

ROWLAND HILL'S SAYINGS.

RECIPROCITY.

THE grace that leads to Christ previously comes from Christ; if I live on Him, I feel that I am enabled to live to Him; there is nothing will teach me to live above the world, but living upon Christ.

Ever may we be looking to God to implant the *principle*, and then we may depend upon it we shall abound in the *practice*.

Directly I am brought under the blessed influence of the life of God, every pulsation will be to His glory.

"THE ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

Though I am imperfect in myself, there is a word tells me I am complete in Christ—the redemption is completely wrought out: the righteousness that is unto all, and upon all them that believe, is a robe of which it is truly said, "no age can change its glorious hue," but it will be our everlasting ornament in the mansions of glory.

THE DEVIL'S RARITIES.

What is to be done with those professors who are half for Baal and half for God? They know so much of religion that they are spoiled for the world; they do not go *very often* to the play-house, only now and then as a *rarity*. *God keeps us from the devil's rarities!* Do all that come to the Lord's Table prove themselves to be what they ought to be? I would they did! I think if the devil could pick out from among the people of God those that belong to him, he would have a pretty good picking: if I am not fit for earthly communion, am I fit for the communion above?

A PREACHER'S AMBITION.

I see many of my juniors called away before me into an eternal world: I pray when my time comes (and that must now be near), that I may die with an honest pulpit conscience that I have preached the truth from my heart.

THE BLESSING OF AFFLICTION.

The children of God should never look upon afflictions as sent in anger, but as merciful visitations, for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth: every twig of His rod grows in the paradise of His love; do let your afflictions have the tendency to prompt you to prayer: a child of God, in an imprisoned state of affliction, is far better off than sinners at liberty.

MEDITATION.

There is nothing more glorious to meditate upon than the infinite dignity and majesty of Christ; God enlarge our vessels that we may receive more from Him, and make us to hunger and thirst more after Him; 'tis the sweetest thing in the world to be overwhelmed with gratitude towards Him.

HOLY COURAGE.

Come, beloved, and magnify our glorious King by calling down His mighty power for vengeance on your sins. Don't be a coward; remember, holy courage is a heavenly virtue. The grand work of Christ is to destroy the work of the devil; the more we know of Christ, the more we shall hate sin; 'tis sin alone that keeps us from Him.

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

Don't look after the power in yourselves, but expect the power of God to rest upon you. May the Lord make you know that you have nothing in yourselves: the ground of real humility is a knowledge of ourselves, feeling we can do nothing without God.

SENSE OF SHORTCOMING.

Nothing sets us right so much as a *sense* of our shortcomings before God. Do you love God more, or pray to Him more, than you should? Examine yourselves and blush for shame. 'Tis strange we should dictate to God, yet there is often a great deal of this in our proud hearts; there is not a more beautiful metaphor than the clay and the potter. Oh, yield to every touch of God's providence: remember you are nothing but ignorance and folly, and all that is wise and good comes from God, and from God alone.

Not the most learned, eloquent, forward, wealthy, influential, talented, or pious man, but the one best adapted for the work, is to be chosen to superintend the school.

TRUE BEAUTY.

Beautiful faces they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit there
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true —
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly, to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure
That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

Beautiful they who, from every land,
Hasten to join the blood-washed band
Shining in glory at Christ's right hand.

CRIMPING-PINS AND CURL-PAPERS.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS, in one of his delightful books, remarks that we all ought to make it a point of duty to look our best for those at home. We ought to take more pains than we do, to be beautiful in the eyes that see us every day.

In the stories of Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth, the untidy young lady is represented as appearing in her family with her curl papers like a bristling forest about her head. Ringlets having now gone out of fashion, the young ladies of our generation have adopted crimping pins. Perhaps our granddaughters will read, in some antiquated romance or other, how Edith and Ada, who were going to a party, were surprised by an unexpected and malapropos call from their lovers, and were found in the disfiguring disguise of hair done up à la South Sea Islander. By that time it is to be hoped that the gospel of the beautiful will be so thoroughly accepted that every girl will emerge from her chamber in the morning fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and irresistible as an army with banners.

It is not so much what you wear, girls, as the way you put it on. Because the morning is cold and there's nobody home but father, don't go down in a forlorn old wrapper, worn-out slippers, and head hideous with prophetic frizzes. Surely your father has a right to see you looking your prettiest before he goes away to work for you all day. Or, if it is afternoon and stormy, and you are sure that nobody will venture out, and that no visitors will come in, have too much self-respect to lounge all day in the hurried toilet of the morning. Assume your afternoon dress and your most becoming tie, if it is only to delight the eyes of your darling little mother, who will be rested and cheered by your attractive looks. There will be days this coming winter when we shall be shut in our homes as the Canaanites were into Jericho. None will go out or come in. Outside will be the silent procession of the snow-flakes, and now and then the wild trumpet of the winds, like the priests with their ram's horns; and inside we, not like the poor Canaanites, in apprehensive alarm, will be happily busy by bright fires. Never seems home so luxurious as on such a day. When the parlour is in a state of blockade it is especially charming. But those days have temptations. It hardly seems worth while to dress. Who will see us? Who will notice? Who will care?

"See," "notice," "care"?—why, the dearest eyes in all the world. Suppose we try how much pleasure we can bestow in our own homes by special efforts to look beautiful. Did you ever observe that most people are more amiable when they are becomingly dressed than at any other time? It is certainly so; and whatever the hidden cause of it, it is a great deal easier to be good when one looks pretty well. Sophie May, in one of her nice stories for girls, makes her heroine put on her blue merino when everything is going wrong, on the principle that "matters won't be helped by my looking hateful."