

dence.—The Great Father intended his children to find joy in nature; and the true heaven-born child *will* delight himself according to the dictates of a regenerate heart.

2nd. *To distribute the bounties of Providence.*—There is but little joy in self-appropriation. *Giving* is a means of grace. Have you seen the widow's eye when you have ministered to her need? No artist can reproduce the divine light that shines there!

3rd. *To be grateful for the bounties of nature.*—A life of gratitude is a life of happiness! If you would be truly grateful, ever look to those who have *less* of this world's goods than you have. A survey of the *palace* may induce discontentment, but a glance at the *workhouse* may awaken purest thankfulness.

My friend, what are you living for? What is the supreme OBJECT of your being? Are you not convinced of the folly of expending your energies on the transitory pleasure of the present life? Is there ought in mere material property to meet the requirements of your immortality? Let me charge you to seek the "true riches." Apart from *Christ* there is nothing satisfying!" "HE IS ALL IN ALL." You need *pardon*: He can grant it. You are seeking *peace*: He can bestow it. I adjure you to seek Him with all your heart! Having found Christ you have found a universe of blessing. You will part with this world, as a faded leaf, that you may enter on an unwithering and incorruptible inheritance.

"O, I COULDN'T LIVE HERE!"

O, I could not live here, if they'd let me the room for nothing! I must move away."

These were the words of a woman I had known for some time. She was a widow, a clever, industrious, sober woman, but with her mind set on the things of this world. When she was spoken to about Heaven and Jesus, she listened quietly, but without much interest. Directly anything was said about earning money she would be all attention; and it was plain to be seen her thoughts were given entirely to getting "the bread that perisheth," while "the Bread of life," that lasts for ever was neglected.

She had removed for cheapness into a

court, where she soon found there was ~~nothing~~ and dirt, and riot going on. The Sabbath day was often a time of quarrelling and fighting and this poor woman was so troubled with her unruly neighbours, that she resolved not to stay, even as she said, "if they would let her the room for nothing." I took the opportunity of saying, "If the sight and sound of these wicked people are so bad, for a little time here, what must it be to spend *eternity* with lost souls. To hear *for ever* the curses and groans of the lost?"

She looked very much startled and replied, "Why that would make even an angel miserable."

"To be sure it would," I said. "God has given us a social nature—much of our happiness must depend on our companions. To be compelled to live in dirt, and noise, and sin, and sorrow, would destroy all the comforts of life. You find it does. And so if you can have orderly, kind, pleasant neighbours, ready to say a good word, and do a good deed, it is a source of great enjoyment. Think, then, of the blessed spirits in Heaven. All light and love. Sin and sorrow, all done away. Every soul made glad in the Lord!"

"O, that must be happy," she said, with a sigh.

"Yes, and for this we must be prepared, We must feel ourselves to be sinners, and go to Jesus in prayer, and ask Him to save us, and to fit us for that inheritance among the redeemed, which is incorruptible, undecayed, and that fadeth not away."

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."—1 COR. ii. 9.

SMOOTH EVERY WAVE.

Smooth every wave this heart within;
Let no dark tempest gather here;
Calm every ripple, till my sea
Be, like the polished silver, fair.

One word of old still'd raging wind,
And "Peace, be still," subdued the wave;
Let that dear word again be heard,
And let the tempest cease to rave.

Jesus! thy word is mighty still,
Creation knows it; let this heart
Know it in all its grace and power,
Till every tumult thence depart.