

But what rich blessings did it bring! It made her lean more entirely on her Saviour. She had, under that affliction, new and peculiar evidence of the life of faith in her soul. On Saturday evening she expressed her feelings in her Diary; and on Saturday noon renewed her covenant with God—a covenant made twenty-five years ago. This was her finishing work. It was the last time she signed her name. As she had no opportunity for preparation after she became ill, it is most gratifying and consoling that she left these last memorials of her unwavering trust in God. She had, in every respect, set her house in order, as though she fully anticipated being thus removed, almost in an instant, from all these scenes. But I did not at all expect, nor was I at all prepared for the shock. Much had I anticipated my own death; little had I thought that the desire of my eyes would be taken away as with a stroke. Yet it has been done by the hand of a Father; I dare not, I cannot murmur. I bless His holy name, that he took my beloved so gently, and that she met the enemy without knowing of his approach, for he was disarmed."

Thus was the Ceylon Mission deprived of one of its most efficient members, and the Church of Christ of a bright ornament. It is pleasing, however, to reflect, that since the death of this devoted female, two of her sisters have become connected by marriage with the same mission, and are labouring on the very spot where the remains of Mrs. Winslow are laid. This circumstance will serve to explain an allusion in the latter part of the following tribute to the memory of the deceased, from the able pen of Mrs. Sigourney, who had been her early friend and companion:—

Thy name hath power like magic.

Back it brings

The earliest pictures hung in memory's halls
Tinting them freshly o'er; the rugged cliff,
The towering trees,—the wintry walk to school,
The page so often connd'd, the needle's task
Achieved with weariness,—the hour of sport
Well-earned and dearly prized,—the sparkling brook
Making its clear cascade,—the darker rush
Of the pent river through its rocky pass,—
Our violet gatherings 'mid the vernal banks,—
When our young hearts did ope their crystal gates
To every simple joy.

I little deem'd

'Mid all that gay and gentle fellowship,
That Asia's sun would beam upon thy grave,—
Though even then, from thy calm, serious eye,
There was a glancing forth of serious thought,
That scor'd earth's vanities.

I saw thee stand

With but a few brief summers o'er thy head,
And in the consecrated courts of God
Confess thy Saviour's name. And they who mark'd
The deep devotion, and the high resolve
Of that scarce half-blown bud,—did wondrous ask,
What its full bloom must be?

But now thy bed

Is with thine infant train,—where the sad voice
Of the young Ceylon mother tells her child
Of all thy prayers and labours. Yes, thy rest
Is in the bosom of that fragrant isle
Where heathen man, with lavish nature, strives
To blot the lesson she would teach of God;
Thy pensive sisters pause upon thy tomb
To catch the spirit that did bear thee through
All tribulation, till thy robes were white,
To join the angelic train.

And so farewell,
My childhood's playmate, and my sainted friend,—
Whose bright example, not without rebuke,
Admonisheth, that home, and ease, and wealth,
And native land,—are well exchanged for Heaven.

PRACTICAL SERMONS.

NO. VII.

By the Rev. George Romanes, A. M.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.

Proverbs xxviii. 13.

In this discourse it is intended to examine and expose the chief excuses which men bring forward in extenuation of their crimes and vices; and which, by inducing them to place their trust in a refuge of lies, prevent them from repairing to that sure refuge which God has provided for sinful men in the perfect righteousness and atoning sacrifice of his Eternal Son.

Let us examine some of the chief excuses by which men attempt to justify their sins.

The first we shall mention is that which we so commonly hear, "We are born with sinful natures; therefore, to sin is natural, and cannot justly expose us to punishment." Thus they endeavour to cast the whole blame of their sins on God, the Author of their being, and represent themselves as being just as innocent in the indulgence of their sinful passions as the ferocious beasts of prey in the exercise of their savage propensities. The intention of this excuse is to entangle us in the dark mazes of metaphysical discussion. But the plain assertions of the word of God on this point render all such discussions needless. The word of God never mentions the corruption of our nature as an excuse for sin, but always as the aggravation of our guilt. When David confessed his sin, and humbled himself in the very dust before God, he deplored with deepest shame and self-abhorrence, the depravity of his nature. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me."

But even supposing that this excuse were valid, the abuse which is made of it, would be enough to render one cautious in urging it. We make ourselves worse than we are by nature; we permit sin to acquire strength by influence, and enslave the