

ON THE ROCK.

Seldom does any mortal err in thinking of himself more lowly than he ought to think. We are all prone to magnify the good we do, if not to see in it something quite meritorious. A saintly man, whose spirit seemed even more of heaven than earth, said that the enemy of souls tempted him more strongly to self-righteousness than to anything else, and that he found it the most difficult to gain the mastery over it, deeply as he abhorred the suggestions. So, too, when an eminent servant of Christ was laid on his death-bed, the wily adversary, who had been baffled in all his previous efforts for his downfall, strove to make him feel that his sufferings and arduous labors for the Master merited eternal life. But the good man could cast behind him all such whisperings, and clinging fast to the hope founded only on Jesus, go home gloriously.

Said one who stood on the verge of time, "I cannot say I have so lived that I am not afraid to die; but I can say I have so learned Christ that I am not afraid to die.

Ah, that is all that will avail any of us in that solemn hour. Jesus Christ is the only rock we can rest on. Our good deeds will give us no comfort then, for like a dark and angry cloud our evil ones will rise before our view and blacken the whole sky, except we have this Saviour for a hiding place. It is the plain and simple promises of the Bible we must rest on—so plain that even the little child can understand them.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

It is here all saving religion must begin and end. "I am weakness itself," said the dying William Evans, "but I am on the Rock. I do not experience those transports some speak of in view of death, but my dependence is on the mercy of God in Christ."

Are you on the Rock, reader?
—*Sunday-School Times.*

A GEM.—In a letter written in 1828, Lamartine thus beautifully and religiously explains his motives for entering political life:

When the Divine Judge shall summon us to appear before our consciences at the end of our brief journey here below, our modesty, our weakness, will not be an excuse for our inaction. It will be of no avail to reply, we were nothing, we could do nothing, we were but as a grain of sand. He will say to us, "I placed before you, in your day, two scales of a beam, by which the destiny of the human race was weighed: in the one was good, in the other was evil. You were but a grain of sand no doubt: but who told you that that grain of sand would not have caused the balance to turn on my side? You have intelligence to see, a conscience to decide, and you should have placed this grain of sand in one or the other; you did neither; you let the wind drift it away. It has not been of any use to you or your brethren.

WERE we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children, much more by listening, than by talking.—*Colton.*

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it but he aided me in time of need. I owe what I am to him." Or would rather have some widow, with choking utterance, telling her children: "There is your friend and mine. He visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer; and you, my daughter, a happy home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons stand at my grave, than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterances of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable, in my estimation, than the most costly cenotaph ever read.—*Dr. Sharp.*

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.—If we go into the Catholic church, we shall find crosses, pictures of the Virgin Mary, pictures of saints, beads—ribs, teeth, hair, bones, toe-nails, and other relics of Peter and other saints. In the Protestant churches, there are organs, fiddles, carpets, cushions, curtain tassels, rich garments, jewelry, and other ornaments to numerous to mention, all of which are worshipped more than the true and living God.

"Do you mistake me for a waiter?" said an ill bred, vain, and purse-proud fellow, when some one asked him to pass some dish that was near him. "No, sir; I mistook you for a gentleman," was the prompt reply.

Remember that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions, let peace be rather your object than triumph. Value triumph only as the means of peace.—*Sydney Smith.*

EVANGELISTS' ADVICES.

Our meetings in Wainfleet were pleasant and profitable. They were continued until time to go to the meeting in Clinton, a notice of which will be found in another place. Had one meeting in St. Ann's, glad to learn that the friends in that locality are doing well. Bro. Wyberry is helping considerably. Bro. Ward has gone to Pelham, we had not the pleasure of an interview with him. Bro. Felkir's connection with the congregation in St. Ann's confirms our hope that the truth will spread in that vicinity yet. We visited Mud Creek, where they seemed to enjoy peace and a measur-