

lings of her companions in misery, and for ever must she continue to be tossed in tempests and whirlwinds of fire and brimstone in the deep unquenchable abyss. *Fire and brimstone, and the spirit of whirlwinds shall be the portion of their cup forever. Ps. x. 7.*

Ah, Christians, Christians! may the fate of such an unhappy soul never be ours! But then it will certainly be ours, if we continue to undervalue our precious time, and to mispend it, as we have hitherto done. She too once had time, abundance of time, by the right employment of which she might have more than secured her eternal salvation: but, like us, she threw it away upon vanities, or used it for every purpose save that for which it had been given her. Wherefore is the light of her short day extinguished in darkness, and in the horrors of eternal light. The incestimable gift, which she knew not how to prize, so long as she enjoyed it, is at last taken from her: and now, too late, alas! she prizes it, when deprived of it for ever.

And shall we, who still enjoy that time, which, when lost to us, God himself thought worth the purchasing for us at so dear a rate; that time, every moment of which, if well employed, may add something to our glory and happiness in the life to come; that time, which is so very uncertain as to its duration; that time, in fine, which, when lost, is irrecoverable; and for the recovery of which a soul in hell would give a thousand worlds: shall we I say, who still enjoy that precious time, be so very mad as to continue still to throw away upon trifles; and to spend it in the vain pursuit of the momentary pleasures of this life? Shall we still think it long and tedious? Shall we repine at the seeming length of its duration? Shall we wish it abridged of, such huge portions of it as often seem to lie heavy upon us? Shall we plunge into the whirlpool of business, or run round in the enchanting circle of amusements, that, being thus intoxicated with the giddy rotation, we may be induced to imagine it short. Short it is, my dear Christians: and of itself is very short; and God knows how short it may be to us; but, if we are wise, we will strive to make the best of it while we may. Nor let us trust any more to our future endeavours. Let us begin from this very moment to employ it well. The future is not ours; only the present is ours. Then let us seize the present moment lest it be our last. Often have we resolved to begin in earnest to serve our God. As often perhaps have we broken our resolutions. Then let us first begin in earnest, and afterwards resolve.

Nor is it any thing very hard or impracticable which our God requires of us; or any thing, in the performance of which he himself is not always ready to help us by his all-powerful grace. Only to love him above all things, as he every way deserves; and to hate and shun more than any other evil the sovereign evil of sin. Only, in a word, to sanctify our actions, by the habitual intention of doing them all to his honour and glory, and in this manner, to endeavour to improve all the moments of our precious time. Then shall our life be full. Then,

whether we eat or drink, or whatever else we do, we shall then do all to the glory of God. Thus, by making that use of our time, which God intends we should, we shall in the end secure to ourselves the reward which he has annexed to the right employment of it, the enjoyment of himself and a happy eternity.

ON TIME AND ETERNITY.

WHAT art thou, Time; or whence? say, when began Thy silent, ceaseless course? And whither tends? Forth from th' eternal deep th' Almighty pour'd Thy tide o'er flowing; and, with ebbsweep sweep, Till in its parent main engulf'd and lost, Bade all his works thy circling torrent roll, Earth, sun and moon, and stary host of heav'n, And all that each contains.—Yet not with thee Is all thou bring'st coeval; nor endures.— Of later birth a swifter passing train Of objects on thy flood are drifting seen, And, soon as seen, successive disappear. For, thick as leaves strew'd by th' autumnal gale, All o'er thy surface broad are floating flung The wreck of seasons; and our toiling race Amid their ruin'd works, in various groups This way and that convolv'd, and rapid whirl'd In boiling eddies round: or borne away, And by th' impetuous current dragg'd diverse, Least as they'd list: till, ever and anon Close verging on th' abyss, thou to thy liege Frequent emit the tributary stream: When sudden down each nearing atom starts, Snatch'd hasty from the motley drifting throng, And disappoints th' observer's earnest gaze. Thus onward fast our generations glide, Still each to each successive roll'd away; And daily some acquaintance, parent, friend, Down death's rough channel darting disappears.

Yet say, why from th' original infinite Thyself not infinite wast bid to flow; When first th' omnipotent, essential being Bade all that is to be; and o'er the void Pour'd forth his orbs refulgent, worlds on worlds? Did then eternity, at his command Her flood-gates open'ng, send the rushing forth To wait whate'er, not perishable doom'd, From nothing's womb his word creative call'd; And all, in fine, lodge head-long, with thyself. In her vast ocean of vitality; Existence thence perpetual to derive, Such as from infinite the finite may? For hers is but th' existence of a God, Who was not, nor will be; but ever is Unchangeably the same; to whom alone Nor future is, nor past, but present all.

Thou to his creatures mak'st all present past, O Time, and future present: thou their deeds Faithful record'st; and met'st out merit's term; Ordain'd to creatures rational and free: Not free, as rational, how could they yield Mete homage grateful of obedience due, And praise to their great Maker? How, or bliss, Their portion just, or woe, their doom, deserve? By him, no boon, may bliss be freely giv'n, As from its boundless source may partial good. To glad th' all needful creatures, freely flow: Though nobler far the gift by him bestow'd, The means to win, and make that bliss their own. Not so may he, supremely just and good, His creatures guiltless e'er to pain consign; Or bid, not meriting, of sorrow's cup One drop diminutive reluctant taste? Yet who not here the bitter portion sips, Dealt out as regular as our daily fare? And, if not one, then all are guilty shew'n: Though shew'n not hopeless.—In th' inflicted pain But partial; in the bitter draught, still mix'd With many a tempting sweet, they clear may spy Hear'n's gracious purpose, and their suffering's end.

For these, immortal made, was pour'd abroad Time's deluge wide o'er whelming; these to bear, From nothing's empire late stupendous won, With reluctant ware back on the vast abyss, Th' eternal home of intellectual being.

There, from their place when earth and heav'n are mov'd, And, reeling from their spheres, the stars are hurl'd To ruin: these, beyond the tumult plac'd, And crush of worlds, devoted haunts of sin, Now reach'd th' shore, shall nature's wreck survive, Expos'd to Time's vicissitudes no more.

THE PROTESTANT, OR NEGATIVE FAITH, REFUTED, AND THE CATHOLIC, OR AFFIRMATIVE FAITH, DEMONSTRATED FROM SCRIPTURE.

Continued.

II.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

THE only other sacrament which Protestants admit; and that but nominally, since with them it is nothing but common bread and wine; is what they call the Lord's supper.

Is this then, will they say, the promised fulfilment of all the ancient figures; the Paschal Lamb; the wonderful manna, and all the unbloody sacrifices; particularly that of Melchisedech? Do all these mystical types and shadows point but at the baker's loaf, and wine-merchant's cheapest beverage? Is this the marriage banquet of the King's son to which we are all so formally invited! Matt. 22, 2. This the sumptuous feast prepared for us by wisdom herself? Prov. 9. Has she then no better fare to treat us with, after all her preparations, than a mere earthy crust; and the simple juice of the grape? un sanctified, but as our ordinary meals are, with the sinner's suppliant benediction; not consecrated and changed by the omnipotent word of God pronounced over them by his appointed organs, the lawful successors of those, whom he commanded to do just what he himself, the incarnate Deity had done; that is, to make these elements what he then, with truth declared them to be, his very body, about to be bruised and broken for us; and his very blood, about to be shed for the remission of our sins? Is all; what wisdom divine bids so pressingly her guests to eat, but a niggard morsel and scanty sip of those corruptible elements, intended only for the short support of our mortal bodies? O, no: her's is a food divine; a sweet, a nourishing; an immortalizing repast for our better half, the soul. Her table is that spread for us against those who afflict us: Ps. 22, 5. on which is displayed Messiah's best and most beautiful gift: the wheat of the chosen ones; and the wine germinating virgins. Zach. 9, 27. Still in her house, the Saviour's Church, built, not on sand, but on the rock; Matth. 7, 24. ibid 16, 18. and reared and resting on her seven pillars, the sacraments; she immolates her victims; mixes her wine; sets forth her table; and sends her maids to invite to the tower, and to the walls of her city; not the worldly wise and great; but whosoever is a little one, says she, let him come to me: and to the unwise, that is, to those simple enough to believe on her word alone all she tells them concerning her wonderful feast; to those therefore accounted fools, by the incredulous, for not relying on their own erroneous judgments, rather than on her infallible declaration: to these unwise she says: come, eat of my bread, and drink of the wine, which I have mixed for you. Leave off childishness; and live; and walk in the ways of prudence.—Prov. 9.

If we wish to be more particularly informed as to the nature of Wisdom's Banquet; let us hear herself, in her visible shape assumed, explain it, as she does, in the clearest terms imaginable; for her