

dwarfed, stupified, almost annihilated? Alas! was this too a Breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded? That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does.—*Curlye.*

#### THE NATIONAL PRAYER OF POLAND.

I.

O Lord, who for so many centuries didst surround Poland with the magnificence of power and glory, who didst cover her with the shield of Thy protection when our armies overcame the enemy, at Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

II.

O Lord, who has been touched by the woes of our injured land, and hast guided the martyrs of our sacred cause; who hast granted to us, among many other nations, the standard of courage, of unblemished honour; at Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

III.

Thou, whose eternally just hand crushes the

empty pride of the powerful of the earth, in spite of the enemy vilely murdering and oppressing, breathe hope into every Polish breast! At Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

IV.

May the cross which has been insulted in the hands of Thy ministers give us constant strength under our sufferings! May it inspire us in the day of battle with faith that above us soars the spirit of the Redeemer! At Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

V.

In the name of His commandments, we all unite as brothers. Hasten, O Lord, the moment of resurrection! Bless with liberty those who mourn in slavery! At Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us O Lord, our free country!

VI.

Give back to our Poland her ancient splendour! Look upon our fields soaked with blood! When shall peace and happiness bloom among us? At Thy altar we raise our prayer; deign to restore us, O Lord, our free country!

## Sabbath Readings.

### THE CARELESS SINNER.\*

The careless sinner, whatever may be the depth of his insensibility, is in a condition of imminent danger. His God is angry with him. A frail life that cannot, on the most favourable supposition, long survive, is all that separates him from inevitable ruin—misery beyond the power of man to conceive. Yet, for the most part, he is quite unconscious of the evil that impends over him. He pursues the business of life and mingles in its enjoyments without foreboding. While angels watch his career with benevolent solicitude, and good men interpose their frequent remonstrances and their fervent prayers, he is amusing himself with dreams of safety and joy, and is as indifferent to the real peril in which his eternal interests are placed, as the man who is sunk in the profoundest slumber.

How natural it is for man to interpret the feeling of security which possesses him, even when most delusive, into an argument for its reality. When the flood came upon the world, they were marrying and giving in marriage, whirled in the vortex of customary cares and pleasures at the very moment when the fountains of the great deep were breaking up to overwhelm them. The morning dawned with its wonted radiance upon the Cities of the Plain on that day which witnessed their dreadful overthrow, and how many are there, at this moment, on the verge of the severest calamities, who are inwardly soothing themselves with the hope that "to-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." This delusion

is as natural as it is universal. In the actual possession of good, we anticipate its continuance; and we are unable, except by a constrained effort, to contemplate a reverse. The gladness which fills the heart puts far away the day of darkness; and, busied with his own fond dreams, the dreamer discerns not the gathering cloud that indicates the storm, and the crash, and the ruin. If this spirit of delusion prevail, even in regard to temporal evil, though most familiar and striking to our observation, far more does it prevail in regard to spiritual and eternal evil. The careless, unawakened sinner can scarcely, by any exposition, be brought to realize this danger at all. How few, even among those whose speculative creed is orthodox enough, have any true sense of what is involved in the anger of God. The displeasure of an earthly superior creates more pain! How many who profess to believe that the wicked will be turned into hell, and are inwardly convinced that they belong to this class, yet are far less affected by such a doom impending, than by the most trivial mischance of a temporal kind that they have lately sustained. Serious, reflecting men wonder at this inconsistency between feeling and creed, this indifference about our highest interests. We wonder, at times, why we are not more impressed with what we believe; how it comes that we are so afflicted when we have given causeless offence to a friend, and yet offend God with so little compunction, how bitterly we feel the loss of some temporal benefit, and yet submit to the privation of a spiritual one without pain, how the mere idea of imprisonment for life should awaken feelings allied to madness and despair, while the actual threatening of everlasting banish-

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