

imagination to each of these, Is religion true? Do you believe in a God, and another life, and a retribution? 'O yes! he answers and expires! But 'the righteous hath hope in his death.' Contemplate, through the unnumbered saints that have died, the soul, the true and inextinguishable life of man, charmed away from this globe by celestial music, and already respiring the gales of eternity! If we could assemble in one view all the adoring addresses to the Deity, all the declarations of faith in Jesus, all the gratulations of conscience, all the admonitions and benedictions to weeping friends, and all the gleams of opening glory, our souls would burn with the sentiment which made the wicked Balaam devout for a moment, and exclaim: 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' These revelations of death would be the most emphatic commentary on the revelation of God. What an affecting scene is a dying world! Who is that destroying angel whom the Eternal has employed to sacrifice all our devoted race? Advancing onward over the whole field of time, he hath smitten the successive crowds of our hosts with death; and to us he now approaches nigh. Some of our friends have trembled, and sickened, and expired, at the signals of his coming; already we hear the thunder of his wings; soon his eyes of fire will throw mortal fainting on all our companies; his prodigious form will to us blot out the sun, and his sword sweep us all from the earth; 'for the living know that they shall die.'"

"I know not, I wonder how I shall succeed in mental improvement, and especially in religion. Oh, it is a difficult thing to be a Christian! I feel the necessity of reform through all my soul. When I retire into thought, I find myself environed by a crowd of impressive and awful images; I fix an ardent gaze on Christianity, assuredly the last best gift of Heaven to men; on Jesus the agent and example of infinite love; on time as it passes away; on perfection as it shines beauteous as heaven, and alas! as remote; on my own beloved soul which I have injured, and on the unhappy multitude of souls around me; and I ask myself, Why do not my passions burn? Why does not zeal arise in mighty wrath, to dash my icy habits to pieces, to scourge me from indolence into fervid exertion, and to trample all mean sentiments in the dust? At intervals I feel devotion and benevolence, and a surpassing ardor; but when they are turned towards substantial, laborious operation, they fly and leave me spiritless amid the iron labour. Still, however, I do confide in the efficacy of persistive prayer; and I do hope that the Spirit of the Lord will yet come mightily upon me, and carry me on through toils and suffering, and death, to stand in Mount Zion among the followers of the Lamb!"—*John Foster.*

U. P. DIVINITY HALL.

To the Editor of the Canadian U. P. Magazine.

Rev. Sir,

In last number of the Magazine, I observe a brief report of the late session of the Hall, upon which I beg leave to make a few remarks; and, perhaps offer a suggestion or two, simply with the view of directing the attention of the members of our Church to the subject, in the hope that some plan may be devised at our next meeting of Synod, which will increase both the re-