

is thy majesty. How many are the wonders which thou presentest to the eyes of man. It is thy hand which has spread out these heavens, and strewed them with stars.

To-day, I yet behold the sun coming forth in all his splendour to re-animate nature. To-morrow, it is possible I shall not enjoy the pleasure of hearing those birds which now cause the woods, vallies, and fields, to resound with their melodious notes. I feel that I am mortal, and my life withers like the grass of the fields: it fades as the flower cut off from the branch where it grew. Who can tell how soon that word of the Almighty shall reach my ear—Man, return to thy dust!

When the grave shall have swallowed me up, when silence & darkness shall have encompassed me about, when worms shall have fed on my mortal body; what will then remain of all my earthly possessions? shall not all be lost to me, though all had here succeeded to my wishes; and I had enjoyed unmixed happiness?

O how foolish should I be, were I to attach myself to the perishing good of this life! were I to aspire after great riches, or be ambitious of empty honors; or if permitting myself to be dazzled by vain splendour, envy and pride should find access to my heart!

If, too eager in my desires, I have pursued what I ought not to have aspired to, I humble myself before thee, O God;—Behold me, O my Maker; and let that which thy wisdom has appointed be done unto me.

Foolish man, who is led astray by pride, prescribes laws to his Creator. He dares to blame the purpose of Eternal Wisdom. And thou, Almighty Friend of Man, thou lovest him more than he loves himself, when thy goodness denies him those deceitful enjoyments which are the objects of his wishes.

When in the morning, on the green turf covered with dew, every thing presents itself in a pleasing form; when the wings of the night have cooled the sultry air of summer; Wisdom thus accosts me: O mortal, why dost thou torment thyself with anxious cares about the future? Why dost thou abandon thyself to

wretchedness? Is not God thy Father? Art thou not his child? Shall not he who formed thee, take care of his own work? The plan of thy existence is not limited by earth; it takes in eternity. Thy life is but a moment, and the longest earthly felicity is no more than a pleasing dream. O man, God has made thee immortal.

The contemplation of immortality elevates us above the earth, the universe, and time itself. Manifest thyself—manifest thyself in my heart, when, seduced by false views, I am ready to depart from the paths of virtue.

The roses which crown the head of the vicious, shall soon fade; his shameful enjoyments dishonour him, and repentance succeeds them. I am only a sojourner upon earth; and immortal joys alone are worth any pursuit.

O Thou, who delightest in dispensing blessings, give me a heart which loves nothing but goodness; a heart where virtue and holiness reign. Let others covet worldly prosperity; I ask of thee, my God, grace to be contented with my situation, to make me faithful in the discharge of my duty, and deserving the name of a wise man and a Christian.

PRAYER.

“Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw.”

How delightful the duty. By prayer, the mind is led from things of an earthly nature to those which are holy and heavenly. In prayer the Christian converses with his Redeemer, who knows all his wants and feelings. He is touched with the feeling of the sinner's infirmities; he knows how to succour those that are tempted. In our afflictions, he remembers we are but dust. How often are we tempted to neglect prayer, merely because it does not always afford immediate relief, and is not immediately answered. Let us ask ourselves, do we always pray aright?—are not our minds often led away by the vain things of this world? Do we consider the Being whom we address, and that he knows all our thoughts, and cannot be deceived? Are we humble in our intercessions at the throne of grace—Do