

the world. If you don't give him and his family enough to eat and drink and wear, how can his mind be free from those worldly anxieties, which must unavoidably interfere with the duties of his sacred calling? If you compel him to keep school, or to labor with his hands to eke out his scanty salary, you will discourage him; and if he is not compelled to leave, he cannot serve you as he would with a competent support. It sometimes happens that a pastor finds himself cramped and embarrassed, where the salary voted him at his settlement was liberal. His family, by reason of sickness, or other causes, becomes more expensive than was anticipated; or the means of living more costly. In such cases, it is no excuse for leaving him to run in debt, or do worse, to say "We give him all that we agreed to, and pay him punctually." The understanding was, or ought to have been, that you would support him. If you hold him to just so many hundred dollars, because "it was a bargain" of your own making, to which he assented, relying upon your estimates, and it proves inadequate, you do both him and yourselves great injustice. You ought not to keep him, and if you do, the effect will be anything rather than to make him a better minister.

Allow him some few weeks, four or five at least, every year, for visiting his friends, and recruiting his exhausted physical and mental energies. You will be gainers by it in the long run. He will render you more and better service than he would, if you were to allow him no vacation. No profession is so incessant in its demands, and so exhausting, as the work of a preacher and pastor. If now and then a constitution can bear up, year in and year out, without taking any time to recruit, the great majority of really working men in the ministry cannot. Many will inevitably break down while young, if you keep them all the while at the wheel, and those who hold out longest will inevitably suffer, more or less.

Rally around him, when he is either openly assailed or clandestinely undermined. Meet the few restless spirits in the parish at the threshold, and give them to understand that your beloved pastor is not to be ousted in this way; that you will stand by him to the last; that if they choose to withdraw, let them withdraw, and you will support him without their aid.

Pray for him "without ceasing." Bear him always upon your hearts, when you come to the throne of grace. He needs all the help you can give him in your daily family prayers, and in your closet devotions. There is nothing which he so highly values, as "the effectual, fervent prayers of his church."

If, then, you would have him an able minister of the New Testament; if you wish him to grow in grace, to be "mighty in the Scriptures," to "feed you with knowledge and understanding, and your children with the sincere milk of the word;" give him books and time for preparation; attend punctually on his ministry; receive the ingrafted word with meekness and fear; as he "sows unto you spiritual things," let him "reap your carnal things;" rally around him when assailed, whether by "foes without or foes within;" be careful of his health, by allowing him time to recruit; and remember him daily and fervently at the throne of grace.

A PARABLE.

A rich man passing by a cottage-door, saw a woman standing near it. That she was very poor was evident from her appearance. Her features bespoke want; and her gown, which had once been a good warm stuff one, was ragged and full of holes, which it seemed she had in vain striven to mend. Touched by her forlorn appearance, as soon as the rich man returned home, he sent his servant to the cottage with food to relieve the poor creature's necessities, and a piece of new stuff to make a new gown in place of the old one. You might suppose this poor woman was overjoyed to have met with so kind a friend; however, she thanked the servant, but very coldly; and said, she supposed "he was well paid for doing whatever his master told him." In the course of the evening she sat down to see about her new gown. "Well," thought she, "I will not give up my old one, however; to be sure this is a better piece of stuff, and would last a long while, but I like the old one best. I'll e'en cut up the new piece and patch my old one with it." Thus she set to work. I need not tell you the result. The new patches only tore the holes in the old stuff-gown the larger; and in spite

of the worthy gentleman's kindness, this foolish woman was as ragged and forlorn as ever.

My dear reader, do you blame the folly of this poor deluded woman? You can hardly believe the tale to be true, and I agree with you. We are all too wise in the things which regard the body to act in so mad a way. But as regards the affairs of the soul, we are very apt to behave exactly like this foolish woman. God made man good at first, but he soon lost his righteousness and became a sinner. God passes by and looks on us, and sees us poor and wretched, and covered with rags instead of righteousness. He sends his servants, the ministers, to offer us food and clothing for our souls. We listen coldly to what they say; or think, perhaps, "It is their trade to talk of these things;" or literally, I have heard it said, "They are paid to teach such things;"—as if, therefore, we need not listen, or thank them for bringing their gracious Master's offers of mercy. Instead of our own imperfect works and doings, God offers us the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus to cover us. He says, "Believe, and thou shalt be saved." But we like better to try and go to heaven in our own way. If we see that our garment has some holes in it, that is, if we think that we have done a few little sins, we expect that God's mercy will just overlook these. We like our own garment best, and choose to go on wearing it. Though we may have done a little bad, yet we are sure we are better than many; and that it will be hard, indeed, if we are not rewarded with eternal life for abstaining from some sins which others have committed; or that if our righteousness is not quite perfect, Jesus Christ will make up our few deficiencies: thus we try and patch up our old garment with the new robe our God offers. All these thoughts are foolishness; they are our own, not God's. O, be warned in time! One little hole in your garment,—that is, one sin in your whole life, however small, makes you unfit for heaven. Christ will not be half a Saviour. You must not venture to mix up your imperfect works with his perfect righteousness. Unless we accept the new garment which God's love offers, we shall be found naked and miserable indeed at the last day.—*Ch. Magazine.*

AN AFFECTING CONTRAST.

I went some few years ago to visit one of my own hearers, who was so ill that his physician pronounced him to be beyond the reach of human recovery. On offering him my hand, he shook his venerable head, covered with the silvery hairs of age, and said, with a tremulous voice, "It is too late now, Sir." I endeavoured to shake his confidence in the impossibility of his salvation, by arguments drawn from the design of our Lord's mission and death, and from his power and willingness to save the chief of sinners. He listened with profound attention to all I said, but to every argument he replied, "It is too late now, Sir: I have loved my money, and neglected my soul. Yes, Sir, it is too late now." I varied my method of appeal, and multiplied my arguments of encouragement, but the monotonous reply came with still stronger force of utterance, "It is too late now, Sir!" I proposed praying with him: he objected, saying, "It is too late now, Sir." After a kind and lengthened remonstrance, he consented. We knelt together at the throne of grace, and when we arose, he said, with a look and with an accent I shall never forget, "It is too late now, Sir." With this horrifying sentence vibrating in my ear, I descended from his bed-room, and walked away, sighing as I walked, occasionally turning, as I passed onwards, to look on the dwelling in which still lived a sinner, who could utter only one sentence, and that one sentence proclaiming his fixed belief that it was too late for him to hope for his salvation. He survived this heart-rending interview only a few hours, and then expired—

Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

Reader, now is the accepted time; and again I urge you to kneel and pray for mercy.—*IT MAY BE TOO LATE TO-MORROW.—East on the Forgiveness of Sins.*

"I had much delight this morning," says the same intelligent author, "in visiting a good man who has been bed-ridden these twenty-five years. I was preparing to pity him, but he called on me to rejoice. 'Are you not wearied out with the length of your afflictions?' 'Wearied, Sir!' said he, 'No, nature will soon faint, but God sustains

me. I could lie here another twenty-five years, if it pleased God. I have found this bed to be the very gate of heaven. Length of my affliction, Sir! Oh, let me not call it long: it is short, very short, and will soon be over. These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! 'This is a happy state of mind,' said I. 'Thank God for it!' said he, as in a state of devotion. Then addressing me—'Why, yes, and everything God does is to make us happy. Is he not all love? He cannot, then, be unkind. Is he not all wise? He cannot, then, do wrong. Are not his promises yea and amen in Christ Jesus? He cannot, then, break his word. None who have trusted him have repented of it. My day of affliction has been twenty-five years long, but I have found, as my day, so my strength has been. Blessed be his holy name! O Sir, I dare not complain. My affliction is a mercy!'"

THE SAINT'S DEATH HOUR.

If you, O man! of Death are found in dread,
Come to this chamber, sit beside this bed;
See how the name of Christ, breathed o'er the heart,
Makes the soul smile at Death's uplifted dart.

The air to sense is close that fills the room,
But angel forms are waving through the gloom;
The feeble pulse leaps up as 'twould expire,
But Christ still watches the Refiner's fire.

Life comes and goes,—the spirit lingers on;
'Tis over! No! the conflict's not quite done;
For Christ will work, till of life's sinful stain
No spot nor wrinkle on the soul remain.

He views his image now! The victory's won!
The last dark shadow from his child is drawn;
The veil is rent away—eternal grace!
The soul beholds its Saviour face to face!

Is this death's seal? Th' impression, O how fair!
Look, what a radiant smile is playing there!
That was the soul's farewell; the sacred dust
Awaits the resurrection of the just.

A HAPPY FRAME OF MIND.—To be calm and cool in inferior things is better than zeal. "A man of understanding is of an excellent spirit;" in the Hebrew, a cool spirit. Injuries do not fret him into a flame, neither does any occurrence heat him into any height of joy, grief, or anger. Who more temperate in these things than Moses;—but set this holy man to pray and he is all life and zeal—indeed, it is one excellency of this fervency of spirit, that it allays all sinful impatience. David's fervency in prayer for his child when alive made him bear the tidings of his death so patiently. We hear not an angry word that Hannah replies to her scolding companion Peninah, and why? Because she had found the art of easing her troubled heart in prayer. Why need she contend with her adversary, who could be wrestling with God to espouse her quarrel; and were there nothing else to commend fervency of spirit in prayer, this is enough, that like David's harp it can charm the evil spirit of our passions, which in their excess the saint counts great sins, and find them grievous troubles.—*Gurnal.*

ON CONSCIENCE.—The properties of the conscience in man are principally three,—watchfulness, memory, impartiality. It keeps sentinel in the soul of man, and like a register, records all our good or evil actions, thoughts, and desires. Though the darkness of the night may hide from others, and the darkness of the mind seem to hide us from ourselves, yet conscience keeps still an eye in secret on whatever we do, whether in regard to ignorance or hardness of heart. Though in many men it sleeps in regard to observation or motion, yet it always observes and registers. Conscience can never be blinded, it is a most bribeless worker. It knows not how to make a false report of any of our ways. It is, if I may so speak, God's historian, that writes, not annals, but journals of the words, the deeds, the thoughts, and the moments.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

RICH CHRISTIANS AND POOR CHRISTIANS, AND THE WAY TO GET RID OF ALL LONG AND SEVERE TRIALS.—An old divine of the century before last, used to say, that there was this difference between rich Christians and poor, that for poor Christians their Father kept the purse, but the rich Christians keep the purse in their own hands; but it might oftener fall out, and did: therefore the purse was better in the Father's hand than in the Christian's. He used also to instruct Christians how they should never have a great affliction, or one of long continuance; and that was by looking upon things which are not seen, which are eternal. What can be great to him that counts the world nothing? And what can be long to him that thinks his life but a span long?