

Flower Basket.

LOOKING UP.

When, in the instruction and admonition of others, we have faithfully done our duty, we shall be willing, if we are in a right state of heart, to leave the event, with entire calmness of mind, in the hands of God. We know not what shall profit, whether this or that; but we may be assured, to say the least, that God will do his part, as well as we have done ours, although perhaps in a different way from what we expected. "I have observed," says Bunyan, "that a word cast in by-the-by, hath done more execution in a sermon than all that was spoken besides. Sometimes, also, when I have thought I did no good, then did I the most of all; and at other times, when I thought I should catch them, I have fished for nothing."

AS GOD WILLS.

While we admit the duty of ever bearing the cross, we are to remember that we must bear it just where God in his providential dealings sees fit to impose it upon us, without assuming the responsibility of either seeking or shunning it. We shall find that God has placed it in the whole course of our life, and at precisely the right place; and all he requires of us is to bear it with a faithful heart when we meet it.

GOD'S ORDER.

It is very desirable that we should always keep ourselves in the order of God's providence; in other words, that we should receive things as they come, and do things as they are presented to us, in the spirit of Christian acquiescence and faithfulness; for that is the only way in which we can truly recognise God as at the helm of affairs, or realize our own nothingness. Let us never forget that God is competent to the direction of his own movements, and that whatever we may think of our own capabilities, he has other agencies in other situations. And what he requires of us, is to be and do just as he would have us, in his own providential time, in his own manner, and in his own place.

THE POWER OF HOLINESS.

If, as the wise men of the world assure us, "knowledge is power," the Christian can assert with greater truth that holiness is power. But holiness wins its victories, not by the accessory

aids of cunning devices and of artificial eloquence, but by its own intrinsic excellence. It is gentle in its language, and mild in its gestulation; but the energy of the great God is heard with transcendent efficacy in its still small voice.

SPEAKING UNADVISEDLY.

Let the time of temptation be the time of silence. Words react upon feelings; and if Satan, in the time of our trials, can induce us to utter a hasty or unadvised word, he will add, by so doing, to the power of his previous assaults, and increase the probability of his getting the victory.

EARTHLY LOVES.

It is as necessary, in the progress and support of a holy life, to regulate our friendships and our love (we mean here our love of creatures), as it is to regulate our displeasure and anger. We may as really love too much and sin, as we may be displeased too much and sin. The holy mind may be said, with a degree of propriety, to stand in a state of indifference, relatively to itself. That is to say, it seeks nothing, desires nothing, loves nothing, is averse from nothing, and is angry with nothing, except in God's time and way, in God and for God.

EARLIER AND LATER EXPERIENCE.

In the early periods of our religious experience, we are chiefly interested in what Christ was by situation,—his birth in the manger, the incidents of his childhood, his temptations and labours, his betrayal and his crucifixion. At a later period, we are interested, in a still higher degree, in what Christ was and is by character,—his purity, his condescension, his forbearance, his readiness to do and suffer his father's will, his love. Christ outward is precious, and always will be precious, historically; "*the star of memory*." Christ inward, who can never die, and who reproduces himself in the hearts of his followers, is still more precious by present realization, *the star, the sun of the affections*.—*Professor Upham*.

DEATH AS A DEMOCRAT.

Death is in reality the only democrat upon earth who is no respecter of persons. You cannot buy him for gold, nor bribe him by office. He enters the palace and hovel with the same imperial dignity. The maiden with the raven

tresses, and the old man with silvered hair, he greets with equal benignity. The vigorous and the strong, the sickly and the emaciated, receive equal favors. Your consumptive and weak-lunged patient, as well as your giant with the power of Jupiter and the voice of thunder, received equal treatment. The poor and poverty-stricken, rich and affluent, he treats alike. Poets, statesmen, warriors, kings, tyrants, beggars are all alike to Death. Like the sun that lights up the heavens, this pale ghost of the grave showers his gifts upon the rich and poor, the famous and the obscure, with equal courtesy. The humblest peasant girl, is to him as noble a victim as the most beautiful queen. He calls for sacrifices within the sacred sanctuaries of the church, and with equal exposure knocks at the door of the brothel. Color and creed, race and religion are alike to him. Death knows no selfishness. What a grand subject would the Democracy of Death make for an eloquent divine. One cannot write on such a theme. The words, phrases, sentences, and thoughts should come gushing from the soul, warm with vigorous life—come like the lightning's flash, and the roar of thunder be in harmony with a text so sublime.

SELECTIONS FROM BROOKS.

It is a sad thing when Christians borrow spectacles to behold their weak brethren's weakness, and refuse looking-glasses wherein they may seek their weak brethren's grace.

"He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver: nor he that loveth abundance with increase" (Eccles. v. 10). A man may as soon fill a chest with grace, or a vessel with wealth. If Alexander conquer one world, he will fish for another to conquer.

Sin's murdering morsels will deceive those who devour them. Many eat *that* on earth which they digest in hell.

What madness and folly is it, that the favorites of heaven should envy the men of the world, who at best do but feed upon the scraps that come from God's table! Temporals are the bones; spirituals are the marrow. Is it below a man to envy the dogs because of the bones? And is it not much more below a Christian to envy others for temporals, when himself enjoys spirituals?

Faith is the champion of grace, and love the nurse; but humility is the beauty of grace. *Be*