

thought of that sin and wickedness cut me to the heart! It seemed that worlds would not be too much to give could I only have called loud enough for him to hear me ask forgiveness. But it was too late. He had been in the grave twelve years, and I must live and die weeping over that ungrateful falsehood which no earthly being can now forgive. I must sorrow over it with a godly sorrow before Him who is plenteous in mercy."

A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being.—*Addison.*

TRUST IN GOD.

There were two neighbours, who had each a wife and several little children, and their wages as common labourers were their only support.

One of these men was fretful and disquieted, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my family?" This thought never left him, but gnawed his heart, as a worm the fruit in which it is hidden.

Now, although the same thought was presented to the mind of the other father, yet he was not fretted by it, for he said—"God, who knows all his creatures, and watches over them, will also watch over me and my family."—Thus he lived tranquil, while the other neither tasted repose nor joy.

One day as the latter was labouring in the field, sad and downcast became his fears, he saw some birds go in and out of a plantation. Having approached, he found two nests placed side by side, and in each several young ones, newly hatched, and still unfledged. When he returned to his work, he frequently looked at these birds, as they went out and returned, carrying nourishment to their young broods. But, behold! at the moment when one of the mothers is returning with her bill full, a vulture seizes her, carries her off, and the poor mother, vainly struggling within its grasp, utters a piercing cry.

At this sight, the man who was working felt his soul more troubled than before; for he thought the death of the mother was the death of the young.

"Mine have only me—no other! What will become of them if I fail them?"

All the day he was gloomy and sad, and at night he slept not. On the morrow, as he returned to the field, he said, "I should like to see the little ones of that poor mother. Several, without doubt, have already perished."

He set off towards the plantation, and looking into the nests, he saw the young ones alive and well; not one seemed to have suffered. Astonished at this he hid himself in order to see the cause. After a while he heard a light cry, and perceived the other mother bringing back in haste the food she had gathered, which she distributed without distinction among all the young ones. There was some for each, and the orphans were not abandoned in their misery.

In the evening, the father who had distrusted Providence related to the other father what he had seen, who observed, "Why fret yourself? God never abandoned his children: his love has some secrets which we do not know. Let us believe, hope, love, labour, and pursue our course in peace; if I die before you, you shall be a father to my children and if you die before me, I will be a father to yours; and if we both die before they are of an age to provide for themselves, they will have for a parent 'our Father who is in heaven.'"—*From the French.*

SELF-COMMUNION RECOMMENDED.

It is astonishing how much the very best men find to do, even when they are regular and punctual in reviewing their conduct; how many errors they have to rectify, how many omissions to supply, how many excesses to retrench, how many growing desires to control. Virtue as well as knowledge is progressive; and if we do not gain ground we lose it. There is always some perfection to be acquired, or some imperfection to be amended. To every person, therefore, in every condition of life, in every stage of his spiritual progress, frequent self-communion is an indispensable duty. If every step we take in our moral conduct bring us nearer to heaven or to hell, surely it behoves us to call our ways seriously and frequently to remembrance. This single consideration, the possibility of being called, even the healthiest and youngest of us, suddenly and unexpectedly called, to give an account of ourselves to God, before we have properly settled that account, is of itself enough to make us reflect on our condition, and to do it also without delay. The loss of a year, the loss of a day, may be the loss of heaven. "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee:" This was said for our admonition; and if, under this apprehension, we can calmly lay ourselves down to sleep, without reviewing our conduct, or preparing ourselves to wake, as we may do, in another world, it is in vain to use any further exhortations. If an argument so plain, so simple, so forcible, has no influence upon our minds, reason and religion can do no more for us, and our danger is inexpressible.