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THE MARTYR'S TEMPTATION.

Cease, Tempter, cease! I would not live The scorned of earth, the loathed of Heaven, For all that Cæsar's hand hath given, For all that Rome could give. Since, how could pomp, and power, and pride,
Avail to banish from mine eye
The Cross for which I vowed to die—
The Cross I had denied;—
Or teach me, though my limbs were free,
To bear the spirit's slavery?—

Yet to mine eye, 'mid darkness dim, How welcome were the light of heaven; How sweet to feel the chains were riven, That bind each aching limb! How sweet, unshackled all and free, To feel once more the light breeze blow; To gaze around, above, below, On earth, and sky, and sea!-O! pomp and pride are nought to me, But my soul yearns for liberty.

And wilt thou give the summer gale A moment through my cell to play? And wilt thou give the summer ray, That gilds my native vale,
To glad me with its genial beam—
And dost thou this in merey?—No!— I see the guile that lurks below; And vainly dost thou dream
That I would quit my hopes on high,
And barter heaven for liberty.

Cease, then! my heart is changeless still;-Though chains awhile my limbs control, Mine is the freedom of the soul, And mine th' unconquered will. Yes—thou art more a slave than I; I can but bear a despot's yoke, Till death shall rend with welcome shock The spirit's earthly tie.
But, false one! then, when I am free, But, false one: then,
Begins thine endless slavery.

REV. THOMAS DALE.

ALLUSIONS TO THE SECOND ADVENT, IN THE WRITINGS OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

The ruling faculty of his mind was a love of the beautiful, but he possessed, in an eminent degree, the element of the terrible. His works afford innumerable examples, but four will be sufficient. The impenitent sinner, passing out of life, "appears with a spirit amazed and confounded to be seen among the angels of light, with the shadows of the works of darkness apon him." 1 The eternity of torment is "a continued stroke, which neither shortens the life, nor introduces a brawny patience, but is the same in every hold, how He loved us!" His Treatise on Repentance is pervaded by a still and solemnizing gloom. "And now the sin is chosen and loved, it is pleasant and easy, and by these steps the sinner enters within the iron gates of death, which are sealed against his return by a sad decree."† And speaking of the penitence of Augustin, he portrays the horrible fears of damnation hourly beating upon his spirit, with the wings of horror and affrightment.";

* * * * * Nor should we forget to observe in the imagery of Taylor, a dramatic distinctness and unity of impression, which are not often seen except in the works of the greatest masters-particularly in our own Shaksthousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth and digs a grave, where we must lay our sins or our sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity." With this image, filling the mind and eye, compare an admirable passage by Donne. "The ashes of an oak in the chimney are no epitaph of that oak, to tell me how high or how large that was. It tells me not what flocks it sheltered while it stood, nor what men it hurt when it fell. The dust of great persons' graves is speechless too, it says nothing, it distinguishes nothing. As soon the dust of a wretch whom thou wouldst not, as of a prince whom thou couldst not look upon, would trouble thine eyes if the wind blew it thither; and when a whirlwind hath blown the dust of a churchyard into the church, and the man sweeps out the dust of the church into the churchyard, who will undertake to sift those dusts again, and to pronounce, This is the patrician, this is the noble flour; and this the yeomanly—this the plebeian bran." Coleridge added a brief but expressive—"Very beautiful indeed!" "I could not but smile," Taylor wrote to Evelyn, at my own weaknesses, and very much love the sweetness and candour of your nature, that you were pleased to endure my English poetry; but I could not be removed from my certain knowledge of my greatest weaknesses in it." He was right; in verse he had only the use of his left hand; his poetry is to be sought in his prose; yet in these lines we discover the fervour of Crashaw, with some of the fancy of

"O beanteous God, uncircumscribed treasure Of an eternal pleasure, Thy throne is settled far Above the highest star, Where thou prepar'st a glorious place Within the brightness of thy face, For every spirit To inherit, That builds his hope upon thy merit, And loves thee with a holy charity. What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongue or eyes Clear as the mornings rise, Can speak, or think, or see, That bright eternity? Where the great King's transparent throne

Is of an entire jasper stone;

There the eye
O' the chysolite, And a sky Of diamonds, rubies, chrysophrase And, above all, thy holy face Makes an eternal clarity. When thou thy jewels up dost bind,—that day Remember us, we pray,— That where the beryl lies And the crystal 'bove the skies, There thou mayst appoint us a place Within the brightness of thy face;

And our soul In the scroll Of life and blissfulness enrol, That we may praise thee to eternity." The second hymn for Advent swells upon the ear with a fuller melody:-

"Lord, come away; Thy road is ready; and thy paths made straight,
With longing expectation wait
The consecration of thy beauteous feet.
Ride on the longing expectation was a straight, Ride on triumphantly: behold, we lay Our lusts and proud wills in thy way, Hosannah! welcome to our hearts: Lord, here Thou has Thou hast a temple too, and full as dear
As that of Sion; and as full of sin;

Nothing but thieves and robbers dwell therein.

Euter, and chase them forth, and cleanse the floor;

Crucify the

Crucify them that they may never more
Prefane thy holy place,
Where thou hast set thy face. And then, if our stiff tongues shall be Mute in the praises of thy deity,

The stones out of the temple-wall

Hosannah! and thy glorious footsteps greet." Holy Dying, ch. v. sect. 3.
Christ's Advent to Judgment, pt. iii.

† Unum Necessarium, c. v. ‡ Ibid. || Preached March 8, 1628. Schapter i. sect. 1. Preached March of the Editor of his Remains compares the passage with Hamlet, Act. v. sect. 1.

THE SACRAMENTAL FEAST. (From "Profession and Practice," by the Reverend Hugh White, A. M.)

As bread and wine cannot strengthen or refresh a corpse, so neither can the outward participation of the sacrament impart spiritual strength or refreshment to a soul spiritually dead-yea, a sinner in such a condition, can only, by receiving unworthily, eat and drink condemnation to himself-so that spiritual life must be imparted to the soul, before it can be spiritually strengthened or refreshed by the Lord's Supper.-And, further, as bread and wine, however nutritive or reviving in themselves, cannot impart nourishment or refreshment, unless they are received and used, so Jesus, the Bread of life, and whose love does indeed rejoice the believer's heart, cannot impart spiritual strength or comfort, unless He be received and fed upon by faith! All-sufficient Saviour as He is to those who thus receive Him, He cannot be a Saviour to those who reject Him-for even He, the living Bread, who came down from heaven, can only nourish unto life everlasting those who feed on Him, in their hearts, by faith with thanksgiving! Thus do these emblems most significantly teach, that the Saviour must not only be provided by God, but must also be accepted and relied upon by man! Still, however, we cannot but feel that the idea of a feast, designed to mark the bounty, munificence, and loving kindness of the Divine Master, and furnished with divine food, to impart spiritual nourishment and gladness to the guests, was intended to be prominently presented to strengthen and refresh the believer's soul, it fails of the very purpose it was primarily appointed to pro-And is it not most gloriously adapted to this purpose? For independently of the divine influences emanating from the Holy Spirit, and conveyed through the channel of this sacrament-which are the source and support of all spiritual strength and comfort—is there not something in the very symbols themselves, (From the Biography of Bishop Jeremy Taylor, by the Rev. so touchingly typical of the most affecting circumstances in the history of the Saviour's sufferings, as stances in the history of the Saviour's sufferings, as to be calculated, in a pre-eminent degree, to strengthen and refresh the souls of the faithful in the Lord's Supper? Does not all the glory of the Cross there pass before the view? Is not the Lord Jesus Christ there set forth crucified before us? Does not his voice there break on our ears, crying out, "Behold and see, if there be any sorrow, like unto My sorrow, which I endured for your sake!" Can we look, in faith, on those hallowed emblems-reflect what they are intended to commemorate, and forbear to exclaim, "Be-

> What doctrine of the Gospel is not there most powerfully preached! What precious truth of God's holy word, that can give strength or refreshment to the soul, is not there most affectingly proclaimed? Is it the most overwhelming demonstration of His love, that we desire? Oh! do we not there hear Him saying to us. "What could even I have done for you, My hands and My feet! See the proofs of My love remembered how poor our Blessed Saviour was, and freely. which are written there! Can you look on them, and still doubt My love! Behold! it is I myself, who so loved you, and laid down My life for you." Is it the dreamt of such a thing. broken, and His blood poured out, as an atonement for sin, lift up their voice—yea, and that indeed a fearful voice-to proclaim what an accursed thing sin is in the sight of a holy God, if such blood must be shed, if such a sacrifice must be offered up, for its expiation? And does not the same voice as powerfully proclaim the infinite sufficiency of that sacrifice, and thus breathe into the believer's inmost soul that peace of God, which passeth all understanding-for what sins can be of too deep a dye for that blood to blot out, for ever from the book of God's remembrance?-What else can so fully reveal to us the glories of heayen, and the horrors of hell, as such blood shed to rescue us from the one, and to purchase for us the other? Or, if, under the pressure of overwhelming sorrow, or in the prospect of anticipated trials, we desire to have such an assurance of the unboundedness, and unchangeableness of His love, as will indeed satisfy us, that He will sympathise with us, and support us under all our tribulations, and never, never leave us, or forsake us, but be our everlasting Comforter, where, oh where shall we read this assurance, written in such convincing characters, as in those memorials of His dying love, which remind us to what He gave Himself, even to the death of the cross, for our sakes, and for

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE. Evans, B. D.)

to put it wittingly and willingly out of sight, namely, the Romish doctrine of purgatory. But surely this to feed her fowls. denial of the essential foundation on account of headlong denial of those witnesses who are in such a and when he first stood by the wicket she did not nohurry to repel a charge which is false, that they deny | tice him. some fact which is true, through the fear of its connexion with it. Why stop halfway, and not cut away gotten me, have you?" sary to the existence of purgatory, all future judgment ing, Sir, for a nest that saucy old hen has made out treat the brute creation, could see how they are whatever.

Let us hear, however, some of the common argu-

state of imperfect bliss reasonably demands our prayers for its termination to those who are in it, and that the doctrine therefore essentially includes all the er-But in the first place, it cannot without a contradic- and Barrow jumped up and helped her. She was tion be said to demand our prayers for its termination to any one before its common termination to all at the last day, but plainly forbids them as discordant with God's declared design. Hence the very furthest step which the most affectionate friend of the deceased could take, would be to implore God's general protection over him, and pray that He would on his account, hasten the coming of his kingdom. But, however this may be rightly done in behalf of the whole body of God's departed saints, and has always been done in the general prayers of the Church,* it is evidently improper in the case of an individual; for then not only is there the shocking impropriety of asking an universal lot to be reversed in a particular instance, but there is taken for granted the state of the departed, that he is really in the place assigned to the foreblessed, and not in that appointed to the foredoomed .-There is made a sort of canonization, by the judgment or even love of man that seeth not the heart, in the such uncertainty, subjecting God's judgment to man's what I am to live on now, Sir!" judgment, and therefore being most audacious and unwarrantable, that forms the real link between pur- and grew stronger as she expressed her feelings.

* See our Burial Service.

Neither, in the next place, does it follow from the Barre nature of an imperfect state of happiness, that we would re should ask to be delivered from it, and still less, as he ke therefore, that our friends should ask for us. Was she bet there ever an instance known in this world of a man | that she who enjoyed the average happiness that it gives, and, strangers at the same time, had all the assurance that a wellinformed heart could give of future and far superior voice. bliss, desiring his friends to pray him out of this world? her. Are not the saints of God, then, in their still nearer stand a. advance towards a perfect state, well content in their dumb a

> SCHOOL-BOYS AND THE POOR. (From " Godfrey Davenant.")

still less with the notion of purgatory.

The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes and good actions, and pure thoughts,
No mystery is here. There is no boon
For high, yet not for low; for proudly graced,
Yet not for meek of heart. The smoke ascends heaven as lightly from the cottage hearth, As from the haughtiest palace.

EXCURSION, Book ix. of the younger boys before the iron rails which sepa- ver had to sell a thing out of the house. And last rated the south of the play-ground from the green, year come Michaelmas, I fell into the pit on the comemployed in mocking a deformed old man who came mon, there I lay with my leg broke all day long, and to ask their alms. Godfrey was highly indignant, might have died in the water, and yet I am here, as

Having asked what the "row" was about, Barrow suggested to Godfrey, that it would have been better longed to hear more of the old woman's history and if he had explained the reasons of his anger to some feelings, they were obliged to bid her good evening. of the boys he had been abusing. When he had done All the money they had with them was put into her so, he called out to one of the party, "Allerton, come hands, and as she thanked them, she said she was him to walk with him and Godfrey after school down ness, "for it did her old heart good to have any one to Havening Common, a place about three miles off. who would listen to her, and be as soft to her as he the honorable offer.

were out till seven on summer evenings. At four the three started together on their walk. Barrow was full old wonan another cow. I'll undertake my form, if That afternoon was a half-holiday, and the boys of fun that day, and told the most amusing stories of you'll go round to the others." his travels, for he had been abroad. He described the manners of people—the happiness of the poorest to see is, that kindness is more than money. The old poor, the independence of the Breton and the Swiss woman thought little of the poverty which her loss peasant—the home love of the German, and gradu- occasions. But she was full of love for the poor beast ally got into the subject which was the occasion of the itself, and of thoughts for her husband. She was not

"By the bye, Allerton," said he, "I was sorry to sure in giving pain to the suffering."

Allerton looked down and said nothing. it, or you would not have done it. If you had once came upon one of his favourite subjects, and spoke

A striking instance occurs in the Holy Dying. A striking instance occurs in the Holy Dying. All the successions of time, all the changes in nature, they never would or could despise will not do a mean thing, and want of charity will not do a mean thing, who from gentleness of heart is ever formulation. Himself stooping so low, and suffering so much, to selfish thing, who from gentleness of heart is ever formulation. Will not do a mean thing, and the present world, we see impertections defining to mistakes and misrepresentations, and want of charity will not do a mean thing, and the present world, we see impertections defining to mistakes and misrepresentations, and want of charity will not do a mean thing, who from gentleness of heart is ever formulation. Himself stooping so low, and suffering so much, to become the Redeemer of our ruined souls? Is it the ward to oblige others, to avoid what was painful to thought better than those fellows this morning.—

Though the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand the varieties of light and darkness, the thousands of accidents in the world, we see impertections defining to mistakes and misrepresentations, and want of charity will not do a mean thing, they never would or could despise will not do a mean thing, as to see in the present world, we see impertections defining to mistake and misrepresentations, and want of charity world, we see impertections defining to mistake and misrepresentations, and want of charity world, we see impertections defining to mistake and misrepresentations, and want of charity world, we see impertections defining to mistake and misrepresentations, and want of charity world, we see impertections defining to mistake and misrepresentations, and want of charity world, we see impertections defining to the present world, we see impertections defining to the presen played? And do not those emblems of His body the suitors who ill-treat Ulysses when disquised as a gentlemar. This is the diamond. The polish is in-

and quick as ours."

ap to the back wall of the cottage. Around was a and too n ich. small garden, and a bright green field of about two "You have mentioned another quality in which acres, long since reclaimed from the dreary waste your good old friend shines, which also forms part of which spread more than a mile straight on before it. my notion of gentle, and that is love of what are com-Untrained roses and jessamines hung over the door, monly called animals. Few things make me more and climbed over the thatch or straggled wildly out angry than cruelty to dumb creatures. It is utterly from the house with a freedom which they had not disgusting, contemptible, and depraved. Bishop But-(From "The Ministry of the Body," by the Rev. R. W. always enjoyed. When old Blake was living, the rose ler proves our duty to our fellow-men, from the mere was trained, and the jessamine tied down into orderly fact of our having power over each other's happiness. arches, or back against the roof: but for the last two If his argument is worth any thing at all, it is equally An intermediate state is commonly lost out of years, the utmost the poor widow could do, was to keep good to prove our obligations to the brute creation. sight among us. And an accident has contributed the garden in tolerable order, and to attend the cow If we can make them happy, our being able to do so, with the help of a little girl, to make up the butter and of itself proves it to be our duty. Besides, if we re-

the life of me. But come in, Sir, and take a chair, the Bold. ments. It has been objected, that an intermediate won't you? Pray sit down, Sirs," she added, turning to the others; "here's another chair, just enough, you

see, and I'll sit on the stool." As she spoke, the poor woman sat down without looking, and fell against the wall. She was not hurt, pleased with this attention, but far more with the unfeigned alarm and kindness which appeared in his voice and manner, than by the help of his arm.

He placed the old woman gently in his own chair, and when he saw her put her apron before her face, he waited quietly without speaking.

In a few minutes Mrs. Blake recovered, and looking up she saw the tears in Barrow's eyes, and suddenly

"Well, indeed, and what am I, that the tears should start into your young eyes for an old woman like me? I doubt you'll think me almost crazed to-day, but I really hardly know what I am doing-but I've had a great loss, aye, a great loss for a poor woman like me. I don't complain, Sir, it is God's will, and He has always been twice as good to me as I deserve, aye, a hundred times as good, but it is a great loss." Barrow made some kind remark, and she proceeded.

"I had but one living thing, Sir, that my poor husvery presence of God, who seeth all things. It is the band used to care for, and that died yesterday. My offering of such prayer, implying certainty in a case of old cow lies at the end of the field, and God knows

The poor woman wiped her eyes from time to time,

thing else in this world like o'him."

it would relieve her, and in a few minutes Would they, Barrow?"

and always come when I spoke, and used to joyful bearers. blook at me more like a Christian than a Mal, a great deal. Still I've no right to happy condition to await the Lord's time? So little complair of shall not live long, and I had my old man (From "Thoughts for the thoughtful," by Old Humphrey.) is the doctrine of the intermediate state necessarily with me most up to the last. I have had many sore connected with prayer for departed individuals, and troubles, but the Lord has delivered me out of them all, and, Jess God, I can still read my Bible, and of a hear the as I used, and if I didn't know it was church, I shouldn't feel any pleasure there-none at

"An "hat will you do now," asked Godfrey, "for

a living "Well Sir, that's a hard question, but I don't mind so much about that after all. My husband when he was dying kept saying to me, 'He will never leave thee no reake thee,' and I always think of that .-But it is a shame for me to speak so to you, that be scholars and all, and I a poor ignorant old woman .-Time passed rapidly, and the end of the second But I'll tell ye, Sirs-once my husband was ill two uarter was approaching; when Godfrey found a knot long years, and yet we were helped through, and ne-

It was now time to leave, and much as Godfrey Allerton came at once, and Barrow asked truly thankful to them, and most of all for their kind-Allerton, though not a little surprised, gladly accepted was," (pointing to Barrow;) "like any woman he is, to seek for happiness in sin, which never yet failed to tered ages and countries, the redeemed form "a mul-Sirs, he is so gentle and patient."

Theboys walked some distance in silence. At last

"Cetainly," replied Barrow, "but what I want you weighed down with anxiety, but with sorrow."

They turned a corner of the lane, and came into see you amongst those boys to-day. I never thought the main road, just as Barrow spoke—and whom you were a sort of fellow that could have found plea- should they meet but the Doctor! he joined them at once it his cheerful and friendly way-and asked, and Barrow heard all they had been doing. He was evidently afcontinued; "You surely can never have thought about fected, and for some time said little. By and bye, he

"That woman, Barrow, has more of the lady about I mean by a lady or gentleman, is a person who has

Word of God says about it, that word which cannot pany of those of whom by the sentence of the great "I am sure if people would learn to look on all an upright heart, and simple, kind, and pure feelings, lie: "For within, out of the heart of men, proceed Judge of all, "The world was not worthy." (Heb. infinite value of our souls we wish to learn? What can so fully teach us this, as to see their Creator poor persons as representatives of Christ, and posses-sors of His nature, they never would or could despise will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing, nor an unkind thing, nor a will not do a mean thing. the suitors who ill-treat Ulysses when disguised as a beggar.

"But I know it is all thoughtlessness, and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and to make "But I know it is all thoughtlessness," and the same spirit with sensence of the same you think, I am going to take you to a cottage down diamond a jewel in itself, without any polish at all, on the common here. We richer people have got whilst smooth glass is no diamond any how. As I into the way of fancying that the poor do not feel, and have often told you before, Barrow, the true Latin that our jibes and satirical looks are lost upon them. adjective for gentlemanlike is humanus. The heroes But we never were more mistaken—just as they cal- of Homer, and far more the patriarchs of the Bible, Num. xxxii. 23. culate the day by the sun, and mark every change in were gentle, manly, and refined. Where that adjecthe weather and in things around them, so they observe tive fails in application, it fails because our nature is or tone and manner. They have no reading from corrupt. Regenerate fallen man, and then whatever oks, and so they read what they see and hear. You is human is the property of the true gentleman. I are a London fellow, Allerton, and I don't expect you wish I could teach my boys this, and I wish I could to feel all this so easily and constantly as I ought to teach the world this-that neither birth, nor wealth, do, who have lived in the country and seen so much nor fashion, can make any person a gentleman; but of the poor; but I will show you a poor woman to- bonour, independence, a love of truth, courtesy, felday, who will convince you that there are some at low-feeling with others—these will make a peasant a low-feeling with others—these will be a low-feeling with the low-feeling with the low-feeling will be a low-feeling with the low-feeling with the low-feeling wi day, who will convince you that there are some gentleman. If the title of gentleman means anything I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; of decision. else than his, beyond the addition of greater know-By this time they had arrived at the cottage, and a ledge and refinement, in persons of our rank in life, flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh," Ezek. ments undefiled and are washed in the blood of the

> member, that they and the whole earth are cursed for She was wandering about as if in search of some- our sakes, and that all misery proceeds from man's thing, when Barrow and his companions came up; sin, we ought to feel that we owe them every care and "Why, Mrs. Blake!" he said, "you have not forsaving of Nineveh, was that it contained much cattle. "Goodness! no, Sir, but I feel quite—I was look- I wish people could see themselves, when they illomewhere here in the hedge, and I can't find it for hardening their own hearts, like Domitian and Charles

are laying up for themselves against the day of wrath; when, if every angry word, how much more every cruel and her animal had one Master, one Preserver, one though not always the same in degree or in kind, yet in both springing from the affections. And so I call

Many of us die in this pestilence, as it is a in both springing from the affections. And so I call her truly gentle, a woman of gentle feeling and ways, us depart from this world. This pestilence, as it is a of whatever blood she be. Barrow, do you know those lines in the Excursion?-I studied as we sate

By the bright fire the good man's face."

Barrow knew them, and the Doctor proceeded .-They are very beautiful lines, and the idea is very pleasing, but I do not think it was at all necessary to trace up the graces described to some noble race dethroned. have some confidence in ancestry, but far more in the human heart, when brought up under kindly influences, after its second birth, into a state of grace. Soll I do not quarrel with the poet, and I

id not pause as at first, when she saw the he put two guineas into Barrow's hands, and this when since they have come to warfare in the time of death. added to the collection which was made in the school "There she lies," said the old woman in a broken next day, helped to raise the sum to about nine fitting and necessary is this result; that this plague You did not know her, Sirs, as I have known pounds, of which Barrow and Godfrey were to be the and pestilence, which seems so fearful and deadly,

AN ENEMY.

Whether you are a poor man, or a poor woman, getting your bread by the sweat of your brow, or aged pacious will, even through fear of death, quench the and infirm, living in a cottage, let me remind you that you have AN ENEMY!

Be upon your guard; for unless you are so every moment of your time, depend upon it he will do you dear to them, the rich, who are to die without heirs,

This enemy is not in another country, nor at a distance from you; he does not live in one place while you dwell in another. He is in the same dwelling, vice to Christians and the servants of God, inasmuch occupies the same chamber, and is indeed your most as we have begun willingly to desire martyrdom, whilst intimate acquaintance.

in many ways, you might ask others to assist you, or to the mind the glory of courage, and by contempt of you might get out of his way, but these things you death prepares it for the crown. cannot do; for, though he is such an enemy, he contrives to persuade you that he is your best friend! He has abused the confidence you have put in him. He has led you into evil, he has deceived you, he has robbed you, and placed poison in your basket and in your store. In short, there is hardly any bad deed which he has not, at one time or other, either done, or persuaded you to do.

Now this enemy is, as I said before, the nearest nor your mother, nor your sister, nor your brother, but a part of yourself-It is your own heart.

Think for a moment of the deceit this enemy has produce sorrow; to set your affections on a poor perly wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9.)

quity; for sinners are always unhappy. "The wicked saith my God, to the wicked." (Isa. lvii. 20, 21)

Think how he has poisoned your enjoyments, by depriving you of the comfort of God's promises in xviii 4. How many fears and forebodings has he signalized themselves, not by acts of destruction, not brought upon you of God's displeasure and eternal by eminence in pride, not by earth-born ambition; but wrath! If you have never thought on these things, by holy victories over sin; by the resistance they think of them now.

And can you, after all this, consider your heart as a friend, unless it be changed? If you can, you must be content to endure all the miseries it will bring upon you. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

But if you are convinced that your heart is evil, and not to be trusted, (he that trusteth his heart is a with the countless multitudes of those who ever have fool,) why then hasten to him who alone can restrain been, or ever will be, born upon earth. In order to the unruly wills and affections of sinful men. Go realize, in a degree, the myriads who will there await unto the Lord Jesus Christ, the sinner's Friend, and their doom, think upon all the armies which have been pray, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew collected to gratify man's ambition, from the armies of a right spirit within me," Psa. li. 10, and be assured that your prayer will be heard. God has promised which we read of in history: the fearful trumpet of the and I will take away the stony heart out of your sweeter spot than that which it occupied is seldom to then I for one do not wish to possess it. To be a xxxvi. 26. This is the promise of God, and not a jot Lamb, are caught up into the clouds to meet the Lord be found. Behind lay an old wood thick and dark, man towards my fellow-men, is praise enough for me, or tittle of his promises shall fail; for they are year in the air; but, those who are left in the valley, stand and amen in Jesus Christ.

THE PLAGUE IN THE THIRD CENTURY. dread, which those miserable wretches suffer! (From S. Cyprian's Treatise on the Plague, translated by the Rev. W. B. Flower, B.A.)

paired by inward flux, of fire in the marrow breaking tenance which they have so often longed to look upon, out into wounds on the jaws, the intestines shaken by on which I now desire to think with devout reverence. continual vomiting, the eyes bloodshot with fever's How His blessed wounds shine out with brightness and heat, the feet of some, or other members of the body, inexpressible beauty, to those who have applied in removed by the ravages of putrid disease, whilst lan- earnest their wholesome balm to the healing of their guor breaking out because of this wasting, and maim- souls! To the wicked that aspect is altogether difing of the body, either the walking is enfeebled, or ferent; how terrible is the countenance, how awful hearing obstructed, or sight lost; this avails to proof those wounds to those who have crucified their Lord of faith. What magnanimity is it, to contend with afresh, and put Him to an open shame! the constancy of an unmoved soul, against so many Then will every fresh circumstance increase the joy attacks of devastation, and death! How glorious is of the saints, the agony and terror of the reprobate. it to stand unflinching in the midst of the ruins of the Consider, O my soul, the recognition of those whom human race, and not to lie prostrate with those who thou hast loved and lost on earth, —to the reprobate have no hope in God. Rather does it behove us to how dreadful, to the elect how unspeakably joyful. rejoice, and embrace the gift presented by the occafaith, and by labour borne, are going to Christ in than thy mind could bear? Is there not a child, a "I would they could see what a record of sins they Christ's way, we are receiving the reward of His life parent, with whom thou longest to be united? and faith, which Himself will give. Let him, doubtless, fear death who, not newborn of water and the Thou art thyself before the Great Judge: now is every Spirit, is given up to the flames of hell. Let him single thought, however passing or trifling, brought to friend need not think over all this, because she feels fear to die, who has no claim to the cross and passion light; every word, every action brought out, and thou rightly without any arguing about it—she felt a bond, of Christ. Let him fear to die, who will pass from standest without plea, without excuse, before Him who a relationship between the creature who supported her this to a second death. Let him fear to die, whom, knocked so often at the door of thy heart, and thou and herself—she felt, however unconsciously, that she when he departs, eternal fire will rack with everlasting wouldst not hear. pangs. Let him fear to die, who, by long delay, recapability of feeling pain and pleasure; and this, ceives the boon of having his torments and groans put

plague to Jews and Gentiles and the enemies of Christ, account of the wily artifice by which the Gibeonites so is it to the servants of God, a departure unto life. prevailed upon Joshua to make a covenant of peace But because the just and the unjust die without any with them, when he was drawing near to their country difference, there is no reason why you should conclude in the course of subduing the lands in which the peothat the good and the bad have one common end. ple of Israel were to be settled. A party of Gibeon-The righteous are called unto the place of refreshment, the wicked are hastened off to punishment; the faithful are the more speedily gifted with safety, and the behalf of their countrymen. They took old sacks faithless are visited with more immediate punishment. upon their asses, and wine bottles old and rent and We are thoughtless, dearest brethren, and unthankful, bound up. They had also old shoes and garments, touching the divine bounties, and do not recognise the and a few remains of stale and dry provisions, to give blessing conferred upon us. Behold virgins with their the appearance of having just finished a long journey. unsullied honours depart in safety, and have no fear When they came before Joshua, they informed him of the threats, and corruptions, and abominations of friend, than o find fault with them. I only wish we had some pure of his great victories, they had been sent to entreat the coming anti-Christ. Boys escape the perils of that he would make a learne with them. "Wherehad some bore of her spirit in our school. I had rather the bors would have a league with them. ther the be's would think animals inspired like the borses of Aship. horses of Achilles, or the rooks of Virgil, than feel as they now do the rooks of Virgil, than feel as does the delicate matron fear any torments, having by iourney and go to most them and say unto them. diate state. And yet, such is the nature of extremes, none are more ready to presume on the state of their noor old thing and many a time I have milked her, they now do. They would then gradually learn to her early death won freedom from fear of persecution, they now do. They would then gradually learn to her early death won freedom from fear of persecution. We are your servants, wherefore now make a league none are more ready to presume on the state of their departed friends than the disciples of the popular departed friends the popu departed friends than the disciples of the popular school.

See God in every thing, and to acknowledge His spirit and the hands and torments of the executioner.—

We are your servants, wherefore how many a time my good man has see God in every thing, and to acknowledge His spirit and the hands and torments of the executioner.—

This our bread we took hot for our provisions out of our houses on the day we came forth to school. no, Sir, she was not that neither, I shall not love anything else in this world like o'him."

Through fear of mortanty and the times the like was.

Sir, she was not that neither, I shall not love anything else in this world like o'him."

Through fear of mortanty and the times the like was.

Sir, she was not that neither, I shall not love anything else in this world like o'him."

"I do not suppose, however, that the sixth form the Gentiles to believe; the old company of the faithcave spoken so freely, but he drew her on, fellows would thank me for wishing them old women. ful are called to rest, and new and numerous forces so much interested in telling her tale, So discoursed the Doctor; but before they parted, when the battle comes, will fight without fear of death,

Moreover, dearest brethren, of what kind, how of men; proving whether the healthy will attend to the sick; whether relations dutifully love their kindred; whether masters will have compassion upon their languid servants; whether physicians will not desert the sick who entreat their assistance; whether the angry will abate their violence; whether the raever insatiate desires of raging covetousness; whether the proud will bend low the neck; whether the wicked will appease their audacity; whether, having lost those will even in such a juncture bestow anything in charity. And though this mortality have conferred none other benefit upon us, it has been of the utmost serwe have learnt to know no fear of death. This is to If he would attack you openly, you might resist him us an exercise of virtue, not destruction; it imparts

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN. (By the Rev. T. Kennion, M.A.)

The scene which is opened to us is Mount Zion, the city of the living God; the heavenly Jerusalem; an innumerable company of angels; the general assembly and church of the first-born; God the judge of all; the spirits of just men made perfect; Jesus, Now this enemy is, as a sale is not your father, acquaintance that you have. It is not your father, the mediator of the new covenant. Here the whole family of God, scattered through preceding ages and distant lands, are brought together. On earth but a small remnant appeared in the narrow path of life; practised against you. He has persuaded you to disobey God's will, that you might indulge in your own; leads to death. But assembled in heaven from scattitude which no man can number." (Rev. xxi. 9.)ishing world that is passing away, and leave unsought Not the favoured descendants of Abraham alone are that eternal inheritance which is in heaven. Truly, there, but of all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, in "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperate- this vast assembly congregated. Here are the redeemed children of Adam-here are the unsinning Think how this enemy has robbed you of your angels of light! Blessed society, where all is love, peace of mind, by prevailing on you to commit ini- and holiness, and joy! Ineffable delight, there to meet again in indissoluble re-union those whom we are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose have known and loved on earth, in whose company we waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, have worshipped in the earthly sanctuary, and have trod with them the steep ascent to life! To meet our parents, our brethren, our friends; to meet those whose feet we helped to guide to the way of life, and whose Christ Jesus, by bringing you into a state of condemnation; for "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Ezek. offered to temptation; by their elevated pursuits of Should you be in doubt, whether the heart is so heavenly glory! To sit down with Abraham, and what designed to those who are kind to the needy and afflicted, you would never have her than half the people who bear the name. What her than half the people who bear the name. What her than half the people who bear the name. What her than half the people who has

> THE VALLEY OF DECISION. (From "Short Meditations for Every Day in the Year," by the Rev. W. F. Hook, D.D.)

Picture to thyself the valley of Jehoshaphat, filled

The elect of God-those who have kept their garis any language to express the terror, the horrible

Picture to thyself the terrible Judge, now appearing, before Him borne His standard, even the cross on which He suffered. To the elect how mild and gentle This visitation, of the strength of the body im- is His aspect! how he turns to them that divine coun-

on, namely, that whilst we firmly bring forth our nance which to see again thou wouldst think more joy

But see! the judgment is set, the books are opened.

THE WATER BOTTLES OF THE EAST. (From the Saturday Magazine.) In the Book of Joshua there is a very interesting