

THE TRUE WISDOM.

with Paul, and entered into his feelings when he exclaimed, "O wretched man that I am!" Reader, have you any sympathy with this spirit? Do you continually cry to God to deliver you from this bondage of sin? Will you answer these questions?—*American paper.*

SCOLDING CLERGYMEN.

The effect of *asperity* in a clergyman is well illustrated in the following story, the scene of which was laid in the state of "steady habits," and the events of which transpired there, several years since. Two clergymen were settled in their youth in contiguous parishes. The congregation of the one had become very much broken and scattered, while that of the other remained large and strong. At a ministerial gathering, [both of these pastors being D.D.'s,] Dr. A. said to Dr. B., "Brother, how has it happened that while I have labored as diligently as you have, and preached better sermons, and more of them, my parish has been scattered to the winds, and yours remains strong and unbroken?"

Dr. B. facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing, you first get a great rough pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod-line, and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with, *There bite, you dogs.* Thus you scare away all the fish. When I go fishing, I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow." Then I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and "I twitch 'em out, twitch 'em out, till my basket is full."—*Cornell's "How to enjoy Life."*

Paul, who learned his divinity among the angels, and had the Holy Ghost for his immediate teacher, tells us plainly, "That he knew but in part;" oh, then, how little a part of that part do we know!

A man may know all about the rocks, and his heart remain as hard as they are; a man may know all about the winds, and be the sport of passions as fierce as they; a man may know all about the star's, and his fate be the meteor's, that, after a brief and brilliant career, is quenched in eternal night; a man may know all about the sea, and his soul resemble its troubled waters, which cannot rest; a man may know how to rule the spirits of the elements, yet know not how to rule his own: a man may know how to turn aside the flashing thunderbolt, but not the wrath of God from his own guilty head; he may know all that La Place—all that Shakespeare knew—all that Watt knew—all that the greatest geniuses have known; he may know all mysteries and all knowledge, but if he does not know his Bible, what shall it avail? I take my stand by the bed of a dying philosopher as well as of a dying miser, and ask of the world's wisdom as of the world's wealth, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

I despise not the lights of science; but they burn in a dying chamber as dim as its candles. They cannot penetrate the mists of death, nor light the foot of the weary traveller on his way in that valley through which we have all to pass. Commend me, therefore, to the light which illumines the last hour of life—commend me to the light that can irradiate the face of death—commend me to the light that, when all others are quenched, shall guide my foot to the portals of that blessed world where there is no need of the sun, and no need of the moon, and no need of any created lights, for God and the Lamb are the light thereof. Brethren, leave others to climb the steeps of fame—brother, sister, put your feet upon the ladder that scales the sky; nor mind, though your brows are never crowned with fading bays, if you win, through faith in Jesus, the crown of eternal life.—*Dr. Guthrie.*