

doubt it would be blasphemy. His character is reflected in his works. He is all-wise, all-powerful, all-good. Of this I am satisfied, independently of a Bible revelation; and having arrived at this truth, what more do I need to lead me into all truth, than the legitimate exercise of my own reason, and the infallible teaching of nature, as an expression of the divine will, and the production of divine power.

At this point he unexpectedly met a friend. In familiar conversation the question just started was discussed. The "institutional faculty of the mind," and the "religious consciousness of the soul" were pleaded against a Bible revelation. The moral darkness and gross superstition of ancient times and of heathen lands were urged as invincible arguments against the sufficiency of reason unaided by revelation. The discussion was prolonged. The argumentation became severe. The worn out sophisms of unbelief were reiterated with a delusive plausibility. The deductions of reason, the researches of history, the facts of science, the testimony of experience, the asseverations of God, were expounded and enforced. Conviction at length flashed irresistibly upon the mind of the doubter. He conceded the necessity of a supernatural communication. He professed belief in the existence of God and the divinity of the Bible. Tears burst into his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. Recovering himself he exclaimed in a trembling voice, "this is something new: little did I anticipate such a change of mind and heart when, this morning, I leisurely strolled into the fields. Never have I wept before, since that dark dismal day I stood by mother's grave, and apparently committed my hopes and joys to slumber with her poor remains in the silent earth. My heart has been petrified. I have renounced the faith of my forefathers, and despised the instructions of my earlier years. My Bible has remained unopened upon the shelf, and I have revelled in the productions of modern unbelief. A voice has sometimes whispered in my soul that I was on the highway to ruin, but I refused obedience to its mandate, and had at last almost extinguished within me the idea of God. Happy I was not, for all things seemed shrouded in mystery, and mingled with woe. But a new aspect is now thrown around both nature and providence, I look with other eyes, and feel with another heart. As I wandered yonder in the fields, my soul swelled with unutterable emotion, and as every blade, and every tree, and every bird, seemed vocal with my Maker's praise, the fetters which had bound my heart were suddenly dissolved, and, by some inspiration from above, I saw, and felt, and shouted, 'There is a God!' And now, that you have traced my unbelief to its source, and have unweaved the web of sophistry with which I was entangled, and have solved the doubts I tried to cherish, and have placed beneath my feet the basis of eternal truth, I feel that I have entered

into a new world, and I can now claim relationship with God, and Jesus Christ, and the spirits of the noble and good who have adorned the church and benefited the world. I have had a severe conflict, but I have achieved a complete victory over my unbelief, and henceforth my life shall be devoted to the manifestation of that truth I once despised, but now believe and love."

The two friends sat beneath a shady tree. They wept, they prayed together; and ere they bade each other adieu, they formed a solemn covenant to spend their time, and employ their powers, in waging war with the enemies of the Lord of Hosts, and in aiding the final accomplishment of the mediatorial purposes of the Son of God. That covenant engagement is sacred as life itself, and, in fulfilment thereof, these same friends are now employed in different spheres in publishing the gospel of the grace of God. Nor is it too much to say, that both have been and will be pre-eminently successful in converting sinners from the error of their ways, and thus, in saving souls from death, hiding a multitude of sins.

Young men! Let the Bible be the foundation of your faith, and the guide of your life, and, seeing every where the prevalence of unbelief and vice, O! apply yourselves vigorously to the manifestation of that truth which can alone enlighten the darkness, and cure the diseases of mankind. Ignorance of its contents; hatred of its doctrines; and an undue attachment to the things of the time, are the chief barriers in the way of acknowledging the Bible to be like Him of whom it testifies, "A Teacher come from God." Receive it, believe it, obey it, love it, live it, and you will experience a peace that passeth all understanding, a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Love which survives the Tomb.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other affliction to forget, but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open; this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament?

Who even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved—when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closings of its portals—would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul.

If it has woes, it has likewise its delights

—and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruin of all we most loved is softened away into passive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom, yet would we exchange it, even for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry?

No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn from the charms of the living. O! the grave! the grave! it buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should have warred with the poor hand that of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we love, what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy. There it is that we dwell upon the solemn tenderness of the parting scene—the bed of death, with all its stifled griefs, its noiseless attendance, its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of inspiring love! the feeble, fluttering, thrilling, O! how thrilling! pressure of the hand! the faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection! The last fond look of the glazed eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! Ay, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate. There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who can never, never return to be soothed by thy contrition.

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent! if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom, that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy happiness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory and knock dolefully upon thy soul. Then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant in the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing. Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken