

WHAT WILL MEET MY CASE.

Every thinking man will look round him, when he reflects on his situation in this world; and will ask what will meet my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the *RICHER*—and I see Ahab in the midst of all his riches sick at heart for a garden of herbs! I see Dives, after all his wealth lifting up his eyes in hell, and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his sufferings! I see the rich fool summoned away, in the very moment when he was exulting in his hoards! If I look at the *WISE*, I see Solomon with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know that, if possessed of all his wisdom, were I left to myself I should act as he did. I see Ahitophel with all his policy, hanging himself with vexation! If I turn to men of *PLEASURE*—I see that the very sum of all pleasure is that it is Satan's bed, into which he casts his slaves! I see Esau selling his birthright for a mess of pottage! I see Solomon, after all his enjoyments, leaving his name a scandal to the Church to the latest age! If I think of *HONOUR*, take a walk in Westminster Abbey, there is an end of inquiry; there I walk among the mighty dead! there is the winding up of human glory! And what remains of the greatest men of my country? A boasting epitaph! None of these things then can satisfy me! I must meet death, I must meet judgment, I must meet God, I must meet eternity.

SERIOUS QUESTIONS OF A CHILD.

A few years ago I was visiting at a friend's house, where an interesting little girl was also a guest. She was very young, and had not enjoyed any peculiar religious advantages; neither had she received, on the occasion to which I am going to refer, any suggestion calculated to awaken serious thought; nevertheless, she evinced reflection in a manner which greatly struck my own mind. I was endeavouring one evening to amuse her by conversation, in which "*the Queen*" of England formed a principal subject,—passing events having drawn our attention to the outward splendour of the British Court. With childish interest, but grave attention, she listened to the details of royal magnificence. The state in which "*the Queen*" lived,—her beautiful dresses, her numerous attendants, her regal grandeur,—and all those glittering courtly appendages which usually captivate the natural heart. I must confess that the picture which I drew entirely related to earthly things; it remained for my little infant teacher to write underneath the wise man's remark: "*vanity of vanities, all is vanity.*" But this she did before I had well completed my description:—with engaging simplicity she put this solemn question to me, "*Will the Queen die?*"

Any reflecting mind must surely have been struck with

the singular union thus exhibited of childish ignorance and sage-like wisdom, when in so artless and confiding a manner she looked up to me for an answer to such a question. How tender the age which prompted the thought that possibly *the Queen* might escape the general doom: how worthy of "the ancients," the wise and solemn inference, that if such splendour must have an end, then monarchs, as well as their various subjects, must "*prepare to meet their God.*" How forcible the example of this little one, in an age when "children of a larger growth," are labouring only for riches and honours; while many are storing their minds with every kind of knowledge but that of "Christ, and him crucified;"—all heedless of his own emphatic demand, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Memory often recalls that evening on which I drew my infant auditor's attention to the perishable honours of a fleeting, and her only inquiry in return,—"*Are they transitory?*" "*Will the Queen die?*" Careless reader! remember the wisdom of this little child; you know, in a manner, that she knew not, that "the fashion of this world passeth away;" you know that "it is appointed unto all men once to die; you know that "*every one must give account of himself unto God;*" and, that to all "the time is short." Will you 'spend all your labour for that which satisfieth not,' and then have nothing left, but to 'lie down in sorrow?' Christian reader! remember that "where your treasure is, there should your heart be also." To you death will give an unfolding "crown of glory." "Set, then, your affections" more and more "on things above," for you "*know in yourselves that you have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.*"

CHILDREN'S DUTY TO THEIR PARENTS.

In history it is useful and interesting to try and trace the dealings of God with man. His ways are always the same. In a few years man changes, but God never changes. His eye is over England as it was over Israel. He marks the conduct of children now as he did that of Absalom: and if we would notice, we should doubtless find that he punishes undutiful children now as he punished Absalom. He does not allow their days to be long in the land, or he takes their children away in early life, or he gives them no blessing in their families. Sometimes more than one of these evils befalls the undutiful child.

In the year 1066, a foreigner named William, landed with a large army in England. The lawful king was killed in battle, and William began to reign with the title of William the Conqueror. From that day to the present, no foreigner has forced himself into the English throne.—From that day to the present, England has never been conquered. William had three sons, Robert, William, and