

Henry was greatly surprised; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was not designed trifling, B— proceeded:

"It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It is a book that no mere man could ever have written; and a book, in my opinion, that no one, however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have tried often to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a — fool. For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter."

Henry was amazed at these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by the pious as a heaven-daring young man. At length he replied, "If this is your belief, B—, you're in an awful situation. What think you of your present course?"

"Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure; but I've no thought of dying so. I mean to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property: unless he has, he is scarcely respected, even by Christians themselves. And I mean to make money and enjoy life; and when I've got things around me to my mind, then I will become liberal and feed the poor, and do good—that's the way the church members do."

"But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge your present habits? Being out late and drinking have already injured your health."

"I've thought of that," answered B—. "But I'm young and hearty; though I intend to quit cards and drinking pretty soon."

"I speak as a friend, B—; but I did not suppose, from what I have heard you say, that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell."

"I do, as much as you or any man."

"Do you remember playing cards at—?" And here Henry referred to most horrid profanity uttered during a night of carousal.

"Oh, when I swore so, I was a little intoxicated; but I felt sorry for it afterwards. I know it's wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when I'm among those fellows, I can't very well help it."

"But how often," continued his still doubting friend, "have I heard you say, that religion was nothing but priestcraft, and that Christians were a pack of fools?"

"I know I've said so when they've crossed my path, and made me angry. And I think now, that a good many of those who pretend to be Christians are nothing but hypocrites. But that there is real religion, and that there are some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing about, it's no use to deny."

The conversation continued much in this strain for some time; and made a deep and most happy impression on the mind of Henry.

As for his companion, "madness was in his heart," as long as he lived, and he soon went to "the dead." He continued to drink, until he was known to be a drunkard. He mingled with gamblers, till his moral sensibilities seemed wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dissipation, he started for home—was thrown from his wagon and badly bruised; disease set in with dreadful severity upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by irregularities; and in a little space *delirium tremens* hurried him to his grave!

Every reader may well be astonished at the inconsistencies, as well as shocked at the impiety of this poor wretch; yet who can avoid seeing that this character is essentially that of thousands who mean finally to enter the kingdom of heaven? Are there not many who read this, respectable before the world—free, as they think, from gross vices, and from danger—that have already entered the path which sank this man to eternal night? Let the

gay and the fashionable, and especially let every young man remember, that the steps which take hold on hell, are by no means seldom those which first led to the convivial card party. Here the lovers of pleasure find an atmosphere peculiarly intoxicating, which renders serious society and instructive employment altogether distasteful; and are drawn, step by step, into the associated vices which destroy body and soul.

Let him who peruses this narrative also remember, that, however confident and bold he may be in scepticism, his confidence will desert him at the hour of need. Nay, his hopes from any system of infidelity will vanish now, if he will only sit down and reflect—if he will but seriously listen, for a few hours, to the sober decisions of reason and conscience.

And, finally, let no one imagine that religion is something, always, as it were, waiting on him; a prize which, at any future time, he has little more to do than to reach out his hand and take. Is it not so? And yet many trust in this delusion, and quiet themselves with this hope, at the very hour they are passing the bounds of mercy. Reader! are you saying, "I've no thought of dying as I am—I mean to become a Christian?" Beware!

"IF ALL BE WELL!"

By the Labourer's Daughter; Authoress of "The Pearl of Days."

It was a pleasant summer's evening; the white fleecy clouds were glowing in the lingering beam, as the sun smiled a glad good night to the blooming earth, and kissed the mountain brow in token of a speedy return. The blackbird and the mavis sang their evening hymn, and the buzz of the insect, and the hum of the bee, became fainter and fainter. The curtains of night were beginning to close around us; all was soft, and calm, and beautiful. Nature seemed inviting us to repose upon her bosom, while she sang a lullaby to hush every restless feeling asleep. It was, indeed, a delightful evening, and its soothing influences stole over my spirit, as, at a railway station in the country, we waited the arrival of the evening train, to carry us to a town at a little distance. My companion was a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, of about three years old, a sunny-faced, sunny-hearted girl. The train was, by some accident, detained a considerable time beyond its hour, and we had paced backward and forward near the station for some time, now straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the smoke from the engine in the distance, and then again stooping to gather a handful of pebbles, that the little one might amuse herself by sportively throwing them from her; until at length she began to get rather restless and impatient, and urgently entreated me not to wait upon the iron horse, for she would walk to her mamma herself; shortly, however, the neighing of the iron horse was heard, and the means of transit soon stood beside us. "And now," I said, as I lifted her into the carriage, "my Margaret will soon be with her mamma, if all be well?" and when I uttered the words it seemed as if echo took them up and repeated, "If all be well!" And during that short ride the words, "if all be well," still kept sounding in my ears, and dwelling upon my mind, with the question, Can it be otherwise than well with us? while the conviction, that a moment might remove us from the present scene and place us in the immediate presence of the Judge of all, was vividly present to my mind,—the thought, that the slightest possible accident, or the most trifling carelessness on the part of those who had the charge of the locomotive, might cause the immediate destruction of those who had entrusted their lives to their care, and plunge a number of relatives into distress,—husbands being bereaved of their wives, and wives of their husbands,—parents of children, and children of their parents. And as the anguish of the mother of my young companion, should her lovely little one be torn from her, was pictured to my imagi-

nation, the enquiry again passed through my mind, In such a case would all be well? and at the same time another question occurred, Can any thing take place without the permission of Him whose wisdom, power, and goodness are infinite? and if by His permission, can it be other than well? can the God of love, the wisest and best of beings, do other than what is best? No, he cannot; sinners may oppose his will to their own destruction; but whatever He permits, in his providence, to occur, is and must be best for those who put their trust in Him, who are reconciled to Him through Jesus; all things shall work together for their good, is the declaration of the Spirit's truth. And if he is my God and Father in Jesus, then I am safe; I am under the protection of infinite wisdom, power and love; and eternal truth is pledged that I shall be safe.

And reason itself tells us that it must be so; for if there is a God, the intelligent Creator and Governor of heaven and earth, then that God must be supreme. And whatever is pleasing to Him, must triumph over whatever opposes it; whatever is accordant with His nature, must be eternal as His being. Knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, emanating from Him, must triumph over ignorance, injustice, and impurity. Those who love light and follow after truth, who are separated from sin and united to holiness, who have chosen God as their portion, his work as their work, his will as their law, and who find their happiness in his love, in his triumph they too must triumph. Evil cannot reach them; as regards them it can have no being. While those who love darkness and turn away from the light of truth, who choose sin as their portion, following the dictates of their own corrupt nature, content to live like those around them, doing the works of the devil, must inevitably be overwhelmed in that destruction which shall sweep ignorance, sin, and misery into the abyss of eternal night. Evil they have chosen, and evil, unmitigated evil, must be their portion. They have loved darkness rather than light, and they, together with all that oppose the will of God, must be shut out into outer darkness, while the children of God shout aloud for joy over a ransomed, renovated world. They have turned their back upon God, refused his friendship and protection, and, in doing so, they have deserted the only source of felicity, and have chosen misery, utter, irremediable misery, as their portion. God himself, infinite in mercy, full of compassion as he is, cannot save them. There is but one, only one means, by which God can save any sinner, by which any sinner can be saved, that is by being separated from sin through Jesus, turned from darkness to light, changed from being the enemy to be the friend of God. Oh, would men but think of this, would they but consider, that if they will pursue the paths of sin,—if they will give wickedness a place in their hearts, and cling to folly and transgression, they must sink with them into the pit of eternal destruction! Jesus may weep over them, but he cannot save them, unless they come to him and learn of him, with their own free consent give themselves to him, and abide in him. Angels and archangels may veil their faces, and the heavens put on sackcloth, but as they gaze upon their destruction, no arm created or uncreated, can rescue them but by this one means. Would sinners but reflect that God could find no means of salvation for perishing man but by giving up the Son of his love to death that sin might be taken away, and man's heart, by a view of the love thus exhibited, changed from the love of sin to the love of God,—that for this, Jesus freely shed his blood that man might be redeemed from sin and its penalty, could they continue as they do perversely choosing the ways of sin, heedless that they are rushing on to inevitable destruction?

Such were the thoughts awakened in my mind by these simple words, "If all be well!" And may I not turn to my fellow-travellers to an eternal world, and entreat them to consider whether they are the friends of God, renewed after the image of Him that created them? If so, all must be well