

6. To live with all my might while I do live.

7. Never to do any thing which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

8. To act in all respects, both speaking and doing, as if nobody had been so vile as I, and as if I had committed the same sins, or had the same infirmities or failings as others; and that I will let the knowledge of their failings promote nothing but shame in myself, and prove only an occasion of my confessing my own sins and misery to God.

9. To think much, on all occasions, of my dying, and of the common circumstances which attend death.

10. When I feel pain, to think of the pains of martyrdom and of hell.

11. To be endeavoring to find out fit objects of charity and liberality.

12. Never to do anything out of revenge.

13. Never to suffer the least motions of anger towards irrational beings.

14. Never to speak evil of any one, so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less—upon any account except for some real good.

15. That I will live so as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.

16. To live so, at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the Gospel, and another world.

17. Never to do any thing which I should be afraid to do, if I expected it would not be above an hour before I should hear the last trumpet.

18. To maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

19. To endeavor to obtain for myself as much happiness in the other world as I possibly can, with all the power, might, vigor, and vehemence, yea, violence, I am capable of, or can bring myself to exert, in any way that can be thought of.

20. To examine carefully, and constantly, what that one thing in me is, which causes me in the least to doubt of the love of God; and to direct all my forces against it.

#### DR. GUTHRIE ON SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT.

—On Wednesday evening, a soiree was held in Balmacollm Free Church, for the purpose of liquidating the congregational debt. Dr. Guthrie, who was present, delivered an excellent address, in the course of which he said—If all the members of our churches were members—everybody working—if all this congregation were working—what an amount of good they would do! People say that it is the business of the minister; that was the old way of it. That it is the business of the elders; that is the old way too. At the battle of Waterloo, when we had some 40,000 or 50,000 men drawn up, and when the cannonading began at Hugomont, if the whole British army had said—“It is not our busi-

ness to fight; it is the Duke of Wellington's, and the officers and lieutenants, and the captains and the majors, and the colonels' duty to fight”—where would we have been this day? You know it as well as I do, that it was not these men that won the battle; it was the privates under the guide and direction of the officers. The minister's duty is to direct and guide. Their first business is to preach. As to the work outside the church, the minister should be the presiding, guiding, animating, inspiring genius and spirit of the whole, but every member of that church should work. When I was in Portsmouth, I went to visit a place I have great interest in—St. Mary's Street. I went along that street till I came to a very humble part of the town. I paused at the shop of the man in whose history I felt so deep an interest. I went into the shop. It was a cobbler's shop. I think it was about ten feet long by seven wide, and there worked the poor cobbler. Before that man was laid in his grave, he was the means of saving not less than 500 children from eternal ruin, and making them useful members of society; and he did that without fee—without reward—without pay—without praise—without notice—but that man had run into celebrity since he was laid in his grave. The man I refer to was John Pounds, the founder of ragged schools. There was a poor cobbler, who had his shop running over with children. He was to get nothing for it, and he used to entice the boys to come in; and if he happened to be an Irish boy, he might have been seen running down the quay of Portsmouth holding a smoking potatoe under his nose, and prevailing on the boy to come to school. (Laughter.) There was John Pounds, in the condition of a cobbler, taking boys into his shop, and, while working, teaching them reading, writing and arithmetic; and before he died that man was the means of saving no less than five hundred children. Have you saved one? You have the means to do it, many of you; that man never had. That was what the cobbler did; and now I will tell you what I saw in London. I went away to the darkest, most ragged, wicked district of London—dark and dingy, save where the glare of what is called the gin palaces of London throw their light on the dark wynd of prostitutes and haunt of robbers—accompanied by two gentlemen. I at last reached a large dingy building; I ascended the trap stair, which led to a building about half as large as this church, and I found myself in the strangest scene of misery, woe, crime, wretchedness, and guilt I ever saw. That place was fitted up as a refuge for houseless women; that was a refuge for women who had no place to lay their head but on the cold stone steps of a door. Here they found a fire, a couch, and a roof to shelter them. There were not less than thirty, forty, or fifty of them there. Many of them had retired to their couches;