

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.



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ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

In the interval between what is related of my prejudices against Methodism (alias Arminianism) and my conversion, my convictions began. I was now a married man, and a man of family; and my responsibilities increasing, soon showed me that it was not in man to direct his paths. Some of my former associates and confidants professed religion and joined the Methodist Church, and eventually my wife. During this time I attended one of those meetings, when several persons professed to be happy in the love of God, a familiar friend of mine came to me and persuaded me to give my heart to God—he knew nothing or but little of the heavings of my bosom that day. I got out of the way as soon as possible, and that evening I promised myself I would never do as I had done. But I then began to learn the desirability of the human heart. I found in a very short time, when I would do good evil was always present, for the good I would do not, but the evil I would not, that I do. I then began to cry out like St. Paul, Rom. vii. 24—Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? About this time I heard some such expression as this, said to have been from an Antinomian convert: he (the convert) went to heaven in a vision or dream, accompanied by an angel; and whilst there he was shown the beauties of the place and the heavenly choir almost enchanting; and after being shown the residents harping on their harps, &c., he thought to ask his guide where the people were, called Methodists. Oh, said he, come this way, and on the outskirts of the place they were pointed out to him in a log pen. His guide remarking, that the Methodists made so much noise shouting they had to be kept in an out-of-the-way place. My convictions still increasing, I began to wish it might be permitted me a resting place in the log pen, in an out-of-the-way place. About this time there is expected, a new Methodist circuit rider along; and one enough, returning from a Baptist meeting, home, we were overawakened by a stranger, assisting us with, dose Bro. B., and so, live near me? We replied yes. He said he was a Methodist preacher sent to the circuit and should preach at —, on a certain day. My curiosities and prejudices were aroused. At the same time my wife insisted on my inviting him home with us. I took good care, when arriving at Bro.'s road to stop for I began to think he was going home with us any how, to notify him that that was the road he sought. I attended his appointment. He had the reputation of being a Bonapartes. I began to think he had gained it fairly. We became now familiar; he became a guest of my house. I did not often give him the chance to slip in a word edgewise about religion, but kept him pretty well posted up with other people's affairs leaving him to draw his own inference as to mine. After months of mental sufferings, consequent upon my own stilled convictions, I at last got the consent of my mind to be an open seceder of the religion of Jesus Christ, and when I became honest with myself and my God, I fully decided to obtain religion on any terms God might see fit to give it. I believed God, and it was accounted unto me for righteousness; I could then say with David, "come all ye ends of the earth, and I will tell you what the Lord has done," &c. I remember the hymn of praise first ushering from my soul, "Oh, hallelujah, how I love my Saviour," &c. Closing the reflections of that happy hour, I will continue No. 3 with what followed.

Yours, ONESIMUS.

Belvidere, N. C., Nov., 1859.

For the N. C. Christian Advocate.

HEAVEN.

I had a dream—
It was not all a dream—
I shuddered not—neither slept,
Yet I dreamed.—It was,
A dream of consciousness.
For awhile, I saw my own true state,
Of ceperity. I was sad, and wept,
Because of its nothingness for good,
Its greatness to do evil.
I laid aside this body;
This depraved and sinful flesh,
My spirit only existed in this mysterious
dream.
The energies of my soul were aroused,
My better faculties were unumbrated,
I solved mysteries. I took
The wings of angels, the velocity of lightning.
I soared from earth.—I turned to behold
It once;
No more I turned—for 'twas sinful,
And sable darkness covered it.
I sped on. I regarded not time nor space,
—but sped onward and onward.
The last star had been passed;
Its form, its beauties forgotten,
And still I sped onward.
Suddenly the light of a new world,
Glowing with its more than ethereal brightness,
Presents itself to my eye.
Inspired with new zeal,
I winged my way to its grandours.
'Twas a city, with walls wide and strong;
Beyond all earthly strength.
A mighty gate, barred the way

To its streets of beauty and loveliness.
Yet at my approach it opened,
And soon I was numbered with its inhabitants.
Joys filled my heart—but still
I wore one from borrowed from earth;
Yet I thought 'twas Heaven.
I beheld, and Lo! in a garden
Where flowers bloomed, (for flowers
In every world I saw did bloom)
I saw a marble stone, which told,
Of all stories the most doleful,
For when the gates were closed,
And all seemed safely housed;
Then the cold and unrelenting hand
Of death, took hold upon the most lovely,
And esteemed of this city, and laid
Her beneath the cold and silent clod—
Again I went, because Heaven seemed doled.

But soon my tears were dried;
For a voice, of life-giving power,
Echoed through the city, and cried
"This is not Heaven."
Again I was drawn, on the swift
And tireless wings of imagination,
Soon this city was lost in the far off distance.

Another light on the walls of
A more glorious city,—for I visited
Three—*Ubricht*—met my gaze.
I was carried to its portals.
Its gates of burnished brass,
And precious stones, flew open wide.
I was borne in, and lo! death
With all its stings, was never known
In that delightful city.
But care and anxiety were there,
Blasphemous hopes, when all seemed bright,
Had smitten the fondest heart.
All else was beautiful—exceedingly beautiful.

Again my heart was sad, for
I could not live where care and blasted
hopes,
Forever reigned, and yet not die.
But the same sweet, consoling voice,
That bade my tears be dry,
Again echoed "this is not Heaven"
Borne as on swiftest angel's wings,
I lost the sight of this noble city.
Still I sped onward—
I saw, in the right of nations,
Numerous, all set in order and prepared,
The walls were tall and wide;
But of transparent glass,
Its foundations were set with diamonds,
Its foundations past description.
I looked in—how glorious!—how desirable!

Its streets were of the purest gold.
No sun was seen to shine—our case,
For its own glory was its light,
Through these unbounded regions
Of unceasing and everlasting bliss,
No death groan, nor pining sigh,
Is ever known or felt; but all
Is peace, in appearance and bliss.
While thus I stood and gazed
Upon its loveliness, I saw
Thousands, all clothed in spotless white
Come in, and join the joyful numbers
Of these celestial bands.
Then that sweet—that charming voice
Whispered in my ear,
"This is Heaven."
H. W. ...

[Selected for the N. C. Ch. Advocate.

The Victims.

Amid the varied, countless throng,
That moved in constant rush along,
The Gotham of this western world,
Like autumn leaves by tempest hurled,
One chilly morn, with tattered dress,
With looks that spoke of deep distress,
And slow, weak step, a woman passed,
Within her arms she tightly grasped
A little coffin rudely made.

Consumption's work was plainly seen,
In shadowy form and pallid mein,
A hollow-cough, painful to hear,
Made it more evident appear;
Her brow was furrowed deep with care,
From out her eye gleamed wild despair,
By homeless people rudely brushed,
She wept, her soul was trampled, crushed—
Tears on the little coffin fell.

From one who coldly proffered aid,
In weak and trembling tones she said
"Kind sir, I know not what to do,
More than all others 't can be,
Whither to look or where to go.
Here I am friendless and alone,
Home, health, and hope, all, all are gone.
Nor place to lay my coffin dead,
Save that which charity shall give."

"Madam, how came you friendless here,
Come, quickly tell, I want to hear?
I came with one who was to me,
More than all others 't can be,
And who was he? A villain wretch,
One whom the hangman had to stretch."
"Oh! sir such cruel words forego,
I cannot hear you call him so,
'Twas all rum's doings, poisonous rum."

Dwelling beneath affection's eye,
My childhood's years passed gaily by;
A joyous, heated, bustling grade,
To another's home—another's side;
Another's joys and griefs to share,
I passed from 'neath parental care,
And he so noble, generous, true,
Ardent, aspiring, guileless too;
To him I looked in trust and pride.

"But, ah! the vile destroyer came,
Couched in the wine cup's ruby flame,
In vain, in vain, return did call,
He fell—ah, me, how great the fall!
Where I had seen hope's roses bloom,
Was now despair and darkening gloom—
He died—alas!—the drunkard's death,
A cursing with his latest breath,
He could not help it, crazed with rum."

"My children died with want and hunger,
And now alone I'm left to wander."
Her story so heartrending told,
She paused, and seemed lurching with
cold.

The north-wind chillingly did blow,
And o'er her strewed the drifting snow.
I looked upon her, and I thought,
What wrecks intemperance has brought,
Of broken households—broken hearts.

Intemperance, thy blighting breath
Is freighted with disease and death,
And not alone thy victims dwell
In poverty's dark, dismal cell—
In palace-houses, in princely halls,
Where roses twine on frescoed walls,
All bathed in floods of brilliant light,
The serpent lurks in goblets bright,
And those who sip—tis death to them.

SELECTIONS.

Letter From China.

Shanghai, China, Sept. 1st, 1859.
REV. C. C. GILLESPIE.

My Dear Brother: It has been but a few weeks since I wrote to you, but in these times of trouble I know you are anxious to know how things are going on in Shanghai. Myself, wife and little boy are very well, but our little daughter has been suffering from diarrhoea for more than two months of this summer, and is still quite unwell. We have concluded to send her and her little brother to America for Christian education. We feel it a duty we owe to them and an unavoidable necessity. Some may think us wanting in parental affection—but it is that very affection for them, which would lead us to make so great a sacrifice. We believe it to be necessary to their temporal, as well as their spiritual welfare that they should leave a heathen land and go to the home of our Fathers. None but parents among a heathen, sin-loving people, can know the many difficulties attending the moral instruction of their children while in such close proximity to such a people. It is painfully distressing to see their young minds so early imbued with the superstitious beliefs current among the heathen. No one knows what we sometimes have suffered in consequence of this. Thus we feel the duty to be a plain one, though it may be painful, and in doing so we commend them to the care of a covenant-keeping God. It is only under the strongest convictions of duty to God and to our children, that we are led to take such a step. And we pray God, if it be His holy will, that they may be qualified to be missionaries of the cross, to bear the glad news of the gospel of our Saviour to a dying heathen people. Thus under these convictions, my wife and our two children will leave Shanghai about the first of October, on the ship N. B. Parmer, in company with another missionary's wife and her two children, who leave here on account of his ill-health. I ask your prayers and the prayers of the Church in their behalf—Mrs. Lambuth will be in America but two or three months before she returns and I hope she may be able to see our dear Christian friends in New Orleans as well as in Mississippi. We both love the Missionary work, and if the Lord will, we hope to spend many a long year in China, pointing the heathens to Jesus, as the only Saviour of the world. We both regret exceedingly, that one of us is to be separated from the Missionary field of labor, but it is only a few months, and we hope that much good will be the result of her visit home, both to herself physically, and to the missionary cause.

Everything seems now more quiet in Shanghai, than it was two weeks since. A system of kidnapping Chinese for importation to the West Indies, was carried on by their own people after night-fall in the disguise of foreigners, and the populace became so enraged by reason of the impudence that it was foreigners—so that it was dangerous at one time to go out of our houses. Several foreigners were killed by mobs and some wounded, at different periods of the excitement. We all fled from our homes at mid-night and the disturbance was more general than I had ever seen in Shanghai. But the truth will out in time, and three of their own people being caught in the very act, their heads are now suspended from the city wall to give warning to all others. The depot of the English, at the mouth of the Pi-ho has greatly emboldened the people, and their action to us now, are vastly different from what they have been. They are ready to insult you at every corner, were they not afraid of their own authorities. I was stoned at my own Church, but a kind Providence preserved me from all harm. Two other Missionaries have been stoned since then, but no harm done. Two churches were torn to pieces the morning or the night after I was stoned. Some two of the offenders were caught and imprisoned. One in each church with a yoke around their necks. And their wives made their home for two months. The Churches are now being repaired and the expenses to be defrayed by the Chinese Government.

Our minister, Mr. Ward, has just returned from Peking. He was in the city, but did not see his Imperial Majesty, because he would not perform the "Ka-der," or, in English, to knock his head nine

times to the floor in the presence of the Emperor. The Emperor seemed anxious to see Mr. Ward, but the custom of the court prevented it; so that the treaty could not be ratified in the Imperial City, unless Mr. Ward would consent to come before the Emperor as directed. He then left Peking immediately, and the treaty was ratified on their arrival back to the Pi-ho.

Our missionary circle in Shanghai has to lament the loss of one of our best missionaries, who died on his way from Peking, on the 15th with Mr. Ward and some 20 others. His name is William Atcherson. He has gone to his reward in heaven.

The letter which appeared in your paper some time since, seems to have created some unpleasant feelings. I have reference to the letter which I wrote to my father. I have not seen the paper which contained it, and have almost forgotten the contents of it, but be assured that what I wrote to my father on that subject was the truth and just what I felt at the time that some one was at fault in this matter. I shall be grieved if what I have written causes any unpleasant feelings. But we can all testify, if it be necessary, that the delay of funds last year caused derangement in all our plans for working, and we were compelled, finally, to borrow funds to buy our own bread.

The rest of our mission families are now in good health. Now, that all is becoming quiet again, our congregations are increasing in number; I cannot say I interest, for the people are very suspicious of foreigners since the late troubles in Shanghai. Although several of their own people have been benighted for the very act of their which accuse us, yet they are too slow to acknowledge it, and still suspect us, one and all, as being engaged in kidnapping Chinese, though not one foreigner has been detected. Our native members, some of them, were quite alarmed at the existing state of affairs; but they were calm and dignified for their Master, and said they were willing to suffer for His sake, if need be. I will send you a list of their names (I even in all, and one on probation) for the Church to pray for God for them. Pray for them, my dear brethren, individually, that God would give them grace to sustain them in the midst of a thousand temptations. Remember us all in prayer.

May God abundantly bless you and the whole church, is the prayer of your unworthy brother,
J. W. LAMBUTH.

Feminine Prayer.

The excuse is too often made that family prayer cannot be maintained, on account of the inability of the head of the household to lead the devotions of those who dwell beneath the roof. The truth is, it is no excuse at all; for the service, however poorly or inadequately performed, is better than its neglect. Its effect upon a family can only be estimated by those who have tried it, and know the good it accomplishes. Whilst it is of Divine obligation, like all other matters which are taught us in God's Word, its results can be seen, and are so sensible that we feel assured heavenly wisdom alone could have devised it. Indeed religion is intended to accompany us in all our relations. We behold it assuming its grandest proportions, its most stately appearance, when the great congregations are gathered together for worship. Descending a step, a lovely exhibition of its power is seen, when a company of Christians in social worship pour out their hearts to God, and each receive from the other a measure of the fervor which fills the soul of every believer. As the circle still narrows, the family altar gathers its little group at morn and eve, to send their united supplication to the Most High, and the sweetness of domestic happiness is mingled in the cup of thanksgiving, or softens the tear which trickles down the cheek when sorrow has invaded the sacred spot we love to call our home. And from that assembled family, each member at last retires to his own closet, there to commune in secret with his God, and to disclose to the Omniscient the burden which weighs heavily, the thoughts which distract, and the unboldy temper which mars the character.

A prayerless household is a godless household. However much its members may profess to the contrary, such is the fact. God is not there honored in all things, and the dishonor commences at the worst point. No wonder, then, that such an household should be a scene for the display of pride and passion, of envy and hatred, and malice, of uncharitableness, of fearful strife, of heartlessness, and of worldliness in its most appalling forms. To counteract these propensities the family altar and family prayer are powerful antidotes. The day is well begun, when thus commenced. A soothing, tranquillizing influence is poured upon every heart, and every man goes forth from such a service unto his labor until evening, feeling that God's blessing thus sought accompanies him, and that God's favors goes with him.—*Epis. Rec.*

Courtesy.

The innumerable fine and delicate threads which true courtesy weaves, as wool and warp, constitute the strength of the social fabric. Courtesy is love embodied, and rendered active and visible; and love attracts union and oneness, as when contiguous water-drops rush into mutual bosoms, and form river and lake. Conventional observances may drive men into combinations, as external hopes force the staves to become the barrel and the oak; but the drawings of love will attract, through impediment and barrier, like the magnetic influence that operates through the vessel upon the mimic floating swan.

Courtesy is essentially different from politeness, etiquette, manners. These may become mere remarks of supreme selfishness and hatred; and they may be only exhibitions for praise and profit. Courtesy has, indeed, no special form of manner, and yet never was suitable and decorous conventionalisms. Courtesy is inherent, and ever the same; but forms of politeness are shaped by accident; hence the etiquette now reigning may be detested in time, and the politeness of to-day become rudeness or vulgarity.

Courtesy cannot be taught or learned; it cannot be put on or laid aside. Courtesy is felt—mere politeness seen. The former wins love, the latter respect. The one bows gracefully and profoundly; the other can lay down a life. To become polite, read Chesterfield; to become courteous, read the Bible. Abraham, the father of the faithful, and Paul, the apostle of the Gentiles, bowed, indeed, with courtesy grace, respectfully; but it was their courtesy, manifest in look, word, tone, manner, that revealed their heart-lore and melted their hearts.

The writer was passing once along a narrow pavement. A young man, in coarse apparel, at our approach, stepped aside, with great alacrity, and into the mud eluded the path. He did not bow, he waved no hand, he moved without grace, and yet the whole was evident courtesy.

After passing, the thought arose: should we not acknowledge and thank him for behavior so unusual in a young man in this brazen age! We went back. Offering our hand, we said, "Young man, shake hands with me!" "Certainly, sir, but why do you wish it?" "Because you are a kind-hearted fellow, and a true gentleman; you gave all the path to me." "Sir, I would step into the gutter for an elderly man!" "God bless you, young man! May you become a believer in our Lord Jesus Christ, whose servant I profess myself; and may we meet in heaven, if we never meet on earth!"

Tears stood in the eyes of both; and when we said good-bye, our hands seemed to be a love-binding our hearts.
Reader! "Be courteous!"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Literature and Science.

The charge of plagiarism recently renewed against Bunyan in respect to the authorship of "Pilgrims' Progress," renders the following characteristic protestation against early similar charges of more than ordinary interest. It appeared as an "Advertisement to the Reader," prefixed to his "Holy War," which was published in 1682: "Some say 'The Pilgrims' Progress' is not mine, 'insinuating as if I would shine in name and fame by the worth of another. Like some made rich by robbing of their brother; Or that, so fond I am of being sired, I'll father bastards; or, if need require, I'll tell a lie in print to get applause. I scorn it; John such dirt-harp never was Since God converted him. Let this suffice To show why I my 'Pilgrim' patronize. It came from mine own heart, so to my head. And thence into my fingers trickled; Then to my pen, from whence immediately On paper I can drizzle it daintily. Manner and matter, too, was all my own; Nor was it unto any mortal known Till I had done it; nor did any then, By looks, by wits, by tongue, or hand, or pen, Add five words to it, or write half a line Thereof; the whole, and every whit is mine, Also for this thine eye is now upon The matter in this manner came from none But the same heart and head, fingers and pen, As did the other. Witness all good men For none in all the world, without a lie, Can say that this is mine, excepting I. I write not this of any ostentation, Nor 'cause I seek of men their commendation; I do it to keep them from such surmise, As tempt them with my name to scandalize; Witness, then, my name, if anagramm'd to thee. The letters make—'No honey in a B.'"

JOHN BUNYAN.

The Boston Courier says that Southey mentions several works from which Bunyan had been most absurdly accused of stealing; and, among them the "Voyage of the Wandering Knight," translated from the French of the Carmelite, Jean de Corthonay, and printed during the reign of

Elizabeth. This is the book to which the late charge refers. Carthenay's work was an imitation of a French poem, composed A. D. 1310, by "Guill. de Guilleville, a monk of Chaulis," and entitled the "Pelerin de la Vie Humaine." Southey says: "there is a vague general resemblance to the subject of this work, and some occasional resemblance in the details; but the coincidences are such as the subject would naturally lead to, and the Pilgrim's Progress might have been exactly what it is, whether Bunyan had ever seen the book or not." No doubt "G. de Guilleville" is a mistake growing out of bad penmanship and printer's guess-work for "Guill. de Guilleville," and that the work recent found by Miss Catharine Isabella Curt is substantially the same as that mentioned by Southey.

My Labor-Saving Husband.

Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work. But I had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity and not seek when the bread was burned and the pie not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood-house and soon returned with a smoothly whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split end of which he had passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it around the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me," said he, "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine by nailing a board piece of cork to a spool for handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. This lifts the hand from the knife and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thrash over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me.—"What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and so replaced them by a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed-clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dishtowels hanging better-skelter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging-frame, over the wood-box, where it can take upon no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly and always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room enough for all the meat, butter, and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from the one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger-holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew stitch, and makes sewing-machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one, I should be in possession of one immediately; but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in." These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would more husbands were like him. Perhaps another time I shall tell you how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his ingenuity.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Come Down to Your Circumstances.

And, when you have succeeded in effecting the difficult, but in no wise dangerous descent, remain there. The cool air of the place will not hurt you. On the contrary it will do you a world of good. The fever and heart-burn which affected you, you will feel no more when once you have actually "come down to your circumstances."

"But what's a man to do that has but three or four dollars a week to live on?" sounds out in a dissatisfied answer to our injunction. You must live inside of four dollars, if that is all you have. If you don't do it, the debts that will accumulate will kill the courage all out of you. If you do it, the very minute that you can manage to obtain higher pay you will begin to enjoy the feeling which plenty begets. Nobody knows how good six dollars a week seems, as he who has for a long time contrived to live on four or even less.

The chief affliction and misery of poverty is the tormenting desire to have more than you can get, and the shame there is

in owning that you must deny yourself many things that all about you possess. To those who care chiefly for externals this is a very great trouble; but do not let your life consist in the abundance of the things that you possess nor your destruction be the lack of the goods of this world. Work faithfully and patiently; get ahead as fast as you can, and as you go be careful to keep down to your means; and soon or late honor and happiness will certainly be yours.—*Ledger.*

Do You Commune Often?

A distinguished minister some years ago declared, after an extensive and close observation, that he had seldom known a Christian enjoy much comfort in religion while he lived, or die a peaceful and happy death, who had habitually neglected attendance upon the Lord's Supper.

"Drink ye all of it," said the Saviour, blessing and extending the cup of his blood. All is plural, and refers to the company, and not the contents of the cup. "And they all drank of it," writes another evangelist.

Communion is not a privilege, merely; it is a duty. "Do this,"

Alas, what vain excuses are framed for neglecting the sacramental board!

Do our ministers spread this board as often as they should, for the edification of their flocks? Remember the sacraments are a part of the gospel. It is well known that in apostolic days the Lord's Supper was frequently administered: some suppose, daily; others, that it was at least every Sabbath. If so, how vastly are we behind the Divine model, both as regards frequency and heartfelt interest! If once a year satisfies us, is it not a bad omen? Or, if thus negligent, is it any wonder that we are left to walk in darkness, and cry out, "Our loaneess?"—*Nashville Advocate.*

Hold on, Boys.

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie or speak harshly, or say any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, pinch, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your feet when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games with and revelry.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be, your best wealth.

Rules for Life.

1. Choose the path of virtue, and imitate a high pattern.
2. Do all the good in thy power, and let every action be useful.
3. Cultivate thy mind carefully—it will be a store of pleasing reflection.
4. Be diligent in thy business, and strictly upright in all thy dealings.
5. Investigate affairs closely, and engage in them cautiously.
6. Lay thy plans with prudence, and be prepared for emergencies.
7. In all thy difficulties be patient, and overcome them by perseverance.
8. Do that first always which needs doing most.
9. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.
10. In all things be economical without meanness, and combine utility with elegance.

PROBATIONERS.—Dr. M'Tyre has an editorial on "Probation—The probationer does not take the church on trial," in which we have these words:

"The church takes the man on probation, but not the man the church. Never let that idea get abroad that anybody takes the church on probation. The church is an institution well known. Its doctrines and rules are published, and may be read of all. Jesus Christ, her Divine Head, vouches for her purity, and truth. We can never admit that the character of the church is an open question; never. The religious character of an individual is, and requires proof. Some run well for a season; many begin in the Spirit, and end in the flesh; many are ready to join the church for present advantage, or without counting the cost. A good man, honest and sincere in profession, and fixed in heart to serve God and rest his soul, will serve probation; he is not hurt by it. In his humility, he thinks himself not above it. A bad man, a fickle man, needs it, and the church is protected."