

rous philanthropy and benevolence, which, like the light of the sun, diffused itself to every object, and longs to be the instrument of good, if possible, to the whole race of mankind. A sense of the worth of souls, the importance of unseen things, and the awful condition of unawakened sinners, makes it indeed earnest and importunate; but this it shews not by bitterness and constraint, but by an unwearied perseverance in attempting to overcome evil with good: It returns blessings for curses, prayers for ill treatment; and though often reviled and affronted, cannot be discouraged from renewed efforts to make others partakers of the happiness itself possesses: It knows how to express a becoming indignation against the errors and follies of men, but towards their persons, it is all gentleness and compassion: It weeps (and would, if possible, weep tears of blood,) over those who will not be persuaded; but while it plainly represents the consequences of their obstinacy, it trembles at its own declarations, and feels for them who cannot feel for themselves: It is often grieved, but cannot be provoked.

The zealous Christian is strictly observant of his own failings, candid and tender to the faults of others: He knows what allowances are due to the frailty of human nature, and the temptations of the present state, and willingly makes all the allowances possible: And though he dare not call evil good.—cannot but judge according to the rule of Scripture, yet he will conceal the infirmities of man as much as he can, will not speak of them without a just cause, much less will he aggravate the case, or boast himself over them. Such was the zeal of St. Paul, bold and intrepid in the cause of God and truth, unwearied in service, inflexible in danger; when duty called, he was not to be restrained, either by the threats of enemies, the solicitations of friends, or the prospect of any hardships to which he might be exposed. He cheerfully endured hunger and thirst, watching and weariness, poverty and contempt, and counted not his life dear to him, so that he might fulfil the great purposes of the ministry which he had received of the Lord. But at the same time, in all his intercourse with men, he was gentle, mild, and compassionate: He studied the peace, and accommodated himself to the weakness of all around him: When he might command, he used intreaties; when he met with hard and injurious treatment, he bore it patiently; and if opportunity offered, requited it with kindness. Thus, as he had received the Spirit, so he walked in the steps of his Lord and Master.

### ON DRESS.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here  
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone.

Indeed we may truly say, that the world at this momentous season is lighter than vanity itself. How little regard is paid to that precept of God, 'he not conformed to this world.' Must it not pain the reflecting and intelligent mind, to see how people in general pay so little deference to the commands laid down in the word of life, and to what would tend to their everlasting welfare. To say the truth, that which seems at present to be the greatest object and concern, even of those who are called, and who pretend to be Christians, especially amongst the young, is the decorating and adorning of the body, and following the fantastic fashions of the day. Not knowing, that it is only they, who, 'through the spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body,' (Rom. viii. 13.) that shall live a life of grace and comfort here, and a life of glory and felicity hereafter. And yet, (may we not ask) who are mortifying 'the deeds of the body?' Surely we cannot say those do, who live in conformity to this world who employ that time and money, for the use of which they are accountable, imitating the dress and equipages of worldly people; who openly and contemptuously violate the commands and precepts of God, which say, 'Let your adorning be not that outward adorning, of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' (1 Pet. iii. 3, 4) and, 'that you adorn yourselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided (or as it is in the margin plaited) hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good

works." 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10. 'Tis indeed to be lamented, (to use the words of a truly orthodox writer) that 'a soft luxurious course of habitual indulgence, is the practice of the bulk of modern Christians, and that constant moderation, that wholesome discipline of restraint and self-denial which are requisite to prevent the unperceived encroachments of the inferior appetites, seem altogether disused, as the exploded austerities of monkish superstition.' How necessary is it then, to adhere to the caution inculcated by one of the fathers of the primitive church, when he advises, 'Instead of gems and silk, let your young daughter be enamoured with the scriptures; wherein not gold, or skins, or Babylonian embroideries, but a correct and beautiful variety, producing faith, will recommend itself.' Was the Christian to take the scriptures alone for the rule of his faith and practice, how happy would it be for society! But what shall we say to the admirers of the *tyrant of fools*? O ye earthly, sensual carnally minded professors, however little you may think of Jesus now, yet there is a time coming, and you know not how soon it may arrive, when you will wish you had thought of Christ and the word of God more, and of your pleasures and superfluities less. Reader! if you be one of those who live in conformity to this world, and in the violation of the divine laws; whose delight is in extravagant dress, gay company, and vain amusements, remember, that they 'that are Christ's, have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts,' (Gal. v. 24.) That 'if any man love the world, or the things thereof, the love of the Father is not in him.' 1 John ii. 15. Is it not evident, therefore, if you love the pleasures of the world, and have not crucified the flesh with the affections, (or passions) and lusts thereof, that 'you are dead while you live,' and are consequently 'without hope, and without Christ in the world?' Surely, 'the wrath of God cometh on the children of disobedience,' Colos. iii. 6, and 'he will come to take vengeance on them that know him not, and obey not the gospel.' Why should you then disobey the precepts laid down in the word of life, by your adorning your perishing and corruptible body, after a pompous and arrogant manner, (as was before intimated) in the putting on of gold, pearls, precious stones, bracelets, broaches, vails, curls and costly array? Such adorning proceeds from pride of heart; for the pride of the heart is visibly seen by the outward conduct; 'God resisteth the proud,' James i. 6. and 'every one that is proud is an abomination to the Lord,' Proverbs xvi. 3. You may take it therefore for granted, that so long as you love dress, you cannot love God. But, shall I say to you, in the words of a pious divine, when speaking of the absurdity of what I have in this essay been reprobating? 'Go; clothe thyself in all the gay attire which the shuttle or needle can furnish, yet know, to the mortification of thy vanity, that the native elegance of a common daisy eclipses all this elaborate finery.'

### OUR SAVIOUR, AN EXAMPLE OF PRAYER.

ONE of the most remarkable traits in the character of our Lord is his devotedness to prayer. It behoved him to be a pattern of all excellence to our fallen race and we cannot fancy him to have been on earth without his fulfilling all righteousness. Much that he did has been necessarily untold. There is nothing told but what leads us to contemplate his life sufferings and death, with solemn and holy awe. At present I notice only his habitual *praying* to the Father. When he performs miracles he prays for the divine blessing—when he teaches morality he inculcates prayer—when he is under temptation, he prays—when he is in agony, he prays—and when he is in the ordinary course of duty, he retires often to pray. It is not for us to inquire into the nature of the communion which on such occasions our blessed Redeemer held with his Father. It is enough that we are assured of the fact that the Divine Saviour performed this duty, —and if he, during his humanity, found himself benefited and refreshed with this holy exercise, of how much more are we in need of such benefit? Of all the duties we are called on to discharge, this, while it is the one which has the richest variety of blessings promised, is the one, it is to be feared, which is most frequently neglected. Why is it so? There is only one answer. The retiring to self-examination and prayer brings us, as it were, to a personal interview with God. Our hearts condemn us; we dare not look up to Him with confidence, while we are conscious of neglecting his commandments, slighting his benefits, despising his grace, and esteeming lightly those things which should be our highest glory and

delight. Let not the thought of this pass away without serious resolution of amendment, and a casting of ourselves on his mercy through Him whose example we thus are called on to imitate; and who has encouraged us to the exercise, by adding many promises, which to those who seek in his name will be most amply realized.

### THE UNHAPPY.

WHEN a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No, we would express no word of censure on that prostrate spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious, is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who, without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labours for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, I could be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

But I must here remark a difference. There is a misfortune in which we see a higher hand, an inevitable fate; it is like a thunder stroke out of the clouds. But there are sufferings of another kind, of which the torture resembles a perpetual needle-pricking. These proceed from the hand of man; these arise in families, where married people, parents, children, only live with one another to make home a hell: there are the plagued and the plagues; it were difficult to say which were most worthy of pity;—the unhappy ones! The first kind of misfortune is most easy to endure. It is much, much easier to suffer under the hand of God than under that of man: Lightning from above gives death, or light and exhilaration; the prick from the hand of man wastes away life like a slow cancer; it embitters the heart—bitterness is the sinroom of deliverance—There is an angel patience which blunts the wounding point, which sanctifies the sufferer under his pangs and at length improves others by this means. There is Socratic courage which converts all Xantippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains which it finds too heavy to be borne. Many a tormented one proves himself, but he proves himself before a higher eye; he may, if he will, prevent his heart becoming embittered, for that is the worst that can happen to him.

### TEMPERANCE.

THE PRISONER.—He had committed no crime, (the brand of the felon was not on his brow, but yet strong, mighty chains bound him, and the iron hand of a proud victor was laid upon him. His body was bowed down with the weight of the shackles which held him, and his soul was crushed with a misery the free know nothing of. There are prisoners whom the deep dungeon hold, and on whom the light of day never breaks, yet none are so strongly bound as the prisoner of whom we speak. They may let the soul fly away from the dungeon, and let thoughts visit the scene of former years, but the chains which bind the prisoner hold the immortal soul in bondage, as strongly as the body. The prisoner bound in iron chains may drink at the fountains of learning and wisdom; may hope, that though in this life bound in a dark prison house, in a future world the free spirit can soar to a home where all are free alike, and bask in the beams of a never setting sun; but the prisoner in soul bondage has no hope for the future, and in his dreams of death no angels of mercy visit his soul, but spirits of evil beckon him to a home where misery ever reigns. This life is full of wo; and the future overflowing with bitterness. Men may pity the prisoner of the dismal cell, but how much more to be pitied is the prisoner of *Rum*. For even him there is a star of hope, and a way is opened by which his chains may burst, and his body and soul made