

man to God: now he sits at the right hand of the Majesty on high, "waiting till all his enemies are made his footstool." It is a most delightful exercise, and that which tends greatly to enlarge the soul, to raise the thoughts to the rest of the Sabbath, as now enjoyed by the Lord Emmanuel, God in our nature, in union with his eternal Father, and the eternal Spirit, surrounded by the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, who in the church above celebrate this holy day. The prophet Zephaniah has said, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty: he will save; he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love; he will joy over thee with singing." These words are expressive of His high delight; and yet they only faintly exhibit His glorified joy, as on each Sabbath he beholds sinners "brought out of darkness into his marvellous light;" and as he anticipates the day when his redeemed, of all nations, tribes, and tongues, shall appear before the throne, joining in one song of praise, and that a song whose full chorus shall never end.—*The Rev. J. H. Stewart.*

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### ON JESTING.

JEST not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please thee to wash thy hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? Profane jests will come without calling.—If in the troublesome days of King Edward the Fourth, a citizen of London was executed as a traitor, for saying that he would make his son heir to the crown,—though he only meant his own house, which had a crown for its sign; more dangerous it is to indulge a wanton wit in reference to the Majesty of God. If therefore, without thine intention, and against thy will, thou hittest Scripture in ordinary discourse, fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee.

Wanton jests make fools laugh, and wise men frown. Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk.—Corrupt speeches are worst in withered age, when men run after that sin in their words, which flieth from them in the deed.

Let not thy jests, like mummies, be made of the bodies of dead men. Abuse not any that are departed; for to wrong their memory, is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheet.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any person, which it is not in their power to amend. It is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches. Neither is it right to jeer any person on account of his profession, if it only be honest. Mock not a cobbler because of the blackness of his thumbs.

He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight makes it his own. Purge it therefore from its poison. If the profaneness can be severed from the wit, it is like the lamprey. Take out the sting in the