

THE DELIGHTS OF BENEVOLENCE.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress ; if there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.—*Bacon.*

SOLEMN INQUIRIES.

In what state did my soul come into the world ?
 What condition is my soul in now ?
 What will become of me if I should lose my soul ?
 What would be my doom if God should this night require my soul ?
 Ought not the salvation of my soul to be my chief business and concern?

LONGING FOR GOD.

Of a small handful of outward things, I am ready to say, "It is enough." But that which I long passionately for, is a large heart, full of God in Jesus Christ. Thou art my sun ; the best of creatures are but stars, deriving the lustre they have from thee. Did not thy light make day in my heart, I should languish for them all in a perpetual night of dissatisfaction.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

Poetry.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

BY THOMAS RAGG.

'Twas a beautiful morning, a bright, calm sea,
 And the boat to the shore drove mournfully ;
 I saw the poor wretches, like sheep from a fold,
 Dragg'd forth to the market, like beasts, to be sold ;
 And I mark'd their distracted and hopeless air,
 As the tear stood in many a dark eye there.
 But one couple I watch'd more than all the rest,
 For to me they appear'd the most distress'd ;
 And as oft as a buyer's slow steps came near,
 They would gaze on each other with silent fear,
 Which look interchang'd said, in frenzy's tone,
 "If they rob me of thee, every hope is gone."