

must choose one, and then the meditations do spin round in lively confusion. Advisers often make the meditation-medley worse. Coaxing by them may do something ; but it leads you to take their way of it, and which frequently ends in your regret, because you did not do it by your own judgment. Rebuke, a bit of reproach, is the thing, even though it is not particularly pleasant, because it sets a man on his defence as to his perfect ability to take care of himself ; and then he makes his choice, and, as a general rule, it turns out to be the best. Rebuke, from a friend, is a wound ; but "faithful are the wounds of a friend," and, tho' we wince for a moment, are infinitely to be preferred to the deceitful kisses of an enemy, or even to the easy-going friendship that lets us alone.

Well, after persuasions had utterly failed, a couple of sharp rebukes, one on the other, from two of my best beloved, brought me with surprising speed to resolve what to do with myself. I had spent—or rather misspent—nearly two weeks in trying to find out whether I should go to the Southern States, for the balmy breath of their spring, and also see, with my own eyes how the negro emancipation was working, and mark the ravages of war ; but the unsettled condition of society, was not the best element for a sick man to move in ; yet again, my *secesh* proclivities prompted me to go ; sick, I might bother and be bothered, but if just a little better, then the very place to be and see. Or should I go to Jamaica, and enjoy the standing invitation of my friend and former guest, the now made widow of that murdered—Governor Eyre says executed rebel—man, Mr. Gordon, and personally express my sympathy in her sorrow ; and meet, besides, a number of old acquaintances ; look into the heart, if I could, of the causes of rebellion there ; view society in its true character ; see the church in its struggle with a somewhat reviving paganism around it ; get a new lease of life in one of the finest islands of the sea, and return with the swallows to enjoy summer at home ? Or should I cross the sea for Home, and then seek the sunny skies of Southern Europe ? My thoughts jumped along the triangle, now rest^d at the one corner and then the other.—But should I go at all ? Fenianism troubled me. I had been a prophet of evil from it, though then laughed at by every one ; but, nevertheless, I predicted on, and what I saw and heard in New York, convinced me, the more, that mischief was seriously meant ; and should I go and leave family and friends while terrible disasters might befall them all ? And then, myself was a great consideration. What, if in seeking health, lose more of what I had, and, in a moment, fall down never to speak or rise again ?—It is a subject for earnest hope and prayer, that we may have time and mind to know we are dying, and to be permitted to die on our own bed at home. That is a privilege well worth praying for, and he who has been afar and in sickness there, well knows its unspeakable preciousness. Next to the mercy of dying to the Lord, is the mercy granted of dying at home ; and next to the consciousness of a dying man, by faith, seeing Christ Jesus as his Saviour, is that of beholding those he loves, and who love him, around that bed on which he lies to rise no more.

I looked at the Savannah, the Jamaica, the Liverpool, the Havre ships, and as they sailed, I had half a sigh after each of them, but the sighs of an undecided man are not very deep, and the regrets are not lasting. We use means, to the best of our ability, to carry out a purpose, and if these fail what is the use of moping then ? But there are other means besides our mere judgment. He has a poor one who trusts it alone. The man "who is in darkness and has no light," or not light enough, is very specially to "trust in the Lord and lean himself upon his God." We should always take God into our council. It is the right rule and the