

God turns full upon his foes: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, there ye shall be prepared for the devil and his angels." But I return: and, blessed be God, I still find myself on praying ground, and my dear hearers about me. This is not the judgment-day. But, my beloved friends, I expect soon to meet you at that bar, and give an account of my labours among you to-day. It is in full view of that awful scene that I am speaking thus to you. I would not have you perish; but if you perish, I would clear my garments of your blood.—*leaves* *Dr. Griffin.*

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### A WIFE.

"When a man of sense," says Mrs. Hannah More, "comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance. It is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, gratify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children."

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### SATURDAY EVENING.

The scenes of the day are closing: its busy fancies, its distracting cares, its toils and excitements, are giving place to calmer thoughts, to solemn reflection, and to the whispers of conscience. The shadows of eternity are mingling with the scenes of time; a sense of accountability oppresses me: the mind begins to survey its inner world with awe; the value of the soul, its relation to God, and its approach to eternity. Behind me is another week, or, at perhaps, in the vanities of earth: before me is a reproving Sabbath, with its solemn demands, its precious opportunities, its means of grace.

The flight of time for a moment arrests my attention: how fugitive and stealthy have been its hours, now brightened by hope, and then darkened by real or prospective gloom! But they have passed, their record is sealed, and I have advanced another week in my journey to the tomb.

The thought of death succeeds: there is a rapidly-approaching hour when my probation will end, and my eternal state commence. How deep and awful is the shadow which it casts over life! how