

to God they may be disguised with, there is a swelling of the 'fleshy mind' against Infinite understanding. Such mixtures have not been blest by God. As He did not prosper the mixtures of several kinds of creatures to form and multiply a new species, as being a dissatisfaction with His wisdom as Creator, so He doth not prosper mixtures in worship, as being a conspiracy against His wisdom as a lawgiver. * * * Such as make alterations in religion, different from the first institution, are intolerable busy bodies, that will not let God alone with His own affairs. Vain man would be wiser than his Maker, and would be dabbling in that which is His sole prerogative."

PAINE AND PAYSON:
OR
THE INFIDEL AND THE CHRISTIAN.

An authentic letter, circulated throughout the United States, contains an account of the last hours of the infidel Paine, by the nurse who had been employed to take care of him during his last illness. From it we make the following extract:—"He is truly to be pitied. His cries when he is left alone are heart-rending. 'O Lord, help me!' he will exclaim during his paroxysms of distress, 'God help me! Jesus Christ help me,' repeating the same expressions without the least variation, in a tone of voice that would alarm the house. Sometimes he will say 'O God, what have I done to suffer so much,' then shortly after, 'But there is no God,' and again a little after, 'Yet if there should be, what would become of me hereafter?' Thus he will continue for some time when on a sudden he will scream as if in terror and agony, and call out for me by name. On one of these occasions, which are very frequent, I went to him and inquired what he wanted. 'Stay with me,' he replied, 'for God's sake, for I cannot bear to be left alone.' I often observed that I could not always be with him, as I had much to attend to in the house. 'Then,' said he, 'send even a child to stay with me, for it is a hell to be alone.' I never saw, she continued, a more unhappy, a more forsaken man. It seems he cannot reconcile himself to die."

Contrast with such a scene the deathbed of Payson. To some young friends whom he invited to visit him he said:—"My young friends, you will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking; and as it has been my special employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wish to tell you what a precious pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I feel desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth,—a family to which I am strongly attached, and the people whom I love almost as well; but the other world acts like a magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body.