

ment to get rid of it at any rate. The very keeping of this inestimable treasure seems to us a most disagreeable charge; and without reflecting on the fatal consequences of such a conduct, we throw it away in heaps, and, as it were, in the lump, upon every trifling pretence or occasion; and in proportion as our stock is diminished, we seem to think the weight of our burthen decreased.

Christians! let us now at last be wise. Let us henceforth begin to make up for our past losses by our future care and diligence. To be sure, that part of our time, which is gone, can never be recalled; but still that part of it, which is yet to come, is wholly at our own disposal. And if we know not how much of it as yet remains, let this be but an additional motive for us to prize it the more, and to husband well all the moments, which God is still pleased to allow us. Often have we deserved, on account of our sins to have forfeited all our time: and yet our God has hitherto prolonged it; so that our present life is nothing less than a miracle of his goodness and mercy. For every mortal sin we have had the misfortune to commit, we deserved to die, and to have been plunged for ever into the flames of hell. The dreadful sentence of condemnation was then passed upon us, when the crime was perpetrated; and yet, our Lord has suspended the execution of it, in order still to allow us time to repent. This time of reprieve, which his mercy has granted us, shall we employ it only to augment our guilt, and thus provoke him to put an end to it? O, this were madness indeed; for if once the time of our reprieve is ended, there is no more room left for mercy. If once the short day of our life, during which we may labour, is brought to a close, it shall never more return; but a dreadful and eternal night immediately succeeds, in which, as our Saviour says *no man can work*. John ix. 4. And hence the fourth great & last motive for valuing our time: because, when lost, it is irreparable; when past and gone it can never be recalled.

4°. Indeed, if our life when finished could be renewed, or time, when lost, restored, our folly in wasting it to no purpose, and in squandering it away so profusely, might then be less. But you know, dear Christians! that those who have once passed the gates of death, have passed them never to return: and that the fate of such is decided for eternity, either to reign for ever happy with God in heaven, or to suffer with the devils and the damned in the fiery dungeons of hell. Now which ever of these two alternatives may fall to our lot, after death, and either of them must be our portion for ever: we shall have but too much reason to regret our precious time, when lost, because it can never be recalled.

The Saints who are once admitted to the beatific vision; who see God face to face, and mingle with the glorious princes of his household, are indeed, incapable of regretting with any degree of sorrow the loss of any portion of their time; because they are now completely happy, having attained their last end, which is

God. He is their centre, to which they were tending; and having at last arrived within their sphere, each at his own distance, they continue for ever to move around him, and shine resplendent with the splendor of his Majesty. But yet, to whatever degree of glory they arise, if we except the blessed Virgin Mother of our Lord, and perhaps some other privileged individuals besides, their glory might still have been greater, had their lives in this world been full; that is, had they improved all the moments of their time; or had they employed them in the practice of the more heroic virtues. For "in my Father's house," says our Lord, "there are many mansions," many different degrees of glory. And again, "I will render," says he, "to every one according to his works." And can those blessed souls be sensible of this, and not feel in some degree for the irreparable loss, irreparable even to them of every the smallest portion of that precious time which once was theirs. There is indeed nothing they could desire on earth but the opportunity of time, by the right employment of which might augment their glory, and render themselves worthy of drawing nearer to that God, whom they so ardently love. And if, as I said they feel no such regret for it, as could in the smallest degree impair their bliss, it is on account of the fulness of that bliss, which they now enjoy; and which, though it might indeed have been greater, is yet too great to leave any room for regret. It is because they are now drowned in an ocean of delight, of which, though without satiety, they are full. It is, in fine, on account of the extreme joy they must feel at the dangers they have escaped: and because, having now no other will but that of the Deity, they desire nothing, but what he desires; they love nothing, but what he loves; nor wish or want any thing more than what they now fully possess. Yet are they not insensible of the loss they have sustained, in having let slip unimproved the smallest portion of the time of their mortal life, especially when they now so clearly perceive to what a still greater height of glory it might have exalted them in the kingdom of their heavenly father.

But if we can suppose the blessed in heaven sensible in any degree of the loss of only a portion of their time; how keen and thrilling must be the regret which the damned shall feel for the loss of all their time; and with what bitter, but fruitless lamentations shall they bewail their misfortune, which, alas! admits of no redress! O to them how precious would the smallest portion of that time seem which to us appears of so little value; nay, which we often wish past, and thus struck off from our life, as irksome, tedious, and insupportable! Fools that we are, we little know the value of that time which we at present enjoy. But woe to those who only learn to appreciate time when time shall be no more! What would not a damned soul give for one of those hours, which we throw away on idle conversation, on frivolous amusements, which we waste in doing nothing to the purpose? Or is there any thing within the whole compass of nature, which she would prefer to a few moments

of time, during which she might repent; if by repentance she could but atone for her past guilt; if with floods of tears she could but wash away the horrid stain of mortal sin that defiles her, and extinguish the wrath of an angry God? And suppose a few hours of time were allowed for this purpose, how would she spend them? Good God, Christians, what a penitent should we then see! The sight alone would strike us dead with horror; nor could we endure even to behold the severities she would exercise upon herself in order to appease her offended God.—And, indeed, all the severities she could inflict upon herself were as nothing, or but like an amusement compared with those she must otherwise endure from the chastising hand of offended Deity. But, alas! no such time shall ever be allowed her; for if any time, however short, were allowed her to repent, hell would be no longer hell; nor eternity eternity. For ever, then, must she dwell in those gloomy regions of never ending despair. For ever must she mingle her outcries and lamentations, with the shrieks and groans, the howlings and yellings 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 had been given her. Wherefore is the light of her short day extinguished in darkness, and in the horrors of eternal night. The inestimable 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 a dear 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 ima-

gine it short. Short it is, my dear Christians; and of itself it 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, 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.

A story is now going the rounds (says the *Catholic Telegraph*), that the Catholics in some town in Western New York, had a protracted meeting lately at which they burned all the Protestant Bibles in their possession!! The notion of Catholics holding a *Protracted Meeting* is quite new—it is very like the "hat off" story of Senator Duncan, or brother Witcomb's story about the dungeons.

We also perceive that some of our pious sectarian journals have republished a handbill which appeared in New York previous to the late election, on which a large black cross is represented, and which contains an invitation to Catholics to vote a particular ticket. It has been proved that this was an invention of the enemy to create an excitement against the Catholics. It is retailed nevertheless as a true story by those who thrive on falsehood.

Another holy man who styles himself "Pastor," though the appellation of "Wolf" would be more appropriate, warns the people against any commemoration of the birth of Jesus Christ. This was to be expected from a man whose church Catechism contains the four announcements, that "Christ was born in a stable of a mean woman"!—"We are proud of the enmity of a man who labels the Virgin Mary, that spotless being to whom the Arch-Angel was deputed who declared her "full of grace" and who declared himself in the language of inspiration—"Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." "It is a holiday, says Pastor, without any patriotic, moral, or spiritual use." The Angels who sang at the birth of Christ did not think so. We wonder would the Pastor be disedified if one of his Congregation was to present him with a sugar cured ham, or a fat Turkey; on that day? Would he turn up his eyes in holy horror and send back the proffered gift with an intimation that such things were calculated to "strengthen the influence of a church which took away the Bible and Salvation from a people, and gave them masses and shows and prayers in an unknown tongue"! Mr. Pastor will cut a sorry figure on the day of Judgment. He will scarcely come before the seat of the Great Judge and tell Jesus Christ to his face that his mother is a "mean woman."