

of daily seeking divine guidance, both for himself and his most important charge.—It will be for you, my dear friend, so to conduct your instructions that your devout dependence on God shall be something always to be felt by the pupil, a presence and influence constantly affecting him for good. The divine Spirit operates more directly on the moral feelings and faculties than on the intellectual; on the heart rather than on the understanding; or on the reason and intellect, through the spiritual and moral affections. The temperament of the soul being raised and purified, objective truth can then be perceived in its clearness of outline, and felt in its attributes of beauty. 'The life is the light of men.'

The study of theology thus pursued may prove a most delightful and profitable means of grace; and the theological lecture-room become the highest school of personal religion.
—Independent.

WORRY.

Don't you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don't you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat, where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and imprudence of your boys. Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind; and instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—books which you

are not likely, for this evening, to appreciate much or enjoy.

Now, I put it to any sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand farther in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around, in a hundred directions, be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig-sty.

GLIMPSES OF GLORY.

"He beheld Jesus standing at the right hand of God" (Ac. vii. 55.)

I do not say, nor do I believe, that every martyr of the Lord Jesus Christ has had the same open vision revealed to him, as here met the enraptured gaze of this first martyr of the Christian church, but I do believe that to many and many a dying one of the Lord's family is something of the same glorious scene presented, even in the hour of death; and though there may be indistinctness in the vision to all earthly objects; and no power of utterance in the lips, though to the outward sight of weeping friends and relatives around all may appear a blank and unconscious insensibility, yet even before that dimmed and closed eye may be visible forms and sights and glories in that brighter home to which the spirit is hastening.

I remember once standing by the dying bed of a Christian girl; she was unconscious of all around, and lying in such motionless and noiseless stupor that her mother deemed her already dead, and stooped down to imprint a last kiss upon her brow. The pressure of a Mother's lips seemed for a moment to recall the departing spirit; the dying girl just opened her eyes, a smile, such as earth never gave, played upon her lips, and she faintly uttered, "Oh! mother, don't detain me;" and she, too, fell asleep in Jesus.

How entirely, too, had that glorious manifestation of the Lord not merely overcome the fear of suffering and death, but, if we may so speak, had moulded every feeling of the martyr's heart into perfect conformity with the spirit that was in Jesus. If in his dying moments the expiring Saviour cried, "Father! into thy hands I commend my spirit," so the expiring martyr cried, "Lord