

away from beholding vanity. O vain man, will you rob God of his glory, and say such presumption as this. Holy in heart and in life! The Pulpit says it is not to be talked of on all occasions. The Pew says, I never expect this perfection here. When, brother, do you expect it, at the last hour of life, when pain racks the frame? Is that the time? God's time is *now*. You mistaken church members, hush your formal songs; they are an abomination to the Lord! Hush, you shouting woman! Believers too much excited don't suit doctors' wives, nor storekeepers' wives, nor men mechanics. Woman, you may go too far in this religion. I ask, Did Bunyan go too far when he put his fingers in his ears, and went away from the company, shouting "Life, life; eternal life?" Don't you know there are humble Christians always bewailing their short comings and heart wanderings? Why is this? They are all the time saying, I wish I had this holiness! But if I had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine, and keep it safe in the heart, wrapped up, and not profess it so loud that any one would hear it; and when cloudy days come, have it in store; then, it would be worth having. But, says one, if I have to wear it outside, and let people know I profess it, that sort of holiness won't do for me, for the world will expect holy living on my part; and I have so much to contend with in the world; and dress and drink and self, in a word, sin of every kind; but worse than all this, love of applause, this man-slayer—for it has slain its thousands. Farewell, for the present, to the Pulpit and the Pew.

By-and-By.

Is thy head drooping low with heavy sorrow?
Does thy life seem a dreary blank or woe?
Is thy heart full of fears about to-morrow?
Dost thy bitter cup seem to overflow?