings, is indispensable to success. And yet multitudes live a life of vacillation and consequent failure, because they remain undetermined what to do, or, having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such persons need to be assured; this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever way they may attempt for themselves. If they lean upon others, they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement, in which they are entitled to but partial credit, is no guarantee to them that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment. For want of self-reliance and decision of character, thousands are submerged in their essays to make the voyage of life. Disappointed and chagrined at this, they underestimate their own capacity, and thenceforward, relying on others, they take and keep a subordinate position, from which they rise, when they rise at all with the utmost difficulty. When a young man attains his majority, it is better for him, as a general rule, to take some independent position of his own, even though the present remuneration be less than he would obtain in the service of others. When at work for himself in a business which requires and demands foresight, economy, and industry, he will naturally develop the strong points of his character and become self-reliant.