

led again by it, though they have the greatest detestation of the sin itself that can be expressed. He that would indeed get the conquest over any sin, must consider his temptations to it, and strike at that root : without deliverance from thence, he will not be healed.

This is a folly that possesses many, who have yet a quick and living sense of sin : they are sensible of their sins, not of their temptations ; are displeas'd with the bitter fruit, but cherish the poisonous root. Hence, in the midst of their humiliations for sin, they will continue in those ways, those societies, in the pursuit of those ends which have occasioned that sin.

HOPE IN THE REDEEMER.

Yes ! it was true, my Saviour died,
 To rescue man from sin and woe ;
 My heart at once the truth applied,
 And could not, would not let it go.

I felt it was my last lorn hope—
 A stay to the lone shipwreck'd given ;
 And grasp'd it with a drowning grope,
 As sent to me direct from Heaven.

In confirmation, word on word,
 Rose sweetly too from memory's store ;
 Truths which in other days I heard,
 But never knew their worth before.

Lodged by a pious mothers care,
 In the young folds of thought and sense ;
 Like fire in flint, they slumber'd there,
 Till anguish struck them bright from thence.

The beacon lights of Holy Writ,
 They one by one upon me stole ;
 Through winds and waters my pathway lit,
 And chased the darkness from my soul.

* * * Some complete Sets of the last volume of the *Christian Gleaner*—may be had by applying at James Spike's Printing Office, Granville-Street—Price 6s. the 12 Numbers.