

of which are tied on either side of the donkey's back and conveyed to the vat.

The grape needs to be trodden and pressed as soon as it is cut, and the husbandmen rest neither day nor night till the wine is made and deposited in casks for fermentation. The vat is a place about ten feet square, and about as high, with a slight inclination at the bottom, and has an opening at the inclined edge. Under this opening there is a deep earthen jar, buried in the ground, where the juice runs and where it is dipped out, and by means of leather bottles conveyed to the casks.

As soon as the grapes are cut they are thrown into this vat, and are trodden under the feet of strong men, who neither rest or sleep till every grape is squeezed and every drop of juice is extracted. Their garments are stained and fragrant with the juice of the once elegant and beautiful grape that now lies like a heap of dirt beneath the feet of men. For fear that any life should be left even in this heap, they shoveled them into a wooden press, in order to be pressed by a screw, till at last they become one mass of squeezed and screened and joined skins and sticks, almost unwholesome to behold.

Only when a man stands and watches the process of wine-making in the east can we fully comprehend the fearful import of our text. The gentle Jesus, treading the wine-press alone, is a scene that would make angels weep; yet sinners still despise his mercies and mock his long-suffering. The song which follows from the 7th verse is not accidental, but suggested by the figure used. The men who tread the grapes are in the habit of singing songs in compliment of the husbandman, praising his industry and his generosity, as well as his affluence and his good-will.

The people here live in the midst of bible illustrations and parables; but not using the bible, the most sublime illustrations are lost. Let the prayers of the pious ascend in behalf of the people here, that we may be permitted to see piety revived and Christ honored and glorified where he was preached by apostles and saints.—*Miss. Letter.*

Mark x. 21: "One thing thou lackest."

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.—It is stated that George Whitefield stopped for several days at the house of a general, at Providence, Rhode Island. The general, his wife, his son, and three daughters, were serious, but not decidedly religious. Whitefield departed from his usual custom, which was to address the residents in the house where he stayed individually concerning the welfare of their souls. The last evening

came, and the last night he was to spend there. He retired to rest; but the Spirit of God came to him in the night, saying, "O man of God, if these people perish, their blood be on thy head." He listened, but the flesh said, "Do not speak to these people; they are so good and so kind, that you could not say a harsh thing to them." He rose and prayed. The sweat ran down his brow. He was in fear and anxiety. At last a happy thought struck him. He took his diamond ring from his finger, went up to the window, and wrote these words upon the glass: "One thing thou lackest." He could not summon courage to say a word to the inmates, but went his way. No sooner was he gone, than the general, who had a great veneration for him, went into the room he had occupied, and the first thing that struck his attention was the sentence upon the window, "One thing thou lackest." That was exactly his case. The Spirit of God blessed it to his heart.

Living Epistles.

One of the most precious books in the world is in the University Library at Upsala, in Sweden. Even outwardly it is beautiful, in its exquisite binding. It is a copy of the Gospels, translated into the old mother Gothic 1200 years before Luther translated them into that modern Gothic, called German; the version which the good Bishop Ulphidas made nearly as far back as the Council of Nicea,—a sort of early protest or prophecy on behalf of the Teuton race, showing that they would always insist in having in their own vernacular, God's message to mankind. The Gospels are written in silver letters, some of them golden, on fine sheets of purple vellum, in a bold, clear hand. And so says the Apostle to his believing friends: "Ye are the epistles of Christ written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in the tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart." A Christian is a golden epistle, a silver gospel.

If you wish to know what a Christian ought to be, he is an epistle with Christ's own thoughts and feelings so transferred to his, as to come out again, and be known and read of all men: a man who when outraged, or ill-used carries it so nobly that in his soft answer, or his silence, you read, "Blessed are the meek;" a man whose hand opens so easily, and whose movement towards all distress is so instinctive, that when you look at him you read, "Blessed are the merciful;" a man to whom God is so endeared, and so nigh, that in his company you understand the preface to the