

should row towards the cataract ; resting on his oars is quite enough to send him over the awful verge. It is the neglected wheel that capsizes the vehicle, and maims for life the passengers. It is the neglected leak that sinks the ship. It is the neglected field that yields briars instead of bread. It is the neglected spark kindling near the magazines whose tremendous explosion sends its hundreds of mangled wretches into eternity. The neglect of an officer to throw up a rocket on a certain night caused the fall of Antwerp, and postponed the deliverance of Holland for twenty or more years. The neglect of a sentinel to give an alarm hindered the fall of Sebastopol, and resulted in the loss of many thousand lives."—*Dr. Cuyler.*

SALVATION ! Oh melodious sound
To wretched dying men !
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

But oh may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so Divine ?

The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears,
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

My Saviour-God, no voice but Thine
These dying hopes can raise ;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

My Saviour-God, this broken voice
Transported shall proclaim,
And call on all angelic harps
To sound so sweet a name.

DODDRIDGE.