

that thou too art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness, and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me, then, my Savior, for whatever purpose and in whatever way thou mayest require. Here is my poor heart, an empty vessel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with thy love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my powers, for the advancement of thy honor and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say "Jesus needs me, and I him, and so we suit each other."

THE PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

During Dr. Franklin's residence in Paris, after an evening entertainment, a number of the literati present assented to the general charge against the Bible as being a piece of deception, and destitute of any literary merit. While the whole party assented, it was observed that the Dr. gave no answer, and they appealed to him for his opinion. In this way he avoided an expression by saying that his mind had been running on a new book which he had fallen in with at one of the stores. It might interest them if he would read a short section. They were all eager to hear. Taking the book out of his pocket, he read in a grave and solemn manner a short poem. They all pronounced it the best they had ever heard. "That is fine," said one.—"That is sublimity," said another. "It has not its superior in the world," was the unanimous opinion.

They all wished to know if that was a specimen of the book. "Certainly," said the Dr. "it is full of such passages. It is no other than your good-for-nothing Bible, out of which I have read the prayer of Habakkuk."

WHAT IS IN THE BED ROOM?

The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which every body is vitally interested in, and which few properly appreciate. We copy the following from an exchange, which shows the injurious effects which must arise from ill-ventilated sleeping apartments:

"If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night, let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find their actual weight at least a pound less in the morning.

Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds and the average loss throughout the year will be more than one pound. That is during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from the bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, or poisonous exhalations. This is diffused through the air in part, and in part absorbed by the bedclothes. If a single ounce of cotton or wool be burned in a room it will so completely saturate the air with smoke, that one can hardly breathe, though there be but an ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air

will be kept continually saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now, the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed is far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of exhalations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping; for, while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance to have bedrooms well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlids and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed?

NO HOME!

Heaven pity those who, in this dark, cold, and unfriendly world; in this "vale of tears," and desert land; in this wilderness of woe amid broken hearts, and crushed hopes, blighted prospects and departed joys; have no home! What a thought!—how sad and mournful the sound! how much of heart sorrow and grief it awakens in the soul! No Home! Who can understand the true import of those words, save those in life whose experience has given them the reality? Who, but those who go forth with no blessed and cheerful home-light to illumine their pathway?

When the gentle spring-time comes, and the season of sweet flowers and the singing of birds is here, while nature without is all life and beauty, oh! how sad then is the heart of that one who, in his loneliness feels and says, "I have no home! Without all is joy; within all is darkness and gloom!

When the summer sunshine comes to ripen the harvest, and bless the earth; as the warm and gentle breezes pass by, it strikes the saddened heart strings, and the mournful echo rolls along, *no home, no home!*

When

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year.

As the autumn winds chant in mournful numbers their solemn dirges, and give forth their funeral strains; they are but the language of the heart that saddened says: "I have no home!"

Winter cold and drear, with its snowy mantle, and icy chains, visits our earth; nature is in mourning, but it cannot compare with the winter of the heart, that says *no home* is mine! These words strike to the very vitals of the soul, and we say "Heaven deal tenderly with those whose experience has learned them a sad, sad, lesson.

"If you, reader, have a home, love it, prize it, do all you can to make it pleasant and attractive, live for those who compose the loved circle there. Remember, pity, and bless those who have no home. Don't turn them roughly away, treat them not harshly, think, "who maketh thee to differ," and weep with them? Be the "Good Samaritan."

No Home! Have you my friend a home in