

meanings, and his many tears told me in language inexpressible "that the way of transgressors is hard." The day of his execution arrived—he had seen his widowed mother—he had wept upon her bosom—upon that bosom from whence he had drawn his first nourishment—and upon which he had often in infancy and childhood been soothed and hushed to rest—upon that bosom which was now like to burst asunder with the sad and powerful conflict of mortal feelings, excited to the highest pitch of anguish,—he had bid her a long farewell! His chains were knocked off—the last solemn services of religion were concluded, he was upon the scaffold! He saw the coffin in which his body was to be placed, he gazed wildly around him, surveying the dreadful apparatus of death, and the assembled multitude, the witnesses of his shameful and ignominious end. There was a solemn pause—and then there was a stir and a bustling about the entrance to the scaffold—a pardon had arrived! Hope had expired—the last minute of the appointed time was about to be numbered with the past, when it was intimated to him that the sentence of death was not to be carried into execution. Tell me—did this message of mercy communicate joy to the mind of R. S? and I will tell you that the gospel communicates peace and joy to the sinner, when the glad tidings of deliverance from the divine vengeance through the one offering of Christ are heard and believed by him. O what a peace is then communicated, what a joy is then felt! a peace which passeth all understanding, a joy with which the world cannot intermeddle.

Reader! has the gospel message produced joy in your heart? if it has not, it is because you have not believed it, neither have you understood it, for as soon will the convict awaiting on the scaffold the execution of the sentence of death, stand unmoved upon a pardon being read to him, as well the sinner who hears and believes the glad tidings of pardon and salvation through the blood of the Lamb. O think of this, and may the God of peace who brought again from the dead the Lord Jesus Christ give you peace and joy in believing

REFLECTION ON THE EARTH.

The Earth, gentle and indulgent, ever subservient to the wants of man, spreads his walks with flowers, and his table with plenty; returns with interest every good committed to her care; and, though she produces the poison, she still supplies the antidote; though constantly teased more to furnish the luxuries of man than his necessities, yet, even to the last, she continues her kind indulgence, and, when life is over, she piously covers his remains in her bosom.

ON DEATH.

Man dieth and wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down into the grave shall come up no more.

He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.

Wouldst thou learn to die nobly; let thy vice die before thee. Happy is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour cometh, hath nothing to do but to die; who wisheth not delay, because he hath no longer use for time:

Think not the longest life the happiest; that which is best employed doth man the most honour; himself shall rejoice after death in the advantages of it.

Death, the dissolution of corporeal existence, is a subject of instructive consideration. As it is an inevitable event, it claims the most serious contemplation; so that its approach may be felt with resignation, and its summons obeyed with cheerful hope.

This attention is the more prudent, since it is universally known that the visitation of death is received with feelings widely different. When it is the close of a life which has been employed in virtue and beneficence, it is distinguished by tranquillity; but when it is the termination of a career of vice, it is embittered by the most painful suggestions of

remorse,—by reflections of a mispent, unprofitable, disgraceful existence. The death bed of expiring worth is consecrated by the tears of filial piety; of conjugal affection; and friendship's solicitude. But such endearments seldom attend, and never can ameliorate the last moments of vice. The retrospect of life is blackened with guilt; the prospect of futurity is shadowed with fears. Conscience is armed with terrors: and the appalled victim of self-iniquity yields the tribute of nature in the horrors of convulsive agony.

Yet far more formidable is the consideration of death if viewed as the commencement of a new state of existence, in which the tenor of mortal life is to be the criterion of future misery or happiness. Yet such is the mode in which Christianity requires that human dissolution should be regarded.

For this awful event it behoves every one to be ready: and since the hour in which it may come upon us is uncertain, there is an indispensable necessity upon all mankind to be prepared for it by virtuous and pious living.

COMMUNION WITH OUR OWN HEARTS.

If we could but learn to commune with our own hearts and know what noble company we can make them, we would little regard the elegance and splendour of the worthless. Almost all men have been taught to call life a passage, and themselves the travellers. The similitude still may be improved, when we observe that the good are joyful and serene, like travellers that are going towards home; the wicked but by intervals happy, like travellers that are going into exile.—*Goldsmith.*

On the border of Derbyshire, near Whaleybridge, lived Anne Longstone, a poor but industrious and pious woman. The means by which she got her bread were laborious, and so inadequate to her general necessities, that she was frequently called to exemplify the literal import of the well-known petition in the Lord's prayer, and to ask and trust day by day for her daily bread. This was her request: God inspired it; and gave her his promise, that "her bread should be given, and her water should be sure." This she proved in various instances. She served the God of her mercies until she attained the full measure of her days, threescore years and ten: nor then did the promise of her heavenly Father fail. She hoped in his word, and proved his Providential care to the end of her pilgrimage, which was as singular as it was glorious. The calls of hunger pressing her to prepare herself a little food, she examined her stock of provisions, and found that, when brought together it amounted only to a few potatoes. This scanty supply appears, however, to have been quite equal to her present desires. Sitting down to prepare her little food as in the presence of her God, and on the borders of heaven, she observed to her neighbour, "This is all the food I have got; but my heavenly Father, who sent me this, can send me more when I want it;" and added, "I am not well, but thanks to the Friend of sinners, I can still sing his praises." Then, as if conscious that the hour of her departure was at hand, she began to sing these memorable lines,

"Soon shall I pass the vale of death,
And in his arms shall lose my breath!
O! then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well!"

Having offered this, her last tribute of praise while on earth, to God her Redeemer, she sunk down, closed her eyes, and expired.

This venerable woman had God's grace in her heart, his promise in her Bible,—a circle of christian friends who knew her worth,—and a small supply for her wants, which, if not amounting to thousands of gold and silver, was quite sufficient to excite the confidence of God's children in a state of poverty. She had enough, and a few potatoes to spare. Say, ye who thirst after the treasures of the earth, and ye who already possess and set your hearts upon them; say, will you, can you vie with this poor woman when you advance towards the confines of the grave, and the margin of an awful eternity?

OLD TIMES.

Bishop Latimer's sermons are full of information respecting the state of England in his days; and in one of them he gives the following picture of the comfort, happiness, and industry of his father's fami-

ly. "My father," says he, "was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own; only he had a farm of three or four pounds by year, at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much, as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for 100 sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember, that I buckled his harness when he went to Blacketh field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pound, or twenty nobles, a piece; so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did of the same farm; where he that now hath it, payeth sixteen pound by the year, or more, and is not able to do anything for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor."

EXTRACT.

The simplest manner of passing through life, with credit to yourself, and with usefulness to others, is to possess a character on which every man can depend. And the rule to conduct you to this happy station of superior excellence, is nothing more than to be what you wish others to think you are.

Hints to a young man entering into life.

"Nothing is so detrimental to a young man's improvement, as the foolish belief that he has nothing to learn. The conceit which he displays is a convincing proof that he has made little progress, while it promises nothing for his future improvement.—There are better hopes of one who is almost deterred from attempting perfection by the difficulties which he sees before him. In the one case, application smooths the difficulties; in the other, vanity prevents the necessary application. The one is pleased with his unexpected success, and the other is flattered with his supposed excellence. The one of these is a young man who will improve; the other is stationary, and in the end will be disgusted with his profession. It is the man always who gives dignity to the profession, not the profession to the man. Young men are often petulant when they know little. Their pride makes them assume this garb to conceal their ignorance, or their vanity puts it on to justify their pretensions. They err widely in both instances; for humble and placid manners advance no claims where there is nothing to show, while they never interrupt the display of the most brilliant talents.—*Gener's Letters.*

RULES FOR THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

I. Begin and end every day with humble and earnest prayer to God, through the intercession of Jesus Christ.

II. Read carefully every day some part of the Holy Scriptures, and examine your heart and life by it.

III. Avoid, as much as you can, all wicked company, and all temptations to sin; and be over in the way of duty.

IV. Keep the Lord's Day most religiously, both in public and private.

V. Think often and seriously, that God's eye is always upon you; and that you are continually hastening to death and judgment, to heaven or hell.

VI. Labour with all your might to do your duty, but depend on God all the while for assistance and success, through his Spirit, and for acceptance, through his Son.

THERE can be no christianity, where there is no charity, but the censorious cultivate the forms of religion, that they may more freely indulge in the only pleasure of their lives, that of calumniating those, who to their other failings add not the sin of hypocrisy. But hypocrisy can beat calumny even at her own weapons, and can feign forgiveness, while she feels resentment, and meditates revenge.

Contentment depends more on the disposition of the mind, than on the circumstance of our life. One who had experienced a great reverse of fortune, said, "When I was rich I possessed God in all things, and now I am poor, I possess all things in God."