

barn for Billy to eat. "Art thou not ashamed, young Billy, to stand and quiver under the shadow of that which was on its way to be a blessing to thee?"

And do we not all do so? Have we not all seen providences coming toward us at which we trembled, they looked so fearful and great, but which afterwards proved to be the very thing that we needed?

Jacob was sure that the loss of Joseph would carry his grey hairs down to the grave—but it was the load of hay—to be food for him and all his during the famine of after years.

What agonies filled the heart of the mother of Christ as she stood near the cross—and saw the sufferings of her son: but it was that which gave the bread of heaven to a multitude which no man can number.

I sometimes stand over the coffin of a beautiful child at the funeral. I can say but little that really comforts the mother. It seems as if the calamity would crush her. But I feel sure its results will be that she will more deeply appreciate her remaining children, and will try more prayerfully to lead them to Christ. Thus it will be seen hereafter that it was sent to her family for a blessing.

That poor blind boy that I met the other day, so pale and gentle, so patient and resigned that everybody pities and loves him—perhaps it will be found hereafter, and most probably will—that it was the greatest blessing of his life.

That little crippled boy that I met so often on his crutches, and who will most likely never see a well day in his life!—it seems a great calamity now, it cuts him off from the hopes of earth; but God is giving hopes of something so much better that he will hereafter think of it as a great mercy.

Thus the dark thunder cloud, instead of killing us with its bolts, is dissolved into the sweet shower that revives and cheers everything. Thus the storm makes the air clearer and sweeter. Poor things! do not the angels look at us, when we are afraid, when we tremble and feel sure that "all these are against us," as I do at Billy trembling at the very load of hay on its way to his manger—whilst our Heavenly Father is only sending us the greatest mercies wrapped around with these terrors.

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### GAMBLING.

In replying to the inquiry *in what the vice of gambling consists*, an able religious weekly at Boston says, very justly and happily, "The essence of gambling consists in setting up money or other property, to be gained or lost by mere hazard. This is destructive of that fundamental principle of social order which makes property the representative and equivalent of useful skill and labour. All the industrial virtues, diligence, prudence, honesty, economy, methodical and skillful labor—virtues that public sentiment should foster and the laws protect for the well-being of society—are set at naught by gambling and the lottery. Should *all* property be disposable by hazard, property would soon cease to be created, or to have any thing more than a nominal value, since the labour and skill that enter into its production, and the moral qualities that look to its preservation, would all be foregone for the appeal to chance. A community might as well attempt to subsist by mutual robbery as by universal gambling; and hence a nest of "black-legs" at Keokuk and at San Francisco was justly treated by the citizens as the robber-bands of Naples are treated by the new government. To acquire property by gaming is as destructive of individual morality as of public order, thrift, and virtue. The gamester ceases to be a producer. He abandons useful skill and labor, and lives by preying upon the misfortunes of others. In him the vices of idleness are stimulated by the intermittent excitements of the game, and envy, malice, revenge, take the place of good-will to his neighbors, and of regard for the welfare of the community."

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The will of Jesus Christ is, that those who belong to Him should walk exactly in His footsteps; that they should be, as He was, full of mercy and love; that they should render to no one evil for evil, but endure, for His sake, injuries, calumnies, and every outrage. To them all anger and resentment should be unknown.—*Athanasius*.