

or to have had it still with me to enjoy the pride of dying rich, and of bequeathing it to those who, on its account, are longing for my departure;—oh! foolish man that I am, would that I had life to live over again, and how much cheaper a Christian would I be!’ Or tell me, is it likely that your dying ejaculation will be, ‘O Lord! thou who didst suffer so much, and give thy life a ransom for me, on whom all my hopes for eternity depend, and whom I expect so soon to meet in bliss, I thank Thee that I have been permitted in this life to do so very little for Thee in return—that not only all suffering and labour in thy service, but that even my very money has been spared to me;—I thank Thee, that while some have been statedly giving large portions of their earthly means to support and extend thy cause;—while others, in their efforts to defend the same, have braved cruel mockings and scourging, and ascended through the flames of martyrdom to glory, I thank Thee, O Lord! that I have been allowed to pass so easily to heaven?’ Oh, brethren! can you conceive it possible that this, or aught like this, will be the strain of your death-bed reflections? We are persuaded better things of you, and that, as regards the grace of liberality at least, you have not so learned Christ.”

SIN.

Look now at sin; pluck off that painted mask, and turn upon her face the lamp of the Bible. We start; it reveals a death's head! I stay not to quote texts descriptive of sin: it is a debt, a burden, a thief, a sickness, a leprosy, a plague, a poison, a serpent, a sting—everything that man hates it is; a load of evils, beneath whose most crushing, intolerable pressure “the whole creation groaneth.” Name me the evil that springs not from this root—the crime that lies not at this door. Who is the hoary sexton that digs man his grave? Who is the painted temptress that steals away his virtue? Who is the murderess that destroys his life? Who is the socrress that first deceives and then damns his soul?—Sin! Who, with icy breath, blights the sweet blossoms of youth? Who breaks the hearts of parents? Who brings gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who by a more hideous metamorphosis than Ovid ever fancied, changes sweet children into vipers, tender mothers into monsters, and their fathers into worse than Herods, the murderers of their own innocents?—Sin! Who casts the apple of discord in home hearths? Who lights the torch of war, and carries it over happy lands? Who, by division in the Church, rends Christ's seamless robe?—Sin! Who is the Delilah that sings the Nazarite asleep, and delivers the strength of God into the hands of the uncircumcised? Who, with smiles on her face, and honeyed flattery on her tongue, stands in the door to offer the sacred rites of hospitality, and when suspicion sleeps pierces our temple with a nail? What Siren is this, who, seated on a rock by the deadly pool, smiles to deceive, sings to lure, kisses to betray, and flings her arms around our neck, to leap with us into perdition?—Sin! Who petrifies the soft and gentle heart, hurls reason from her throne, and impels sinners, mad as Gadarene swine, down the precipice in the lake of fire?—Sin? Who, having brought the criminal to the gallows, persuades him to refuse a pardon, and with his own hand to bar the door against the messenger of mercy? What witch of hell is it that thus bewitches us? Who nailed the Son of God to that bloody tree? and who, as it were, not a dove descending with the olive, but a vulture swooping down to devour, vexes, grieves, thwarts, repels, drives off the Spirit of God? Who is it that makes man in his heart and habits baser than a beast; and him who was once but little lower than an angel, but little better than the devil?—Sin! Sin! Thou art a hateful and horrible thing; that abominable thing which God hates.”—And what wonder? Thou hast insulted his holy Majesty; thou hast bereaved him of beloved children; thou hast crucified the Son of his infinite love; thou hast vexed his gracious Spirit; thou hast defied his power; thou hast despised his grace; and, in the body and blood of Jesus, as if that were a common thing, thou hast trodden under foot his matchless mercy. Surely, brethren, the wonder of wonders is, that sin is not that abominable thing which we also hate.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

CHINA.—AMOY.

The Missionaries of the London Society report the recent baptism of eleven converts, and give a general view of the progress of mission work at Amoy:—