

it at first, and as you see it now. You have marked vicissitude and alteration in all human affairs. You have seen changes in almost every department of life. You have seen new ministers at the court, new judges on the bench, and new priests at the altar of the Lord. You have seen different kings upon the throne. You have seen peace and war, and war and peace again. How many of your equals in age have you survived? How many younger than you have you carried to the grave? Year after year hath made a *blank* in the number of your friends. Your own country has incessantly become a *strange* land, and a *new* world hath arisen around you, before you perceived that the old had passed away. The same fate that hath taken away your friends, awaits you. Even now the decree is gone forth. The king of terrors hath received his commission and is now on his way. If you have misemployed your time, that talent which God hath put into your hand; if your life is marked with guilt or folly, how will you answer to your own heart at that awful hour? For, previous to the general doom, Almighty God hath appointed a *day of judgement* to the *breast* of every man. The *last* hour is ordained to pass sentence on all the rest. The actions of your former life will there meet you again. How will you then answer at the bar of your own heart, when the collected crimes of a lengthened life, at *one* view, shall *flash* upon the mind; when the ghosts of your departed hours, of those hours which you have *murdered*, shall rise up in terrible array, and look you in the face? What would you then give for that time which you now throw away? What would a wretch who lies on the bed of agony, extended and groaning, who feels in his heart the poisoned arrow of death; who, looking back on his past life, turns aside from the view; who, looking forward to futurity, discerns no beam of hope to break that utter darkness which overwhelms him; what would he then give for those hours which you now despise, to make his peace with Heaven, and fit him for his passage into the world unknown? Remember, my friends, that this is no imaginary case; it is a case which may soon be your own. Be wise, therefore, while wisdom can avail, and save yourselves from the agony of repenting in bitterness of soul, when all repentance may be in vain:

To sum up all: my friends, the time is short. We are as guests in a strange land, who tarry but one night. We wander up and down in a place of graves. We read the epitaphs upon the tombs of the deceased. We shed a few tears over the ashes of the dead; and, in a little time, we need from our surviving friends the tears we paid to the memory of our friends departed.

Time is precious. The time is now passing that fixes our fate for ever. The hours are, at this instant, on the wing, which carry along with them your eternal happiness or eternal misery.

Time is irrecoverable. The clock is wound up once for all; the hand is advancing, and in a little time, it strikes your last hour.

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On the Dignity and Usefulness of the Minister of the Gospel.

It is a prevalent notion now-a-days that the sacred ministry presents no inducements to any one to choose it as a profession. In the first place, it is often affirmed in regard to it, that it fails in conferring a sufficient amount of dignity on those who follow it. The reason of this is evident. These Provinces, like all other countries of a mixed population, swarm with an almost endless variety of religious denominations, and as all the religious tenets held by these different denominations cannot be all equally sound, it is but natural to suppose that their unsoundness will practically manifest itself in the daily walk and conversation of those congregations which adhere to them, and especially in the conduct of those clergymen whose office it is to enforce and inculcate such tenets. It is amazing to what an alarming extent an error in religion may lead astray those who hold it. The Roman Catholic, believing in the infallibility of the Pope, the intercession of the Virgin Mary, and the invocation of Saints, imagines that his eternal interests are fully secured, be his daily conduct whatever it may; the Universalist vainly imagines that God is more merciful than just, and hence will not punish any sinner—applies this tenet as a soothing opiate to his restless conscience, and hushes it to rest, and thus he indulges, without the least remorse, in the greatest wickedness; and the Unitarian, placing no confidence in the advocacy of the Redeemer, and failing to discern the God-like sanctity and purity which characterized all his acts and precepts while on earth, cherishes no desire, as an obligation to Deity, to tread in his footsteps and imitate his divine example—hence his very morality is rotten and rapid. But it may be said that these are somewhat ultra views of the subject under consideration—that the denominations which I have mentioned, are, as it were, on the very outskirts of the field with which we, as aspirants for the ministry of the evangelical Protestant religion, have to do. Well, then, let us come nearer home; let us, as it were, take a telescopic view of the good “Auld Kirk” of Scotland, in the support and propagation of whose religious tenets, many of our devoted forefathers have unhesitatingly bled and died; and shall we find that all her numerous clergy are entirely spotless before the envious and wistful gaze of her various sister denominations? We cannot, we dare not say so. Within her pale, there is, alas! many a cripple; treading her sacred precincts, there are many, many, who would have done more honour to the