

earth earthly, "without God or Christ in the world?" Let it be so, I beseech of you my reader. Have done now and for ever with this shocking *mutiny* against your God. End the weary, shameful strife. Be at peace, and remember that for you there is a free pardon, restoration to favour, and eternal glory; "for God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts." "Come to ME, and I will give you *Rest*."

And for you who have resolved to have done with sin—who find in your own happy experience that it is *not* your master—that while the "flesh wars against the spirit," yet that "the spirit wars against the flesh," and obtains the victory more easily, too, as the long campaign continues—thank God and take courage! "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." Hear the words of our invincible Leader: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" and "Greater is He who is in you than He who is in the world."

God bless you, my reader! May these thoughts help to make the past profitable for the future, and the end of all glorious!—*The Edinburgh Christian Magazine*.

The Fragment Basket.

BIBLE THOUGHTS.—"See that ye walk *circumspectly*." EPH. v. 15.—The word "circumspectly" in the original, intimates the carefulness and accuracy with which we are to take our steps and move about in this present evil world, so that we may not walk foolishly, but wisely. Rash and heedless steps are the things forbidden. Let every step be well weighed, seriously considered before it is taken. Oh, what sin, what backsliding, what apostacy, have come from inconsiderate and unwise walking! Weigh well your steps, O saint; and while you walk as one whose standing is "in grace," and as one realizing the free love of a forgiving God, live *wisely*, speak *calmly*, think *soberly*, plan *considerately*, walk with careful circumspection lest your feet be taken in a snare, and you fall from your steadfastness.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have the most precious of all gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay*.

IRREVOCABLE ACTS.—Yonder lies one who has gone to the silent shore; he realizes now that his acts are irrevocable—he feels what before he fancied—that time cannot alter them, that eternity cannot change them. Beside the bier there stands a weeping friend; and too late he finds that tears cannot efface his acts, that repentance cannot amend them; too late he finds that every act of harshness, every bitter word, every sarcastic expression, lives for ever: too late he finds that unseen wings have borne his deeds beyond the flight of love, and he can never recall them to his embrace again. We are not acting for the present, but working for eternity. Every act becomes a centre of pulsations that widen throughout existence, and re-centre in a thousand crossing waves from every hill, and house and tree.