

stance, which is more readily procured, and more easily worked, than wax; and speedily hardens on exposure to the air.

Their love of home, and jealousy of intrusion, are, or appear to be powerful feelings, manifested by these operations; which are extraordinary results of their latent powers, when stimulated to exercise by an adequate cause.

If then these tiny creature can perform such prodigies, what may not man be able to accomplish, if a sufficiently powerful motive is presented, and what is the nature of that motive which would fully develop all our latent energies? what would be our condition if they were so?

OBSERVER.

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

ADDRESSED BY WILBERFORCE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Accustom yourself to be spiritually minded, which, as the Apostle truly says, is life and peace. Frequent self-examination is one of the means which you will find eminently useful for this end. You would do well to practise it in the middle of the day, as well as in the morning and evening. A very few moments will suffice for a general retrospect of the past morning. I have often kept written on a small slip of paper, a note of my chief besetting sins, against which it should be especially necessary that I should be habitually watching and guarding; of the chief Christian graces I wished to cultivate; of the grand truths I desired to bear in remembrance; and I used to look over this paper at my seasons of prayer and self-examination. My chief duties and relations (such as father, brother, friend acquaintance, master,) were down on this paper and were thus kept in constant view. But in using this, or any other expedient, you will, I am sure, remember to be ever looking up for that grace, which can alone enable you to will or to do what is well pleasing to God. It is a very different thing to acknowledge this as a doctrinal tenet, and to live under the habitual impression of its truth, and to be carrying on, as it were, a continual intercourse with heaven by ejaculatory prayer.

I rejoice to know that my dear girl is striving to live under the practical influence of this blessed principle of spiritual-mindedness; and having been engaged in prayer for you, and knowing that to-morrow I shall be extremely engrossed, and indeed not to-morrow merely, but for the whole week, I resolved to do that which you must observe I scarcely ever have done on this day, I mean, to write to my absent daughter. The truth is, I have always been afraid to make a practise of writing on Sunday, even to my children, lest they should adopt the same habit, without so

much necessity for it as I can plead from the little command of my own time; and there is nothing, you must have observed, of which I have been more jealous, than of any thing which might tend to impair the sanctity and spirituality of the Lord's day.

THE PULPIT OF RICHARD BAXTER.

His pulpit rose in the ancient aisle, hallowed by the footsteps of the many generations who have traversed it. Above him stretched the arches of the old Gothic roof. Before you and around are the curiously carved and half-decayed enclosures, within which a lengthened succession of kneeling worshippers have paid their homage to the Omniscient and Everlasting. Beneath you are the tombs of the dead, and about you, on every space that can meet the eye, are there mouldering monuments. In the pulpit, stands the man of God. The book, rich in the idiom of our mother tongue, and richer still in its heavenly treasure, is open before him. The mingled force and tenderness of his dark eyes comes forth in beautiful keeping with the brow that covers them, and with the curvature of those lips, so fraught with sensibility, while in so little sympathy with the animal nature, and in such near affinity with the intellectual. Over the limning, the expression, the complexion, and the whole cast of that countenance, you see the signs of feeling and of thought—of feeling ever active, of thought ever intent upon its labor. On every hand, and off to the walls and doorways, you see gathered men, and women, and children, of all grades, embracing minds of various adjustment, power, and culture, and all moulded into a greater variety still, by the various pressure of those memorable times.

But as the preacher proceeds, you find that he knows them all; their coming-in and their going-out. So much skill has come to him from long practice, that the most learned and acute may not readily evade him. The busy and the wordling soon become aware that their working-day kind of life has been his study. The most obscure are made to feel that his benevolent thought has penetrated into their lot also; and even the young children, as they look up, here and there, from the family groups about, learn, with a mixture of surprise and fear, that the preacher has been careful to watch the budding thought and feeling even in children; while upon them all you see his words distil like the dew, words which breathe the mercy of the cross, and point as with a power from heaven, to the visions of hope and blessedness which that cross has revealed to the children of mortality! What wonder if you see every eye intent on such a preacher, every ear open to him, every countenance sending forth the signs of a deep interest, and every heart vibrating beneath the touch of thoughts so devout, of emotions so heaven-born. In him they see the purified nature of the saint, without the