

A PREACHER'S RULES.

It appears from Dr. Leifchild's own account of his labors, in the recently published biography, that he regarded the delivery and the preparations of his discourses as being of almost equal importance. In the following quaint "precept for remembrance" he expresses the manner in which, in his opinion, his sermons should be preached:—

"Begin low,	Take fire,	Be self possessed
Proceed slow,	Rise higher ;	When most impress'd."

ETERNITY.

Add together ages of ages ; multiply them by the leaves on the trees, the sand on the sea shore, and the dust of the earth, still you will be no nearer the termination of Jehovah's existence than when you first began your calculation. And let us remember that the duration of His existence is the only measure of our own. As it respects futurity, we are all as immortal as Jehovah Himself.—*Payson.*

GAMBLING.

To every young man who indulges in the least form of gambling, I rise a warning voice. Under the specious name of AMUSEMENT, you are laying the foundation of gambling. Playing is the seed which comes up gambling ; it is the light wind which brings up the storm ; it is the white frost which preludes the winter. You are mistaken, however, in supposing that it is harmless in its earliest beginnings. Its terrible blight belongs, doubtless, to a later stage ; but its consumption of time, its destruction of industry, its distastes for the calmer pleasures of life, belong to the very *beginning*. You will begin to play with very generous feeling. Amusement will be the plea. At the beginning, the game will excite enthusiasm, pride of skill, the love of mastery, and the love of money. The love of money, at first almost imperceptible, at last will rule out all the rest—like Aaron's rod, a serpent swallowing every other serpent. Generosity, enthusiasm, pride and skill, love of mastery, will be absorbed in one mighty feeling—the savage lust of lucre.

There is a downward climax in this sin. The opening and ending are fatally connected, and drawn toward each other with almost irresistible attraction. If gambling is a vortex, playing is the outer ring of the Maelstrom. The thousand-pound stake, the whole estate put up on a game—what are these but the instruments of kindling that tremendous excitement which a diseased heart craves ? What is the *amusement* for which you play but the *excitement* of the game ? And for what but this does the jaded gambler play ? You differ from him only in the degree of the same feeling. Do not solace yourself that you shall escape because others have ; for they *stopped* and you *go on*. Are you as safe as they, when you are in the gulph-stream of perdition, and they on the shore ? But have you ever asked, *how many* have escaped ? Not one in a thousand is left unblighted ! You have nine hundred and ninety-nine chances *against* you, and one for you ; and will you *go on* ? If a disease should stalk through the town, devouring whole families, and sparing not one in five hundred, would you lie down under it quietly because you had one chance in five hundred ? Had a scorpion stung you, would it alleviate your pangs to reflect that you had only one chance in one hundred ? Had you swallowed corrosive poison, would it ease your convulsions to think there was only one chance in fifty for you ? I do not call every man who plays a gambler, but a gambler in *embryo*. Let me trace your course from the amusement of innocent playing to its almost inevitable end.

Scene the first. A genteel coffee-house, whose humane screen conceals a line of grenadier bottles, and hides respectable blushes from impertinent eyes. There is a quiet little room opening out of the bar ; and here sit four jovial youths. The cards are out, the wines are in. The fourth is a reluctant hand ; he does not love the drink, nor approve the game. He anticipates and fears the result of both.