

Lord, before I commit a sin, it seems to me so shallow that I may wade through it dry-shod from any guiltiness; but when I have committed it it often seems so deep that I cannot escape without drowning. Thus I am always in the extremities: either my sins are so small that they need not my repentance, or so great that they cannot obtain thy pardon. Lend me, O Lord, a reed out of thy sanctuary, truly to measure the dimension of my offences. But O! as thou revealest to me more of my misery, reveal also more of thy mercy: lest if my wounds in my apprehension gape wider than thy tents, my soul run out at them. If my badness seem bigger than thy goodness, but one hair's breadth, but one moment, that is room and time enough for me to run to eternal despair.—*Thomas Fuller.*

Conscience, be it ever so little a worm while we live, grows suddenly to a serpent on the death-bed.

"The eye of a godly man is not fixed on the false sparkling of the world's pomp, honour and wealth. It is dead to them being quite dazzled with a greater beauty. The grass looks fine in the morning, when it is set with those liquid pearls, the drops of dew that shine upon it; but if you can look but a little while on the body of the sun, and then look down again, the eye is as it were dead; it sees not that faint shining on the earth that it thought so gay before. And as the eye is blinded and dies to it, so within a few hours that gaiety quite vanishes and dies itself."—*Leighton.*

JOHN GONE TO BED.

An eminently holy man thus wrote, on hearing of the death of a child: "Sweet thing, and is he so quickly laid to sleep? Happy he! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying. Tell my dear sister that she is now so much more akin to the other world; and this will be quickly passed to us all. John is but gone an hour or two to bed, as children used to do, and we are soon to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down."

"Religion shows the weather-beaten mariner the heaven of eternal repose, where no storms arise, and the sea is ever calm; it exhibits to the weary traveller the city of eternal habitation, within whose walls he will find a pleasant home, rest from his labours, and friends to welcome his arrival; it discloses to the wounded warrior his native country, where the alarms of war, and the dangers of conflict, will be no more encountered, but undisturbed peace forever reign. In that one word, Heaven, religion provides a balm for every wound, a cordial for every care."—*J. A. James.*

THE ENDLESS REST.

There are no weary heads or weary hearts on the other side of Jordan. The rest of heaven will be the sweeter for the toils of earth. The value of eternal rest will be enhanced by the troubles of time. Jesus now allows us to rest on his bosom. He will soon bring us to rest in his father's house. His rest will be glorious. A rest from sin; a rest from suffering; a rest from conflict; a rest from toil; a rest from sorrow. The very rest that Jesus enjoys himself. We shall not only rest with him; we shall rest like him. How many of the earth's weary ones are resting in His glorious presence now! It will be undisturbed rest. Here the rest of the body is disturbed by dreams, and sometimes by alarms; but there are no troublesome dreams or alarming occurrences there. Thanks be unto God for the rest we now enjoy! Ten thousand thanks to God for the rest we shall enjoy with Christ! Wearied one, look away from the cause of thy present suffering, and remember there is a rest remaining for thee. A little while, and thou shalt enter into rest.—*The Prayer Meeting.*