

salvation." Where is the zeal of thousands whose names are recorded in the annals of the Church? "Slothful professors turn in their profession, like a door on the hinges." Urgent interests of Zion call on all the sons and daughters of Jehovah to be earnest in efforts to promote its prosperity. The church is uttering loud lament because so many within her borders are slack in the performance of duty. By whom will the bread of life be borne to the famishing world, if believers fail to do it? Say not, the ungodly desire no measures on their behalf;—they need them, and the son of man charges his people to go forth in piety, to save the heedless and heartless. The blood of Calvary was shed for the world; a remedy has been provided for the wounds inflicted by sin. Hasten, ye heralds of divine mercy, and bear the balm of Gilead to all the dwellers on earth. Waft, waft ye winds the cheering truth, that the diseased and dying may be restored. Christ heals all the soul. Tell the wanderer on death's dark mountains, that the Son of Righteousness has risen.

"Go, ye messengers of God,
Like the beams of morning fly;
Take the wonder-working rod,
Wave the banner cross on high."—*Puritan*.

PERSONAL HOLINESS.

EVERY individual should feel, that whilst his influence over other men's hearts and characters is very bounded, his power over his own heart is great and constant, and that his zeal for extending christianity is to appear chiefly in extending it through his own mind and life. Let him remember that he as truly enlarges God's kingdom by invigorating his own moral and religious principles, as by communicating them to others. Our first concern is at home, our chief work is in our own breasts. It is idle to talk of our anxiety for other men's souls, if we neglect our own. Without personal virtue and religion, we cannot, even if we would, do much for the cause of Christ. It is only by purifying our own conceptions of God and duty, that we can give clear and useful views to others. We must first feel the power of religion, or we cannot recommend it with an unaffected and prevalent zeal.—*Channing*.

HARVEST HYMN.*

Tho' in the outward court below,
The wheat and tares together grow;
Jesus ere long will weed the crop,
And pluck the tares in anger up.

CHORUS.

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

Will it relieve their horrors there,
To recollect their stations here; [knew.
How much they heard, how much they
How much among the wheat they grew?

No! this will aggravate their case,

They perished under means of grace;
'To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

We seem alike when thus we meet,
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,
Each heart appears without disguise.

O awful thought! and is it so?
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me, for that harvest, Lord, prepare!

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