

sins call for renewed confession, and prayer for forgiveness in the name of our compassionate Advocate. The perils and dangers of the night, upon which we are about to enter, should induce us to implore the divine protection. God alone can preserve us from the hands of violent men, and from the malignant power of evil spirits. We may die during the night; for our life is but a vapour; and our prayers for ourselves and our friends should be, that if any of us awake in eternity, our spirits may be with God. Nor ought we ever, on these occasions, to forget the destitute and the afflicted, or the spiritual and moral wants of mankind in general.—*Jackson's Expository Discourses.*

A YOUTHFUL JEWESS DYING IN JESUS.

The annexed account is from the pages of the *Friend of Israel*. It will speak especially to the hearts of the young; and, most of all, to those who, by grace, have commenced the heavenward course, and who, in the spirit of the 23rd and the 27th Psalms, are anticipating clouds which may overcast their morning sky, and the hour when they expect that the presence of God, and "his rod and staff," will be their only and their all-sufficient support.

When referring to the above and similar precious passages in the Old Testament, it may well deepen our interest in the Jewish people, to remember that their forefathers penned the sacred lines, that from them many a pious Jew, in olden time, derived all his hope and comfort, and that even now, in the day of trouble, the Jew will repair to this Book of Psalms. Would that the veil were from his heart, that he might there find the Priest—the King—the Consolation of Israel!

"It was in the beginning of the year 1847, when I came with the Gospel message to the city of H——. I went first to the great, rich, and learned of the Jews in that place; but I had the mortification to find, with the prophet of old, that '*these have altogether broken the yoke and burst the bonds.*' (Jer. v. 5.) But in nothing dismayed, I bent my steps to the poor and needy; yet many also of these rejected the offers of mercy, one pleading one thing, and others another.—Weary and worn in body and mind, sighing over the hardness of the human heart, and most of all over my own, so much inclined to despondency and unbelief, I was at the point to shake the dust from my feet against the city, and to go to another, when my conscience upbraided me of doing the work of God negligently, and without an entire dependence upon the sovereign grace of God the Holy Spirit. I turned into the lanes and narrow streets, entering the most abject houses, taking my chance whether they be inhabited by Jews or Gentiles; at any rate, I thought, I shall find sinners. I entered one, which stood on the dilapidated city wall. It bespoke in its external appearance its internal misery. The front door stood open, and I entered. On the right hand side I found in a room, in which I could