

Christ and his salvation, by embittering sin to their spirits. He can discover to them the warrant the Gospel proffers to the chief of sinners, to receive and rest on Christ alone for salvation; who will thus be made of God unto them wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

Man's dependence is no excuse for supineness. Though he cannot command grace, he can put himself in the way to receive it. The impotent man, who had suffered from his infirmity for thirty-eight years, was the most helpless of all the multitude that filled the five porches in the neighborhood of the healing waters; but there he was at the pool, and there the Saviour met him and healed him. The impenitent have the physical power to put themselves in a similar hopeful position. They can go to the house of God; they can put themselves within the hearing of the Gospel; they can read the Scriptures; they can seek the counsel and instruction of experienced Christians; and since the word of truth is the instrumentality which God employs for the conversion of men, they have no ground to hope for conversion till they suffer this word to come in contact with their minds, and sink into their hearts.—*Christian Mirror*.

THE CONVERTED MUTE.

During a revival of religion in one of our New England villages, a son of the clergyman returned home for a brief visit. The lad was a deaf mute, and had spent his first term in the asylum just then commencing its history. His parents having no knowledge of the language of signs, and the boy being an imperfect writer, it was thought almost impossible to exchange with him any but the most familiar ideas. He, therefore, heard nothing of the revival.

But before he had been many days at home he began to manifest signs of anxiety, and at length wrote with much labour upon his slate, "*Father, what must I do to be saved?*" His father wrote, in reply, "*My son, you must repent of sin and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?*" "*How must I do this?*" asked the boy again, upon the slate. The father explained to him, as well as he could, but the poor, untaught boy could not understand. He became more than ever distressed; would leave the house in the morning for some retired place, and be seen no more until the father went in search of him. One evening at sunset, the boy was found upon the top of the hay, under the roof of the barn, on his knees, his hands uplifted, and praying to God in the signs of the mutes.—The distress of the parents became intense. They sent for one of the teachers of the asylum, and then for another, but it seemed that the boy could not be guided to the Saviour of sinners.—There were enough to care for his soul, but there were none to instruct him.

Days passed—days of paternal fear and agony. One afternoon the father was on his way to fulfil an engagement in a neighbouring town, and as he drove leisurely over the hills, the poor, inquiring and hopeless son was continually in his thoughts. In the midst of his supplications, his heart became calm, and the long-distracted spirit was serene in the one thought that God is able to do his own work. The speechless boy at length began to tell how he loved his Saviour, and stated that he first found peace on the very afternoon when the spirit of his agonized father on the mountains was calmed and supported by the thought, that what God had promised, he was able to perform.

The converted mute is now an instructor of others, and every Sabbath-day finds him in one of our large cities, with a gathered congregation of fellow-mutes, breaking to them the bread of life, and guiding their attentive souls to that God who has power to do his own work.

The Psalms are a jewel cluster made up of the gold of doctrine, the pearls of comfort, and the gems of prayer.

POOR ZEKE; OR, LET HIM PRAY.

In a wild, sequestered place, quite away from the bounds of my congregation, there lived a very wicked family, a father, mother, two brothers, and three sisters. None of them attended any meeting. One of the brothers was wanting in common sense. His name was Ezekiel. As he was not supposed to have mind enough to be put to any work, he used to stroll away, and be gone sometimes several days.

One day, as I was preaching on the pity Jesus has for poor sinners, I observed "poor Zeke" looking me in the face; and every time I said Jesus pitied poor sinners, the tears would start from his eyes. As there was more than usual attention to religion, we had meetings often; and whether it was a lecture, or a prayer meeting, or an inquiry meeting, "poor Zeke" was sure to be there. At length I ask him if he loved Jesus, and he answered, "Yes." "Why do you love Jesus?" said I. "O 'cause he love poor, wicked Zeke so." "Have you been wicked?" "Yes, I full, full of wicked." "Do you pray?" said I. "O, yes." "What do you say when you pray?" "I say, *O, my Jesus, pity poor Zeke. O, take all my wicked away.*"

After a while he went home. His appearance was changed. He had lost his seeming vacancy of look and thought. But he dare not pray in the house, for all were full of fun and noise. So he went to the barn, and there he fell on his knees and uttered his broken prayer to Him who "hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the mighty." His brother, going to the barn, heard him crying to God so fervently that it alarmed him. He went in and told his father, with an oath, that Zeke was in the barn praying. At this, his father ran to the barn, and listened, and found the boy indeed at prayer. He went in and spoke to him; but he "cried so much the more a great deal." "Stop your noise, Zeke!" said his angry father, but he kept on. So they took hold of him and got him into the house, in hopes of quieting him.

They asked him where he had been, and how he come to feel so. He told them a very rational story about it. But the more he talked, the more his father scolded. His father tried to silence him; but his mother loved her poor boy, and begged them to let him pray.

When he had arisen from prayer, his mother said, "It is high time we all prayed. Ezekiel, will you pray for your mother?" "O yes," he said; and down again he went upon his knees, and his mother with him. Not many days after, she too was full of joy at the thought of Jesus' dying pity. By this time, the brother who had first heard him pray was sobbing out, "What shall I do?" Poor Zeke said, "Go to Jesus." Then Zeke and his mother prayed for him, and he too found his distress giving way to unspeakable joy. Then there were three to pray for a hardened husband and an unfeeling father. He fought and ridiculed until their three daughters were added unto the Lord. This made five who had now joined Ezekiel and embraced his religion.

At last his father saw himself alone. His heart broke; he wept like a child. He went to his son and confessed his sin in opposing him, and got him to pray for him. His burden was removed: he rejoiced in God. He erected the family altar; and it was a solemn sight to see seven persons who had a few weeks before been profane and careless, now all brought over from the service of Satan to the service of the Lord. And it was a joyful day when poor Zeke, with his father, and mother, brothers and sisters, united with God's people, and came together to the communion.

Reflect, that if a poor, ignorant, and foolish child, under God, can do so much good, what a solemn account must they have to render at last, who, having talent, yet often shrink at the cross, and let sinners perish.—*American Messenger*

QUARRELING.—Don't quarrel—we beg of you—don't quarrel. It is better to have a fit of sickness than to quarrel with a neighbor. It would not be half so wearing—half so perplexing.—Why not live in peace? You appear to think you are not to blame when you quarrel. It is a mistake. You are. There was never a difficulty between two individuals when one has determined not to be angry. You would never quarrel if you were not more or less to blame—this you may rely upon. What a hell upon earth, where people live in constant broils; each laboring to say or do something to displease his neighbor; and both speaking against each other, and when they meet, cast a sneering look, or fling out a provoking word. A savage life must be preferred.

O, man, did you ever quarrel? Have you an enemy? Is there one of God's creatures whom you despise and turn from, as if he were a reptile? Do you labor to make him feel your indignation and scorn? Wicked and wretched man that you are—as miserable as you can live. You will never be happy until you divest yourself of this malignant disposition, and become reconciled to your brother. Reflect seriously on your duty and interest, and twenty-four hours you will not let pass away before you become reconciled. Did you ever read what the poet says? Every word is true. Attend to it:

"The fine and noble way to kill a foe,
Is not to kill him; you with kindness may
So change him, that he shall cease to be so;
And then he's slain. Sigismund used to say,
His pardon put his foes to death; for when
He overcame their hate, he killed them then."

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Domestic happiness has intrinsic worth; it may be realized in poverty; it is internal; above the control of circumstances. Such happiness is a flower of Paradise, that has been suffered to stray beyond its walls; and though with us it does not bloom in original perfection, yet its blossoms, as we may gather them, are too lovely to leave us to doubt whether it is worth our culture. Of all earthly goods, this is heaven's best gift to man. Whilst there is no other mine of joy that can compensate for its absence, it may alike gild the mud-walls of the cabin, or shed vitality and warmth over the cold state of the palace. There is no condition of life to which it may not add untold price. Monarchs there have been who have heard the exulting shout of victory, have joined it for a moment, then inly sighed: rebellious sons were a thorn in the heart, whose rankling prick was felt to kill all joy. Merchants have amassed their millions—their names have been honored in various parts of the globe; but in the moment when success and security have attended some favorite scheme of hazardous enterprise, in all the bitterness of anguish the soul has whispered, "This is but mockery to him who would ask it to atone for the absence of domestic love." Poets have lived, whose brows have been wreathed by a fascinated nation, but whose spirits have loathed the laurels, for thorns grew at home. But never monarch, merchant, nor poet, found domestic bliss a joy too much. He who has once possessed it would not barter it for all on earth besides.

A MOTHER'S TEARS.—There is a touching sweetness in a mother's tears, when they fall upon the face of her dying babe, which no eye can behold without imbibing its influence. Upon such hollowed ground the foot of profanity dare not approach. Infidelity itself is silent and forbears its scoffings. And here woman displays not her weakness, but her strength; it is that strength of attachment which can never in its fullest intensity be realized. It is perennial, depenednt on no clime, no changes—out alike in storm and sunshine—it knows no shadow of turning. A father, when he sees his child going down to the dark valley, will weep when the shadow of death