

ed with grief." And what a reason for patience have we under affliction, in the consideration that he endured for us woes, greater than those which any or all of his people can possibly experience!

8. Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity: for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

Tears give to us no certain indication of the real character of the emotions from which they flow. The sorrow that "worketh repentance to salvation," and the sorrow "that worketh death" may alike be vented in floods of tears. But, God knows the significance even of the tears and groans of those who cannot in any other way pour out their sorrows before him. He hears and answers "the voice of their weeping," and in the conscious peace and joy which they are thus made to feel, they can bid all the wicked who may have ridiculed or reproached them, begone for ever.

9. The Lord hath heard my supplication; the Lord will receive my prayer.

The language of experience is, "The Lord hath heard"; that of faith, "The Lord will hear." How happy are they who can appropriate both these sayings!

10. Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

As is the believer's faith, so is his confidence of a victory over all his enemies, and of their final and everlasting destruction.

NOTE.—The verbs here are in the future tense, and so the verse may be rendered, "all mine enemies shall be ashamed and sore vexed;" &c.

R.

Montreal, Nov. 18th, 1850.

"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."

Once upon a time methought I set out upon a long journey, and the place through which I travelled appeared to be a dark valley, which was called the Valley of Tears. It had obtained this name, not only on account of the many sorrowful adventures which poor passengers commonly meet with in their journey through it, but also because most of these travellers entered into it weeping and crying, and left it in very great pain and anguish. This vast valley was full of people of all ages, colours, sizes, and descriptions. But whether white, or black, or tawny, all were travelling the same road; or rather they were taking different little paths, which led to the same common end.

Now it was remarkable, that notwithstanding the different complexions, ages, and tempers of this vast variety of people, yet, all resembled each other in this one respect, that each had a burden on his back which he was destined to carry through the heat of the day, until he should arrive, by a longer or shorter course, at his journey's end. These burdens would, in general, have made the journey quite intolerable, had not the Lord of the valley, out of his great compassion for these poor pilgrims, provided, among other things, the following means for their relief.

In their full view over the entrance of the valley, there were written in letters of gold the following words:—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

Now I saw in my vision, that many of the travellers hurried on without stopping to read this inscription, and others, though they had once read it, paid little or no attention to it. A third sort thought it very good advice for other people, but very seldom applied it to themselves. They uniformly desired to avail themselves of the assistance which by this injunction others were bound to offer them, but seldom considered that the obligation was mutual, and that reciprocal wants and

reciprocal services formed the string cord in the bond of charity. In short, I saw, that too many of these people were of opinion that they had burdens enough of their own, and there was therefore no occasion to take upon them those of others; so each tried to make his own load as light, and his own journey as pleasant as he could, without so much as once casting a thought on a poor overloaded neighbour. Here, however, I have to make a rather singular remark, by which I shall plainly show the folly of these selfish people. It was so ordered and contrived by the Lord of the valley, that if any one stretched out his hand to help his neighbour's burden, in fact he never failed to find, that he at that moment also lightened his own. Besides, the benefit of helping each other was as mutual as the obligation. If a man helped his neighbour, it commonly happened that some other neighbour came by and by, and helped him in his turn: for there was no such thing as what was called independence in the whole valley. Not one of us these travellers, however stout and strong, could move on comfortably without assistance, for so the Lord of the valley, whose laws were all of them kind and good, had expressly ordained.

I stood still to watch the progress of these poor wayfarer people, who moved slowly on, like so many ticket-porters, with burdens of various kinds on their backs: of which some were heavier and some were lighter, but from a burden of some kind or other, not one traveller was entirely free. There might be some difference in the degree, and some distinction in the nature, but exemption there was none.

The Widow.—A sorrowful widow, oppressed with the burden of grief for the loss of an affectionate husband, moved heavily on; and would have been bowed down by her heavy load, had not the surviving children, with great alacrity supported her. Their kindness, after awhile, so much lightened the load, which threatened at first to be intolerable, that she even went on her way with cheerfulness, and more than half repaid their help, by applying the strength she derived from it to their future assistance.

The Husband.—I next saw a poor old man, tottering under a burden so heavy that I expected him every moment to sink under it. I peeped into his pack, and saw it was made up of many sad articles. There was poverty, oppression, debt, and what made by far the heaviest part, undutiful children. I was wondering how it was he got on even so well as he did, till I spied his wife, a kind, meek, Christian woman, who was doing her utmost to assist him. She quietly got behind, gently laid her shoulder to the burden, and carried a much larger portion of it than appeared to me when I was at a distance. It was not the smallest part of the benefit, that she was anxious to conceal it. She not only sustained him by her strength, but cheered him by her counsels. She told him that "through much tribulation, we must enter into rest;" that "he who overcometh shall inherit all things." In short, she supported his fainting spirit, so that he was enabled to "run with patience the race which was set before him."

The Kind Neighbour.—An infirm, blind woman, was creeping forward with a very heavy burden, in which were placed sickness and want, with numberless others of those raw materials out of which human misery is worked up. She was so weak, that she could not have got on at all, had it not been for the kind assistance of another woman, who, as poor as herself, yet, though she had no light burden of her own, cheerfully lent a helping hand to a fellow-traveller, who was still more heavily laden. This friend had indeed little or nothing to give, but the very voice of kindness is soothing to the weary. And I remarked in many other cases, that it was not so much the degree of help afforded, as the manner of helping, that lightened the burdens. Some had a coarse, rough clumsy way of assisting a neighbour, which, though, in

fact, it might be of real use, yet seemed, by galling the traveller, to add to the load it was intended to lighten; while I observed in others, that so cheap a kindness as a kind word, or even an affectionate look, made a poor burdened wretch move on cheerily. The bare feeling that some human being cared for him, seemed to lighten the load. But to return to this kind neighbour.—She had a little old book in her hand, the covers of which were worn out by much use. When she saw the blind woman ready to faint she would read her a few words out of this book, such as the following: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." These quickened the pace, and sustained the spirits of the blind traveller; and the kind neighbour, by thus directing the attention of the poor sufferer to the blessings of a better world, helped to enable her to sustain the afflictions of this, more effectually than if she had had gold and silver to bestow on her.

The Clergyman.—A pious minister, sinking under the weight of a distressed parish, whose worldly wants he was totally unable to bear, was suddenly relieved by a charitable person, who came up and took all the sick and hungry on his shoulders as his part of the load. The burden of the parish, thus divided, became tolerable.—The minister, being no longer bowed down by the temporal distresses of his people, applied himself cheerfully to his own part of the weight. And it was pleasant to see how these two persons, neither of them very strong, or rich, or healthy, by thus kindly uniting together, were enabled to bear the weight of a whole parish, though singly either of them must have sunk under the attempt. And I remember one great grief I felt during my whole journey, was, that I did not see more of this union and concurring kindness, more of this acting in concert, by which all the burdens might have been so easily divided. It troubled me to observe, that of all the laws of the valley, there was not one more frequently broken than the law of kindness.

A RUINED MAN.

Two neighbors were engaged in earnest conversation. The remarks made as they separated were, "So he is a ruined man."

"Is there no hope in the case?"

"Not the slightest."

What had happened to him who was so emphatically called a ruined man? A suit respecting his title to the lands he held in possession had been decided against him. The broad acres which he had called his own were to pass into the hands of another. He was to go forth penniless, from what had long been his happy home. *He was a ruined man.* Men sympathized with him. They saw that he was ruined and therefore gave their sympathy.

But when a man loses his title to an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away; when sentence in heaven's tribunal has been pronounced against him, few look upon him as a ruined man, and few sympathize with him. A man ruined for time is a bad spectacle! What shall we say, then, of a man ruined for eternity!

It is very sorry if he is a ruin of another. It is more sorry if he is a ruin of himself. If one should be the means of reducing another to poverty, he would never fail to reproach himself for the act; at least, he would never fail to do so when he witnessed the poverty and discomfort he had caused. What should be the feelings of one who has been accessory to the eternal ruin of another—who has taken away his birthright, and left him to pine in eternal want?—N. Y. Observer.