

take an interest in the Bible cause, and to attend at the formation of the Odessa Society, with which I was then occupied. Mr. C. turned round upon me, and, with that infidel freedom in his manner and address which one sometimes meets with, in those who suppose that the tower of their fortune and their philosophy stands strong, said, 'Indeed, Mr. Pinkerton, I have so much to do with the present world, that I have no time to think of a future one!' Poor man! a few months after these words were uttered, misfortune followed misfortune, in the midst of which he was taken ill and died; and his house has since gone to wreck. How insecure is the tenure of all earthly things, and even of life itself! This remarkable instance of reverse of fortune, and of sudden removal from the world, (the more striking when taken in connexion with the conversation above recorded) has repeatedly been alluded to in my presence by gentlemen who knew the circumstances at the time when they took place."

THE PLEASURES OF SIN.

In sinful pleasure men may spend their days, and time may imperceptibly steal away in mirth and laughter; but I never could find it stand the test of one hour's serious reflection. In health, without the restraints of religion, it is next to impossible to withstand the allurements of sin. In sickness, its aspect is deformed and disgusting; and the thought of it gives pain, instead of pleasure. In death, no sight is so horrid and tormenting as a life spent in such vanity; it is the earnest of future and eternal misery. O how different, and how much more to be prized, is that pure unsullied pleasure which flows from a life of faith in the Son of God! In the hour of trial it will stand the strictest scrutiny: It acquires fresh lustre at the approach of sickness,

sweetens the bitter cup of death, and transforms all its terrors into joys. Jesus will at last crown this grace with glory, and eternity will never witness its termination.—*Memoirs of General Burn.*

Poetry.

THE BIBLE'S COMPLAINT.

Am I the Book of God? Then why,
O Man, so seldom is thine eye
Upon my pages cast?
In me behold the only guide
To which thy steps thou canst confide,
And yet be safe at last!

Am I the record God has giv'n
Of Him, who left the Courts of Heav'n,
Thy pardon to procure?
And canst thou taste one moment's bliss,
Apart from such a hope as this?
Or feel one hour secure?

Am I the Spirit's voice that tells
Of all His grace and love, who dwells
Between the Cherubim?
And wilt thou slight my warnings still?
And strive thy cup of guilt to fill,
Till it shall reach the brim?

O turn, at length, from danger's path!
And kiss the Son, lest in his wrath
The Father rise and swear,
That since, in mercy oft address'd,
Thou still hast scorn'd his promis'd rest,
Thou shalt not enter there!

Know, that in yonder realms above,
Where fondest sympathy and love
For erring mortals reign,
Ten thousand glorious spirits burn
To celebrate thy first return,
In loud ecstatic train!

And hark! From that abyss of woe,
Where tears of grief and anguish flow
Amidst devouring fire,
What sounds of hopeless wail proclaim
The terrors of Jehovah's name,
The fierceness of his ire!

O Sinner! hear that doleful cry:
And learn from sin and self to fly,
Ere Justice lifts her rod!
List, while thou may'st, to Mercy's call,
For 'tis a fearful thing to fall
Into the hands of God!

Now, now is the accepted day:
And, shadow-like, it fleets away
On wings of awful speed!
Take up the Cross, and thou art strong,
Come life, come death!—Reject it long,
And thou art lost indeed! H. E.