

dency to a chronic recurrence on Wednesdays and Sundays, and the weather has a similar unfortunate regularity in its variations. The neglect multiplies itself so fast and so unconsciously that when roused to a sense of our condition we can hardly realize the extent and rapidity of our decline.

And if no one was hurt but yourself, it might be less matter. But such influence is frightfully infectious. It spreads with marvellous rapidity. It must hurt your own children, they will grow up in a chronic scepticism as to the reality of your faith in Jesus. It must hurt your ungodly neighbors, they will be confirmed in their belief that religion is only a decent formality. It must hurt your Christian brethren; if one member suffers, the whole body suffers with it. It must hurt your minister; it discourages the bravest to see their labors have no more effect than water spilt upon the sand. I beseech you, as you hope for God's mercy here and hereafter, to awake out of sleep, to be no more faithless, but believing, and from this time forward to seek for the glory of God by patient continuance in well doing.

Poetry.

SUDDEN DEATH—SUDDEN GLORY.

Three eminently good ministers in England, Mr. Hall, father of the celebrated Robert Hall, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Christian, attended a ministers' meeting at Sutton, Leicestershire. After a day of interesting services, they passed the evening together in social fellowship. Among other subjects of profitable conversation one of them proposed the passage in Job ix. 23: "If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent." When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to give his views, he spoke with unusual feeling. He regarded the passage as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was dwelling largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it should be attended, when, amid a flood of rapturous tears, he was seen to falter, and while the words were passing from his lips he expired, and that "happy surprise" was his own experience.

Edmeston, the poet, availed himself of the profound impression produced by the event to write the following beautiful lines:

WHICH is the happiest death to die?
"Oh," said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain:
A death which all might love to see,
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!