

ance. If the working-man takes then his indulgence, his *play*, his recreation, as it is gently called, depend upon it, as we have said, it will be all *work* with him soon. But perhaps with a better wage? No, with the same wage, and rightly so; for he will do both less work and worse work in the seven days than in the six, or five and a-half. And what of working the seven continuous days without break or compensation? No cistern for the week. Ah! you have indeed hewn out for yourselves a "cistern—a broken cistern that can hold no water." But keep the Sabbath cistern full; and then it will be a foretaste of that final compensation that makes the chain complete. Compensation for the working-day? Yes, night. Compensation for the working-week? Yes, the Sabbath. Compensation for the working-year? Yes, the yearly vacation—but all imperfect. Compensation for the lifetime of toil and heavy labour? aye, that eternal "rest," or Sabbath, "that remains for the people of God"—complete and infinite!—*Prof. Miller.*

HOPING FOR A HOPE.

A man dying from thirst stands before a fountain.

"Have you drunk?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall."

"Do you *wish* to drink?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall wish to drink."

"Do you see that you are just ready to die for want of water?"

"No! but I *hope* I shall see it."

Why does he not *drink*? Because he has no desire to. Why then does he stand there? Because he hopes he shall have such a desire. But if the promptings of a dying agony, and the sweet gushing streams before him leave him without that desire, what does his life amount to?

So stand we poor sinners by the fountain of the water of life. We look at the waters, and look at those that are drinking, and look at the invitation, "whosoever will," and then stand there still and *hope* that we shall drink. What is such a *hope* good for? Why not "take the water of life freely?" This hoping for a hope is often the devil's opiate for a partially

awakened sinner. God's direction is, "*Lay holds upon the hope* set before you."

WORDS BY THE WAY TO YOUNG MEN.

BY S. MASSEY.

"All our actions take
Their lines from one complexion of the heart,
As landscapes, their variety from light"

"How shall a young man cleanse his way?"

This is an important practical question, and implies that the "way" of a young man is one of difficulty and danger. This is especially the case in large cities.—**THERE** it is beset with snares, many of which are concealed beneath the bewitching influence of vice in its varied, and fascinating forms. If engaged in mercantile pursuits his "way" is one of difficulty, arising from the age we live in. It is an age of restless activity and speculation. The tendency of the times is to rush onward without taking "heed" to the "way." But little time is allowed for serious thought. Energy and perseverance are essential elements of success, but when these exist and are allowed to carry a young man forward without "taking heed" to his way, he is almost sure to go wrong. Some very melancholy instances of this could be given from commercial life in the city.

It is always pleasing to see an energetic self-reliant young man, but an heedless, irreligious self reliance, is a very dangerous thing; it leads to self-confidence and self-importance, sure precursors of moral, if not of commercial ruin.

The term "cleanse," in the question which stands at the head of this paper, has special reference to the natural state of the *heart*, which is one of defilement and pollution. "How shall a young man cleanse his way?"—his heart. The answer is at hand—"By taking heed thereto, according to thy word," Psal. cix: 9. The word of God is the certain guide to moral cleansing, the appointed means of regeneration and change of heart. "Heed" is of special importance here, but a complete moral cure can never be effected by any process of external improvement. The