

fence of his country. For a trifling stipend, the mariner encounters all the dangers of the deep, and braves a war of elements. Amid thick darkness, loud thunder, vivid lightning and deluging rains, he mans the rocking yards, climbs the reeling mast, or toils at the laborious pump. Faithful to his shipmates, and obedient to his master, he declines no service, but courageously keeps death at bay until he sinks beneath a mountain of waters. All this do these poor men risk and suffer, strange to tell, without one Christian principle to support the soul: while we, under all the sanctions of religion, boasting patrician minds, enlarged with science, and superior to vulgar flights, *dare not* imitate their hardihood. A morsel of bread, which is all they seek, and all they gain, weighs heavier on the balance than the love of Christ, the glory of God, the salvation of men, the authority of Scripture, the sense of right, the principle of honour, and all the praise and glory of an immortal crown! Well might our Lord exhort us to *labour* for the bread that perisheth not, and to *agonise* to enter in at the strait gate!

“Consider next the officers of the army and navy. They are born as well, educated as delicately, and have as large share of the