

sakes, to stay their injurious abuse. But if love return void of its angel mission; if such are determined to be wanting in the fullness of the Gospel; yet even now, we need not lose our temper because they have lost theirs; but, turning to another leaf of scripture, let us warn them, hoping that if they won't see their error, or won't confess it, they may be alive to its danger. God hath made the same promise to every good man, that he made to Abraham: "I will curse him that curseth thee." And the Lord God hath spoken bitter doom against your bitter bigot; "as he loved cursing, so let it come unto him; as he delighted not in blessing, so let it be far from him." If then, by any misfortune, you chance upon such, in your pathway to heaven, thus win them if you may; thus warn them as you must. But still, lose not your content; answer not accusation, nor railing, by railing; and do not, strenuous as you may be, and have a right to be, in maintaining your religious opinions, do not let the religion of the Prince of Peace, which should come by its angel spirit to guide you to content, assume the malice of a demon, and drive you to vituperation and hard-heartedness.

And, in conclusion, our comfort in life, and our usefulness, as well as our happiness, are just in proportion to our measure of content. As sands compose the earth, seconds eternity, and atoms immensity; so, little, continuous virtues go to make up individual character and that of communities. Niagara wakes the mind, startles the eye, and fills the soul with wondering awe; but the nightly dew gives to us our bread, and the mild beams of daily light our warmth, not the wild lightning's fitful glare. So in social intercourse, we love our friends; not for their deeds of high emprise and noble daring, not for their splendid talents, or brilliant gifts of intellect and power; but for the kind looks, the lips laden with blessings, and touched by love; the gentle smile, and soft answer; the mild beaming eye; which show that the spirit of content hath found residence within. Usefulness depends much more upon the individual's self-control, daily kindness, habitual government of temper, than upon great efforts, or striking results. Your ambitious man, feeling the risings of envy, knows not content. Your haughty man, who has not yet learned, that the

world was not made for Cæsar, nor for him, will inevitably be brought down and disappointed; he knows not content. Your uncharitable man, who would blacken by his malice, finds that, despite his power, there is much that is bright and happy; he knows not content. The bigot, who finds God blesses those whom he has impiously dared to curse, mistakes his own hate when he anticipates fires of vengeance, and knows not content.

Again, there are some who remind us of the great Whitfield's quaint saying, concerning a peevish and complaining professor; when told that he was in a state of grace, he answered, "grace was very good, but he did not want to see it grafted upon a crab-tree." And so we sometimes meet in life those who are kind at heart, shrewd, intellectual, and just, but who yet spoiled all by forgetfulness of our text. They have an unkind, sour temper, a peevish, nervous irritability, perversities, in speech or action, a morose and reserved aspect, so that we at last undervalue their good qualities, and avoid their presence.

HABITS.—I trust every thing to habit; habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes every thing easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from the wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful and hard; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be contrary to the nature of the child grown an adult. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth—of carefully respecting the property of others—of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress; and he will just as likely think of rushing into the element in which he cannot breathe, as lying, or cheating, or stealing.

Lord Brougham.

Good thoughts, like good company, will never stay where they are not civilly entertained; while bad thoughts, like bad mannered guests, press for admission, or, like nightly robbers, lurk secretly about, waiting for an unguarded moment to creep in and destroy.

The proudest man is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.