

indulging his carnal lusts, and rushing headlong into sin, ought to be persuaded that he is in a state of condemnation, and that eternal destruction hangs over him, except he immediately repent and amend his ways. *Fifthly*, be it observed, that this assurance is by no means incompatible with that "fear and trembling," with which we are enjoined to "work out our salvation," (Phil. x. 12.) For this fear is not *servile*, partaking of mistrust, and despair, but a *filial* fear, partaking of humility, reverence, and godly solicitude. There are two diseases of the mind, which usually corrupt faith, *carnal security*, and *pride of heart*; for both these evils, the remedy is fear; the remedy for pride is a humble and reverential fear; the remedy for security is an anxious and solicitous fear, engaging us in the use of means. From the former the believer learns to think meanly of himself, and highly of God; from the latter he learns that he must not be inactive in the way of salvation. *Lastly*, this doctrine of the assurance of election must be cautiously and prudently set forth, for the comfort of afflicted consciences, not for the encouragement of the ungodly; nor should it ever be enforced, without at the same time enjoining the pursuit of repentance and sanctification. Should any one ask how he may arrive at this assurance, let him take this answer—God hath given him two books, by which he may attain this knowledge—the book of *scripture* and the book of *conscience*. In the former are laid down the marks and signs of election; in the latter he can read and discover, whether he have these marks and signs in himself. Now these are true faith; hatred of sin; sincere pursuit after holiness; unfeigned love to God; even in the midst of afflictions, love to our neighbours, even our enemies; a heart despising the world, and breathing after heaven. ✕

POETRY.

ABEL'S SONG.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown;
A song unknown to angel ears—
A song that told of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins, and grateful tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could those high notes attain,
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain,
Till he who first began the song
(To sing alone not suffered long.)
Was mingled with a countless throng.

And still as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly-ransom'd soul on high,
To join the chorus there!
And so the song will louder grow,
Till all whom Christ redeemed below
To that fair world of rapture go.

Oh! give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys;—
The song that ne'er was heard before
A sinner reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound for evermore.

Light in the Dwelling.