

Though the husbandman beats his corn as if he were angry with it, yet he loves and highly prizes it, and though God strike and afflict his people, yet He sets a great value upon them; and it is equally absurd to infer God's hatred to His people from His afflicting them, as the husbandman's hatred of his corn because he threshes and beats it.

NEVER ALONE.—A pious cottager residing in the centre of a long and dreary heath, being asked by a visitor, "Are you not sometimes afraid in your lonely situation especially in the winter?" replied, "Oh, no; for Faith shuts the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning."

Merchants and clerks may accomplish much good by enclosing small books and tracts with goods sold; or by presenting them to their customers, requesting their perusal. In connection with other methods of usefulness which will readily suggest themselves to merchants, is that of keeping a supply of religious books and children's papers for sale and distribution.

A noisy infidel conversing with a circle of ladies, was attempting to bring them to join him in denying the existence of God. Meeting with poor success, he gave vent to his feelings of disappointment and vexation by saying, "I did not imagine that in this house *I alone* should have the honor of not believing in God."

"You are *not alone*, sir," said the mistress of the mansion; "my horse, my dog, my cat, all share that honor with you; only these poor brutes have the honor not to *boast* of their shame."

RELIGION EXEMPLIFIED.—I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine; a lighthouse sounds no drum, it beats no gong, and yet far over the waters its friendly spark is visible to the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

On a winter's evening, when the frost is setting in with growing intensity, and when the sun is now far past the meridian, and gradually sinking in the western sky, there is a double reason why the ground grows harder and more impenetrable to the plough. On the one hand, the frost of evening, with ever increasing intensity, is hardening the stiffening clods. On the other hand, the genial rays, which alone can soften them, are every moment withdrawing and losing their enlivening power. Take heed that it be not so with you. As long as you are unconverted, you are under a double process of hardening. The frosts of an eternal

night are settling down on your souls; and the Sun of Righteousness with westerling wheel, is hastening to set upon you for evermore. If, then, the plough of grace cannot force its way into your *ice-bound heart to-day*, what likelihood is there that it will enter *to-morrow*?

FAITH.—Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God when the world drags downward and the flesh cries "halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervour is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the Captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. O no! It is Jesus in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

Why a Man Fears to Die.

It is reported of a Hungarian king, that, being on a time extremely dejected, he was asked the cause of it by his brother. "Oh! I have been a great sinner against God," said he, "and know not how I shall appear before Him in judgment." His brother ridiculed these thoughts as too melancholy, and as unworthy a moment's thought in the breast of a king. The king made no further reply; but it was customary in that country, that if the executioner sounded a trumpet at any man's door, he was presently to be led forth to execution. The king at midnight sent the trumpeter to sound an alarm at his brother's door, which so terrified him that he ran to the king with a trembling heart, a pale and frightful countenance, and besought him to make known wherein he had offended him. "Oh, brother," said the king, "you have never displeased me; but if the sight of *my* executioner be so dreadful in your eyes, what must the sight of God's be in mine!"

NOTICES, ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS, &c.

The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of the following sums:

SYNOD FUND.

New Mills.....	£2 54
Sydney and Mira.....	18 00
Brown's Creek.....	1 00
A. Campbell, Esq.....	2 00
Dartmouth.....	8 00
First Congregation Noel.....	4 17½
Sharon Church, Albion Mines.....	12 80
James' Ch. N. Glasgow—no expenses	10 00