

And one word to thyself, dear reader. Is there no lesson for you to be taught from the simple narrative of facts before you? *What place has your Bible in your home and heart?* Is it precious to you—precious as your gold and jewels? Nay, rather, is the ‘pearl of great price,’ of which you there learn, so infinitely, transcendently glorious in your estimation, that you are ready to part with all earth’s treasures, that you may find and possess it? We trust it is even so; and that you, enjoying as you do so many privileges in this favoured land, may not suffer your swarthy brethren in Indian and other climes, to outstrip you in love for God’s own truth, or in the outward manifestation of its saving work on your heart—a life and conversation becoming the Gospel of Jesus Christ. J. W. C.

WORRY.

Don’t you know that multitudes of human beings turn away from the many blessings of their lot, and dwell and brood upon its worries? Don’t you know that multitudes persistently look away from the numerous pleasant things they might contemplate, and look fixedly, and almost constantly, at painful and disagreeable things? You sit down, my friend, in your snug library, beside the evening fire. The blast without is hardly heard through the drawn curtains. Your wife is there, and your two grown-up daughters. You feel thankful that, after the bustle of the day, you have this quiet retreat, where you may rest and refit yourself for another day, with its bustle. But the conversation goes on. *Nothing is talked of but the failings of the servants, and the idleness and imprudence of your boys.* Every petty disagreeable in your lot, in short, is brought out, turned ingeniously in every possible light, and aggravated and exaggerated to the highest degree. The natural and necessary result follows. An hour or less of this discipline brings all parties to a sulky and snappish frame of mind; and instead of the cheerful and thankful mood in which you were disposed to be when you sat down, you find that your whole moral nature is jarred and out of gear. And your wife, your daughters, and yourself, pass into moody, sullen silence over your books—books which you are not likely, for this evening, to appreciate much or enjoy.

Now, I put it to every sensible reader, whether there be not a great deal too much of this kind of thing. Are there not families that never spend a quiet evening together, without embittering it by raking up every unpleasant subject in their lot and history? There are folks who, both in their own case and that of others, seem to find a strange satisfaction in sticking the thorn in the hand further in; even in twisting the dagger in the heart. Their lot has its innumerable blessings, but they will not look at these. Let the view around, in a hundred directions, be ever so charming, they cannot be got to turn their mental view in one of these. They persist in keeping nose and eyes at the moral pig-sty.—*Country Parson.*

WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?

Here is a man who has, for years, hesitated to take a decided and consistent stand as a Christian professor. The vows of God are upon him. He assumes them voluntarily. He knows that he cannot shake them off.—He is not a trifler; there is *nothing in his external character that gives a decided lie to his profession*; he is regularly in his place in the sanctuary, perhaps also in the room of conference and prayer. But he has never attempted deliberately, and in humble reliance on God, to take an open and active part in the discharge of known and obvious Christian duty. Ask him why he has not done this, and his invariable answer is—“I do not feel *ready* to do it.” Ah, yes, my dear friend, I understand you, but will you answer this question—When will you be ready?

Not far distant from me is an inquirer after salvation. His mind has for years been tenderly impressed, and tears of solicitude often steal, uninvited, down his thoughtful face. Again and again has he been urged to go to Christ at once. He