

not having served him better. I know not how to separate the idea of self-reproach from heavenly enjoyment.

"Sitting in my blankets, with this Bible before me, I seem like old Elwes with a bushel of bank notes and India bonds: but with this difference, that he must have his all taken away, and I shall take all mine with me.

"I am astonished, and even confounded, when I recollect with what prodigality we ministers are accustomed to waste our time. A minister spending his strength and talents merely to entertain his acquaintance, is a 'foolish Virgin' wasting his oil to light up a puppet-show, I purpose, in the strength of God, that the few drops which I have remaining shall be consecrated to the lighting of wanderers to the Door, or pilgrims on their Way.

"The moment my soul departs from this body it will be more separate from the present world in which I live, than if it were at this instant placed beyond the orb of Saturn; and yet, at the orb of Saturn, what a mere nonentity would this present world be! But, to be placed at such an inconceivable distance from my present station, and to be there *alone*, though out of absolute pain, shocks the mind: on the other hand, to be there, or anywhere else, under a sense of divine favour, and with the presence of Christ, makes that state no *solitude*, and this world no *loss*."—*Fragment written in an illness, in the year 1799.*

"The knowledge of Jesus Christ is a wonderful mystery. Some men think they preach Christ gloriously, because they name him every two minutes in their sermons. But that is not preaching Christ. To understand, and enter into, and open his various offices and characters—the glories of his person and work—his relation to us, and ours to Him, and to God the Father and God the Spirit through him—this is the knowledge of Christ. The Divines of the present day are stunted dwarfs in this knowledge, compared with the great men of the last age. To know Jesus Christ for our-