

for your pattern. Let your words be few and well chosen, and let these be put forth in that earnestness becoming children of the light; and let your private devotions be frequent and fervent. Better occupy ten minutes at two different times than ten minutes at once. Let us, dear reader, if ignorant of how to perform this duty, go with the disciples to Jesus, and ask him in his word, "Lord, teach us to pray."

J. ASH.

### VOLTAIRE AND HALYBURTON.

*From a little book, entitled, "the Bible True."*

I WILL contrast the feelings of the prince of infidelity with those of an humble yet learned and pious servant of God.

Voltaire says, "Who can, without horror, consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds also with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces through the air, and earth, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows he must die. If he enjoys a transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative. Other animals have it not. He spends the transient moment of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow-creatures for pay; in cheating and being cheated; robbing and being robbed; in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcases than men. I tremble at the review of this dreadful picture, and find it contains a complaint against Providence itself. *I wish I had never been born.*" This is the testimony of him whom kings courted and nations flattered. This is the sum of all to him, "I wish I had never been born."

Turn we now to Halyburton, a good man, who loved his Maker and his maker's word. In the midst of pain he said, "I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise him for ever and ever. O, the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet and ravishing. O, how I wonder at myself that I do not love him more, and that I do not adore him more. What a wonder that I enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself. What mercy, that having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul. I long for his salvation, I bless his name that I have found him, and I die rejoicing in him. O,