

insinuating melancholy thoughts, dark and sombre and terrifying thoughts, gloomy apprehensions and fears. We *wrestle* with spiritual wickedness in high places.

Death is a gloomy thing; to die is a solemn thing. Have we, do we never have any misgiving here? Have we no conflict or times to bring the great salvation in reference to death within the grasp of a victorious faith. Our feelings, our apprehensions become keenly sensitive here, and require a strong, hearty, vigorous confidence in God to enable us to sing with Thomas Olivers—

“ I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace,
For evermore.”

The righteous are scarcely, or with difficulty, saved; but they ARE saved. *Strive* to enter in at the straight gate, for many will *seek* to enter in but shall not be able.

What a consolation to know that in the midst of this struggle and conflict for life it is written, “My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”

What a motive the text supplies for prayer, watchfulness, and a holy discriminating walk. How solemn the inquiry, how suggestive the appeal. If the righteous are saved with difficulty, what will become of the ungodly and the sinner, where will they appear? If such diligence, and care, and Divine help are needed to secure the salvation of the righteous, what will be the end of those who obey not the Gospel?

“ What shall I do to keep
The blessed hope I feel,
Still let me pray, and watch and weep,
And serve thy pleasure still :
O may I never grieve
My kind, long suffering Lord,
But steadfastly to Jesus cleave,
And answer all his word.”

W.

THE COURTESIES OF LIFE.—William Wirt's letter to his daughter on the “small sweet courtesies of life” contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned:—I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, “who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.” And the whole world would serve you so if you gave them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies, in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.