

## KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

THE knowledge of God is often taken for the fear of God, and the whole of religion. There is, indeed, a speculative knowledge, which consists only in the belief of his existence, and the acknowledgment of his perfections, but has no influence on the heart and conduct. A spiritual saving knowledge consists in veneration for the Divine Being, Ps. lxxxix. 7; love to him as an object of beauty and goodness, Zech. ix. 17; humble confidence in his mercy and promise, Ps. ix. 10; and sincere, uniform, and persevering obedience to his word, 1 John ii. 3. It may further be considered as a knowledge of God the Father: of his love, faithfulness, power, &c. Of the Son, as it relates to the dignity of his nature, John i. 20; the suitability of his offices, Heb. ix.; the perfection of his work, Ps. lxxviii. 18; the brightness of his example, Acts x. 38; and the prevalency of his intercession, Heb. vii. 25. Of the Holy Ghost, as equal with the Father and the Son; of his agency as an enlightener and comforter; as also in his work of witnessing, sanctifying, and directing his people, John xv. xvi; 2d Cor. iii. 17, 18; John iii. 5, 6; Rom. viii. 16. This knowledge may be considered as experimental, 2d Tim. i. 12; fiducial, Job xiii. 15, 16; affectionate, 1st John iii. 19; influential, Ps. ix. 16; Matt. v. 16; humiliating, Is. vi., Job xlii. 5, 6; satisfying, Ps. xxxvi. 7, Prov. iii. 17; and superier to all other knowledge, Phil. iii. 8.

In order to increase in the knowledge of God, there must be dependence on Him from whom all light proceeds; attention to his revealed will; a watchful spirit against corrupt affections; a humble frame of mind; frequent meditation, and a persevering design of conformity to the divine image.

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

WHEN the keen-eyed eagle soars above all the feathered race, and leaves their very sight below—when she wings her way with direct ascent up the steep of heaven, and steadily gazing on the meridian sun, accounts its splendour all her own,—does she then regard, with any solicitude, the mote that is flying in the air; or the dust which she shook from her feet? And shall this eternal mind, which is capable of contemplating its Creator's glory; which is intended to enjoy the visions of his countenance; shall this eternal mind, endowed with such great capacities, and made for such exalted ends, be so ignobly ambitious as to sigh for the tinsel of the state; or so poorly covetous as to grasp after ample territories on a needle's point? No; under the influence of such considerations, I feel my sentiments expand, and my wishes acquire a turn of sublimity. My throbbing desires after worldly grandeur die away, and I find myself, if not possessed of power, yet superior to its charms. Too long, must I own, have my affections been pinioned by vanity, and immured in this earthly clod. But these thoughts break the shackles. These objects open the door of liberty. My soul, fired by such noble prospect, weighs anchor from this little nook, and coasts no longer about its contracted shores; doats no longer on its pitiful shells. The immensity of things is her range, and an infinity of bliss her aim.

Had the brightest archangel been commissioned to come down, with the olive branch of peace in his hand, showing his Maker's readiness to be reconciled, on our hended knees, with tears of joy and a torrent of thankfulness, we ought to have received the transporting news. But when, instead of such an angelic array, he sends his only begotten Son—his Son, beyond thought illustrious—to make us the gracious overture: sends him from the "habitation of holiness and glory," to put on the infirmities of mortality, and dwell in a tabernacle of clay; sends him, not barely to make us a transient visit, but to abide many years in our inferior and miserable world; sends him, not to exercise dominion over monarchs, but to wear out his life in the ignoble form of a servant; and at last, to make his exit under the infamous character of a malefactor! Was ever love like this? Did ever grace stoop so low? Should the sun be shorn of all its radiant honours, and degraded into a clod of the valley; should all the dignitaries of heaven be deposed from their

thrones, and degenerate into insects of a day, great would be the abasement. But nothing to thine, most blessed Jesus!—nothing to thine, Prince of Peace! when, for us men, and for our salvation, thou didst not abhor the accommodations of a manger—thou didst not decline even the gloomy horrors of the grave.—*Hervey.*

## HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.

THE metal of the human soul, so to speak, is like some material substance. If the force which you lay upon it do not either break or dissolve it, it will beat it into hardness. If the moral argument by which it is plied now, do not so soften the mind as to carry and overpower its purpose, then on another day the argument may be put forth in terms as impressive, but it falls on a harder heart, and therefore with a more slender efficiency. You have resisted today, but by that resistance you have acquired a firmer metal of resistance against the power of every future warning that may be brought to bear upon you. You have stood your ground against the urgency of the most earnest admonition, and against the dreadfulness of the most terrifying menaces. On the ground you have fixed yourself more immovably than before, and though, on some future day, the same spiritual thunder may be made to play around you, it will not shake you out of the obstinacy of your determined rebellion.—*Chalmers.*

## THE EVENING OF LIFE.

AMID life's varied streams, and sources of transport and pain, often mingled and often alternating, we learn at least to prefer those milder and more certain or enduring pleasures, which calmly soothe us in the bustle, the labour and excitement, that engage and animate our youth and mature strength. Agitation and emotion at length lose their charm; they disturb more than they animate us. As age advances to its sober evening, we perceive and appreciate the value of conscious life without pain—of sedate tranquility—of reposing, yet not inactive thought—of sensibility without perturbation—of patient hope—of resting mobility—of sensations that please, but do not agitate—of intellectual rumination—and of those solemn aspirations of sacred foresight, of prospective gratitude, and of humble reliance on the great mediatorial Benefactor, which close our mortal days with true dignity, and make even dissolution an inestimable blessing.—*Sharon Turner.*

## PEACE IN DEATH.

ON board an East Indiaman was a pious boatswain, whom, on this account, the crew looked upon as a strange man. The ship was overtaken with a storm so dreadful, that after every effort to preserve life, the captain said, "All that could be done had been done—it was impossible the vessel could weather it." The ship seemed sinking—the captain withdrew into the cabin—the men were some on their knees, and others with horror hanging on parts of the rigging. All expected the vessel would founder. The boatswain had been very active, and apparently unalarmed during the whole of the gale. At this moment, when a heavy sea struck the ship, and seemed as if it would instantly sink her, looking up with a smile, he exclaimed, "Blessed be God, all is right!" and began to sing. The storm afterwards abated, and the vessel was saved. Thus, amidst the storms of life, on the dark ocean of death, and amidst the terrors of the judgment day, the Christian may still smile, and exultingly exclaim, "Blessed be God, all is right!"

## PARADISE.

"My chief conception of heaven," said Robert Hall, "is REST." "Mine," replied Wilberforce, "is LOVE—love to God, and love to every bright and holy inhabitant of that glorious place." Hall was an almost constant sufferer from acute bodily pain—Wilberforce enjoyed life, and was all amiability and sunshine; so that it is easy to account for their respective conceptions of that subject. What a mercy that both these conceptions are true! Both are true; and the union of rest and love perhaps conveys, within a small compass, the most correct idea of the heavenly state."

## BIOGRAPHY.

## REV. JAMES HERVEY, M.A.

JAMES HERVEY, the distinguished author of "Meditations," bearing his name, was born at Hardingstone, near Northampton, on February the 26th, 1713. His father was a clergyman, then residing at Collingtree; and Mr. Hervey received from him, and his excellent mother, his early education. At the age of seven, they sent him to the grammar-school of Northampton, where he remained till he was seventeen. He there acquired a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, and attained considerable proficiency in various branches of general literature. At the age of eighteen, he was sent to the University of Oxford; and there becoming acquainted with the distinguished John Wesley, he devoted himself, with great zeal, to various studies, and became seriously impressed with the importance of religion. For some years afterwards he felt a peculiar attachment to the doctrinal sentiments of Mr. Wesley; but subsequently attached himself to the Calvinists.

During the continuance of Mr. Hervey at Lincoln College, he attained great proficiency in the knowledge of the classics, and was justly celebrated for the decorousness of his conduct. At the age of twenty-two, his father appointed him to the situation of curate of Weston Favell, and he discharged the duties of his office with piety and integrity. In a few years he was curate at Biddeford, and several other places in the west of England; and, during that time, he wrote his celebrated "Meditations and Contemplations," which he published in 1746, and which have been universally read, and very generally admired. In 1750, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the livings of Weston and Collingtree, and he devoted most of his time in attention to the duties of his profession. In 1753, he published "Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on the Study and Use of History, so far as they relate to the History of the Old Testament, &c.;" in a Letter to a Lady of Quality; and a commendatory Preface to Burnham's Pious Memorials. In 1755 he published his "Theron and Aspasio," which is regarded as decidedly the best effort of his genius; but it was attacked by Mr. Robert Sandeman, of Edinburgh, with extraordinary ability, on the nature of justifying faith, and other points connected with it, in a work entitled, "Letters on Theron and Aspasio," two volumes. This attack threw Mr. Hervey into the arms of Mr. W. Cudworth, a dissenting minister in London, in whom he found a powerful coadjutor; but Mr. Hervey does not appear to have understood Cudworth's system, which, in some important points, was very different from his own, though they were agreed in making appropriation essential to the nature of true faith.

The health of Mr. Hervey was generally imperfect; and for many years he was the subject of affliction; till, at length, on December the 25th, 1758, his labours were terminated by death, and his spirit, emancipated from the burdens of mortality, was conducted to regions of purity and peace.

Mr. Hervey's writings have had an extensive circulation: for many years the press could hardly supply the demand for them. Yet his style has been severely censured by Dr. Blair and others, for its turgid and bombastic qualities; rendering it the very opposite of the chaste and elegant diction of Addison and our best prose writers. They are now, however, less in repute and less in demand than formerly. Of his character but one opinion prevails; he was eminently pious, though not deeply learned; habitually spiritually minded; zealous for the doctrines of divine grace; animated with ardent love to the Saviour; and his humility, meekness, submission to the will of God, and patience under his afflicting hand, exemplified the Christian character, and adorned his profession.

DEITY has no utterance in all his majesty and power—though at his voice heaven has shook, and earth has melted—to be compared with the loud unison and acclaim of his attributes and perfections; speaking by the blood of Christ.—*Rev. W. Hamilton.*