

over the Lord's bright light. I could mention another, whose prayers deceived even the very elect, now contending for balls, plays, reading novels. Passing over many others, I could come nearer home ; and remember letters full of the one subject by one who never meant to deceive or could bend to deceive in his life, the glory of whose character is and was openness to an extreme. It was not hypocrisy ; he really admired and joined in it, and continued long to join in every way religious society, church going, reading with and arguing with his wife, even attending the catechising the poor ; and though his kindness, and love, and affection are as devoted as ever, is it happiness not to be able to speak of your Beloved, who occupies, or should occupy, your every thought, without exciting the strongest expressions of disapprobation ? Is it happiness to have no communion with one always with you—he despising your pursuits, you not relishing his ? Is it happiness, while rejoicing in the glorious promises yourself, to feel your very joy your greatest grief, in being reminded that he who is dearer to you than your own soul has no part or lot in the matter, fearful every time he goes out, knowing he is without God, and consequently without hope in such a world ? Is this a highly-coloured picture ? Alas ! no. How far short of what most endure ! How often is it persecution ! how often separation from every means of grace, every exertion, a drawing and quartering of affection—duties