

But a holier spell and a deeper joy
 From a purer fountain flow,
 When the soul sends higher its incense fire,
 And rests no more below ;
 When the heart goes up to the gate of Heaven,
 And bows before the throne,
 And striking its harp for sins forgiven
 Calls the Saviour all its own.
 Though we gaze not now on the lovely brow,
 That felt for us the thorn—
 Though far from home we pilgrims roam,
 And our feet with toils are worn ;—
 Though we never have pressed that pierced hand,
 It is stretched our lives above ;
 And we own His care, in grateful prayer,
 “ Whom, not having seen, we love.”
 We have felt him near, for many a year,
 When at eve we bent the knee,
 That mercy breath, that glorious faith,
 Dear Saviour, came from thee.
 When we stood beside the dying bed,
 And watched the loved one go,
 In the dark’ning hour, we felt his power,
 As it hushed the waves of woe.
 And still, as we climb the hills of time,
 And the lamps of earth grow dim,
 We are hastening on, from faith to sight,
 We are pressing near to him ;
 And away from idols of earthly mould,
 Enraptured we gaze above,
 And long to be where his arm infold,
 “ Whom, not having seen, we love.”

Family Reading.

CONFESSION OF SIN.

I do not ask you now what your opinion is about matters controverted in the present day. I ask you a plain practical question,—Do you know anything of the daily habit of confessing sin to God ?

You will not pretend to say you have no sins at all. Few probably are so blind and ignorant in the present day as to say that. But what do you do with your sins ? What measures do you take about your sins ? Do you use any steps to get rid of your sins ? Do you ever speak to any one about your sins ? Answer these questions, I do beseech you, to your own conscience. Whether you are rich or poor, old or young, Churchmen or Dissenters, matters little. But it does matter a good deal whether you can reply to the inquiry, Do you confess your sins ?

Reader, if you know nothing of the habit of confessing sin, I have only one remark to make,—*your soul is in imminent danger !* There is but a step between you and hell. If you die as you are, you will be lost for ever. The kingdom of God contains no silent subjects. The citizens of the heavenly city are a people who have all known, and felt, and confessed their sins.

I give you one simple warning: *You will have to confess your sins one day, whether you will or not, when the great white throne is set, and the Books are opened, your sins will at last be exposed before the whole world. The secrets of all hearts will be revealed. You will have to acknowledge your transgressions before the eyes of an assembled world, and an innumerable company of angels. Your confession at last will be most public. And worst of all, your confession will be too late.*

Where is the man who would not shrink from the idea of such an exposure ? Where is the woman whose spirit would not fail at the very possibility of such a confession as