

my prayer, he saw my distress and filled my soul with love, and bade me go in peace. 'Lord! what a wavering, inconstant soul am I! Sometimes I feel thy love,—I behold thy fulness,—I see thee altogether lovely,—and conclude that I shall never doubt thy love again. But no sooner does the storm come on—the winds blow—and the seas run high—than I begin to doubt; and the more I doubt, the more I sink, and should perish altogether, if thou didst not stretch out thine arm to me, as thou didst to sinking Peter.' However, these temptations from the enemy confirmed me the more, for proportional comforts always followed them; if my distress was great, my deliverance was greater. This, I find, has been the case to the present time. I now went on my way rejoicing.

Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me!
On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

Every thing conspired to make me happy. Whether I looked upon the heavens above, or the earth beneath, they sparkled with the Creator's glory; all creation seemed to smile upon my soul, and speak its Maker's praise. The fields broke forth into singing, and the trees clapped their hands. The glory of Lebanon was given unto them—the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, because the glory of God, and the excellency of our God. In man and beast, I saw the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, shine conspicuously. I was filled with wonder, and felt the utmost tenderness and love for every creature God had made. With glowing admiration I have beheld, and with grateful praise confessed, the inimitable skill of his all-creating hand in the formation of a fly, and the painting of a flower. More especially when I considered,—'This is not barely the work of God, but of my God, my father, and my friend.' When I reflected on death, judgment, heaven, or even hell, it filled me with comfort; but above all—at the name of Jesus, my heart took fire, and kindled into love."

We have inserted this account of Mr. Black's conversion entire, because it affords so striking a proof of the reality of experimental religion, and accounts satisfactorily for that ardent love he afterwards felt for the salvation of perishing souls, and the burning zeal he evinced in the spread of the Redeemer's Kingdom. No minister can feel as he ought for the welfare of his fellow men, and rightly, fully, and successfully discharge the duties of his high and holy office, except he is from personal experience acquainted with the plan of salvation. True conversion is a *sine qua non* in the qualifications of the ministerial character.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRD-MESSENGER. The imagination never conceived a more exquisite picture of beauty, than the dove of the ark gliding towards Ararat with the olive branch, over the still, solitary, measureless surface of the waters, gazing down upon its own shadow, and listening to the music made by its own wings.

DEATH.—Death is the great treasure house of love. There lies buried the real wealth of passion and of youth; there the heart, once so prodigal, now grown the miser, turns to contemplate the hoards it has hidden from the world. Henceforth, it is but the common and petty coins of affection that it wastes on the use and things of life.

Original Communications.

THE PRESENT LIFE CONSIDERED IN REFERENCE TO ETERNITY.

It is an important truth, theoretically believed, yet not generally acted upon, that this life has reference to another. The mere probability of a future state of existence is sufficient to awaken in the minds of the subjects of it a very anxious concern respecting the character of that state, whether it will be one of happiness or misery; and in proportion to the doubtfulness which surrounded the subject, it might reasonably be supposed, would be the anxiety experienced. Various are the arguments, derived from analogy and other probable sources, in favour of the immortality of the human soul, and of a future state of rewards and punishments: but the matter is now fully set at rest, and the strongest assurance given of the absolute truthfulness of the doctrines mentioned, and which at the very best, were viewed but as probable, by Socrates, Plato, and other distinguished pagan Philosophers. "Life and immortality" have been "brought to light through the Gospel"; and it is now made a matter of direct and authoritative revelation that man is immortal—immortal not by the constitution of nature, but by the will and appointment of his Creator. It is not, therefore, an optional matter, whether or not, we will exist hereafter—exist we must—existence, in another state, is bound upon us as an inalienable inheritance—it is something that we cannot possibly shake off. There is something very solemn and affecting in this thought, that the remotest ages imaginable of eternity, so to speak, will witness our conscious being,—that tho', over the graves of our bodies, the sun, and moon, and stars, will rise, and set, our deathless spirits will witness their decay and destruction, and be present at their obsequies, and then shall continue to live for ever and ever! The thought is affecting, even were we conscious of the future state being to us a happy state: how much more so is it, when, there is a probability of the reverse of this being the case, and of eternity, with its interminable ages, proving to us painful and miserable in the extreme!—This possibility is not a chimera—an offspring of fancy—a mere dogma of hard-hearted religionists. The Scriptures of Truth reveal it—and decide, beyond all successful contradiction, that men, in certain circumstances, possessed of certain dispositions, guilty of certain actions entering into eternity with these unchanged and unforgiven, shall "perish", and "go away into everlasting punishment." This punishment is not an arbitrary act of the Great Creator—results not from any supposed sovereign decree, dooming them, "or ever they were born," to this state of remediless woe, God forbid that we should for a moment entertain so dishonourable, so cruel, so horrifying an idea of that merciful and just Being, who has solemnly asseverated, that *He has no pleasure in the death of the wicked, and is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.* The future misery of the