

a new book among a crowd of heathens, "Your books are like a sharp, two-edged glittering sword to me; while the sword remains in its sheath no one knows its value; but as soon as it is drawn it glitters in the sun, and is ready to wound and go through any one near it.—Thus it is with the Gospel; as long as one does not understand it they do not care for it, and throw it aside as of no worth; but if it enter the understanding of a man it glances before his eyes like a glittering sword in the sun, and pierces his heart through and through!"

A few days ago another distinguished heathen gave the following testimony to the excellence of true religion:—"The Christian is like a mango tree, full of sweet fruit. While all the fruitless trees remain undisturbed by the passer-by—indeed scarcely any one will look at them—the mango tree will be attacked with sticks and pelted with stones, in order to beat down its fruit. Indeed, they will have no rest till all are struck off and laid on the ground.—The mango tree remains quiet amidst all this violence, and although it has many branches that could be thrown at its assailants, yet it bears all patiently, and gives willingly its quickening fruit year after year to all who seek it.—Such is the Christian. No worldly man is persecuted as he is; yet every worldly man hates and persecutes him, and tries to rob him of all earthly as well as heavenly comfort; but the Christian does not avenge himself, but calmly and patiently goes on his way doing good as before!"

Strains from David's Harp.

Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; and quicken thou me in the way.—Psalms 119: 37.

A Spartan youth once held a censor to Alexander, while that monarch offered a sacrifice to the gods. In the midst of the ceremonial, a burning coal fell on the bared arm of the youth, causing him intense pain. But he neither moved nor spoke, so resolved

was he not to disturb the royal worshiper by his cries.

It is for such fixed constancy as this, only in a better service, that David sighs in his prayer. He wishes the attractions of his divine Lord to fasten so intensely upon his affections, that none of the allurements of the visible world may have power to charm even his senses. *Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity*, he cries. *Sagacious David!* He knew that if his affections were kept pure, his senses must be restrained. Sad experiences had taught him, that the senses are the portals through which sinful objects march into the citadel of the soul. Hence, he prudently sought for such a fixedness of the mind upon God, as should completely pre-occupy its attention, and render his senses dead to the charms of sin in the visible world.

To secure this constancy of spiritual affection, he prayed; *quicken thou me in thy way!* Here, he recognises the only source of divine affections. They spring from the grace of God, and can flourish only, as they derive freshness stimulus, and health from above. God must constantly unveil his beauty to the soul through his word, or its affections will decay, like plants excluded from sunlight. God must shed his love abroad in the heart continually, or it will become dry and barren like soil unvisited by rain or dew. Very proper, therefore, is David's prayer, *quicken thou me in thy way.* For, let his prayer be answered, his happy heart would be filled with God, leaving no room for wicked, worldly loves—his soul would be so fixed in its devotion, that, like the Spartan youth, it would despise alike both the pleasures and the pains of sense, lest its blissful communion with its beloved should be disturbed.

How appropriate, then, is this prayer for all believers. Like David, they are in danger from the appeals and influences of terrestrial objects. The world without them seeks to es-