

loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith;" and how to show forth to his praise in the land of the living. "Deal bountifully with thy servant that I may live and keep thy word;" "Wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling that I may walk before God in the land of the living." They find these two things aloft in the soul, and that is much. Moreover they shall, after search, if they judge aright, ever find such an emptiness in the creatures, that abundance of the creature cannot fill up: all is vanity, only God can fill the empty room in their heart; and when he but breathes a little, there is no room for additional comfort from creatures. Thus God has captivated the man, and has fixed that saving principle in the understanding and heart. "Who is God but the Lord? worship him all ye gods."—Yea further, those whose heart has closed with God in Christ as has been said, will not deny that there have been seasonable preventings and quickenings now and then, when the soul was likely to fail. "For thou preventest me with the blessings of thy goodness." "When I said, my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up. In the multitude of my thoughts, within me, thy comforts delight my soul. Therefore, let none say that there is no fruit following, and let none neglect their duty upon the unjust and groundless complaints of others,

### LONGING FOR LIFE.

It is not death but life that we long for when we sigh to flee away and be at rest.

When we think of the grave, of the chill and ghastliness of death, we cannot say that we are so willing to try it; but when we *leap the grave*, sink the very memory of it, and land safe over in heaven, then, indeed, are we ready, ay, longing to depart.

How skilfully does Paul sail past the two unpleasant points, without touching too hard on either: 'It is not that we would be unclothed, but that we would be clothed upon.'

It is not desirable to be borne away alone, to lie and moulder in the cold, damp grave; but it is desirable, as soon as may be, to enter heaven.

### THE PAINTED SHIP.

While standing at the wharf of a quiet harbour, looking at the shipping which lay at anchor, we heard a young lady remark to a friend, "That nicely painted ship I would choose for a sail across the sea." He replied, "I would not, but prefer the dark old vessel near it. For that handsome ship is unsafe; her timbers are rotten. She had been newly painted."

Very suggestive, we thought, of practical truth. There are painted ships on all seas. Upon the waters of life they are guily sailing to eternity with an inward decay which will yield to the storm that awaits every mortal mariner.

In the church the formalist seems to himself and to others bound to the celestial shore; but alas, he is a painted ship, whose timbers are worthless, and will go down when the tempest comes. Out of the sacred fellowship of the saints, the moralist sails in a similar bark, with different colours only; and hopeless wreckage is near.

How much of human existence, hope, and destiny, is represented in that painted ship!—How little, by the unpretending and solid worth of the sailor's home, floating on the same tide.

But there comes to the ear no sound of the disaster as the light forms of decay go down on the lee shore of despair; no shout of welcome and rapture, as the barks of infinitely precious freightage reach their desired haven, where the weary are at rest.—*British Paper.*

THINKING AND DREAMING. Many men fancy they think, when the real truth is, they are only *dreaming*. The trees which the wind stirs by the side of a still lake, and the clouds which float over the lake's bosom, may leave their *impressions* on its surface, so long as there is sunlight enough to permit it, but because the lake thus has its *impression*, it does not therefore think. And even so, though the mind is of such a nature as to be affected in a measure by outward objects, and thoughts about these objects—corresponding to reflections or shadows cast upon the water—pass through us often enough; yet as our minds are frequently quite passive all the while, it would be quite incorrect to speak of them in such a case as thinking. To think is to deal with an idea actively, and as having to some extent a control over it. To dream is to let an idea do what it will with us.