

it. He will mourn for his misery, not for his guilt. He will hate God for ever, more and more, but he will never be grieved that he has sinned against him. The presence of Jesus gives all the peace which eternity can bring to man. He goes from the throne of Jesus, cast out from his presence for ever. The compassion of God shines upon him no more. He looks around upon others, without comfort. He is alone in the midst of a multitude. Without sympathy or support, he sinks into the abyss of eternal sorrow and despair. There is before him no ray of hope. He lies under the everlasting condemnation and curse of an avenging God.—Without the possible attainment of relief, he has this at the Lord's hands, that he lies down in sorrow. It is an eternity of darkness—an eternity without Christ. A fearful, awful doom! Oh, may every reader think of it, and flee from it—AN ETERNITY WITHOUT CHRIST!

MOTIVES TO THANKFULNESS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT HARRIS, 1630.

We have blessings private, as many as soul and body, house and field, field and town, town and country can hold. We have blessings public and national beyond number. Other nations bleed; we sleep: others beg; we abound: others starve; we surfeit: others grope in the dark; our sun still shines: others are disjointed and dismembered; they are members without heads, heads without bodies; forlorn men, without law, without Gospel, without churches, or teachers, or books. We have all: Magistrates, Ministers, laws, trades, schools, churches, towns, all, and all of the best: of rulers the best; of courts the best; of law the best; of books the best; of sermons the best; of air, fire, and water, all the best. And can we not yet see matter of thankfulness?

An objector will perhaps say, "O but these blessings are far off. They concern not me in particular."

Do they not? Have we not all our private interests in the public weal? But speak in good earnest. Hast thou no particular favours? no blessings to acknowledge?

"Yes; but where are they?"

Nay; where are they not? Thou hast eyes: ask the blind whether they be not a blessing. Thou hast ears: ask the deaf whether they be not a blessing. Thou hast a tongue: what does the dumb inan think of that? Thou hast hands, feet, wits, limbs, life: mercies enow betwixt head and foot to fill a volume. Is all this nothing? Nay, tell me, which way canst thou look, but thou