

And then ask them, before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one that has done a thousandth part as much good in making men happy on earth, and in guiding them in the way to heaven, and that will be the greatest poser of all to them.

Depend upon it, this course will be better than wrangling and jangling about sticks and straws, losing your temper and feeling yourself outwitted into the bargain by the borrowed conceits of silly coxcombs, whose hearts and whose heads are equally empty.

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### SELF-DELUSIONS.

It is a wonder, how full of shifts nature is ; ready to turn over all good purposes. If we think of death, she suggests secretly, 'Tush ! it shall not come yet : ' if of judgment for sin ; ' this concerns not thee ; it shall not come at all : ' if of heaven, and our labour to reach it ; ' trouble not thyself ; it will come soon enough alone.' Address thyself to pray ; ' it is yet unseasonable ; stop for a better opportunity : ' to give alms ; ' thou knowest not thine own future wants : ' to reprove ; ' what needest thou thrust thyself into wilful hatred ? ' Every good action hath his let. He can never be good, that is not resolute.—*Bishop Hall.*

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### REAL FEELING IN PRAYER.

Real want and real feeling are always expressed with brevity and simplicity. When there are many words, it is obvious that the care is for words. When there is real concern, the only desire is to express it as directly and clearly as possible.

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### THE CRUCIFIXION.

I asked the heavens—" What foe to God hath done  
This unexampled deed ?" The heavens exclaim,  
" 'Twas man :—and we in horror snatch'd the sun  
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."  
I asked the sea—the sea in fury boiled,  
And answer'd with his voice of storms—" 'Twas man :  
My waves in panic at his crimes recoiled,  
Disclosed th' abyss, and from the centre ran."  
I ask'd the earth—the earth replied, aghast,  
" 'Twas man ;—and such strange pangs my bosom rent,  
That still I groan and shudder at the past."  
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,  
And asked him next : he turned a scornful eye,  
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.