

rise I had provided. I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a party assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture, lest we should be deemed parsimonious, I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests, and which should obviate any such imputation.

"And now, to you, patriot fathers, and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks, my friends."

Then addressing the children, he said:

"You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places; and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society."

To Dr. M——, he said:

"To you, under God, I owe my life. I do not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you; but if you and your daughter will accept the neat furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again."

"You, Mr. Brown, are my father in the Lord. Under our preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a pious servant to attend to you. It is time that you were at peace, and your excellent lady delivered of her heavy burden."

The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the floor, and poured such thanksgiving and prayer as found way to the heart of Mrs. W——, who ultimately became a meek and pious woman—a fit helpmate for a devout gospel minister. And, strange to say, she dates her conversion from the day of that comical, but not unprofitable, dinner party.—*National Era*.

INTRODUCTON.

DEAR READER:—A year has ended: a year is begun. Time flies, O! how swiftly! Time's pace to us was tardy when we were children: now it moves with rapid pace. A year comes and soon it is gone. The years to come, to you and to me, (if they shall come at all,) will be brief years, and, perhaps, few in number. This is a solemn reflection when we remember that Time is the period of discipline and preparation for another state—a period of labor in a world where there are precious souls to be won to a Savior.

Beyond this world we shall not be permitted to preach the gospel to sinners, to comfort mourners, to alleviate the afflictions of humanity, nor to do anything which shall bless those whom we may leave behind us. No; the labor must be performed here. An influence we may leave behind us: but it will be the influence of a godly life here. Let it be ours to work then, for the time is short, and the night soon comes when no man can work.

In the endeavor to occupy a humble sphere of

usefulness in the kingdom and patience of Jesus, we begin to issue another volume of the *EVANGELIST*. For more than twenty years we have tried to be of service in the great cause of God and humanity; first by preaching, and latterly by conducting this work. If it shall please God to spare us twenty years longer, more or less, we wish to devote our time, and whatever of talent we may possess, in the same way. We only desire that we may be more faithful to perform what God in his word and providence has allotted us to do, and that it may be well done.

Each christian desires, nay—hopes to be counted worthy to sit down in the everlasting kingdom with the holy Patriarchs, the Apostles, the Prophets, and the sainted Martyrs,—but do we live and labor as did they? Are we willing to die as did they, for His sake who suffered for us? Ah! we are too cold, too sluggish, lovers of ease, conformed to the ways of an ungodly world.

Christians need to be roused from lethargy—from sleep—to a sense of their present insufficiency and inefficiency, to a just appreciation of their high relationship and destiny, and their lasting obligations to yield themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the service of the living God.

If life is spared, and health permits us to continue our accustomed work, we hope that the present volume of the *EVANGELIST* will contribute to the spiritual welfare of many, and that it will prove a blessing alike to him who edits and to those who read. A. C——N.

—*Evangelist*.

THE SLEEPY PEW.—Some pews in our churches appear to be occupied for the same purpose as you would engage a room at a hotel, that you might take a sleep and enjoy a rest. Some people are scarcely in their pews until they fix for sleep, and go asleep. Some plead constitutional infirmities, etc., but it is strange these infirmities should overcome them only on Sundays. We seriously think if every worshipper realized the presence of God in His temple, and the awful issues that may hang on every service, they would be so filled with trembling as to shut out all possibility of sleep. The misfortune is, many good people enter upon the services with a sort of melancholy emptiness of mind and heart, waiting to be acted upon by the influences of the sanctuary, and thus, without any effort or intention, fall asleep. Activity is the true antidote to sleep. In place of coming to church to be acted upon, people should come to act themselves, to keep their thoughts busily employed in self-examination, prayer, praise and meditation, and we feel confident there would be no temptation to sleep during the service, and thus blemish the pew.

PUNCTUALITY.—It is said of Melancthon, that when he made an appointment he expected not only the hour, but the minute, to be fixed, that no time might be wasted in the idleness of suspense; and of Washington, that when his secretary, being repeatedly late in his attendance, laid the blame on his watch, he said, "You must get another watch, or I another secretary."