

HEAVEN.—Heaven is certainly described in very grand and sublime language. It is called an inheritance, a paradise, a kingdom, a sacred palace of many bright mansions. We read of white robes, and crowns, and thrones, and golden harps; yet, tho' these figurative expressions convey bright ideas, they are not the best ideas of heaven. The immediate and glorious presence of our gracious Lord and Redeemer, gives the felicity of the saints above its peculiar character and chief excellency; to this, ancient patriarchs and prophets, apostles, and Christians of every age, have directed their eyes, the great object of their hopes, and the summit of their desires. Job says, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and tho' after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." David exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire besides thee; my heart and my flesh faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." How animating are the words of Jesus, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, to behold my glory." Paul felt an earnest desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than the highest station, or happiest lot on the earth. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.

Do you ask what is it that sustains and comforts the soul of a saint in his departing moments? I reply, the promise and the pledges of a glorious inheritance; faith takes hold of the promise, and imparts fortitude and confidence to the soul; faith lifts her piercing eye, and looking beyond the dark valley, descries the fair realms of everlasting joy. The Holy Spirit is given as an earnest of our future celestial possession; this pledge, accompanying the promise, banishes fear and brightens the prospect of immortality. "We are confident, and willing, rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." When a Christian leaves the world he does not go to a strange land; heaven is his country for he was born from above; heaven is that home to which he has been looking with ardent eyes and longing heart. There are his choicest treasures and best friends; there sits his Saviour throned in glory, with a smile on his face, ready to approve and receive him. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

Hear the infant accents of a dying voice. I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded he will keep me and bring me to his heavenly kingdom; I feel the bands of nature breaking, to give my disencumbered spirit freedom. God is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? Adieu, beloved friends, the time of my departure is at hand, ministering angels shall convey me home. O for the signal to to remove! Come, Lord Jesus, O come quickly.

Thornton.

Hannah More's opinion of the service of the Church.

Most sincerely attached to the Church myself, not as far as I am able to judge, from prejudice, but from a fixed and settled conviction, I regard its institutions with a veneration at once affectionate and rational. Never need a Christian, except when his own heart is strangely indisposed, fail to derive benefit from its ordinances and he may bless the overruling providence of God, that in this instance, the natural variability and inconstancy of human opinion is, as it were, fixed and settled, and hedged in by a stated service so pure, so evangelical, and which is enriched by such a large infusion of sacred scripture. If so many among us condemn the service as having been to us individually fruitless and unprofitable, let us enquire whether the blessings may not be withheld because we are not fervent in asking it. If we do not find a suitable humiliation in the *Confession*, a becoming earnestness in the *Petitions*, a congenial joy in the *A-doration*, and a corresponding gratitude in the *Thanksgiving*, it is because our hearts do not accompany our words: It is because we rest in the forms of godliness, and are contented to remain destitute of its powers. If we are not duly interested when the select portions of *Scriptures* are read to us, it is because we do not, as new-born babes desire the sincere milk of the word that we may grow thereby. Perhaps there has not been, since the age of the apostles, a church upon earth in which the public worship was so solemn and yet so sublime, so full of fervour, at the same time so free from enthusiasm; so rich in the gold of christian antiquity, yet so astonishingly exempt from its

gross. That it has imperfections we do not deny: but what are they compared with its general excellence? They are as the spots on the sun's disk which a sharp observer may detect, but which neither diminish the warmth nor obscure the brightness.



Anecdote of King George III. at his Coronation.

After the anointing was over in the Abbey, and the crown put upon the king's head, with great shouting, the two archbishops came to hand him down from the throne to receive the sacrament. He told them he would not go to the Lord's Supper and partake of that ordinance with the crown upon his head; for he looked upon himself, when appearing before the King of kings, in no other character but as a humble Christian!—These were his very words. The bishops replied, that although there was no precedent for this it should be complied with. Immediately he put off his crown and laid it aside; he then desired the same should be done with respect to the queen. It was answered that her crown was so pinned on her head that it could not be taken off; to which the king replied, "Well, let it be reckoned a part of her dress, and in no other light." When I saw and heard this, says one, it warmed my heart to him; and I could not help thinking there would be something good found about him towards the Lord God of Israel.



TEN YEARS.—We are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have been effected within ten years! How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on!—The morning of life passes off like a dream, and we look round in vain for the companions of our youthful days.—Where are the gay, the beautiful, the happy with whom we once sported in the buoyancy of youth and sprightliness of enjoyment! They were here; we knew them; we loved them; we sailed with them down time's sunny stream with pleasures fragile bark; but where are they now? Alas! they have gone before us; the whirlwind of death drove them rapidly onward, and they are now sailing upon eternity's wide shoreless sea! The scenes of our childhood, too fade away, and soon, not a vestige of them is left as a token that they have existed.—Time's stupendous wheel is ever rolling on. Ten years more, and where will we be? Our present friends, our present companions, will they still be here? No; that is improbable. The grave, perhaps will have swallowed them; or they may be scattered far away; strangers and in a strangeland. Ten years and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The pale, emaciated miser, that now bends over his heap of useless gold, (the wrecks of ruined families and the last remains of forlorn wretchedness,) where will he be? He and the beggar whom he drives from his door will have gone to their long homes; his wealth will have passed into other hands. Ten years, and the student that is now poring over volumes, and seeking with such avidity for knowledge, will have acquired, and perhaps have forgotten it. The lovely maiden, whose mind and person are just matured; she is beautiful, she is happy; pleasure beams in her countenance, and joy sparkles in her eye; with a light foot and lighter heart she steps upon life's slippery stage; but alas! ten years, and this lovely being will indeed be changed;—the bright, fascinating smile no longer plays upon her cheek; her laughing eye speaks a deeper of misery now than ever it did of pleasure. Ten years, and what is now beautiful will have decayed, will have faded like the morning flower! Ten years and many that sport in the sunshine of prosperity, will be wrapped in misfortune's gloomiest shade. Ten years and the man of business will have settled "his final account," the fool will have grown wise, and the wise will have discovered his ignorance. The Atheist will have found out his mistake, and the Christian will have realized his hopes.



SUDDEN DEATH BY DRAWING THE CORK OF A BOTTLE.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. Chevell, the coroner, was sent for to hold an inquest at the Hoop Inn, Cambridge, (Eng.) on view of the body of Mr. Wm. Fuller, the head waiter there, (and who had filled that situation for a period of about 20 years,) whose death was occasioned by the following melancholy circumstance:—The deceased had gone into the wine cellar with a decanter, in order to fill it there, to prevent its being cloudy; and it appeared from the evidence, that whilst in the act of drawing the cork,

the bottle broke between his thighs, and the lower part of the bottle falling, the neck, with a splinter of the shoulder, remained, and from the consequent pressure between the two thighs, the splinter of the bottle entered his left thigh, and caused a wound through the femoral artery, which was followed by an immediate loss of a large quantity of blood. The deceased walked from the further end to the steps of the cellar, and there called out, "Mrs. Bird, I am dying!" A waiter heard him call out, and ran down stairs. Mr. Abbot, the surgeon, was in immediate attendance, but the wound was of such a shocking and fatal description, that life was quite extinct. The Jury returned their verdict—"That he died in consequence of a wound in the thigh, from the accidental breaking of the neck of a bottle in drawing a cork." Thus we find a fellow creature in good health, wounded by accident, immediate death ensuing, and an inquest held on his body, in the short space of an hour. It is a remarkable fact as connected with this unfortunate event, that the deceased had, on several occasions, expressed an earnest wish that whenever his death did occur, it might be of a sudden nature; and also that he might terminate his life upon the premises of the Inn, at which, he had so many years been a faithful servant.—*Cambridge Chron.*



Singular local changes in the relative situations of France, England, and Holland, occasioned by the Encroachments of the Sea.

The recent accidental discovery of a Chart of the British Channel, seen at Calais in 1798 by a Dutch Captain, said to be 850 years old, in the possession of a very respectable inhabitant who had been Mayor of that place, seems to have thrown a very strong light upon the ENCROACHMENTS OF THE SEA. This Chart, delineated on Parchment, extended on the East to Heliogoland, on the North to Orfordness, and on the West to the present site of the Isle of Wight, which then formed a part of the main land of England.

The principal headlands, as they now exist, were correctly laid down. Between Dover and the opposite side of the coast of France, there was a space of three miles only; Calais must therefore, have been then situated in the interior. Not any entrance was described either into Dunkirk, Flushing, or Beerhaven. The Island of Goree being attached to the main land, of which it formed a part; there was not any passage to Rotterdam. Not any Flemish banks were laid down, the space occupied by them, and intermediately between them and the coast opposite, likewise, constituting a portion of the main land. But in the North Sea the depth of water in this Chart corresponded with the present depth.—The Ulie, or Fly Island as it is now called was connected with the main land.

Such, and so extraordinary are the Encroachments which the Sea appears to have made on this part of the coast; as in the space described the more prominent and elevated headlands are on the side of England, it would seem that, with a reference of three miles only, instead of seven leagues, forming what is called the Strait of Dover, the greater if not the entire loss of land, must have been on the side of France; the sea continuing to gain until it was stopped by the cliffs of Calais, and the elevated lands in the vicinity. The headlands, styled the *Forlands*, north and south, then existed as at present. That part of England therefore, cannot have sustained any material loss in the space of nearly nine centuries, since this chart was made; but towards Hampshire the depredation on the soil must have been considerable, if the Isle of Wight was then really connected with the main land.

Reasoning from the other data supplied by this ancient Chart, it is presumable that the opposite coasts of France, Flanders, and from Dieppe, perhaps to the farthest extremity of the latter country, must have been greatly deteriorated by these encroachments. Let the age of the chart be considered, and reflection be made at the same time on the constant ravages the sea is known to have more recently committed in different quarters, the above facts however extraordinary, will then not appear entirely void of probability.—*Spirit of the Magazines*, May 1810, p. 337. In the *Select Reviews* for 1810.



RAM MONTU RAY.—(From a Correspondent.)—We are happy in being able to announce, from private letters, that this celebrated and accomplished Indian