

employ; parents on their children; friends on friends. Even when we do not design to influence others, when we are not thinking, in the least degree, of the effect of what we do, when we are unconscious that we have any influence at all when we do not wish our conduct or way of life to affect any but ourselves, our manner of life, our conversation, our deeds are all the while having weight somewhere or somehow; our feeble live their impression, though we may not look behind us to see the mark.—*Sermons for Christian Seasons.*

THE WORLD'S CHANGES.—We step along yon busy street with the teeming multitude. It seems like a wave upon the restless sea, heaving and moaning onward ever. Look at the care in each man's face—the busy, troubled eye, and anxious glance: see how hurried are our fellow men, as though they were engaged in a contest with time, and it was outstripping them like a racer, on the course. See how changing is everything. Few years may have elapsed since we last looked upon that scene, but at every step we see something new. Old landmarks swept away; the familiar places of our earlier days, have given room to novelties. We look upon the homes where those we loved once lived, but they are gone. Strange faces that stare cold ignorance into our eyes give us no welcome now by the hearth that was our childhood's home, and consecrated with its tenderest remembrances. Our fathers, where are they? our friends, where are they? Is time writing its wrinkles upon every brow? and death stretching its hand over everything we love? and change laying its sharp scythe to the roots of all the early blossoms of our hope? So it is; there is nothing permanent: we feel that the very earth beneath us is moving, changing, restless, and trembling under our feet to engulf us as it soon will; we look above us, and the fleeting clouds are sailing over us, now dark, now light, but passing ever; and we exclaim, "Will nothing rest? will nothing stay?"—*Rev. J. C. M. Beller.*

DO WE KNOW HOW TO PRAY?—The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, while solemnly enforcing on the church its duty in reference to the conversion of the world, asks the following significant question: "And has not the church almost to learn what is the power of prayer? What conception have we of *believing prayer*, which opens heaven? What of *persevering prayer*, which causes us to stand continually upon the watchtower in the daytime, and which sets us in our ward whole nights? What of *importunate prayer*, which storms heaven with its 'violence and force'? What of *united prayer*, 'gathering us together to ask help of the Lord'? What of *consistent prayer*, which regards no iniquity in our hearts? What of *practical prayer*, which fulfils itself? Let such prayer be understood, let our spirit but 'break with such longing,' and the expectations of our bosoms shall not be delayed. 'And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.'

HOW TO HEAR THE GOSPEL.—Rowland Hill paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just *sixty-five* years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text and part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" Good advice—well worth remembering for sixty-five years!

BLESSEDNESS IN SORROW.—There are times when some great sorrow has torn the mind away from its familiar supports, and laid level those defences which in prosperity seem so stable—when the most rooted convictions of the reason seem rottenness, and the blossoms of our heavenward imaginations goes up before that blast as dust—when our works and joys, and hopes, with all their multitude, and pomp and glory, seem to go down together into the pit, and the soul is left as a