

der more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident. Reason and faith have not done so much in me as in the mere instinct of nature. Want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy, here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers Thou hast given me above these brute things : let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security and comfortable reliance upon Thee.

ON OCCASION OF A SPIDER IN HIS WINDOW.

There is no vice in man whereof there is not some analogy in the brute creatures. As amongst us men, there are thieves by land and pirates by sea, that live by spoil and blood : so is there in every kind amongst them variety of natural shakers ; the hawk in the air ; the pike in the river ; the whale in the sea ; the lion, and tiger, and wolf in the desert ; the wasp in the hive ; the spider in our window.

Amongst the rest, see how cunningly this little Arabian hath spread out his tent for a prey ; how heedfully he watches for a passenger. So soon as ever he hears the noise of a fly afar off, how he hastens to his door ; and if that silly heedless traveller do but touch upon the verge of that unsuspected walk, how suddenly doth he seize upon the miserable booty, and, after some strife, binding him fast with those subtle cords, drags the helpless captive after him into his cave !

What is this but an emblem of those spiritual freebooters that lie in wait for our souls ? They are the spiders, we the flies ; they have spread their nets of sin ; if we be once caught, they bind us fast, and hale us into hell.

OF THE SIGHT OF A RAIN IN THE SUNSHINE.

Such is my best condition in this life. If the sun of God's countenance shine upon me, I may well be content to be wet with some rain of affliction. How oft have I seen the heaven overcast with clouds and tempest ; no sun appearing to comfort me ! yet even those gloomy and stormy seasons have I rid out patiently, only with the help of the common light of the day : at last, those beams have broken forth happily, and cheered my soul. It is well for my ordinary state, if, through the mists of mine own dulness and Satan's temptations, I can descry some glimpse of heavenly comfort : let me never hope, while I am in this vale, to see the clear face of that sun, without a shower. Such happiness is reserved for above : that upper region of glory is free from these doubtful and miserable vicissitudes.

There, O God, we shall see as we are seen. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."

POETRY.

SONNET.

Pilgrim ! that passest by this narrow road,
Dost thou go silent, sorrowing all the day ?
Consider, 'twas not singing that did stay
Thy feet, that so more lightly might have trod,
Lift up thy heart in thankful praise to God !
For He who placed thee in a stony way,
Has given thee food and clothing, and the ray
Of heaven's pure light to cheer thee, and hath showed
The golden crown that waits thee at the end.
Rejoice ! it is thy heritage—rejoice !
Go ever with thanksgiving in thy heart,
So shall thy worship to His Throne ascend,
So shall thy thoughts grow purer, and thy voice
Learn in the angels' songs to bear its part. A. J. W.