

and you cannot be in any situation where you may not be learning.

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BE SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT.

Dr. Donne, afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Paul's, when he took possession of the first living to which he was inducted, walked into the yard of the church where he was to officiate. It happened, that as he sauntered along, the sexton was digging a grave, and the Doctor stood for a moment to observe his operations. As the man was at work, he threw up a skull which in some way or another engaged the Doctor's attention. While he examined it, he perceived a headless nail, which perforated the temple, and which convinced him that some dreadful deed must have been perpetrated. Taking up the skull, he demanded of the grave-digger to whom it belonged. The man instantly said, that he knew very well—that it had belonged to a man who was accustomed to excess in the use of liquor; and who, one night, having been found guilty of his usual intemperance, had been found dead in his bed in the morning. Dr. Donne then asked "Had he a wife?" The answer was in the affirmative. "What character does she bear?" The sexton said, "A very good one, only she was reflected upon for marrying immediately after the death of her husband." This was enough for the Doctor, who, upon the pretence of visiting all his parishioners, soon called upon the woman in question; and, in the course of conversation, he inquired of what sickness her husband had died. She gave him precisely the same account as the sexton had given before her. But the Doctor produced the skull, and pointing to the place, said, "Woman, do you know this nail?" The unhappy criminal was struck with horror at the demand and the

sight, and instantly owned that she had been the perpetrator of the deed, which had hurried her husband, in a state of intoxication, into the eternal world.

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CHRIST THE BELIEVER'S ALL IN ALL IN DEATH.—When the pious Bishop Beveridge was on his death-bed, he did not know any of his friends and connections. A minister with whom he had been well acquainted, visited him; and when conducted into his room, he said,—“Bishop Beveridge, do you know *me*?” “Who are you,” said the Bishop. Being told who the minister was, he said that he did not know him. Another friend came, who had been equally well known, and accosted him in a similar manner,—“Do you know *me*, Bishop Beveridge?” “Who are you?” said he. Being told it was one of his intimate friends, he said he did not know him. His *wife* then came to his bed-side and asked him if he knew her? “Who are you?” said he. Being told it was his wife, he said he did not know her. “Well,” said one, “Bishop Beveridge, do you know the Lord Jesus Christ?” “Jesus Christ,” said he, reviving, as if the name had on him the influence of a charm, “Oh yes, I have known him these forty years; precious Saviour! *he is all my hope.*”

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CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.—Our God exercises his most righteous dominion over our faculties, wills, and affections. He first requires the Christian to sacrifice the overweening opinion he has of his own wisdom and reasoning to the majesty of his revealed word, and to believe truths most cordially and steadfastly which infinitely surpass his power to conceive clearly. He next requires the Christian to part with the beloved idol of his heart, and, instead of self-indulgence,