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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK....Dr. Chalmers.

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For the Witness.

Lines written on a blank leaf in Lydia Landon's Poems.

One theme—and only one is wove
Through Lydia Landon's strain,
Namely, how sad it is to love
And not be loved again.
The verse is one long avenue
Where poetry and pride
Combine to give a graceful view
Of what they both would hide:
Peering through every page appears
Youth's broken pictures strew'd;
And mem'ries of departed years
The topic still pursued.
How oft where pathos should prevail
Art, ill concealed is seen;
And always tinctur'd with the tale
Of what she would have been.
Love, blighted love, eclipsed in grief;
Half utter'd hopes and fears,
Seeking in song to find relief,
Or be embalm'd in tears!
Of all the dirges dreary souls
Have cast to colour Time
The most disconsolate of scrolls
Is Lydia Landon's rhyme.

From the United Presbyterian Magazine.

Advantages of Intercourse with Nature.

God speaks to all who are attentive when they go forth into the plain. You stand, perhaps, looking on some lofty mountain, rising before you in grim defiance of all human power. Does it not seem to discourse on the incalculable energy of the arm by which it was upheaved? The very stones on its rugged sides, make us feel, if we attempt to move them, that our strength is but weakness. Or, you stand, it may be, by the shore of the sea; a gentle ripple is breaking at your feet; but when you think of the power which is sleeping in that mass of waters,—a power which, when roused, sports with navies, and to which ships of heaviest burden are as feathers in the wind,—what conceptions are you thus led to form of Him who is the ocean's Creator, and the ocean's Lord? A few moments musing by the shore of the sea conveys to us a more vivid and awful idea of the Divine Omnipotence than all sermons. Believer in Jesus! that power is your friend.—He who piled the mountains is the breaker up of your path. He who holds the winds in his fists, and measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, is your sun and shield. Ye that forget God! how terrible to have that power for an enemy. If the fall of a single stone be enough to crush you; if there be danger to you in the swell of a single wave, what must it be to encounter the wrath of Him whose way is in the sea, and who taketh up the isles as a very little thing?

But it is not simply the attribute of power that impresses itself on us in nature. God talks with us in the plain of his omnipresence. "Whither," says David, "shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" And does not this truth meet us wherever we roam? You wish to exclude yourself from society, and you retire to the depths of some wood, or the recesses of some glen, and you find a corner so shaded and closed in, that you think, certainly this is the inner chamber of silence and solitude. But scarcely have you thought so when your eye lights on some bright little flower, which looks up into your face so intelligently, that instantly you feel that God is here; here He has been in a fine exercise of creative power; here He is in his nourishing providence; and the little blue-eyed "Forget-me-not" thus reminds you of the truth, that though you take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, there will the hand of God find you.

The outlines of power and omnipresence are grandly and simply drawn; but there are also in nature exquisite touches of the beauty of the Divine character. Reason says, that the Author of all being must himself be the perfection of excellence; and much does Scripture tell us of the "beauty of the Lord." In nature we see it! So has everything been shaped, and clothed, and arranged, that our highest conceptions of grace and sublimity are derived from natural objects. Wonderful is the variety of inimitable design spread over the earth. Not in gardens only are the sweets of creation seen; the common fields, the wild moor, the woods, glens, and mountains, have all something which arrests the eye of taste, which the poet finds worthy of being woven into his lay, and from which the painter can steal a grace. Scarcely is there one form of organized life which does not display some stroke of matchless skill, or shade of delicate loveliness. Nor is it with this or that, or here or there, we are pleased. The variety is infinite, and every object has its own peculiarities, which fit it to blend with the harmonious whole. Every leaf has its own shade, every mountain its own position, every valley its own windings, every spacious expanse of landscape its own characteristics of outline and ornament. Whether we career through the scenery with the speed of modern travelling, or linger over it at our ease, we are equally charmed. Nay, our admiration and delight increase as we surrender ourselves to it,—nature and we become friends,—and we feel as if we could spend our life in simply gazing on the matchless beauty, and the faultless symmetry of her stately form.

If we transfer the sentiments and feelings thus awakened from the work to the Workman, how far does nature advance us in ability to appreciate the glory of God! Difficult it is for us to understand in what the beauty of the Lord consists, and of what sort it is. We can see, that beauty of an incomparable kind must be his;—that He who imagined every tone of melody, and every line of loveliness, who planned and built this majestic universe, must be a Being whom it shall be a happiness to behold, and with whom it must be an unutterable felicity to dwell.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good;
Almighty, thine this universal frame;
Thus, wondrous fair—thyself how wondrous then.
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen,
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy glory beyond thought and power divine."

Once more: how eloquent is nature of the divine benignity! The very circumstance that we feel happy in the midst of nature is sufficient to convince us that the feeling with which we are regarded by the God in whom we live, is a feeling of love. Nature, in this respect, is a gospel, preaching to us glad tidings of great joy—telling us that He who made us has compassion on us—that He desires not our ruin but our restoration to innocence and bliss. Living as we are under an economy of grace, all Nature echoes the doctrine of the cross. It is warbled in the song of birds—it is whispered in the cooling breeze—the sun paints it on flowers, and flowers breath it forth in fragrance—it goes streaming up in exhalations, and forms itself into the gorgeousness of clouds—it sweeps in shadows over plain and mountain—waves in the pomp of trees, glances in running streams. The shades of green that variegate the surface of the earth—the picturesque irregularities of hill and vale—the kine luxuriating in the pastures of the meadow—the flocks feeding sweetly in nooks among the mountains—the insects swarming thick and merry in the summer air—man watching over the silent labours of the field, and waiting with expectation the golden harvest—all illustrate and reflect the benignity of Him who so loved us as to send his Son to be our Saviour. As believers in Christ Jesus, we may feel our unworthiness and hesitate to admit the too gracious truth of our acceptance—but we go out and the sun warms us—we drink and the water refreshes us—we look abroad over creation, and its beauties delight us—we survey the fields and see them all hastening to furnish the provisions necessary to the support of life; and we feel that there is love for us in the bosom of God. Yes! and when we go in from nature and open the pages of the Bible,—when we peruse the narratives of the Evangelists;—when we follow the course of the Incarnate One in his journeyings among men—when we witness his miracles and listen to his discourses, we are sensible that we are living in the world in which Jesus preached—that we see and enjoy of sky and land—of dewy morning and gorgeous evening, of rainbow, and mountain, and wood, and river—are but the appropriate decorations of that theatre of mercy on which, nineteen hundred years ago, the Son of God alighted to die for our redemption.

Family Government.

"Owing more
To want of judgment than to wrong design."
—COWPER.

Many a sad failure occurs in the government of children in Christian families, every where there is an intelligence, affection, and parental solicitude. We refer not here to the more striking cases, which are easily explained, nor to those which, through deficiency in evidence, are not well understood. But we select a few instances which may serve the purposes of instruction.

1. The parents of little A—— were exceedingly solicitous that their only daughter should be rightly trained. She was early subdued, but the rod was afterwards used with too little discrimination. The child was severely censured for little things, and that with impatience and impetuosity. The mother was deficient in affection, but she gave little evidence of it to the child, lest dignity should be undermined. The father saw the mistake, but was too little in-doors to rectify it. He became too indulgent. The child, punished so severely for every little offence, acquired very inadequate views of right and wrong.—She learned to act the part of an eye-servant to her mother, and to gain from her father every indulgence she chose to solicit within the sphere of his influence. Thus trained, she became indolent, selfish, and inefficient. Yet a little patience and discrimination in regard to faults, a little encouragement for well-doing, and more palpable and timely manifestations of maternal love, might have produced a very different result.

2. The children at Mrs B——'s were similarly situated, except that severity was on the side of the father, who was seldom at home. The mother, a true hearted, active woman, was less remarkable for system than for versatility. She governed sometimes by force, sometimes by affection or flattery, and sometimes by secretly siding with the children against the father's severity. Severity, too, was not without its strong temptation to duplicity. Most families would have been ruined by such mismanagement. The piety of the parents, quiet ardent and exemplary in other respects, had to some extent a redeeming influence. Their mismanagement, too, arose chiefly through constitutional impulsiveness and timidity on the other; yet severe trouble ensued. The children were greatly injured, and some of them irretrievably.

3. Mrs C——, a lady of decided worth and dignity, ruled her house with affection and perseverance, but she always had trouble with her children, simply because she was not thorough in subduing their tempers. Whenever her will was opposed to theirs, they would not yield without a struggle. The struggle, so gratifying to human pride, became habitual, and at length ripened into premature self-direction. High personal worth was a redeeming trait in Mrs C——. But her affectionate heart had much to endure from her children; and though she trained them to the practice of much that was amiable and lovely, their indomitable wilfulness was through life a great drawback upon their usefulness.

4. Mrs D——, on whom the cares of a young family chiefly devolved, was a woman of high principle and decided worth. But she was often sickly and nervous, and at times irresolute,—of course she governed with an unsteady hand. The same faults would be duly punished on one occasion, and disregarded on another. Discipline was alternately lax and stringent. Maternal affection and worth had great influence. But the children grew up with little firmness of character or stability of purpose; and it remains to be seen whether they will ever become entirely firm and steadfast. A little stability in the training might have prevented so sad a result.

Mr and Mrs E——, though entirely united in their notions of discipline, struggled hard in the management of their children. The latter were in a good manner subdued as to temper, but never acquired habits of *ready* obedience. Once speaking would seldom suffice: the command must be repeated louder and louder, and perhaps reasons must be given and objections obviated, before the act of obedience could be secured. This was vexatious and provoking, but the parents bore all with an ill-timed patience, by which the struggle with a willulness was for a season postponed. But in time the unfortunate habit grew and ripened into more positive disobedience, till finally the parents lost their influence over their children before they became capable of self-direction. They should have foreseen this; for if children are allowed to sit in judgment upon parental requirements before obedience is rendered, they will soon presume to be the better judge of what they ought to do, and manage accordingly.

6. Mr and Mrs F—— adopted a very uniform method of management with their children. Occupying a respectable standing among the high-minded community, they would never have the temper of their children subdued, lest it should mar their self respect. Solomon's method was quite too antiquated and Judaising for modern ideas. Love is now the instrument of discipline. Love, and persuasion, and indulgence, will doubtless effect all which is required. If children are to be trained to habits of gentility, the process must commence very early, and be based upon self-respect. Little ones, scarcely larger than the dolls which are give them, must become ladies and gentlemen in miniature, and enjoy the corresponding immunities. Social rank is such a thing of circumstances, that any one who has wealth may aspire to it, and it is therefore difficult to ascertain how far self-respect may be carried without degenerating into vanity. Doubtless it was carried too far in the present instance. The children had some amiable qualities. They fluttered for a while amid the circles of gaiety, but have never been prepared for activity in business pursuits. What will they do when property is divided, and subdivided, and dissipated! The few dubious rays of Christian influence which were shed upon them in their paternal mansion will scarcely serve for their future guidance. What will become of them?

Instances of failure like the above in Christian families are greatly multiplied. How disastrous their influence! If they affected no other world than the present they would be deplorable, but when it is recollected that the issues take hold upon eternity, who can estimate their momentous bearings?

Like People—Like Priest.

BY REV. DR HUMPHREY.

Men are not generally aware how much the influence one another, either for good or evil,—how much they stimulate or discourage each other in their relation and duties. Those who first were very dissimilar in their dispositions and characters, by frequent intercourse gradually become very much alike. This is nowhere more observable than in the mutual influence of ministers and their people. It is now, as in the days of the prophet, "Like people—like priest." Not only will people choose such a man for their religious teacher as agree with their own views, but if they are dissimilar at first, and the connection lasts long, they will become very much alike in the end.

Thus, if there is a high standard of doctrine and piety in the church, and the people receive the pastor of their choice as an "ambassador of Christ"—if they remember him in their daily prayers, and attend devoutly upon his ministry, and hold up his hands, he will be a very different minister from what he would have been had he found a gay and worldly congregation. He will be more spiritual himself, and more searching and pointed in his discourses, and more faithful in his pastoral labours.

On the other hand, if when he comes among them, and enters upon his ministry, religion is low, and worldly conformity has the ascendancy, and the people are irregular in their attendance upon public worship,—if when his heart goes out to them in yearning for their salvation, he meets with no response either in the pulpit or out of it, he will feel disheartened, his hands will be weakened, his zeal will be abated. If he is a true servant of Christ, he will try to bear up under these discouragements, and resolve to do his duty, however negligent they may be in theirs; but he will gradually and insensibly approach nearer and nearer to their low standard. He ought not, we know. He ought to be still more devoted, and to lift up his voice louder; but such are the deadening effect of the want of sympathy, that it cannot be expected. Rather will it become, "Like people—like priest."

Nor is the influence of a minister less in moulding the character of his people: often it is more. If he is truly a devoted servant of Christ, he may hope, by the blessing of God on his preaching, pastoral labours, and holy example, to raise the standard of piety in the church, and bring the "strangers to the covenant of promise" into the kingdom. But alas! if he is a pastor who "careth not for the sheep," he will bring down the standard of his own level, or if it be low already, will sink it still lower. It will be, *Like priest—like people.*

Let me not be told, it is a contradiction to say, almost in the same breath, that the people will bring up or down a minister to their standard, and that he will bring them up or down to his. Both, indeed, cannot take place into one and the same congregation, under the same minister. But sometimes the minister and sometimes the people will prevail, and in either case the attraction will bring them together, till there shall be "like people—like priest." When, therefore, religion is at a low ebb, and "the wicked walk on every side," and the church is ready to shift off the blame upon their minister, as wanting in zeal and faithfulness, let them first inquire whether they have not by their backslidings and worldliness been pulling him down to their own level. On the other hand, when the minister is tempted to lay the blame upon the church, let him inquire, whether it is not in a great degree chargeable upon the low standard of his example and ministrations.—This trying to roll off responsibility on either side will make work for bitter repentance.

Only Waiting.

[A very aged man in an almhouse was asked what he was doing; he replied, "Only waiting."]

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking,
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer-time is faded,
And the autumn winds have come,
Quickly, reapers! gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart;
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting till the angles
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose foot I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me I am waiting,—
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown.
Then from out the gathering darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise;
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

Rising Light in Holland.

At the late General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, a fraternal address was made by the Rev. Dr. Da Costa of Amsterdam, in which he recited the former intimate relations between the Church of Scotland and the Church of Holland, in the alternate interchange of preachers and martyrs, of theology and learning, down to the great deliverance wrought by William, Prince of Orange. He adverted to the beneficial influence of the present Holland Mission of the Scottish body, which is nominally and primarily aimed for the benefit of the Jews. He said:—"I must repeat before this venerable Assembly, that your mission in Amsterdam is a blessing, not only to the Jews, but to the christians—to the Christian Church, to the old Dutch Reformed, Calvinistic Church, which is not, as some seem to believe, in a state of death, but in a state of slumber. If you ever heard of a dead man lingering and thirsting, it is most extraordinary. Well, the old Dutch Reformed Church is hungering and thirsting after the word of the living God; and will you take the proof of it, go to every place where they hear by your missionaries the gospel of Christ, the fulness of man, salvation through grace, preached, and you will find there every part of the church is crowded. Build another church, and you will find it crowded; also build a third, and it will be the same; build a fourth, and it will be the same. There is a hungering and thirsting, but at the same time it is true that there is a death too, and there is a poison too, and the death and the poison are to be found in our universities, where we have gilded Socinianism and Erastianism—where we have that female Pope that is called False Science. We have to contend against two Popes—the mitred Pope in Rome, and the female Pope in False Science."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Death and Burial at Sea.

The following affecting account of a death and burial at sea we extract from a letter of the Rev. A. P. Kininmont, which appears in the last number of the *United Presbyterian Missionary Record.* Mr. Kininmont is a missionary from the United Presbyterian Church to Australia.

There were about 950 souls in the ship.—There were four births and eight deaths, five adults and three children were buried in the ocean. One of the second cabin passengers who died, was an interesting young woman, a native of Montrose, who proposed going to Sydney to be married to a farmer. She fell while going down the cabin stair about a month after we sailed, and burst a blood-vessel. She was consumptive, and only lingered three weeks. I visited her daily, and found her a most intelligent believer in Jesus. Her faith and patience, her gratitude and peace and hope were remarkable. The day before she died she sent for me, and after I engaged in prayer with her, she warmly thanked me for my attentions, and asked me to write her parents, and *"tell them she died in peace."*—She sent a *lock of her hair* to them, and one to her lover, with *her Bible* and a *marriage vest.* Precious and significant memorials of a lovely departed daughter, and a glorified affianced lover. Her funeral was very affecting. At 6 o'clock evening, her lifeless form wrapped in canvass, was borne by four sailors on a plank, and placed on the bulwark of the main-deck, on the lea side of the ship, which was then sailling about seventeen knots an hour. The deck, poop, rigging, and every place where a view of the solemn ceremony could be obtained, were occupied by the passengers and sailors. The captain and officers stood on my right and left, and a multitude crowded around while I prayed. The instant the word Amen was uttered, the first officer said "Launch," and the body was plunged into the deep, and sank in a moment amidst the swelling billows. Not an instant were we permitted to gaze on the spot where her body was buried. The ship paused not at all during the interment, and speedily bore us far away from her grave. Though her sorrowing friends knew not the spot where her dust reposes, her omniscient Redeemer knows it, and when at his command, "the sea gives up the dead which are in it," her body shall be raised by his power, beautiful, glorious, and immortal, and shall ascend with him to that happy world, where there is no sea, no funerals, no death, no partings, and no sorrow. Would that all young maidens, like that deceased one, sought to be united to Jesus, and were indeed betrothed and married to him, then, though their cherished hopes in relation to temporal things should be blasted, Christ will still join them the hope of glory while they live, and the fulness of blessedness when they die.

Who is the Happiest Girl.

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE.

Dear children, would you like to know who was the happiest child I ever saw. Listen to me, and I will tell you.

The happiest child I ever saw was a little girl whom I once met travelling in a railway carriage. We were both going on a journey to London, and we travelled a great many miles together. She was only eight years old, and she was quite blind. She had never seen the sun, and the stars, and the sky, and the grass, and the trees, and the birds—and all these pleasant things which you see every day of your lives;—but still she was quite happy.

She was by herself, poor little thing. She had no friend or relations to take care of her on the journey, and be good to her; but she was quite happy and content. She said when she got into the carriage, "Tell me how many people there are in the carriage. I am quite blind and can see nothing." A gentleman asked her "If she was not afraid?" "No," she said, "I am not frightened; I have travelled before, and I trust in God, and people are always very good to me."

But I soon found out the reason why she was so happy;—and what do you think it was? She loved Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ loved her:—she had sought Jesus Christ and she had found Him.

I began to talk to her about the Bible, and I soon saw she knew a great deal of it. She went to school where the mistress used to read the Bible to her; and she was a good girl, and had remembered what her mistress had read.

Dear children, you cannot think how many things in the Bible this poor little blind girl knew. I only wish that every grown-up person in England knew as much as she did. But I must stay to tell you some of them.

She talked to me about sin; how it first came into the world, when Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit, and it was to be seen every where now. "Oh!" she said, "there are no really good people. The very best people in the world have many sins every day, and I am sure we all of us waste a great deal of time, if we do nothing else wrong.—Oh! we are all such sinners! there is nobody who has not sinned a great many sins."

And then she talked about Jesus Christ.—She told me about the agony in the garden of Gethsemane—about His sweating drops of blood—about the soldiers nailing Him to the cross—about the spear piercing His side, and blood and water coming out. "Oh!" she said, "how very good it was of Him to die for us, and such a cruel death! how good he was to suffer so for our sins!"

And then she talked about wicked people. She said she was afraid there were a great many in the world, and it made her very unhappy to see how many of her school-fellows and acquaintances went on. "But," she said, "I know the reason why they are so wicked; it is because they do not try to be good,—they do not ask Jesus to make them good."

I asked her what part of the Bible she liked best. She told me she liked all the history of Jesus Christ, but the chapters she was most fond of were the three last chapters of the book of Revelation. I had a Bible with me, and I took it out and read these chapters to her as we went along.

When I had done she began to talk about heaven. "Think," she said, "how nice it will be to be there! There will be no more sorrow, nor crying, nor tears. And then Jesus Christ will be there, for it says, "The Lamb is the light thereof,' and we shall always be with Him; and besides this, there shall be no night there; they will need no candle nor light of the sun."

Dear children, just think of this poor little blind girl. Think of her taking pleasure in talking of Jesus Christ. Think of her rejoicing in the account of heaven, where there shall be no sorrow or night.

I have not seen her since. She went to her own home in London, and I do not know whether she is alive or not; but I hope she is, and I have no doubt Jesus Christ has taken good care of her.

Dear children, are you as happy and as cheerful as she was?

You are not blind, you have eyes and can run about and see everything, and go where you like, and read as much as you please to yourselves. But are you as happy as this poor little blind girl?

Oh! if cordial [illegible] happy in this world, remember [illegible] thence to-day,—do as the little blind girl did,—"Love Jesus Christ, and He will love you—seek him early and you shall find Him."

Jesuitism and Intellect.

Theodore Parker makes the following severe, but just remarks on the effects of Roman Catholic training on the intellect:

Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man born and bred a Catholic, distinguished for any thing but his devotion to the Catholic Church. I mean to say, there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, or philanthropy. I do not know one: I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, orator, or poet, amongst them.

The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it; they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the Company of the Jesuits from 1545 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it.

Clipped oaks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the pole, and what becomes of the tree? The pole remains thin, and scant, and slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's feet in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a tea-cup, do you get a tree?—not a shrub even. Put a priest's creed as the only soil for a man to grow in; he grows not. The great God provided the natural mode of operation—do you suppose he will turn aside and mend or mar the universe at your or my request? I think he will do no such thing.

The Soul as a Door-keeper.

We can never arrive at sanctification, but sanctification can arrive at us. We cannot project ourselves from our bodily frames into heavenly peace, but heavenly peace can project itself into us. We cannot take up our abode with the angels, but angels may take up their abode with us. Blessed is the heart that has such inmates! In it corruption becomes historical rather than experimental, and the missiles of Satan are hung upon its corridors rather as the memorials of a dead than the weapons of a living foe. God's assurance of salvation, which he vouchsafes through his Son, the Great Angel of the Covenant, gives wondrous sanctity. The heart bows before itself and says, "What am I that the Lord condescends to dwell with me."—The door-keeper, which is the soul, prostrates himself before the Presence on the Altar.—The man is changed into a temple. "Holiness unto the Lord," he cries, and men know that the Lord is with him and keep silence.

Cowper felt this when he wrote:

Clothed in sanctity and grace,
How sweet it is to see
Those who love thee as they pass,
Or when they wait on thee.

To Begin To-Day

Lord, I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself; which is this: I have desired to begin my amendment from my birth-day, or from some emenient festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus, whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race. I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer. I see no day but to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time. In Nebuchadnezzar's image, the lower the members, the coarser the metal. The further off the time, the more unfit. To-day is the golden opportunity, to-morrow will be the silver season, the next day, but the broken one, and so on till at last I shall come to the toes of clay, and be turned to dust. Grant therefore, that to day I may hear thy voice. And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, hereupon, by thy assistance beginning the reformation of my life.—*Fuller.*

Brevities.

D'Aubigne, in the History of the Reformation, says, "The gospel triumphs by the blood of its confessors, not by that of its adversaries."

Happiness can be made quite as well of cheap material as of dear ones.

The man who does most has the least time to talk about what he does.

A quiet exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack upon error. Truth extirpates errors as grass extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving them no room to grow.

Nothing but a good life can fit men for a better one.

A French proverb, "The noise of the world drowns the thunder of God."

A Turkish proverb says, "the devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil."

A Spanish proverb, "What the fool does in the end, the wise man does in the beginning."

RESIGNATION OF PRESIDENT WAYLAND.—We find in the *Providence Journal* of the 3d inst., an announcement that Dr. Wayland stings; has resigned the Presidency of Brown University, and that his resignation will take effect immediately after the ensuing commencement.