

rectify my judgement, that I may confidently resolve those doubts which my understanding cannot determine : sanctify my will, that I may wisely choose that good which my deceived heart cannot desire : fortify my resolution, that I may constantly embrace that choice which my inconstancy cannot hold : waken the strength of my corrupted nature, that I may struggle with my lusts, and strive against the base rebellions of my flesh.

Strengthen the weakness of my dejected spirit, that I may conquer myself, and still withstand the assaults of mine own corruption : moderate my delight in the things of this world, and keep my desires within the limits of thy will ; let the points of my thoughts be directed to thee, and let my hopes rest in the assurance of thy favour : let not the fear of worldly loss dismay me, nor let the loss of the world's favour daunt me : let my joy in thee exceed all worldly grief, and let not the love of thee expel all carnal fear ; let the multitudes of my offences be hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reproachfulness of that death which thy Son suffered for my sake enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake : let not my sin against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sin ; and let the necessity of my offences be swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits : let not the fullness of my transgressions lead me to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despair.

Fix in my heart a filial love, that I may love thee as a father, and remove all servile fear from me, that thou mayest behold me as a son. Be thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to displease thee ; that being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promise, die in the fulness of thy favour, and rise to the inheritance of an everlasting kingdom."

POETRY.

" OUR LAST SUNSET.

Is there not something sweet, and awful too,
 In the last sunset of our mortal life ?
 Times countless has the glorious orb described
 Its course above our heads ; measuring the days
 Of careless infancy, of riper youth—
 But now it doth descend the 'atrest time
 —To rise above our graves ! Not that in setting
 It giveth to us any farewell sign—
 The feeling of the change is with ourselves.
 I long since had a friend who died in youth,
 And so it chanced that as his life was ebbing,
 The star of day was also in decline,
 Coincident with his own. At his desire
 They placed him near the window, where he sat
 Gazing upon the cloudless majesty
 With which it fell into the occident,
 Unconscious meanwhile of the matchless glory
 Of his own imminent death. For as it sank
 Even then—he fell upon his father's shoulder,
 And there expired !—So was it death with neither.
 The sun was glorious in a nether world,
 And he was perfect in the highest heavens !"

McCRIE.