

INFATUATION OF THE SINNER.

It is alleged by travellers, that the ostrich, when pursued by its hunters, will thrust its head into a bush, and, without further attempt either at flight or resistance, quietly submit to the stroke of death. Men say that, having thus succeeded in shutting the pursuers out of its own sight, the bird is stupid enough to fancy that it has shut itself out of theirs, and that the danger which it has concealed from its eyes has ceased to exist. We doubt that God makes no mistakes. Guided as the lower animals are in all their instincts by infinite wisdom, I fancy that a more correct knowledge of that creature would show, that whatever stupidity there may be in the matter lies not in the poor bird, but in man's rash conclusion regarding it. Man trusts to hopes which fail him, the spider never; she commits her weight to no thread which she has spun, until she has pulled on it with her arms and proved its strength. Misfortune overtakes man unprovided and unprepared for it; not winter the busy bee. Amid the blaze of gospel light man misses his road to heaven; without any light whatever, in the darkest night, the swallows cleave their way through the pathless air, returning to the window nook where they were nestled; and through the depths of ocean the fish steer their course back to the river where they were spawned.

If we would find folly, Solomon tells us where to seek it. "Folly," says the wise man, "is bound up in the heart of a child;" and what is folded up there, like leaves in their bud, blows out in the deeds and habits of men. This poor bird, which has thrust its head into the bush, and stands quietly to receive the shot, has been hunted to death. For hours the cry of its pursuers has rung in its startled ear; for hours their feet have been on its weary track; it has exhausted strength, and breath, and craft, and cunning to escape; and even yet, give it time to breathe, give it another chance, and it is away with the wind; and with wings out-spread, on rapid feet it spurns the burning sand. It is because escape is hopeless, and death is certain, that it has buried its head in that bush, and shut its eyes to a fate which it cannot avert.

To man—rational and responsible man—belongs the folly of closing his eyes to a

fate which he can avert, and thrusting his head into the bush while escape is possible; and because he can put death, and judgment, and eternity out of mind, living as if there were neither a bed of death nor a bar of judgment. Be wise—be men. Look your danger in the face. Anticipate the day when you shall behold a God in judgment and a world in flames; and now flee to Jesus from the wrath to come. To come! In a sense wrath has already come. The fire has caught; it has seized your garments; you are in flames. O! away then, and cast yourself into that fountain which has power to quench these fires and cleanse you from all your sins.—*Guthrie's Gospel in Ezekiel.*

A SEED WELL PLANTED.

Some twenty-three years ago, in a small rural village in western New York, one Sabbath morning, as a pious young man was going to church, he observed a group of children at play in the street. He kindly spoke to them, and asked them to accompany him to the Sabbath-school. They refused to go. One, however, a bright-eyed little fellow, expressed his willingness to go, if his mother would permit him. The teacher kindly took him by the hand, called and obtained permission of the widowed mother, that her little boy might become a member of his class. Thence forward he was in constant attendance. By his fixed attention, rapid improvement, and meek and gentle disposition, he won the esteem and affection of all.

At the age of twelve, he was brought to the fold of the good shepherd, Jesus. When he came to the years of manhood he left his native village, and settled in the far West. Here, in his new home, where sacred associations held no kindly influence, he felt the need of the saving grace of the gospel of truth. With his characteristic energy and unflinching perseverance, he went to work to aid in building up in that desolate place the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

As the results of his unceasing toil, he related a few months since to the Sabbath-school, on his first visit to his early home, after the lapse of many years, that there had been established in the valley of the West some forty distinct branches in Zion's vineyard, eight hundred souls had been brought to receive the living waters of Salvation, and four hundred Sabbath-schools had been planted in different parts. And these were the fruits, by the grace of God, of the efforts of that once poor vagrant boy. Wonderful indeed is the blessing of God bestowed on the efforts of the humblest of his people!