

ways endeavour to hinder, and all the sins which their flocks have committed by their evil example and undisciplined lives.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AFFECTIONATE PREACHING.—No employment awakens and calls into action all the generous emotions of the mind more than that of the preacher. He comes to his fellow-men with a message infinitely more interesting and more useful than any other. He is sent on an errand more expressive of tenderness and good will. He comes to disclose the boundless mercy of God to mankind, as manifest in the condescension, life, and death of the Redeemer, in the forgiveness of sin, and the renovation of the soul; in its safe conveyance through the dangers of this world, and its final admission into heaven. This message he brings to his fellow-men, guilty and ruined in themselves, exposed to infinite danger and hopeless suffering. What subjects can be equally affecting? What employment can equally awaken all the tenderness of virtue?

An affectionate manner is in itself amiable and engaging. Men naturally love those who appear benevolent and tender-hearted, and, most of all, require and love this character in a minister of the gospel. This character, or its opposite, can hardly fail to appear in his discourses. There are so many things in the subjects of his preaching which naturally call forth tenderness and affection, that, if he possess this disposition, it cannot fail to appear in his sentiments, in his language, and in his manner of utterance. Wherever it appears, it will be acknowledged and loved, and the words of a beloved preacher will always come to his flock with a peculiar power of persuasion.—*Dwight.*

THE IVY AND THE OAK.—The following beautiful allegory is from the interesting volume of "Algie Researches," just published by H. R. Schoolcraft:

"A vine was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. 'Oak,' said the ivy vine, 'bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me.' 'My support,' replied the oak, 'is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up, but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb even as high as the clouds. While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. They will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We were made by the Master of life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong, and the strong receive aid from the weak.'

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine, "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent upon you?" "Nature," answered the oak, "did not design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone, and if you try it, the winds and rain, if not your own weight will bring you to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and yon, among the trees. The trees will begin to say, it is not my vine, it is a stranger, get thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches that thou canst not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee, or pity thee."

"Ah, me," said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny; and with this, she twined herself around together."

THE SECRET DISCOVERED.—I once knew a minister who never failed in having quite a revival on every circuit he traveled. He was considered a man

of ordinary talents, but yet the close of each year told a large increase of members, and a general success in the work of the Lord. Among several of his brethren in the ministry he was familiarly known as "the giant." His presiding elder once, in representing his character in conference, said, that "he was a strong man, but for his life he could not tell where his strength lay." He just then remembered that he was very faithful in making pastoral visits. "There is the secret of his strength," rejoined the bishops. "The secret of his strength is it indeed?" thought I. "Yes," my heart responded, "the grand mystery is discovered." This man reported from 300 to 500 increase every year, and he was *always* successful. Believing, then, that the secret of his success has been discovered, I would say to my brethren and to myself, Let us go and do likewise.

July 12, 1839.

HONEST POVERTY.—One of the most extraordinary things in life, is to see the things that people are ashamed of, and the things that they are not ashamed of. To see that there are men of sense and education, ashamed of not being rich; ashamed of not being able to keep a carriage; ashamed that, in the division of worldly things, enough has not fallen to their share to enable them to enjoy expensive pleasures; to wear expensive clothing, &c. One may excuse them for being sorry, but not for being ashamed. There is something extremely beautiful amid this world's hollow and idle pomp; amid its heartless and wearying show; its parade bought with tears and crimes. There is something extremely beautiful in the sight of a man poor, and not ashamed of being so; of one with just enough to live upon, with industry and economy, and content to pass through this pilgrimage without an appeal to the common sentiments of the crowd.

THE GRAVE-YARD.—"I never shun a grave-yard. The thoughtful melancholy which it impresses is grateful rather than disagreeable to me. It gives me more pain to tread on the green roof of that mansion whose chambers I must occupy soon; and I often wander, from choice, to a place where there is neither solitude nor society. Something human is there, —but the folly, the bustle, the vanity, the pretensions the pride of humanity, are all gone. Men are there, but their passions are all hushed, and their spirits are still. Malevolence has lost his power of harming; appetite is estimated; ambition lies low, and lust is cold; anger has done ranging; all disputes are ended, and revelry is over; the fiercest animosity is deeply buried; and the most dangerous sins are safely confined to the thick-piled clouds of the valley; vice is dumb and powerless, and virtue is waiting in silence for the tramp of the archangel and the voice of God." —*Greenwood.*

RELIGIOUS MEDITATION.—I was once wont to meditate most on my own heart, and dwell all at home, and look little higher. I was still pouring either on my sins of wants, or examining my sincerity; but now, though I am greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet I see more need of a higher work, and that I should look oftener upon Christ, and God, and heaven, than upon my own heart. At home I find distempers to trouble me, and some evidences of my peace; but it is above that I must find matter of delight and joy, and love and peace itself.—Therefore I would have one thought at home upon myself my sins, and many thoughts above, upon the high and amiable and beautifying objects.—*Richard Baxter.*