

One forenoon, after rising from prayer, she went to the door, and while feeling for it, intending to go down the stairs, she thought, "I will return again, and pray a little longer." She again kneeled down; and while pleading with God, he revealed to her his pardoning love. She then became truly happy; guilt was removed; and divine peace filled her soul. Some time afterwards, when she was giving him the account, she remarked that prior to this time she had always thought Jesus Christ to be inferior to God; "but," said she, "then I knew him to be God."

From that period she appeared to retain the peace and favour of God; but their trials became great and multiplied. She had a small family of children; and when her little ones were on her lap, she could only ascertain by feeling at the face of the child, whether it was crying or at ease. Mr. Hall died; and when she was left a widow, there was not sufficient property to support her. But God never forsakes his people in trouble; and she experienced his care and love. A few friends raised a sufficient sum of money to form a small annuity for her life; and a little time ago, she was removed from a life of peculiar suffering to an eternity of glory.

#### THE CHRISTIAN CABINET.

**AFFECTING DESCRIPTION—The lost Soul.**—We are made for the enjoyment of eternal blessedness; it is our high calling and destination; and not to pursue it with diligence, is to be guilty of the blackest ingratitude to the Author of our being, as well as the greatest cruelty to ourselves. To fail of such an object, to defeat the end of our existence, and in consequence of neglecting the great salvation, to sink at last under the frown of the Almighty, is a calamity which words were not invented to express, nor finite minds formed to grasp. Eternity, it is surely not necessary to remind you, invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance, entirely its own, and is the only property in the creation which gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which, all sublunary joys and sorrows, all interests which know a period, fade into the most contemptible insignificance. In appreciating every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate; but what, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or, could we realize the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness? to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth? Or, where the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?—*R. Hall.*

**COMFORT.**—A sense of God's presence in love is sufficient to rebuke all anxiety and fear in the worst and most dreadful condition. Psalm. xlii. 4. Hab. iii. 17, 18.—*Owen.*

**GOING ANOTHER WAY.**—The Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, formerly president of Princetown College, was once on board a packet ship, where, among other passengers, was a professed atheist. The fellow was very fond of troubling every body with his peculiar belief, and of broaching the subject as often as he could get any body to listen to him. "He didn't believe in a God and a future state, not he!" By and by there came on a terrible storm, and the prospect was that all would go to the bottom. There was much fear and consternation on board, but not one was so horribly frightened as the atheist. In this extremity he sought out the clergyman. He found him in the cabin, calm and collected, and thus addressed him: "O, Doctor Witherspoon! Doctor Witherspoon! we're all going for it; we have but a short time to stay. Oh my gracious! how the vessel rocks! we're all going, don't you think we are, Doctor?" The Rev. gentleman turned on him a look of most provoking coolness, and replied in broad Scotch, "Nae doubt, nae doubt, man, we're gauging; but you and I dinna gang the same way."

**HOW TO KILL SIN.**—It is the only thriving and growing

life, to be much in the lively contemplation and application of Jesus Christ; to be continually studying him, and conversing with him, and drawing from him, "receiving of his fulness, grace for grace" John i. 16. Wouldst thou have much power against sin, and much increase of holiness, let thy eye be much on Christ; set thine heart on him; let it dwell in him, and be still with him. When sin is likely to prevail in any kind, go to him tell him of the insurrection of his enemies, thy inability to resist, and desire him to suppress them, and to help thee against them, that they may gain nothing by their stirring, but some new wound. If thy heart begin to be taken with, and move towards sin, lay it before him; the beams of his love shall eat out that fire of those sinful lusts. Wouldst thou have thy pride, and passions, and love of the world, and self-love killed, go sue for the virtue of his death, and that will do it. Seek his Spirit, the spirit of meekness, and humility, and Divine love. Look on him, and he will draw thy heart heavenwards, and unite it to himself, and make it like himself. And is not that the thing thou desirest?—*Leighton.*

#### THE REFLECTOR.

*We spend our years as a tale that is told.*—

Psalm xc. 9.

EVERY thing around us speaks of the vanity of human life. The grass and flowers, the reptiles and insects give us line upon line on this subject. But how apt are we to overlook and heedlessly pass by such lessons amidst the amusements and pursuits of life. While we are borne along by the flood of ever rolling time, spending our years in vanity and thoughtless indifference, there is now and then a word, a thought, a groan, reminding us that we are spending our years as a tale that is told.—"The word *tale* sometimes signifies a groan, a breath or a thought, and it intimates the brevity, vanity and misery of human life, and may here particularly refer to the unprofitable and uncomfortable manner of spending our lives." There is an extraordinary fondness in most people, but especially in youth and children to hear tales. Even when there are no important incidents worth listening to, the mind is as eager as ever in the expectation of something that is to come. It is not what is seen, and known of human life at present, but what is anticipated, something that is before, that is expected, hoped, and eagerly sought. The story of life goes on, and every present occurrence loses its importance in view of the future. The tale is told—we are disappointed. Time is gone, life is past, and to what importance has it amounted? It is a breath and is over! The body is left an inanimate clod! The poor soul is gone into eternity! This is a thought. In too many instances, but a floating, unsettled thought—never matured—never reduced to any practical advantage.—If it had been seized, examined, and usefully applied, it might have been important to him who had it, and to others. Alas! like thought, it has darted by, and cannot be recovered!—It is a groan. Some have groaned under imaginary ills, and some under the pressure of real burdens. It is in all like the groan of the dying. It is lost in the silence of death! Little M. E. was remarkably fond of hearing tales; his father used to gratify him with a recitation of any innocent circumstance of real life, couched in language suited to his young and tender mind. One evening he begged his Pa to tell him a tale. His father after some entreaty commenced, with the story of two men setting out on a long journey, to a distant country. He narrated many incidents which highly gratified the child, and some that caused the starting tear to glisten in his eager eye. At the evening of a pleasant day while talking of the end of their journey one stepped a little distance before the other, and dropped out of sight in an instant. The other heard a groan but never saw him more. "What became of him, what became of him, Pa?" "I cannot tell. He has never been heard of since." It affected the child. After some time the father applied the moral. We spend our years as a tale that is told.