

bear in mind, that elevated piety, like the illumination of the face of Moses, will give them the strongest evidences of their divine call to preach the Gospel, and will supply them with that unction and power in the delivery of their message, which the greatest natural talents cannot yield, and which the highest acquisitions cannot impart. That Gospel minister who holds habitual communion with God, and in consequence of which, possesses extraordinary holiness, will ever carry about him undeniable proofs of his call to the blessed work of the ministry; and such an unction will attend the word when preached by him, that will effectually stop the mouth of every gainsayer. The minister who lives very near to God, has nothing to fear, for the Lord will open his way before him, and give him favour in the sight of the people. He may be surrounded with difficulties, and opposed by men of perverse minds, who hold the truth in unrighteousness, but habitual communion with God, will make him as bold as a lion. This, and this only, will give him a zeal which the greatest labours and difficulties cannot tire, and a love which all the waters of opposition cannot quench. But if this be neglected, the right eye will soon be dried up, and the right arm withered. The man will be shorn of his strength, and Ichabod may be engraven upon his forehead.

The Illumination of the face of Moses shadowed forth the surpassing glory of Christ, and prefigured the superlative excellency of his glorious Gospel.—There was scarcely any person or circumstance connected with the Levitical dispensation that did not refer in some way or other to Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness, to every one that believeth. The illumination of the face of Moses shadowed forth the glory of that Redeemer, who was to supersede Moses in the house of God, not as a servant but as the Son, the owner of the house. And when Christ was illuminated on the Mount of Transfiguration, his glory far surpassed that of Moses, when the skin of his face shone, for "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white and glittering—was white as the light." Thus he that was made glorious had no glory by reason of this glory which excelleth; and Christ was thus transfigured, "that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." But the illumination of the face of Moses more particularly prefigured the superlative excellency of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. Yes, it was a faint resemblance of the glory of that dispensation which was to be introduced when his law was abolished; and the veil over his face, showed at once, that in the law, that glory was concealed—(see 2 Corinthians iii.) By contrasting the law, with the gospel, the superlative excellency of the latter, pre-eminently appears. The law which Moses gave, when the skin of his face shone, was the dispensation of the letter, which killeth; but the gospel is the dispensation of the Spirit which giveth life. The law was the ministration of condemnation and death, but the gospel is the ministration of righteousness and of the Spirit. The law pointed out the duty of man, and denounced the curse upon those who failed in their duty; but the gospel shows how the breach may be repaired, and the curse avoided. The law was written upon tables of stone, but the gospel is engraven upon the fleshly tables of men's hearts. The law was given by the disposition of angels, but the gospel was given by Christ, who is the Lord of angels. The law was only the shadow of good things to come, but the gospel is the substance of the good things promised. The law contained in ordinances was to be abolished, but the gospel is to continue until the end of time; and is therefore called the everlasting gospel. The law concealed the glory of God, that is, Christ was veiled by types and shadows; but the gospel reveals the glory of the Lord, and makes known the mystery of love, which is God manifest in the flesh, Christ in you, the hope of glory. In the law, all was dim, and hard to be understood; for life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel. "And we all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Therefore it is evident, that the gospel dispensation far exceeds in glory that law which Moses

gave, when his face was illuminated; and that superior privileges are enjoyed under the gospel, than what were enjoyed under the law.

Reader, do you prize your gospel privileges? Can you rejoice in that inward and spiritual illumination of which the apostle speaks in the verse above quoted? Your face may not shine as the face of Moses did, but have you the moral image of God stamped upon your soul? This you may have. Every individual who asks this illumination will receive it. Moses only was allowed to hold converse with God upon Mount Sinai, and therefore his face only shone; but all may, if they will hold communion with God upon Mount Zion; and therefore all may have his likeness indelibly impressed upon their hearts. And O, how sweet it is to hold communion with God! No tongue can express the happiness arising from communion with the Father of lights. My dear Reader, if you wish to be happy—unspeakably happy, if you wish to be useful in your day & generation, and if you desire to have a good name, which is better than precious ointment, live in habitual communion with God. "That which we have seen and heard, and felt, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." 1 John i. 3, 4.

"I HAVE SEEN AN END OF ALL PERFECTION."

I HAVE seen a man in the glory of his days, and the pride of his strength. He was built like the tall cedar that lifts its head above the forest trees—like the strong oak that strikes its root deeply into the earth. He feared no danger—he felt no sickness—he wondered that any should groan or sigh at pain. His mind was vigorous, like his body; he was perplexed at no intricacy—he was daunted at no difficulty; into hidden things he searched, and what was crooked he made plain. He went forth fearlessly upon the face of the mighty deep; he surveyed the nations of the earth; he measured the distances of the stars, and called them by their names; he gloried in the extent of his knowledge, in the vigour of his understanding, and strove to search even into what the Almighty had concealed. And when I looked on him, I said, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!"

I returned—his look was no more lofty, nor his step proud; his broken frame was like some ruined tower; his hairs were white and scattered: and his eye gazed vacantly upon what was passing around him. The vigour of his intellect was wasted, and of all that he had gained by study, nothing remained. He feared when there was no danger, and when there was no sorrow he wept. His memory was decayed and treacherous, and showed him only broken images of the glory that was departed. His house was to him like a strange land, and his friends were counted as his enemies; and he thought himself strong and healthful while his foot tottered on the verge of the grave. He said of his son—"He is my brother," and he inquired what was his own name. And one who supported his last steps, and ministered to his many wants, said to me, as I looked on the melancholy scene, "Let thine heart receive instruction, for thou hast seen an end of all earthly perfection."

I have seen a beautiful female treading the first stages of youth, and entering joyfully into the pleasures of life. The glance of her eye was variable and sweet, and on her cheek trembled something like the first blush of the morning; her lips moved, and there was harmony; and when she floated in the dance, her light form, like the aspen, seemed to move with every breeze.

I returned—but she was not in the dance; I sought her in the gay circle of her companions, but I found her not. Her eye sparkled not there—the music of her voice was silent—she rejoiced on earth no more. I saw a train, sable and slow-paced, who bore sadly to an opened grave what once was animated and beautiful. They paused as they approached, and a voice

broke the awful silence. "Mingle ashes with ashes, and dust with its original dust. To the earth, whence it was taken, consign we the body of our sister."—They covered her with the damp soil and the cold clods of the valley; and the worms crawled in to her silent abode. Yet one sad mourner lingered, to cast himself upon the grave; and as he wept he said, "There is no beauty, or grace, or loveliness, that continueth in man; for this is the end of all his glory and perfection."

I have seen an infant with a fair brow, and a frame like polished ivory. Its limbs were pliant in its sports; it rejoiced and again it wept; but whether its glowing cheek dimpled with smiles, or its blue eye was brilliant with tears, still I said to my heart, "It was like the first pure blossom, which some cherished plant has shot forth, whose cup is filled with a dewdrop, and whose head reclines upon its parent stem."

I again saw this child when the lamp of reason first dawned in its mind. Its soul was gentle and peaceful; its eye sparkled with joy, as it looked round on this good and pleasant world. It ran swiftly in the ways of knowledge; it bowed its ear to instruction—it stood like a lamb before its teachers. It was not proud, or envious, or stubborn; and it had never heard of the vices and vanities of the world. And when I looked upon it, I remembered that our Saviour had said, "Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

But the scene was changed, and I saw a man whom the world called honourable, and many waited for his smile. They pointed out the fields that were his, and talked of the silver and gold that he had gathered; they admired the stateliness of his domes, and extolled the honour of his family. And his heart answered secretly, "By my wisdom have I gotten this;" so he returned no thanks to God, neither did he fear or serve him. And as I passed along, I heard the complaints of the laborers who had reaped down his fields, and the cries of the poor, whose covering he had taken away; but the sound of feasting and revelry was in his apartment, and the unfed beggar came tottering from his door. But he considered not that the cries of the oppressed were continually entering into the ears of the Most High. And when I knew that this man was once the teachable child that I had loved, the beautiful infant that I had gazed upon with delight, I said in my bitterness, "I have seen an end of all perfection;" and I laid my mouth in the dust.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE CONFIDENCE OF A CHRISTIAN.—The righteous seem to lie by, in the bosom of the earth, as a weary pilot in some well sheltered creek, till all the storms which infest this lower world are blown over. Here they enjoy safe anchorage, are in no danger of foundering amidst the waves of prevailing iniquity, or of being shipwrecked on the rocks of any powerful temptation. But ere long we shall behold them hoisting their flag of hope, riding before a sweet gale of atoning merit and redeming love, till they make, with all the sails of an assured faith, the blessed port of an eternal life.—*Rev. H. Harvey.*

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—Among the many fine passages of that excellent book, the "History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," we find the following burst of eloquence.

"Providence has resources the world knows not of. The gospel, like the fabled bird of antiquity, contains within itself a principle of life which the flames can never reach, and from the ashes in which it seemed to lie extinguished, it springs afresh, pure and vigorous as ever. Often when the storm is at its height, when the fiery bolt of persecution and enduring impenetrable darkness seemed to have closed over it—even at that moment there comes a gleam of light, and announces a great deliverance at hand."

RELIGION AND LITERATURE.—"I fear much," said Luther, "that the Universities will be found great gates leading down to hell, unless they take diligent care to explain the Holy Scriptures, and to engrave them in the hearts of our youth. I would not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution where God's word is not diligently studied, must become corrupt."