

The Berean.

THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY, WHETHER THOSE THINGS WERE SO.—ACTS XVII. 11.

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MISSIONS.

Light for the dreary vales
Of ice-bound Labrador!
Where the frost-king breathes on the slippery snails,
And the mariner wakes no more;
Lift high the lamp that never fails,
To that dark and sterile shore.

Light for the forest child!
An outcast though he be,
From the haunts where the sun of his childhood smiled,
And the country of the free;
Pour the hope of heaven o'er his desert wild,
For what hope on earth has he?

Light for the hills of Greece!
Light for that trampled clime,
Where the rage of the spoiler refused to cease
Ere it wrecked the boast of time;
If the Moslem hath dealt the gift of peace,
Can ye grudge your boon sublime?

Light on the Hindoo shed!
On the maddening id train;
The flame of the sunset is dire and red,
And the fakir faints with pain,
And the dying moan on their cheerless bed,
By the Ganges laved in vain.

Light on the Persian sky!
The Sufi's wisdom fades,
And the pearls of Ormus are poor to buy
Armour when death invades.
Hark! Hark!—'tis the Christian wanderer's sigh
From Ararat's mountain shades.

Light for the Burman vales!
For the islands of the sea!
For the coast where the slave-ship fills her sails
With a sigh of agony,
And her kidnapped babes the mother wails
'Neath the lone banana tree!

Light for the ancient race
Exiled from Zion's rest!
Homeless they roam from place to place,
Benighted and oppressed.
They shudder at Sinai's fearful base;
Guide them to Calvary's breast.

Light for the darkened earth!
Ye blessed, its beams who shed,
Shrink not, till the day-spring hath its birth,
Till, wherever the footstep of man doth tread,
Salvation's banner, spread broadly forth,
Shall guide the dream of the cradle-bed,
And clear the tomb
From its lingering gloom,
For the aged to rest his weary head.

Mrs. Sigourney.

VIEW OF THE CROSS.

MATTHEW, XXVII. 25.

Then answered all the people and said, His blood be on us, and on our children.

Concluded.

If these things be so, and you are thus partakers of the guilt of the Jews, in rejecting Christ, how can you hope to escape being partakers in their doom? If God spared not them, though his own peculiar and professing people, why will He spare you? Is it that you think the Everlasting Father loves His own?—His only—His well-beloved Son, less dearly now than He did eighteen centuries ago; and will, therefore, less severely avenge the quarrel of His blood, against those who trample it under foot? Or will you plead in extenuation of your guilt, that you were not present at His death; that you have not been spectators of his dying agonies, that centuries have elapsed since He hung on the cross? Seeing you profess to believe, yea, have this day declared in His presence your belief, "He was crucified for us under Pontius Pilate," how does this excuse, or in the least extenuate your guilt? If a generous, self-devoted friend, some years ago, in a distant land, had given this greatest possible proof of love for you, even laying down his life for your sake; and you treated his name, his love, his memory, with the basest ingratitude and contempt; would you, when upbraided with your shameful treatment of such a friend, excuse yourself by saying—"It is true, I believe he died for me, but it was some years ago, and I did not see him die?" I leave it to your own heart to answer! Besides, do you really think that if the Son of God were this moment hanging on the cross before your eyes, and you saw the life-blood gushing from His tortured frame, and heard that most appalling cry that ever rose from earth to heaven, this moment sounding in your ears—"Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani! My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—you would by the sight and sound, be persuaded to part with your sins, and devote yourselves to his service at the foot of his cross? No, brethren, you would not! If you will not be persuaded to do so, by what you here read, and say you believe, of His dying love, neither would you be persuaded, though he were this moment enduring the agonies of crucifixion before your eyes. I repeat, then, the solemn question; how is your guilt less than that of the Jews; and if not, why shall your punishment be less?—Your guilt less, did I say? As I would be clear of the blood of your immortal souls, I must faithfully warn you, that your guilt, professing follower of a despised Saviour, has some frightful features of peculiar aggravation, from which that of the Jews was exempt, and which make your crime of a far deeper dye than theirs. You have witnessed, as it were, the Saviour's agony in the garden, which they did not. You profess to believe He endured it all in his love for you, which they did not. You profess to be his disciples, and call him your Saviour, your Lord, and your God, which they did not. If, then, with this profession signed on your forehead, at your baptism, with the sign of the cross; and sealed down since on your soul, at his table, with the sacramental seal of his blood;—if thus mocked before men, and angels, and God, as his professed followers, soldiers, and friends, you do not entirely confide in him as your Saviour, and supremely love him as your Lord, and devotedly serve him as your master, and reverentially adore him as your God, you add perjury to insult, and apostasy to contempt—you aggravate the guilt of the scoffing infidel; by the yet blacker guilt of the false disciple—you combine the perjured treachery of Judas, with the scornful rejection of the Jew—you cry, with apparent respect, "hail master," and with

a traitorous kiss betray him! "Woe, woe, unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed!" woe, unutterable, unimaginable, unending woe—such as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Woe, compared to which all the sufferings of the Jews, which have been endured on earth, by that devoted people, since the hour they cried, "his blood be on us, and on our children!" could they be concentrated together, would be but as a drop compared with the boundless ocean! Surely whosoever shall endure this woe throughout eternity, though while on earth, he had enjoyed, without one moment's interruption, the very highest happiness, which the fullest possession of this world's wealth, honours, and pleasures can bestow; this—this would be the most fitting epitaph to be inscribed upon his tomb—"It had been good for this man, if he had never been born!"

Is there any individual before me who shudders at the thought, that this tremendous woe is impending over him? and do I bid that individual despair? God forbid. I am not the minister of wrath, but reconciliation; not the announcer of despair, but the herald of hope. Despair, in truth, is not a word for earth: it belongs exclusively to hell. There the prisoners of Satan are indeed prisoners of everlasting despair; but here, to Satan's vilest slave, who groans under his bondage, and desires deliverance, you are privileged to say, "turn to the stronghold, thou prisoner of hope." Do I then address any one amongst you, who is conscious he has hitherto despised, rejected, betrayed, denied, the Son of God? to him would I say,—and may the eternal Spirit clothe with power the message of mercy—*Look to the Jews, and tremble! look to Judas, and shudder! look to Peter, and hope! look to Jesus and be saved!* Yes, from the cross, where once he died to make atonement for sin, He cries to thee, "Look unto me, and be saved!" From the throne, where he now ever liveth to make intercession for sinners, He cries, "Look unto me, and be saved!" Say not, "my sins are too great to be forgiven, my guilt is of too deep a dye to be washed out;" this were to wound, to dishonour the Son of God, more than all thy sins have done; this were to reject Him more ruinously than thou hast yet rejected Him. Dost thou sincerely repent of thy past ingratitude and insults towards him? then come to Him, remembering His own most gracious words, "whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out!" Canst thou not trust the word—the promise of the Son of God? Oh! do not add a disbelief of His truth to all thy load of guilt. To despair is to deny the efficacy of His atonement—the sufficiency of His sacrifice—the truth of His word—the sincerity of His invitations—to deny, in fact, both His power and His willingness to save, and thus to reject His salvation, and to do this is to punish everlastingly. Do not then reject Him, as a Saviour; only believe on Him—trust Him, and thou shalt be saved! True thou hast, as it were, crucified Him afresh by thy sins; but remember, for thine encouragement, many of those who, in the days of His flesh, crucified Him, are now rejoicing before Him. Many of his murderers are now with Him in glory; their sins washed out in the blood their own hands shed; their souls healed by the stripes their own hands inflicted; and will thou despair? No—only fling down, this day, at the foot of His cross, the arms of thy rebellion; and swear allegiance to Him, as the Captain of thy salvation, and pray that the Holy Spirit will henceforth give the power to trust in His righteousness, and live to His glory; and that very Jesus, whom, for so many years, thou hast despised, (how unfathomable are the depths of divine grace!) will this day embrace thee in the arms of a Redeemer's love, and fling round thy guilty soul, that mantle of mercy—the robe of a Redeemer's righteousness, which will hide all thy sins from the sight of thine offended God, for ever. Then will the language of the text be changed, with thee, from an imprecation to a prayer: he converted into a blessing, from a curse! for the blood of the Son of God, instead of crying out against thee for vengeance, will plead for thy pardon before the throne of God. Then will that blood be, in a blessed sense, upon thy soul, as the mark of covenant mercy—the token of adopting love, the sign of safety—the seal of salvation—the channel of all the unsearchable riches of the grace of God, upon earth—the pledge of all the inexhaustible riches of the glory of God, in heaven. And oh! in this blessed sense, may his blood be upon us all, and on our children, in all its pardoning, peace-speaking, purifying, comforting influences; that, in the last day, when the destroying angels shall go forth, to smite the enemies of the Lord, with an everlasting destruction from his presence, they may pass us over, as seeing us sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb! In us shall we join with all his ransomed people, in lifting up that new song, which shall burst from numbers without number, round the throne, with one heart and one voice, crying, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, even the Father, be honour, and glory, and praise for ever! Amen, and Amen!"—From "The Believer," by the Rev. Hugh White.

ADVANTAGES OF BAPTIZED CHILDREN.

BY RIGHT REV. WILLIAM MEADE, D. D., BISHOP OF VIRGINIA.

Having thus seen to what extravagancies and corruptions the theory of a positive change in the yet undeveloped faculties and affections of the unconscious babe has led, let us for a moment consider the theory for which we plead, and the probable effects thereof. According to the promises of the covenant, forgiveness of sin (of course original sin in children) and the aids of the spirit, belong to our children. These are solemnly sealed to each one in baptism at his birth. They are washed from original sin, or the corruption of their nature—not from the existence and stain of it in the soul, but, through the atonement of Christ, from the condemnation of it. It shall not be permitted, except through their own willful choice and actual sin, to exclude them from Heaven. If they die in childhood—that is, during any part of that time lying between their birth and the age of discretion—even though we may see symptoms of an unrenowned nature, we may be assured that God in his mercy will receive them; and that he is full able, in his own way and time, to ef-

fect whatever change may be necessary to fit them for Heaven. As they are not yet able to discern their real condition, and to choose between good and evil, we trust in God's mercy and his promises.—But when that fearfully interesting period comes—the age of discretion—at that moment they are under a most solemn promise to pay the debt contracted on entering the Church—that is, heartily to embrace the religion of Christ; in other words, to believe and repent, which in baptism they faithfully promised. They now, regarded as adults, are required to determine whether they will accept or reject the religion of Christ. Yea or nay it must be. The repentance and faith which they have promised, are precisely the same as required of adult converts. They must, by the Holy Spirit, through the word, be convinced of sin, original and actual—must see that they are lost sinners without a true repentance and genuine faith in Christ—must renounce the Devil and all his works, by a deliberate act of their own will, and declare war against all the sinful lusts of the flesh—must experience the renewing influence of the Spirit—must be able by it to say, Abba Father—must say, in the words of the Catechism, I heartily thank God who has put me into this state of salvation, and I feel that the Holy Spirit has sanctified me. These are not things which they have preserved from their baptism onward; for the Catechism says, they cannot by reason of their tender age perform them; it is something which they now do, and which the Church consented to wait for until this very time; that which the adult must do before baptism—precisely the same thing, and nothing else. Now, how shall we reconcile with this the views of those who say, that some retain their new nature given in baptism, so as to need no repentance; and others only a slight repentance for some sins, but no radical change, no conversion—that is, no turning of the soul to God in faith and repentance. The Church teaches us but one kind of repentance and one faith—both of them deep, thorough, transforming. She requires but one in baptism. If there be any who need none, who, when they come to years of discretion, are so pure as not to need the only repentance which the Church acknowledges and requires, then she has made these children at their baptism solemnly promise a falsehood, and if they renew those vows in confirmation, they renew the falsehood; and moreover, such, according to her terms, have no right to the Lord's Supper, for she deems none worthy, except they come truly repenting of their sins, and steadfastly purposing to lead a new life; and if they do come, they must be guilty of hypocrisy while using all those deeply penitential prayers which she has provided for them on that occasion.

In saying, however, that they are in the condition of adults who seek admission to the Church for the first time in baptism, and who must come truly repenting and believing, I make one great difference between them. Those who have been baptized in infancy, and whose baptism has been followed up, and improved by their sponsors and themselves, are much more likely to choose the offered salvation. They are the more likely to be born again of the word through the Spirit—that word in which they have been instructed—that Spirit for which they have been taught to pray, and which has been striving with them. They have been educated for this very thing, if rightly educated. But then, there must be a time of decision—an act of choice—there is a line of division; unless, indeed, we suppose that there be some other place or places, besides heaven and hell, whither persons in various degrees of preparation may be permitted to go; or, unless we suppose that the ascending seats of Heaven, and the descending steps of hell, are so near to each other, and are so graduated as to happiness and misery, that there is but little choice between the highest of one, and the lowest of the other; or else resort to the doctrine of purgatory, in order to make up the deficiency in the imperfectly prepared. Against such theories, surely I need say nothing.

At what precise period of life, the fearful moment of discretion and accountability comes, God has no where revealed. It doubtless varies in different persons. For the same reason that God makes uncertainty to rest on the time of each one's death, he conceals from children and parents the particular time when accountability begins, that they may with fear and trembling hasten the duty belonging to it. Painful has been the anxiety of some parents on this subject, when thinking on the number of young persons dying about the period where it must be found. What anguish has wrung the hearts of others whose children have died about that period, giving no sign on which to fasten the hope of a gracious change, and yet they dare not certainly expect their salvation on the ground of childhood. From the moment they reach that critical period, come when it may, if they refuse to be convinced by the Spirit, through the word, that they are sinners by nature and practice—to be humbled under the sense of sin—to ask, what must I do to be saved—to accept the salvation of Christ—to live unto God;—then, henceforth, and as long as they continue thus, they are rebels and can have no hope. The hope which we once had, that God, on account of their tender age would, for Christ's sake, accept them, though unable to exercise true faith and repentance, and would make whatever change was necessary to fit them for Heaven, is now gone. As to the Church, they virtually renounce their connection with her, having violated those solemn vows, the conditions on which she admitted them on equal terms with adult believers. If adults had asked for baptism, but refused the terms of faith and repentance, of course she would not have granted them baptism; and could she have foreseen that these would have proved false to the promises made, would she have been justified in receiving them? At any rate their circumcision has become uncircumcision. The mere form of Godliness has been gone through, the power of it has never been felt. At this eventful age of discretion, then, they have not to hold fast a holiness received in baptism, but to do that which they promised in baptism, by the help of that Spirit promised of God before baptism, and sealed to them in baptism, and which has ever been striving with them, as they needed and could use it. They have now to choose between good and evil—now to believe and repent. If they do, they are renewed, converted; they have turned unto God. If they do not, the old man, which was to be crucified, is still in them; all the means of God's appointment have been lost upon them—all

the strivings of the Spirit have been resisted, and they have been as so many tares growing among the wheat, as so many bad fish in the Gospel net. They did not become tares after they were sown in the field, or bad fish after they were caught in the net; they were so from the first, and have never been changed; they are yet in their sins.—Ep. Recorder.

THE CODE OF HONOUR.

Contrast Cramer, anticipating the agonies of the stake by thrusting in the blaze the hand that had been induced by Popish stratagem to abjure the truth, with Hamilton, the illustrious statesman, hurried to the fatal field, protesting against the impiety of that code to which he submitted, a self-immolated victim. Listen to his mournful confession: "My religious and moral principles are opposed to duelling; my wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various ways." Can we accompany him to the fatal conflict, and gaze upon his prostrate form, and not excrete a custom un sanctioned by the laws of man, and in direct hostility to the commands of God, which this wantonly could rob a lovely and dependent family of its stay and hope, his country of one of her purest patriots and noblest statesmen, and the world of one of the brightest intellects that have adorned our race? But Hamilton, though perhaps the most exalted victim of this desolating idol, which holds the sword suspended by a hair over every head that bows to its authority, was not the last precious sacrifice offered at its crimson altar. The tomb, from which none return, has but recently received into its cold and dreary bosom the form of one who lately moved in our midst in the bloom of health, whose rare endowments not only qualified him to adorn society, but to shed lustre on his country. Seldom has life dawned with such a brilliant promise of the future. But alas! his "sun has gone down while it was yet day." It set in blood. Honour, thy sacrifices are costly! Who can estimate the anguish that has extinguished the joy of a happy home? Who can count the tears that must gush from eyes that but lately beamed with affection and hope? A dark cloud has settled upon that lately bright horizon—a cloud that is spanned by no bow of promise. Honour, this was thy work! this desolation thy work in an instant! These are thy triumphs. And is it this blood-stained, inexorable idol, my young friends, that you exalt in the place of a holy, benevolent God? Are you ready to immolate yourselves at the fatal shrine, because the multitude applaud? Is not your devotion as senseless and sanguinary as that of the poor Hindoo who cast himself before the car of Juggernaut? But are not the frantic crowds who urge on by their shouts the gory wheels, as guilty as the victim who is crushed beneath? Are not all of you, my hearers, who advocate this murderous code, responsible in part for its atrocious consequences? Do not you, who insist upon the propriety of restoring to the deadly combat to efface an insult, partake of the guilt? And can it be that woman, whose office it should be to shed a benignant influence over society, to soften and refine the passions that deface the earth—can it be that woman's heart is so steeled to humanity, so debased by pride that she is ever the advocate or apologist for deliberate bloodshed—that she can look unmoved upon the fearful consequences of this hideous custom, upon the untimely hearts for whose sorrow earth affords no remedy? When shall the spirit of Christianity, the only source of true civilization, deliver us from the reign of this tyrant custom, before which every family may tremble for the safety of the most cherished object of its affection? When shall mankind distinguish that true honour, which harmonises with religion, from its fatal counterfeit? And will you then take honour as your guide and trust to this idol "to cleanse your way?" Alas! The nearer you approach, the more implicitly you obey its monstrous code, the greater enemy you will be to God, to mankind, and to yourself. Your breast, instead of being the abode of peace, will be the seat of suspicious and resentful passions! You will, though boasting your independence, yield your own conscience and reason to the demands of a criminal and senseless public opinion—the opinion not of the wise and good, but of the thoughtless and unprincipled. You will be liable at each moment to be summoned to the fatal field, to fall into an untimely grave, or to linger in wretchedness with the mark of Cain upon your forehead, and a stain upon your soul, which the tears of remorse can never wash away in this life, nor ought but the all-cleansing blood of Christ can blot, should you find grace to repent, from the book of God.—Rev. Mr. Gallagher.

LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD.

Another struggle took place. Above the lake of Thun rises a chain of steep rocks, in the midst of which is situated a deep cavern, where, if we may believe tradition, the pious Breton, Beatus, came in ancient times to devote himself to all the austerities of an ascetic life; but especially to the conversion of the surrounding district that was still heathen. It was affirmed that the head of this saint, who had died in Gaul, was preserved in this cavern; and hence it was visited by pilgrims from every quarter. The pious citizens of Zug, Schwytz, Uri, and Argovia, groaned as they thought that the holy head of the apostle of Switzerland would hereafter remain in a land of heretics. The abbot of the celebrated convent of Muri in Argovia and some of his friends set out, as in ancient times the Argonauts went in quest of the Golden Fleece. They arrived in the humble guise of poor pilgrims, and entered the cavern; one skillfully took away the head, another placed it mysteriously in his hood, and they disappeared. The head of a dead man!—and this was all that Rome saved from the shipwreck! But even this conquest was more than doubtful. The Bernese, who had gained information of this procession, sent three deputies on the 13th May, who according to their report, found this famous head, and caused it to be decently interred before their

* Thomas M. Kane, the lamented subject of this allusion, fell in a duel in the vicinity of New Orleans, in the 25th year of his age. He had removed from his native city, Louisville, to engage in the practice of the law in Louisiana, and had attained a rank at the bar almost without parallel in the case of one so young.

eyes in the cemetery belonging to the convent of Interlaken. This contest about a skull characterizes the Church that had just given way in Bern before the vivifying breath of the Gospel. Let the dead bury their dead!—D'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, 4th vol.

FIVE NEGATIVES.

It is known that two negatives in the English are equivalent to an affirmative. They destroy each other. But it is not so in Greek. They strengthen the negation; and a third negative makes its stronger still, and so a fourth and a fifth. How strong five negatives must make a negation! But do five ever occur? Whether they ever occur in the Greek classics I do not know; but in the Greek of the New Testament there is an instance of the kind. And what is that? Are the five negatives used to strengthen any threatening? No, they are connected with a promise, one of the "exceeding great and precious promises" which are given unto us. The case occurs in Heb. xiii. 5, "for he hath said I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." There five negatives are employed. We translate but two of them; but there they all are, as any one may see who looks into his Greek Testament. Now they need not all have been there. They are not all necessary to express the simple idea that God will never forsake his people. There must have been design in multiplying negatives so. I do not believe the phraseology was accidental, and I think it not difficult to guess the design. God meant to be believed in that thing. He would secure the confidence of his children in that particular. He knew how prone they were to doubt his constancy—how strongly inclined to that form of unbelief—and how liable to be harassed by the dread of being forsaken by him; and he would therefore make assurance more than doubly sure. So, instead of saying simply, "I will not leave thee," which alone would have been enough, he adds "nor forsake thee," and instead of leaving it thus "I will not leave you, I will not forsake you," he uses language equivalent to the following: "I will not, I will not leave thee—I will never, never, forsake thee." There is a stanza which very faithfully, as well as very beautifully expresses it:—

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake!

Amer. Paper.

ABUSE OF THE PRESS.

From a sermon of the Rev. Francis Vinton, Rector of Emanuel Church, Brooklyn, preached on Thanksgiving day, 1845.

Among the particular instances of the abuse of our liberties, is the extravagant use of the freedom of the press.

I speak not of any party, nor as a partisan. I speak on this subject as a patriot, as a minister of the Gospel, as a watchman who is bound to observe the signs of the times, and to give the people warning.

And therefore I say the abuse of the freedom of the press is a national sin.

I will not stop to eulogize this bulwark of liberty. It is enough to say that on many accounts it is a blessing that calls forth our devoutest gratitude to God. The press is an engine which men must fear, for it can hurt kings from their thrones; but it may also subvert the liberties of a republic, when its voice does not echo the Gospel voice from the pulpit, and teach obedience to God and to law. When it manifests no respect for character, for right, and for truth, then the days of our civil freedom are numbered. Now the heat of party is ever stirring up the foul elements of a wicked heart, and the press has poured them forth in a torrent. It is common to read reciprocal charges of falsehood made by antagonist prints; and it is notorious that one code of morals is practised by the press and another in society, and that which would stigmatize an individual to utter, is thought not disgraceful in him to print. And so the press, which ought to be the very mirror of truth, is likely to become the engine of falsehood.

There are, we all know, honourable exceptions to this alarming charge. Let them be praised and honoured for the noble dignity they have assumed, and for the courage that dares not tell a lie, nor slander character, nor utter a blasphemy. But O! if the press abuse its freedom by circulating scurrility and impiety, the people will be so thoroughly infected, that right, and justice, and liberty, will be soon despised, subverted, and trodden down.

It is no apology that the public appetite demands the excitement of invective. The public taste is cherished by indulgence, its appetite is whetted by every new supply from the press; and so the press makes the meat it feeds upon, and the more copiously it furnishes such food, the more ravenous will be the morbid appetite for its malignant flavor. Let the press, therefore, cease to pamper a public lust it has so largely encouraged; and so far as we are concerned, let us, my hearers, discountenance the evil. Two things we should always bear in mind in every discussion; first, not to ascribe motives to another; and, secondly, not to attack personal character. Personalities are invidious. Motives are secret. We cannot pronounce on motives with certainty, and character is too precious and sacred a thing to treat with levity. Leave these with God, and wait for the judgment day for the only true revelation of thoughts, motives, and dispositions of men.

Let principles be discussed largely, but temperately and with charity. Let abuses be courteously but gently exposed. Let the printing press be as free as air, but let it also be as pure as air; else the liberties which we are called on to-day to be thankful for, will be torn from a corrupted and wicked people.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Were we acquainted with the way of intermixing holy thoughts, ejaculatory eyeings of God, in our ordinary ways, it would keep the heart in a sweet temper all the day long, and have an excellent influence in all our ordinary actions, and holy performances. This were to "walk with God;" indeed: to go all the day long as in our Father's hand; whereas, without this, our praying morning and evening looks but as a formal visit, not delighting in that