

He loves the retirement of this day from the din of worldly business, and the inroads of worldly men. He loves the leisure it brings along with it; and sweet to his soul are the exercises of that hallowed hour, when there is no eye to witness him but the eye of Heaven, and when, in solemn audience with the Father, who seeth him in secret, he can, on the wings of celestial contemplation, leave all the cares, and all the vexations, all the secularities of an alienated world behind him. —*Dr. Chalmers.*

THE PATH TO THE BUSH.

Mr. Read, the Missionary at the Kat River settlement, in South Africa, related, when in England, the following beautiful fact:

It is the practice of many of the Christianized Hottentots at some of the stations in order to enjoy the privilege of secret prayer, with greater privacy and freedom than they could do in their own confined and incommensurable dwellings, to retire among the trees and bushes in the vicinity of their village: and, that they might carry on their devotions without being intruded upon by others, and also derive all that tranquillising influence which would be produced by a spot with which no other occupations, thoughts and feelings, are associated, than such as are holy, each individual selects for his own use a particular bush, behind which, and concealed by it, he might commune with his Heavenly Father in secret, as Nathanael did under his fig-tree. By the rest, this bush is considered as an oratory, sacred to the brother or sister by whom it had been appropriated, and which therefore is never to be violated by the foot or even by the gaze of another, during the season it is occupied by its proprietor. The constant tread of the worshippers, in their diurnal visit to these hallowed spots, would of necessity, wear a path in the grass which lies between their habitation and the sylvan scene of their communion with God.

On one occasion, a Christian Hottentot woman said to another female member of their little community, "Sister, I am afraid you are somewhat declining in religion." The words were accompanied with a look of affection, and were uttered in a tone that savored nothing of railing accusation, nor of reproachful severity, but which was expressive of tender fidelity, and the meekness of wisdom. The individual thus addressed, asked her friend for the reason of her fears, "*Because,*" replied this good and gentle spirit, "*the grass has grown over your path to the bush.*"—The unrepressed energies of nature, carrying on its usual progress, had disclosed the secret of neglected prayer.

The backslider could not deny the fact: there in the springing herbage, was the indisputable evidence that the feet which had once trodden it down, had ceased to frequent the spot. She did not attempt to excuse it, but fell under the sweet influence of this sisterly reproof, and confessed, with ingenuous shame and sorrow, that her heart had turned away from the Lord. The admonition had its desired effect—the sinner was converted from the error of her ways, and her watchful and faithful reprover had the satisfaction and reward of seeing the wanderer restored, not only to the path to the bush, but to the renewed favor of that God with whom she there again communed in secret.—*Rev. J. A. James.*

CHRIST DESERVES ALL.

And what a claim it is—the claim of redemption! Alas, that our familiarity with it should ever diminish its freshness and force; that we do not always feel as if the price had only just been paid—the mystery of the Cross just transpired! To think that there should have been a period in our history when we were lost; lost to ourselves—all our capacity for enjoyment being turned by sin into a felt capacity for suffering; lost to the design of our creation—all our powers of serving Christ being perverted instruments of hostility against him; lost to the society of heaven—the place which awaited us there to remain eternally vacant; the part we should have taken in the chorus of the blessed to remain forever unfulfilled; heaven itself, as far as in us lay, turned into a place of mourning and desolation; lost to God—to the right of beholding, approaching and adoring the vision of his eternal glory! To think, that in point of law, we were thus lost as truly as if the hand of justice had seized us, had led us down to our place in wo, drawn on us the bolts of the dreadful prison, and as if years of wretchedness and ages of darkness had rolled over us there. Well may we ask ourselves, again and again, how is it we are here; here, in the blessed light of day; here, in the still more blessed light of God's countenance; here, like children sitting in their father's smiles? Why is this; and how has it come to pass? Has justice relaxed its demands? or have the penal flames become extinct? What, know ye not that ye are bought with a price? It is the theme of the universe. Look on that glorious being descending from heaven in the form of God—know ye not "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; that he sought no resting place between his throne and the Cross." Behold that Cross; know ye not that "he loved us and gave himself for us?" that "he bore our sins in his own body on the tree?" Approach nearer, and look on that streaming blood; know ye not "the precious blood of Christ;" and that that blood is the price of your redemption? Hear you what the voice from heaven now says, "Deliver them going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom?" Feel you not the Spirit of God drawing you with gentle solicitations and gracious importunities to the feet of Christ? See you not that he who was delivered for your offences, hath been raised again for your justification, and is now waiting to receive the homage of your love? "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?" Try to compute it. He asks on'y his due. So that if there be any part of your nature which he has not redeemed, or any thing in your possession for which you are not indebted to him, keep it back, and apply it to some other purpose. But does not the bare suggestion do violence to your new nature? does not every part of that nature resent the very idea and find a voice to exclaim, "O Lord, I am thy servant; I am thy servant, thou hast loosed my bonds?"—*Harris.*

THE YOUNG MAN'S LEISURE.

Young man! after the duties of the day are over, how do you spend your evenings? When business is dull, and leaves at your disposal many unoccupied hours, what disposition do you make of them? I have known, and now know, many