

And we are sure, that every one must die. It is appointed to all once to die, and after death the judgment. All, in every past age have died. People are every day and hour dying around us; the young as well as the old, and the rich as well as the poor. No doubt we knew many, who were quite as likely to live as ourselves, and yet they are laid in the cold grave.

And though every one is certain, that it will be the case with him, yet but few think of this great change as they ought,—that is, so as to prepare for it.

I will tell you about one rich man, who used to speak and act, as though there was no other world besides this.

He had a great many beautiful fields of his own. They were so fruitful, that the crops of wheat, and other grain, were so large, that he was quite in trouble to know where he should lay up his wealth. The barns he already had, were by far too small.

So, after much thought on the subject, he determined to pull down his present store-houses, and immediately to build some which should be much larger, in which he should have plenty of room.

And then he thought, that he should be perfectly happy. When his design should be finished, he meant to say to his soul, "Soul! thou hast much goods laid up for many years: take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." As if corn, and wine, and oil, and worldly good, were food for an immortal soul!

So, he had just planned out what he meant to do, and how he intended to live in future. But he did not live to do anything. For at the very moment whilst he was providing for a long stay on earth, God said to him, "Thou foolish creature! this night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

All his wealth was of no use to him; he never enjoyed it,—it did not keep

death out of his house—it did not comfort him in his dying hour. Indeed it only made death terrible.

I too must die. I will think of my great change. I will ask God to give me grace to number my days, and to apply my heart unto wisdom.

I too have a soul, which must live forever. I will not forget, that the care of my soul ought to be my chief concern.

I know not when God may send to call me out of time into eternity. I will repent of all my sins, and pray, that I may be ready; that so, whenever I shall hear his voice, I may hear it with joy.

#### African Kindness.

A missionary was very sick, a short time since, in Western Africa. Most grateful was it, both to him and to his wife, to see how deeply the natives sympathized with them in their trial. There was one especially, a young heathen war-chief, who called every day, "well nigh heart-broken." It so happened that the good man suffered greatly from thirst and exhaustion, and felt a strong desire for some oranges. But the season for them was past; there was not one to be had. This was mentioned to Olomloyo, who immediately sent his servants into the country, to see if they could procure any; but in vain. The chief was very sorry. He said, however, that the sick man must have some; and he set off himself on horseback, galloping to several farms; at night he returned with no small delight, and brought back eleven! He took them immediately to the missionary, and waited until he saw him devour one, almost greedily.—The young chief was so pleased that tears filled his eyes. The missionary tried to thank him for his kindness. Olomloyo, however, lifted up his hand, and said, "Don't speak! I am too glad."